Saturday Night lives 2
by William French

One from the heart 7
by Patricia Clarke

Moving memories 12
by Robert Thomas Allen

Legacy of the Loyalists 16
by Doug Fetherling

Keeping Canada clean 21
by Russell Piston

Romancing the railroad 26
by Val Clery

In Closing 30

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SATURDAY NIGHT LIVES

Canada’s most venerable magazine celebrates 100 years of witticism, criticism and eclectic comment

BY WILLIAM FRENCH

Among the most enthusiastic celebrants of Saturday Night’s 100th birthday this year are the pallbearers who assisted at its funeral 13 years ago. I was one of them, with due solemnity, I helped bury the magazine on October 8, 1974, in a column in The Globe and Mail. “We all knew that Saturday Night was living on borrowed time,” I wrote. “But there was always the hope that a cultural institution so venerable, so much a part of our history, would survive somehow, that another miracle would postpone the day yet again. But yesterday, when our oldest magazine ran out of miracles, the inevitability of it didn’t lessen the sadness. With its death, part of what it means to be Canadian died too.”

And part of what it means to be Canadian—given our climate and politics—is to expect the unexpected, although miracles are generally in short supply. Eight months after that premature obituary, a rejuvenated Saturday Night returned, the Lazarus of Canadian periodicals. The hiatus turned out to be but another chapter in the sometimes dizzying saga of the magazine that for a century now has been charting and marking the contours of our cultural and political landscape and adding to the value of our intellectual currency.

In the fierce world of magazine journalism, such longevity is rare anywhere. In Canada, with all the added hazards, it’s something to marvel at, especially considering the kind of publication Saturday Night has been. This is a harsh and unforgiving country in which to produce a quality general-interest magazine for the intellectually inclined. Not least of the problems is that at any given time there are more than 400 different periodicals—most of them American—on our well-stocked newsstands, all competing for the reader’s attention.

Few magazines are left that can boast that their editors have commented on the advent of the home-less carriage, the death of Queen Victoria, the coming of the flying machine and the invention of movies and radio. Saturday Night viewed all these events from a resolutely Canadian viewpoint. Its commitment to Canada was never more apparent than in its special centennial issue in January—the 300rd issue since volume 1, number 1 (12 pages, five cents) appeared on the streets of Toronto on December 3, 1887. The birthday special (192 pages, $3.00), featuring some of our best writers, was called “Our Home and Native Land,” and to some readers, its earnest tone and self-assured analysis of

From the pages of Saturday Night: (clockwise from top left) Stephen Leacock photographed by Yosef Kassir in 1942, a prophetic 1947 illustration of Robertson Davies, R.K. Standeven, under whose editorship Saturday Night gained national respect and Mazo de la Roche’s favorite picture of herself, drawn by Frederick Varley in the 1920s.

The Review, Summer 1997
the national psyche seemed inappropriate for a native occasion. But never the less, the abundant prestige-advertising contributed significantly to a nominal profit of $180,000, a record. That will help finance the money-losing togs, which still predominate.

To reach this historic year, Saturday Night has followed a path that, if traced on a map, would resemble a generous serving of lettuce. Its history becomes especially convoluted in the 30 years between 1950 and 1980, when it suffered from chronic underwriting. Its owners during that period included the flamboyant entrepreneur Jack Kent Cooke, the Social Credit Percy Bishop and the scholarly Arnold Edsgerman. They tried all the traditional remedies to save a troubled magazine—cosmetic changes, experiments with content, frequency changes, from weekly to fortnightly to month—buy nothing attracted readers and advertising.

Now, with committed new owners, a production operation that generates side-stream profits, a circulation of 140,000—more than double what it was in 1974—and the continuing guidance of its respected editor, Robert Fulford, the magazine could be entering a period commensurate to the glory days of Bernier K. Sandwell, who served as editor from 1922 to 1931. It has its critics, but that's a healthy sign. Twenty-five years ago, during its lowest days, no one cared enough to criticize.

The man who founded the magazine, the redoubtable Edmund Sheppard, was the most colorful of its 11 editors. He was the son of a printmaker in small-town Onta
tario who escaped his provincial background with a stint as a cowboy and stagecoach driver in the American West and Mexico. He returned to Ontario with a richly arcane vocabulary, a fondness for dressing like a Mississippi gambler and a reputation for accuracy when spelling tobacco juice into a cockpit from three-and-a-half meters.

But Sheppard was a child of his time, and shared the prejudices of the domi
cant Press of the counters in Ontario. He was militantly anti-French-Canadian, and this animosity indirectly led to the founding of Saturday Night. Sheppard was editor of the sensationalist Toronto News in 1885, when it carried a report that a Montreal regiment, largely French-Canadian, had behaved in cowardly fashion in a battle during the Red Rebellion.

Sheppard hadn't written the story, but a reporter had been sent by order of the regiment. They were successful, and the damages and legal costs imposed by the newspaper were $200,000. When a columnist suggested starting a new weekly newspaper of political, cultural and social interest, Edmund Sheppard published The Nation. On a Saturday night, he jumped at the chance to borrow his name and borrow capital. His personal paper was the first in Canada to publish an editors' column. He included his picture. The first week, the paper sold for 25 cents, a huge success for a first issue.

In 1950, 30 years after that first issue, the paper sold for 15 cents. It was the first national newspaper of English Canada, and the first to publish a magazine. Sheppard was the editor, and his name became synonymous with the name of the paper.

The Toronto Star, with a population of 125,000, was a poor Protestant city devoted to strict observance of the Sabbath; one of Sheppard's columns was a weekly review of sermons in the city's various churches. There were 400,000 Catholic people in Toronto, and a majority of them had just returned Sir John A. Mac
donald of Laprairie to the Conservative minister's office. The Canadian Pacific Railway had completed only two years earlier, and the grand opening of the Great West was still nine years in the future.

Right from the start it was obvious that Sheppard was in love with the idea of a literary magazine. The front-page illustration of the first is an
toasted male on a horse capricious capture of Toronto Saturday Night, tucked under his arm. The caption read, "Front page, Mail and Empire," and was an advertisement for sufferers' lovers. Some of the magazine's critics say it still has a fascination with power and the established, but editor Fulford denies the charge. He says its preoccupation is not with powerful people but with interesting people.

The extremity of Sheppard's bigotry, as reflected in Saturday Night, would be considered appalling today. But his narrow views were not unique in Toronto, nor were they peculiar to Protestant tradi
tions. Sheppard was a born Catholic, anti-Semitic and, in fact, anti-anything that went against their Protestant tradi
tions. Saturday Night was the antithesis of Saturday Night, still in school, he sent short items on school sports to local newspapers and radio stations. Sheppard jumpstarted his career as a newspaperman. He wrote a sports column for The Globe, he de
cided to collect newspapers writing. He spent a year at Canadian Homes and Gardens as a copy editor, writing cap
tures under pictures of studio and es
capades living rooms. At his next job, Macleay Magazine, he learned a great deal about magazine writing from the editor, Eric Hutton. During the last half of the 1950s he began to rise above the pack as a journalist and critic of di
recent — first with the Toronto Star, then with the Globe and Mail. Fulford has been a daily book critic, and then with Maclean's magazine before his return to the Star.

In 1958, Saturday Night's editor, Arnold Edsgerman, was looking for a managing editor to succeed Jack Fal
ter, he invited Fulford, who wasn't interested. But Fulford mentioned he'd like to be editor and made a sug
gestion. Who didn't Edsgerman pro
mote to full-time publisher and let Fulford take his place? And thus how he became the 11th editor in the magazine's history.

Fulford gives a new dimension to the meaning of "polyvalent." No other critic in the country is so capable in so many fields. He brings the same intelligence and insight to a column on Duke Ellington as he does to a discussion of the evolution of the digital radio for that market. Books and ideas are still his dominant preoccupation in his weekly Toronto Star column, but he has written — and must now he the 11th editor in the magazine's history.

ROBERT FULFORD

talent and vision

for this mosaic review — is part of his larger concern for pop culture. His most recent column in Saturday Night, as well as his full-length features in the magazine, reflect his interest in film, respect for culture and politics, and government. Perhaps the one place where his entire scope of interests is reflected in his weekly TVO-distance programs, national.

Fulford's writing style is direct, with a rhetorical flourish. Artist Harold
Town, whose work Fulford has often written about, says he has a kind of Stanislavsky simplicity. "He makes it seem easy when it isn't." says Town. Author John Prader, who described Fulford as the "best literary critic in Canada," is impressed by his book
Telling Tales, says his style is as "like as George Orwell, and he's engag
ing as Arthur Koestler.'

That style didn't just happen. It was influenced by Fulford's reading of such favorite writers as E.B. White, A.J. Le
bling and Orwell. Perhaps the most po
tential influence was Fulford's father, a veteran Canadian press editor. When Fulford was a budding sportswriter, his father would select one of the stories he had written in that morning's sports section and assign it. They worked dif
cent styles, so Fulford would make a better man, but in particular, about a story in which he had written that one team had "pre
ceded the other" another, 47. "He told me the "preceeded" was forbidden by the Ha
vanese Convention," Fulford recalls. The message was: "Don't be fancy, keep it simple," and the lesson was taken to heart.

This fall, Fulford, who is 55, will be off on a new adventure. He was one of eight winners of an Asia Pacific Founda

tion of Canada 1985 fellowship, which provides for two months' travel and study in the Far East. He plans to spend the whole time in Japan. There's no need to be curious about how Fulford, who has never been west of Vancouver, will re
turn to such a profoundly different culture. But whatever worries he writes about the experience, it's certain to remind us of what he once wrote about Orwell: "He had curiosity, energy, a beautifully plain style and above all a desire to truth, become uncomforable."
The only instruction is to be better

Jews who had not yet been rounded up by the Gestapo.

Under Sandwell, Saturday Night reached a position of eminence and influence not attained before or since. It is true that in 1958 Sandwell wrote a letter in the Saturday Evening Post and Collier's. In its early days, Saturday Night was more interested in its occurring issues than in politics. The balance has shifted back and forth over the years, but culture has always been a high priority. The early issues included the first serious drama and music reviews in Toronto. Sandwell's turn was to be the editor of the magazine. As editor, he published the poems of Pauline Johnson — "The Song My Peddle Song" made its debut in Saturday Night — and the work of such other poets as Sir Charles G.D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman and William Wilfred Campbell. Stephen Leacock began a long association with the magazine in the 1890s. The tradition was continued by later generations of editors, who published Ernest Buckler, Morley Callaghan, F.R. Scott, Earle Birney, Robertson Davies and Margaret Atwood. Sandwell was one of the first to recognize the talents of Youssef Kashkash and the portraits published in Saturday Night during the late 1950s helped establish Kashkash's reputation.

The first critic of national stature to write for Saturday Night was Hector Charlesworth, the magazine's associate editor from 1910 and editor from 1926 to 1932. Charlesworth is remembered as the man who hated the Group of Seven, and one of his 1916 reviews helps explain why. He accused J.E.H. MacDonald of throwing his paint pot in the face of the public and said two of his paintings in a local exhibit might just as well be called "Hungarian Goulash" and "Drunkend's Stomach." William Arthur Deacon began his career as the magazine's literary critic in 1922. Among his successors were Robertson Davies and Arnold Edinborough. Graham McInnes, who later became Canada's ambassador to the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), was art critic in the late 1950s. He liked the Group of Seven and had no fear, an editor Frederick Paul did in 1922, that its member's stark landscapes would scare away German European immigrants from coming to Canada. Mary Lowry Ross, film critic, may not have been quite the Pauline Kael of her day, but she had a following. Wilson Woodside and Michael Hartkawie were distinguished political commentators.

The magazine's economic woes began at about the time Sandwell retired in 1953. Television was making inroads into advertising, and the competition from American magazines — a recurring theme in Saturday Night's history — was hurting. By 1974, after a rocky two decades, the magazine was losing $100,000 a year, and finally the printer refused to print the September issue that year until he had been paid. That forced the decision to suspend publication of the magazine.

Robert Fulford, the editor, and Edgar Cowan, the publisher of the time, estimated the magazine needed $400,000 to be revived. They were canvassing their friends for four or five. When Imperial Oil announced it would contribute $100,000, contingent on the revenue of $300,000 being raised. A frantic few months followed, but Fulford and Cowan raised the money, with the help of small contributions from 3,000 subscribers and significant sums from such supporters as the developer Murray Pacific.

"The Imperial grant was crucial," says Fullord. At the time it was made, senior vice-president Warren Flanagan explained the company's decision: "It is our opinion that Saturday Night ranks as a Canadian institution of unique value, particularly in its coverage of books and films. Such an institution should not die.

Among the private investors at the time were Norman Webster, now editor-in-chief of The Globe and Mail, his brother, Will, and sister, Margaret Lalgar. In 1980 they bought out the remaining investors and assumed full ownership. One of the first things they did was bring in John Macrae, former editor of the defunct Weekend Magazine, as publisher. And one of the first things he did was establish a separate division of the company to do all the preprinting work, on a contract basis, for other magazines, among them, CBC's radio program The Sarnia's In-flight magazine and The Globe and Mail's travel magazine, Destinations. Another division was established to produce corporate annual reports, with Bell Canada Enterprises as a client. These activities are profitable, and while there is still hope that Saturday Night itself will be a modest money-maker, there isn't the same urgency now.

Fulford shares the general optimism about the magazine's future. "The only instruction now is to be better," he says. "My vision of the magazine is to have wonderful writing about crucial subjects that make readers excited — articles that say something original. Everything about Saturday Night has to be special."

As the magazine enters its second century, its youthful vigor is defying the conventional wisdom of gerontologists. As for the pullers, they're nowhere in sight.

BY PATRICIA CLAIKE

Imperial is Canada's largest corporate contributor. Last year it gave more than $6 million to charitable works. That's good for Canada. But it makes good sense in other ways.

Dean Stephenson, Cathagogubug Cultural Arts Centre

Throughout its long history in Canada, Imperial Oil has touched the lives of every community in this country — providing homes with heating oil and fueling families. But it has also reached out in hundreds of other ways, less well known perhaps, but probably no less important to our well-being. Consider, for example, how widely separated experiences: a group of flood-impacted families in Newfoundland making a trip to Ottawa to see the final round of a national essay-writing competition; a child named Dean in a downtown district of Toronto studying the trumpet; thousands of B.C. children being introduced to the sciences at Vancouver's new Science World; and, finally, hundreds of young people in Quebec running in a provincial meet, where records are set and dreams fulfilled. All these people are finding a measure of new satisfaction in their lives — a satisfaction that is helping to shape the country — in the petroleum business but to the business of building Canadians — from supporting Dallas Ferguson Foundation and Dean's music program to assisting in the financing of Vancouver's Science World and sponsoring the truck exhibition for the many Quebec children.

Supporting ventures in a wide range of areas, from the arts and sports to social welfare and education, will cost Imperial more than $6 million this year. That's a substantial sum by any measure, but the company considers it money well spent for it helps make Canada a better place in which to live and, of course, in which to do business. Imperial has received wide recognition for its contributions: the judges for the

The Review, Summer 1987
Richard Michaelides, the imperial vice-president responsible for the company’s charitable program. For Imperial, supporting the community is a corporate responsibility—one it takes very seriously in hard times as well as good," explains Imperial’s chairman, president and chief executive officer, Arden Haynes. "Many institutions would find it difficult to even moderately approach giving, particularly in hard times. Certainly it’s an added expense at an already difficult time, but it’s one that we are more than prepared to accept."

There are about 5,000 registered charities in Canada. Last year, 400 of them sought at least $50,000 each from the private sector for a total of $1.7 billion, and literally hundreds of other groups with less ambitious financial goals also knocked on the doors of corporations and private citizens. According to Richard Hopkinson, president of the Institute of Corporate and Public Affairs Research, in 1986, Imperial’s contributions were shared by about 1,400 different causes, from the Fiji Island Park Alliance Festival in Newfoundland to the Prince George Whistler Ski Association in British Columbia. The donations ranged from $100 to help a struggling arts group to $15,000 for a cross-country tour by Montreal’s National Theatre School. That, inevitably, Imperial cannot say yes to everything. Last year, the company received an average of one request every half hour of every working day.

Unfortunately, corporate contributions (in general), says Gordon Goldie, a fund-raising consultant, have not risen "in relation to the gross national product, profits or, indeed, people."

Corporations contributed an all-time high of 1.5 percent of pretax earnings in 1985. Since then, the average amount of corporate contributions has declined and over the last several years has been about 0.4 to 0.5 percent.

What is worrying is that while a few corporations give more than their fair share, too many give nothing. Two percent of Canadian corporations account for 50 percent of all contributions; 90 percent of profitable companies report no charitable donations at all, and that group includes 50 Canadian corporations that have earnings of more than $30 million a year. "A small percentage of companies, such as Imperial, carries most of the burden," says Allan Arnett, president and chief executive officer of The Canadian Centre for Philanthropy.

One might ask why corporations should give at all. Why not let them pass on their profits to their shareholder, letting them support what causes they wish, while the corporations get on with what the Chicago economist Milton Friedman calls their only social responsibility—to make as much money for shareholders as they can? Says Arden Haynes: "Returning part of our earnings to society is to build a better future, in our shareholders’ interest. It’s an investment in our future."

Richard Michaelides freely admits that there’s a "distant self-interest" involved in Imperial’s contributions, but he adds, "one has to stretch at times to find it." As he puts it, education provides a more competent work force, hospitals and health research serve employees and customers, and community services, sports and the arts enrich society and create a better business environment.

Public funds for such causes will continue to be cut back, as governments seek to balance their budgets. "We look too much to government to provide funds," says Haynes. The challenge, he adds, is to enlist support from the many corporations that currently give little or nothing. "Imperial is a large corporation, and it is therefore reasonable to expect it to be a large contributor," he says. "But we do wish others would pull up the slack. I don’t mean to chastise my corporate associates, but the statistics indicate a dismal performance by too many corporations." In hopes of improving that performance, Imperial is contributing funds to help start a program designed to make more corporate leaders aware of the community’s need for contributions.

Imperial’s annual contributions budget usually represents between 0.8 percent and one percent of its average annual pretax earnings for the previous three years. Under the general management of Laura Ferguson, corporate public affairs manager, Imperial’s national...
The news items are about various community projects and initiatives supported by Imperial, a company. One such project is the Diabetes Canada fundraising campaign, which requires donations and involves teams and volunteers. Another initiative is the support for the Easter Seal Society, which helps in raising funds for various causes.

Since 1978, Imperial has donated more than $500 million to Canadian swimming programs. The company's contributions are aimed at attracting business and creating a festive atmosphere through events like the Easter Seal Society's annual event.

Imperial is also a major sponsor of the Canadian swimming programs, donating more than $3 million to support various initiatives. This includes providing resources, monetary support, and assisting in the planning and execution of events.

The company's contributions are not only monetary but also involve partnerships and collaborations with organizations, such as the Easter Seal Society, to support the community and its projects.
MOVING MEMORIES

Of attic apartments, dusty trunks and frayed old chesterfields

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

A while ago, near where we live, I noticed some clean, empty cartons stacked behind an apartment building. The labels were still on the boxes: "Metro-nome, pitch pipes, harp strings,..." Everything was neat and orderly, the way my wife would have looked after things—the labels gracefully handwritten, in ink, like wedding invitations. "Two potato racks. Novels. Religious books. Pyrex measuring cups. Self-help books," I read as a gentle evening breeze stirred the leaves of a maple overhead and my thoughts drifted back to the early days of our marriage, when moving into rooms in private homes, flats above hardware stores, apartments in creaky, shadowy old buildings seemed a normal part of life, along with first jobs, babies and the beginnings of lifetime friendships.

We moved on bright Saturday afternoons in May and on golden autumn days, when the baby carriage rustled through the fallen leaves. We'd carry the baby in first, sometimes up four flights of stairs, in a butcher's basket, and put her in a safe corner, on the floor, and then go to the window and look out over the tops of the elms and exclaim over the view, perhaps of Lake Ontario, a strip of blue, glimmering like a cheerful promise between two smoke stacks down by the bay. Then
we'd begin landing in our few possessions—a Weber sewing machine, a plastic travel blanket, a belt for the reason, a chicken, a wicker basket filled with white bread, a fresh loaf of bread, a bathtub, a baby, a book, a couple of a nice piece of oak.

My grandparents moved once, to San Francisco, and were there these days. My parents sold their house from which I could look down on gardens and handsome black fence, house, and I lived in my mind in this world of fine houses, far-off parts of the world, to palm-fringed lagoons and jungle rivers. There was never a better way to trave-

For myself, I loved my home and the sound of morning in our neighborhood and the peace outside my bed and the woods where I could look down on redwoods and large black fence, house, and I lived in my mind in this world of fine houses, far-off parts of the world, to palm-fringed lagoons and jungle rivers. There was never a better way to travel. When we made trips to places like Queen and Whistle, by radish oil and, later, in our own automobile, I experienced

M y parents had accumulated as many things—in cabinets, closets, trunks, chests, and drawers, in the attic and down in the cellar—that it would have been hard to imagine them missing. My father, who earned his living repairing jewelry, made little ornamental figures as a hobby and collected things that might come in handy—brass hammers, plastic toothbrushes, pieces of ivory, sealskin, and such. "If,” he said, "you were to climb down here, you'd see how full it is." My brother would say, "Not a knot in it." My brother and I would climb the ladder in the top storage area and pick up a piece of wood and say, "Not a knot in it." My brother would say, "Not a knot in it." My brother and I would climb the ladder in the top storage area and pick up a piece of wood and say, "Not a knot in it." My brother would say, "Not a knot in it." My brother and I would climb the ladder in the top storage area and pick up a piece of wood and say, "Not a knot in it." 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LEGACY OF THE LOYALISTS

In fair Fredericton, heritage speaks in education, art and quiet good government.
laries and gourmet food stores on the Regent Promenade and point out Frederic-
 tonic of the era have turned

drenic's "only heavy industrial plant": a
Neither does Fredericton have the eco-

and training in the administration and other

education, it's not surprising that Fre-

moltin metal into award-winning tumb-

Neither does Fredericton have the eco-

somic extremes associated with indus-

tries. The Fredericton Museum Organiza-

though some purely cultural significance. Its 50,000-volume

brary room: a terrace overlooking Queen St., where there are

Fredericton's heart and soul is the

other urban centres. Despite its many virtues, however, Freder-

with more than 5000 students,

and Saint Thomas University, the

etics that enhances Canada's other capital cit-

more than three-quarters of the population list Anglo-Saxon

the next largest group, the Pasco-Ca-

The city was, of course, the creation of


dians, makes up less than nine per-

few other nationalities and racial

nowledge even to register in the statistics, though Asian

the crowd they once were.

The city was, of course, the creation of United Empire Loyalists, a group
ten misunderstood but about whom the cliches are generally true. The first Loy-
u Shine the local art scene

Christina Sabat, the local art scene

are important cultural centres, even the

even a small city. It owns signi-

and that of generations of British and Canadian officers stationed

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where students, including many from outside the country, specialize in ceramic, photography, fabric, woodwork, metalwork or interior design. The student stores attract a great deal of attention, as do the city's several annual craft fairs and exhibits in commercial craft galleries. Even at the Royce Farmer's Market, where citizens traditionally have fled, early on Monday morning to shop and to claim themselves into a tiny restaurant for old-fashioned breakfasts, excellent crafts are often on sale amid the fresh produce and farm goods.

"When I was growing up in Fredericton it seemed as though everything that happened in the world was far off," a writer friend tells me. After university, she hurried to Toronto to begin her career. Now she's thinking of going back. The isolation she once fought against has come to seem a splendid component of all the indigenous cultural activity. It's as though she and the artists can have the best of both worlds: calm, order and quiet in which to create and the friendship of fellow workers and an appreciative public.

In the age before electronics and fast transportation, cities were, among other things, more self-contained culturally. Some were virtually cultural city-states, with a full complement of local writers, artists and musicians, who drew upon home-grown traditions, producing work for a regional audience that followed their efforts avidly. Fredericton (like Halifax on a smaller scale) still retains a good measure of that system, as it retains so much of what was unadulterated and good in the past, without any suggestion of being inactive or moribund: As its prosperity perhaps suggests, Fredericton is, in fact, most up-to-date and progressive, but that's a condition that carries the seed of destruction as well as the promise of continued content.

With its base in the civil service, the city has always been fairly well insulated against severe economic downturn but otherwise has the problems of so many other Canadian cities. Until now, however, it has been able to weather them well enough. Its annexation in 1973 of Nashville and several surrounding communities on the opposite shore of the river, which half of all Frederictonians reside, probably helped contain the spread of tract suburbs. But the south end of Rostum Street, the main north-south artery, has two large plazas, which have drained business from the downtown shopping district.

For the past couple of years, various plans for the wholesale redevelopment of a large portion of the downtown west end have been at the centre of local politics. One of the latest proposals calls for the building of a marina to help lure the pleasure craft to Fredericton. It's a sad fact that, despite the opening in the 1960s of the Macquarrie Dam, which in flooding formed a few kilometres upstream created a gigantic lake, the city's most significant natural feature is devoted even of the very few commercial vessels that plied the river between Fredericton and St. John as late as the 1940s. Above the dam, the river narrows, but between Fredericton and St. John it's a wide natural transportation corridor whose usefulness has been lost, whose beauty few now seem to appreciate.

At the centre of Fredericton's drawing power is the concept of maintenance. It falls to most cities once in their lives to be the fortunate beneficiary of economic circumstance. It's during such bursts of luck that most are endowed with the majority of their institutions and fine public buildings. No one can dispute, looking at Fredericton, that in a period of rapid accumulation was the mid-19th century, when the timber trade was flourishing. Not that Fredericton hasn't been enriched by the philanthropy of several wealthy New Brunswick writers whose fortunes were made late and in different ways — such people as Sir James Dunn, E. C. Irving and especially Lord Beaverbrook, whose name on memorial features becomes downright repetitious after a while. But the timber-trade days, when the river was vital and the taste in all things was for magnificence on a manageable scale, set the tone. Fredericton has maintained that style ever since, without abandoning modernity.

Fredericton has an active Heritage Trust. Its task is not necessarily to save the last minute salvage of some trace of grand architectural past, as is so often true of preservationist groups in larger cities. It's certainly lost its share of demolition battles and engages in some complicated fights, but it's reassuring that one of the big issues in its side is nothing more than the practice of coating old frame buildings in aluminum siding as a precaution against the house-destroying winter's.

At present, various people are trying to find new tenants for the century-old Daily Gleaner building. The newspaper, now owned by the Irving family but formerly the property of the eccentric English brigadier, moved its headquarters to a new building in 1960, leaving its original home to sit vacant on Queen Street, a victim of progress rather than the lack of it. One group wants to turn the cavernous old structure into craft studios, of which Fredericton now faces a shortage. The city, after all, has a tradition of what preservationists call adaptive reuse. City Hall itself, a building of similar vintage, has over the years served not only as a jail and a market but as a theatre and an opera house.

These days, City Hall attracts two types of visitors. There are those who go to pay parking fines and conduct other routine business with the municipal government and there are those who go to look at the tapestries, illustrating the city's long history, that line the council chambers. These monumental works of art were donated by their creators, Gertrude Duffie, the artist who designed them, and Ivan Crowell, a sometimes powerfully and the former head of the New Brunswick Craft School, who wove them. It is fitting that in this gentle old city, culture and municipal administration should mingle so freely. That's one of the reasons why you have to like the place.

In the summer of 1969, in Toronto, executives of several of Canada's major oil companies held a series of meetings to share ideas on an issue of mutual interest and concern.

This was, to say the least, unusual. Ordinarily, Canada's oil companies are the toughest and most spirited of competitors. The subject of those meetings, how-
ever, was of such importance that it was decided that companies should set aside their competitive instincts and work together in aid of a higher cause: the protection and conservation of the Canadian environment.

Public awareness of environmental issues had been increasing for some years and pressure on governments and industry to protect and preserve the physical environment was mounting. Pollution Probe, the most prominent public-interest group concerned with the environment, had just been formed. There was clearly a need for the oil industry, as an industry, to formulate coherent environmental policies and clear-cut standards for its own activities.

Of more direct and immediate concern to the executives and their companies, however, were the lingering, and haunting, memories of one of the worst environmental disasters in history: the sinking of the oil tanker Torrey Canyon in the English Channel in 1967. It had resulted in the biggest marine oil spill the world had ever seen, and, for a time, had thrown into question the "right" of the oil industry to operate anywhere in the world to transport crude oil and refined petroleum products by tanker.

What, the executives wondered, if a similar marine accident were to occur in Canadian waters? Technically, responsibility for containing and cleaning up marine oil spills rests with the federal department of transport and the Canadian Coast Guard. But, obviously, the industry itself has an obligation to help. As well, it possesses a great deal of the technical expertise, personnel, and equipment required to cope with such an accident.

At the same time, it was equally clear that no individual oil company could hope to be prepared at every moment to deal with a major spill that could potentially occur anywhere in Canadian waters. The answer obviously lay in pooling these resources and responding jointly to any emergency.

The Imperial Oil executive taking part in these early explorations was Harry Clare. Now an omnitus, he was then the executive responsible for Imperial’s overall performance in protecting and preserving the environment. "It was recognized that no company had, or could ever have, all the expertise in pollution control," Clare recalls. "There was a need for industry members to share expertise and to speak with a single voice."

Those informal meetings in 1969 and 1970 would culminate, in 1971, in the formation of a nonprofit organization known as the Petroleum Association for Conservation of the Canadian Environment, or PACE. But before that could happen, an incident would occur that would lend renewed force to the arguments in favor of such an initiative.

It was February 1970. The Argo, a Liberian-registered oil tanker under single-voyage charter to Imperial, ran aground and was eventually sunk in Chedabucto Bay N.S., spilling 6.8 million litres of heavy bunker oil into the waters along the Cape Breton coast.

Imperial was fortunate that the incident occurred off the coast of Nova Scotia, where it was possible for the company to respond quickly and effectively to the situation, averting a catastrophe of Torrey Canyon proportions. But the incident underlined the fact that an oil spill could happen anywhere and that indeed there was a need for industry members to join forces to protect and preserve the environment.

Although its initial budget was only $150,000, PACE included in its ranks companies right across Canada, from Pacific Petroleum Limited to the West to Irving Oil Company Limited in the East. Moreover, PACE was to provide Canada with the voluntary expertise and time of men and women working in every area of environmental protection in the oil industry.

Harry Clare was one of the founders of PACE, and he remained a director until his retirement from Imperial in 1982. Doug Cook, who succeeded Harry Clare as the person responsible for the cooperative coordination of environmental-protection programs at Imperial, sees the value of PACE membership as well as the value of active involvement with other groups and associations.

The story of the Argo remains not as an example of failure, but as a lesson in how to respond to environmental problems. Cook himself is a member of the Pollution Probe Foundation. "No company can operate in an environmental vacuum," he points out. "It's important to take part in cooperative programs, and it's also important to stay in touch, to hear what the concerns are and how others are responding to them—from other governments and the public at large as well as other companies and other industries.

"Today there are eight corporate members of PACE: Fuso Petroleum Canada (Imperial's refining and marketing division), Husky Oil Operations Ltd., Petro-Canada, Petro-Canada, Shell Canada Limited, Suncor Inc., Texaco Canada Inc., and Ultramar Canada Inc. All are cooperating through PACE in dealing with environmental issues associated with the refining, marketing and transportation of petroleum products."

Emergency-response planning also been a major activity of PACE. One of its first committees was the Oil Industry Contingency Plan National Coordinating Committee, which worked closely with the Environment Canada and the Canadian Coast Guard in formulating emergency-response strategies and action plans.

Then, in 1974, an informal environmental group known as the Consortium on Spill Training began developing training programs on the techniques of oil-spill control and cleanup, aimed at both industry and government personnel. The consortium’s membership consisted of two federal agencies, a provincial government and the oil industry, represented by PACE. In its 20-year life the consortium developed nine training packages, thousands of copies of which have been sold worldwide to governments, industries and training facilities.

Empirical environmental specialist Dr. Ron Wagoner is currently chairman of PACE’s spill-response division. "From the start PACE recognized the importance of developing a good working relationship with governments on both technical and political levels," he says, citing one recent example the formulation of a joint oil-spill response plan for Canada. Under an agreement between Transport Canada and six oil companies, industry experts will be made available to help the Canadian Coast Guard.
manage marine oil spills.

The potential reduction of the government's exposure to oil spills was first proposed by PACE in 1976. Woronow recalls. Then, in the spring of 1979, the tanker Kusari sank at the bottom of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, spilling 4000 tons of heavy fuel oil. The resulting cleanup was successfully handled by the Cana- dian Coast Guard, but it put an enormous strain on the country's cleanup capacity. Woronow. "Government-industry discussions opened up a great deal after that."

He adds, "and a joint agreement was officially promulgated in 1980. It's the only plan of its kind in the world."

While the spill-responsibility division focuses mainly on accidents and emergencies, other divisions of PACE are concerned with equally vital environmental issues. One group, the environmental quality division, deals with issues relating to the impact of petroleum-industry operations on the quality of air, water, and soil—particularly whether those operations will produce contaminants or hazardous wastes.

"There's no question concerning what risk to release of contaminants and emissions are the hottest issues. To work, to speak, in the environmental field today," says PACE's general manager, Bill Hogg. "The public is very concerned about the environmental health effects of all kinds of contaminants, effluents, and emissions generated by the industry and also about the way in which materials and products are handled, transported, used, and disposed of."

Governments are responding to these public concerns, Hogg notes, with tougher environmental laws and regulations. "There's a trend toward legislation aimed at lessening the adverse and competitive effects of environmental policies. There is also a more than ever before tightening of controls and punishing offenders with severe fines and even prison sentences." It's important that the issues get more difficult and the penalties more severe," says Hogg. "Getting tougher, as Hogg says, has been made both better and more effective by regulation. We're pleased to see that the consultative process is currently being followed.

An example of the consultative process, Hogg says, can be found in the approach the federal government is taking in introducing the petroleum-environmental Protection Act, scheduled for first reading in Parliament in June 1987. The proposed act envisages government regulatory powers and provides stiffer penalties for offenders. A PACE committee has been making extensive submissions to government on the proposed legislation.

The important argument in which PACE is both demonstrating the industry's commitment to environmental protection and fully cooperating with government are those of emissions from leading motor gasoline and of potentially hazardous leaks from underground tanks used to store petroleum products. The potential health-related effects of exhaust emissions from vehicles using leaded gasoline are clearly a matter of widespread public concern, and also an issue in which the petroleum industry has a large stake.

"A 1985 report of the Royal Society of Canada found no firm evidence of harm to Canadians from lead in gasoline. Hogg says. "The members of PACE supported this finding, but also suggested that a lead phase-out program be implemented to alleviate any remaining fears that public may have." Converting all Canada's refineries to produce only unleaded gasoline will cost an enormous amount of money and probably not be done overnight, explains Hogg. "It will take about four years to build and convert the facilities," he adds. "To move more quickly would mean additional costs for firms who would have to bear those additional costs - the industry, governments, consumers or some combination of all three parties." In fact, Hogg points out, the lead phase-out issue provides a good example of industry and governments working together to come to a reasonable, balanced solution to the problem. On January 1, 1987, the allowable level of lead in gasoline in Canada was reduced to less than half the level permitted before that date (Esso led grade prior to 1987 actually contained considerably less lead than the legal maximum), and leaded gaso- lines are to be virtually eliminated from Canadian markets by the end of 1992. This was clearly a compromise solution: PACE had originally suggested that leaded gasoline be eliminated by the end of 1994, the government had originally wanted to achieve the same goal by 1990.

Esso Petroleum has been working for a number of years to reduce the lead content in its gasoline without major capital expenditures or large increases in processing costs. As a result of a concerted research program, the company expects that its costs of meeting lead reduction targets will be less than anticipated a few years ago.

A related issue is that of "misfueling"—using leaded gasoline in automobiles designed to run on unleaded fuel. Environment Canada and PACE are expending $1 million over two years to tell consumers that misfueling contributes to atmospheric pollution and can also lead to expensive engine damage. Easo Petroleum is actively communica- ting the same message to employers, employees, Esso dealers, customers, and shareholders.

The issue of leaking underground storage tanks is one issue that came to the fore in the PACE for several years. Says Bill Hogg: "We believe it is the most urgent and serious environmental issue affecting our industry today."

There may be as many as 200,000 buried tanks in Canada containing gasoline, fuel oil and other petroleum products. Most of them are made of steel, steel and many have been buried for 30 years or more. The potential for environmental damage from leaking tanks is a serious problem — even, quite literally, an explosive one. On April 19, 1986, four major explosions caused by gasoline vapor leaking from an underground storage tank into the Saint John, N.B., sewer system destroyed three buildings and gutted several others in the city. Yet perhaps even more serious is the fact that about six million Canadians draw their drinking water from underground sources, and even a small amount of gasoline seeping down from a leaking tank can render large quantities of wa- ter unfit for human consumption.

Bringing this environmental issue to the attention of governments and spur- ring corrective action has been a very high priority for PACE for many years, although the association's efforts have been hampered by a variety of complex difficulties. Only a small proportion of tanks are actually owned or controlled by PACE members. Thousands of others are owned by independent opera- tors, small businesses, factories, taxi and trucking companies, governments them- selves, or provincial and federal inventories of tanks or records of service exists.

However, through a concerted, ongoing effort and growing awareness of the potential dangers and, at the same time, to improve the design,installation, and operation of underground storage sys- tems, PACE and provincial petroleum associations have brought this issue to the forefront. Discussions with provincial governments have led to initiatives such as the Ontario tanker-replacement program, due to be completed by 1991. Along with other industry associations and governments, PACE has sponsored and designed workshops and created training pro- grams to develop better understanding of tank management, inventory control, registration and enforcement of regula- tions. PACE has also developed a tank-testing device shown to be extremely effective in detecting leaks. The prob- lem is far from eliminated, but it's now high on the environmental agenda and corrective programs are under way.

An inventory of other PACE projects and programs would fill a volume. They range from helping governments deter- mine the environmental impact of sul- phur in petroleum products and dealing with liquid discharges from refineries, de- veloping guidelines for handling waste, increasing knowledge of the possible health effects of gasoline vapor and de- termining acceptable methods for as- sessing environmental risks in indus- trial activities.

In short, the environmental area of the petroleum industry is, as Hogg, Cook, Woronow and others stress, a "growth industry" in itself. About 90 volunteers, drawn from PACE's member companies, associations, Esso dealers, government agencies, customers, and shareholders, represent the industry at the forefront of public awareness and as governments draft tighter and more restrictive regulations governing petroleum products and industry activities, the demands on environmental professionals grow. It is an area of increasing interest that carries with it almost certain to increase.

The challenges are formidable but the issues are important and the industry's responsibilities inescapable and the re- wards certainly worthwhile.
RAILROADS. It scarcely needs saying again, created Canada. And until very recently, trains provided most Canadians with their vision of the country. I am a relative newcomer to Canada and was very fortunate to see my newly adopted country in this way also. Fewer and fewer Canadians will have that choice in the years ahead.

Twenty-one years ago I moved to Toronto from England to work as a radio producer. I had worked for the CBC overseas and had many Canadian friends and colleagues, so I did know something about my new country. Only a few months after my arrival, with the naiveté of a newcomer, I proposed a series of radio documentaries on the effect of trains on the lives of Canadians. To my surprise, the concept was approved. For almost a year I traveled by train with a reporter, Allan Anderson, to every corner of the country and listened to Canadians talking about their lives. It was an education that would be difficult to buy.

One of our earliest experiences was meeting an immigrant ship on its arrival at Halifax and traveling to Montreal with the newcomers on a special train. That had been the way most new Canadians had encountered the country since Confederation. It rarely happens now. Today immigrants come by air, as I myself came, and no longer have to make long journeys across the country from port cities.

It moves me still to recall the first reactions of those families, from eastern Mediterranean countries, as they gazed at the passing countryside of New Brunswick and Quebec that April morning. The patches of snow alternating with the greenness of the wild bush country eliminated all weariness and any trepidation about the difficulties they were bound to face. As the railroad ran along the St. Lawrence, awesome in its vastness, as one of Canada's oldest cities, Quebec, joined from across the river and as the rich, neat farms of the Eastern Townships flaunted their fertility, the wonder and gratitude in the train increased.

A few months later I listened to Prairie settlers, who had similarly crossed the country by train decades before, describe their journeys as vividly as though it had happened yesterday. My recollections of my own journeys are just as vivid.

Traveling west, it is only on the day-long journey along the broken rocky edge of the Canadian Shield and the shore of Lake Superior that you begin to see why the thrust of the railroad was such a massively daring enterprise; it is not until you reach the Prairies that you understand why...
it was worth undertaking.

To my mind, no vista had quite the impact of the Prairies under the vastness of their cerulean sky, the horizon punctuated only by grain elevators. By comparison, the Rockies were a slight anticlimax: unlike the sky, their massiveness can be captured by camera.

When the train finally penetrates the mountains you begin to appreciate what miracles engineers and Chinese labourers achieved together in breaking a way through them a century ago. Mazes of tunnels engulf whole trains until they emerge to slide like serpents along mountainside ledges and then rattle unharmed down canyons to the solace of British Columbia’s river-fed lothiness and their Pacific terminus.

The predictability and the same speed of trains encourages not only contemplation of the landscape but conversation. Passengers talk to one another and those who work on the trains often have the time and inclination to chat with passengers. Usually they have much to talk about, because working on the railroad tends to be a life’s work, and few Canadians have a more intimate feeling for the country than railroaders. A veteran conductor on the run to Vancouver recalls the Depression and its frequent layoffs, when he was more often riding the rails as a hobo than as an employee. An engineer approaching retirement, in the spotless cab of a diesel locomotive drawing the Newfie Bullet, dwells on the responsive virtues of steam engines and wipes imaginary grime off his hands. Inevitably, railroads run through many Canadian stories.

For some reason, trains seem to be more acceptable to most of us than other technological intrusions. Their bells can sound as benign as the tolling of church bells, their horns in the distance as pastoral as the lowing of cattle.

As you ride in trains, you can isolate the unique symphony they raise from the passing terrain: clanging echoes from rock culverts; clear ringing tones from adjacent expanses of water; bass undertones from trestle bridges; embracing dramatic crescendos from tunnels. A music never forgotten.

Travel by train was fundamental to my feelings about Canada. Journeys by other means are long forgotten. It troubles me that I have too often been seduced by the speed of planes or the convenience of cars when I might have traveled by train. And I am depressed by arguments that long-distance trains are obsolete and should be abandoned. When they are gone we will realize that we have lost more than a means of transportation; we will have lost a means of understanding our country and ourselves.
In Closing

One evening before long, I hope to have a quiet dinner in a quiet place to mark a day that means nothing to anyone else but means a great deal to me. It will be 25 years since the day I arrived, fresh from a village on the East Coast, in the city of Toronto. It was, for me, the most important arrival in what was to become a lifetime of arrivals, and lately I have been thinking of it, remembering the day and the days that followed, and wondering why they matter so much.

I had been living in a village of a few hundred people and had never been in a really large city in my life. I arrived alone on an evening in July, a Saturday evening when a warm, dry breeze seemed to creep through the streets, and past silent churches standing like sentinels waiting for Sunday. It was not yet dark, but early lights were already glowing in the dim hallways of homes that looked as if they had retired early. I went to the place where my lodging had been arranged — a fine old mansion called the Adams House on Wellesley that had thick, polished staircases and an enormous living room where drapes were dark and heavy muffled the distant sounds of streetcars clanging along Bloor Street.

In the morning I went to church, not only because it was the custom of my generation, but because Toronto was a city of noted churches with noted preachers who, in those days, still engaged the interest of many of us who came from elsewhere. That Sunday I listened to a minister from Britain, a writer, a preacher and a man at home with controversy, speaking on the causes of war. There was one of those sudden, tense silences when he said during his sermon that he’d heard that while he was away, a wedding at his church had not gone off as planned and that somebody was going to have something to say about it. “Let me tell you,” he said, “that is how wars begin.”

There was a clearing of threats and a very gentle inhaling of breath. He gripped the pulpit and launched into his next point. It was a style of preaching, perhaps an era of it, that was in its final hour.

In a way, Toronto itself was in a final hour — at least the Toronto of old virtues and quaint customs that generations to come would disdain almost as though they had been social evils. But my own first week in the city was a time of honest and innocent excitement in which I stood gazing at buildings 20 storeys high, rode in astonishment on a subway train and, at night, drove with a friend who had arrived the previous year across the foot of Toronto and looked out over a sea of pearl white lights.

Toronto may indeed have deserved its reputation as reserved and puritan at the opening of the century — the curtains of the famous T. Eaton store were still drawn on Sundays — but when I began to explore the city on foot, it was clear that I had arrived at a historic time of change in its life. The newcomers, about half a million of them, mostly from Europe, had already been at work altering not just the image of the city but its character and personality. Old Toronto was becoming a fact of the past, supplanted by the visions of men and women for whom a city was a place of great outdoor vitality, of downtown parks, cafes on the sidewalk and music after dark. Thus, one Saturday, when I went for a long afternoon walk, south on Spadina Avenue and east on College Street, I came to yet another Toronto, a world away from the one I had met only a few blocks away around Wellesley Road and Bloor Street.