THE HELPING HAND

More and more, the country is looking to its people for help. They aren't letting it down. The helping hand reaches out—not just to bring help but to offer healing.

AND in hand, they walk to the edge of a small lakefront playground in Toronto's Beach community, a boy of seven, neat and handsome in his navy pants and royal blue shirt, a girl of 17, her face full of freckles, her ears fixed with tiny turquoise hearts. When the boy falls, running across the playground, she is there to pick him up, dust off his clothes and examine his arms for bruises. Satisfied that he is fine, she gives him a reassuring hug, then watches him run off.

BY VICTOR PADDY

the smile on her face as warm as a Christmas fire.

As obviously caring as the young woman is, she's far too young to be the boy's mother. And her strawberry blond hair and pale face are so much in contrast to his dark Mediterranean features that it's unlikely she's his big sister. No. Shelly Harrish and Andy are linked only by their affection for each other—and by Youth Assisting Youth, the volunteer program that brought them together 15 months ago.

While Harrish is perhaps unusual in her attachment to Andy, she is not alone in her commitment to volunteering. A 1984 Gallup Poll revealed that 25 percent of the Canadian population had done some volunteer work within the past year for the estimated 100,000 voluntary organizations in Canada (among them, 55,000 registered charities). The senior citizen's home in Vancouver, the girl's hockey team in Montreal, the art gallery in Calgary, the women's shelter in St. John's, the AIDS hospice in Toronto: these and many more voluntary organizations rely to some extent on the time, concern and goodwill of volunteers. Without them—without people helping people—Canada would be the poorer, in services, in culture, in the essential human spirit that defines a caring country.

There is little doubt that Scarborough, Ont., is a more caring community since Youth Assisting Youth was formed in 1976. A preventative program, it brings young adults between the ages of 16 and 20 together with children from 6 to 12, children who may be experiencing mild emotional or social difficulties. Generally, the child and the young adult get together once a week for about three hours, with the "big brother" or "big sister" agreeing to maintain the relationship for at least one year.

According to Dona McNall, director of Youth Assisting Youth, Andy is typical of the 125 children currently in the program. One of four children in a single-parent family, Andy must compete for attention from a father who works long hours. That they live in a high-rise building in a low-income area doesn't help, says McNall. "What Andy needs is someone who treats him as if he alone counts, someone to serve as a healthy role model."

Shelly Harrish is that role model. Outgoing and ambitious, Harrish plans to
study early childhood education in college. Aside from her regular weekly visits with Andy, she helps out a few hours a day after school at a day-care centre. As for Andy, Harmish calls him "the little brother I never had," though she says he was, at first, slow to open up to her. She remembers having to hold his wrist crossing streets because he wouldn't let her take his hand. But while he can still occasionally be difficult to reach, Harmish's patience and love for her "little brother" have all but won him over. On the way to the playground, for example, Andy suddenly sat down in the middle of the sidewalk, in stubborn, silent protest against the long walk. Harmish sat down beside him. "You're not supposed to do that," Andy said, his clear green eyes betraying his confusion.

"I know," Harmish replied. "And neither are you." He smiled. Soon the two were up and walking again, hand in hand, happy together.

There have always been caring Canadians like Shelly Harmish. But, until relatively recently, there was little need for formalized agencies like Youth Assisting Youth. Traditionally, volunteering was a take-for-granted extension of the rural community way of life that marked most of Canada until the second half of this century. It sprang, naturally and informally, from the Judeo-Christian creed of charity and compassion for fellow human beings. The first government foray into voluntarism began with a Bureau of the Poor. Established in Quebec in 1868, the bureau relied on two women from each community to collect contributions voluntarily for the poor. But despite this early government involvement, voluntarism remained largely an individual, localized response until the Depression.

The Depression marked a turning point in the delivery of human services, says Jacqueline Wolf, director of the school of continuing studies at the University of Toronto. "It forced people," she says, "to ask questions: What kind of society do we want? Do we want people riding the rails looking for work? Do we want people starving to death because they can't afford to eat?" The answer was no, adds Wolf, who is enrolled in a PhD program at the University of Colorado, specializing in non-profit management. That study and government intervention and the institutionalization of voluntarism. "From the Depression to the 1960s, all the major pieces of social welfare legislation were brought in," Wolf says. Informal groups of volunteers provided care when the poor or find shelter for the homeless were largely replaced by professionals staffing the community and national welfare agencies. At the same time, with the breakdown of the extended family, increased mobility and general urbanization, the local community consciousness that had defined voluntarism in the past eroded. Still, while local responsiveness has waned in the 1980s, it has not died. Just ask the Ritchie family.

On September 14, 1984, Bruce Ritchie's life changed forever. Driving a three-wheeled, all-terrain vehicle in front of his home, the then-12-year-old Ritchie lost control of the bike. He landed in a ditch, the bike's crescent striking his head. Oxygen starvation followed, leaving Bruce with severe brain damage. After close to a year in coma and two months in a Quebec City neurological hospital, Ritchie was transferred to a hospital in Montreal, a small town just west of New Richmond on Quebec's Gaspe peninsula. Tube-fed, unable to move his body, the former competitive swimmer and all-around athlete showed little sign of life — and, according to the doctors, no hope of improvement.

His parents, Edgar and Linda Ritchie, however, refused to accept the diagnosis. Healing of a therapy that has helped others in similar conditions, they traveled to Ealington, Ont., where they were trained in a program that aims, through intensive, full-body sensory stimulation, to activate undamaged and unused brain cells. Bruce, the Ritchie's were told, would require four 75-minute, very physical sessions each day for an unspecified period. It would call for two volunteers a session — eight a day — seven days a week.

Back home, the Ritchies visited Régis Audet, director of the Centre de Bénévole, at St. Alphonse-Nouvelle, one of Quebec's 67 volunteer centres. They told Audet they needed 100 volunteers. "What?" he said. "We usually have one volunteer here for 100 people, not 100 volunteers for one person." But, moved by the heartfelt conviction of the Ritchies, Audet agreed to help. Within two weeks, 105 people had volunteered, in 80 volunteers, in a few months, with help from the local social service agency in the hospital, and the area's English-French language media, that number had swelled to more than 250, some of the volunteers living 70 kilometres from the hospital. "Very often, the people who live from 12 to 27, they volunteer in the hospital, in pairs, to work with Bruce.

Most of them are still going today: people like 57-year-old Joan Dow, who, on a warm July morning, drove the 11 kilometres along route 132 from her New Richmond home to the hospital. And now, in her kitchen after her visit, as she makes jam from the strawberries she picked. "Raising children from 12 to 27, they volunteer in the hospital, in pairs, to work with Bruce."

Counselling. It was an easy one. It rarely is, what does Bruce have, a three-wheeled, all-terrain vehicle in front of his home, the then-12-year-old Ritchie lost control of the bike. He landed in a ditch, the bike's crescent striking his head. Oxygen starvation followed, leaving Bruce with severe brain damage. After close to a year in coma and two months in a Quebec City neurological hospital, Ritchie was transferred to a hospital in Montreal, a small town just west of New Richmond on Quebec's Gaspe peninsula. Tube-fed, unable to move his body, the former competitive swimmer and all-around athlete showed little sign of life — and, according to the doctors, no hope of improvement.

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Building a better world: members of Operation Beaver build homes for families in need

Opening the door and heart: Nancy Pacock does what she can and she has done so for years

The Review, Winter 1947
WINTER'S GIFT

The flakes came slowly, silently and with them the whisper of winter's peace

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

One night last February, in a house near the desert, in California, I was getting ready for bed when I had a strange feeling — something was happening out there. I looked out the window, and there it was, silent and beautiful — snow, lovely big flakes, orange colored in the light from the sodium street lamps, floating down gently, looking like gold leaf. And I went to bed thinking of winter and how it came to the house in Tornado where I grew up, the first fine sugary snow drifting sideways onto my father's aster beds and dusting his fedora when he came up the street from work.

"That air's just like wine," he'd say, pink and smiling, coming in from the
vestibule, looking rather pleased, as if he knew I was there on time. "Where? It makes you dizzy," he said with a little laugh, marveling at the woodwork we had in Canada, like cold air and just the right weather for walking. "A typical winter day, that," for winter breezing, winter delights, a reprieve from having to drive the family car, which stayed in the wooden deckboard garage and had the bare lilac and snowball bushes, fragrant from its rubber side curtains, a bit of grass clinging to its differential.

I n winter there were extra things to do around the house, like Cookies coal down in the cellar, where even the sound was muffled (the first time I was in a broadcasting studio, I realized it sounded like our cellar after a load of coal had been dropped through the side-aisle window into our coal bin), or shaking the ashes from the furnace by operating a crank ("shaking the furnace," it called us; my mother would say, "You just make yourself useful and go down and shake the furnace!")."

Secondly, there were things that centered around the house and my mother. You didn't have to go any farther away than Eaton's, where my father worked. It was just the right distance for a nice winter walk, which he could enjoy with out having to lean over a steering wheel, eyes on the road, alert for blow outs or what was called a "skimming" (a slaming lateral vibrancy that came developed in these days) or for other drivers who passed you like contoured roadsters at 35 miles an hour. He would meet a few other winter walkers on his way to work, like the man who strolled along smoking a building pipe behind a team of horses, clearing the snow. It was the same road; it was the same藉 ing feeling as our backyard garden chair, and I found it very pleasant to look at. So there was a melancholy, dark afternoon, with homestead movement circling me in the distance, the traffic, snow flutted by snow, just the occasional note of a horn giving a pleasant reminder that I was in a big city, the big city. The buildings against the clouds outlined against the low clouds.

For some reason, the kids around our street didn't go in for hockey, but we

used to snowshoe up the Dorn ravine, dressed with frying pans, hats, and billycans, our shoppes smelling delightfully of dubbin, swirling along through the deep snow of the winter woods in a remote part of the valley. We'd use our snowshoes as skis and clear a spot in the cedar woods and build a fire and make a sort of warm shelter there of snow and trees, often on bitter cold days. Right now I can feel the nook of those cedar woods, the hush and smell of snow and of heat and burning cedar and the pure cold air, and I can hear the tiny secret buzzing sound of a chickadee, as if the snow itself were whispering to us, and see the blue sky and taste the hot tea with bits of cedar bark and ash in it.

I t all area is expressways and expensive real estate now, but I still recognize some places of the valley. One Sunday day a while ago I had to check something for a book I was working on about the Don Valley. I bought a sandwich and carton of milk downtown to take with me for a picnic lunch and took the subway to Don Mills and walked up to a slope behind a high-rise apartment building. "You won't find anything down there," a woman called to me cheerfully. But I did. I found a tree I know, where one, still moose, winter night I stood on my snowdrifts in a new fall of snow, enchanted, listening to a family of raccoons squabbling, the magic of a winter night, of creation, around me.

We lived in a narrow, very plain, semi-detached house on a street in what was then an outlying district of the city and seemed so to our nest-door neighbor that when we went to get some butter or milk from the pantry window box (a wooden soup box covered with cloth that, around mid-November, we nailed to the ledge outside the pantry window so we could pull over the mouth of snow on top to Mrs. Ford when she was getting something for supper out of her window box — the better, maybe, or a bottle of milk, milk on our street, was delivered before dawn and left on the top front window sill by the light of a coal oil lamp, and often, when we brought the milk in, lifting it from a kind of nest of drifted snow, the waxed cardboard cap was raised by the frozen cream till it sat at a jaunty angle above the rim of the bottle.

But that small house was as gay and festive at Christmas time as a scene from to make, and probably still do — were dropped from the plate rail to the bejeweled colored-glass chandelier.

Everything was that day — the way the backyard fences looked, barely visible in the dark before, when the governor general's ball, fragrant with oranges and balsam and with the kindling with the bark still on it scented in the green tilled hearts in the living-room. The dining-room table was festooned with ribbons, and pull-out streamers that we brought down from a box in the attic. metadata: something like those cutouts from folded paper that kids used my brother and I got up, the world around us, covered in snow, cold, lovely, peaceful and solemn, even the strange time we had dinner (5:30 in the afternoon) and the way the table gradually became a cheerful shambles of cut steals, orange peels, nuts, stuffed Christmas crackers and paper hats (they never really stayed on). We'd sit there listening to Lionel Barrymore read from a Dickens novel. I enjoyed going to it with my mother smiling a bit, her eyes fixed on a spot near the tape-pot, my brother looking down thoughtfully, lips pursed, making patterns in the tablecloth with the handle of his knife, the dinning room still in that state of thought and feeling, while outside the snow whispered against the side dining-room window, winter and glacial light and across the lane the lights would be coming on in that strange outlying area, the next street over.

Looking back to those days I realize that winter in our house was a long, restless time that lasted from just before Christmas until a bit before Queen Victoria's birthday, when the people of the neighborhood started to get together. "You can never depend on the weather for growing anything before the 24th of May," my father used to say with a certain sense of satisfaction at the world's neat arrangement of things. In the meantime, while we winter wrapped our house as if in cotton wool and the dark snowy Sunday nights when nobody comes in to sit around our living-room grate and tell stories, the canal coal spluttering and spitting and sending a新た light flickering on the piano while the snow drifted against the storm window with a faint whispering sound, the way it often does in my thoughts when I picture the house where I grew up.

One of the most charming ideas I saw old house was a dark, snowy, silent winter night I went to see my father, then in his mid-twenties. As I went up the street, past the familiar peaks and vernas and railings, as familiar to me as the faces of old friends, I heard the soft sound of a snow shovel and saw a distant figure. It was my father shoveling the front walk and doing the steps while he was at it, stopping now and then to lean on his shovel and look around at the silent lovely night and enjoy its peace, dealing with winter in the old calm and reasonable way, and I knew when I reached him I'd give him a kind of lottie smile, looking pleased to see me and that when we went inside he took off his coat and hat and said, "A typical winter night, that. You wouldn't want any thing finer than that.

The Review, Winter 1987
THICK BLACK GOLD

It goes by various names. Bitumen. Pitch. Tar. It’s heavy oil and it’s rich with promise. Imperial is working to make sure the promise of heavy oil is a promise kept.

HUNDREDS of years ago, Cree Indians in Western Canada used it to caulk their canoes. Even further back in history, it was used to pave the streets of Babylon and as mortar in the Tower of Babel. The Roman scholar Pliny claimed that it had

BY RUSSELL FELTON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM MACKEY
amazing powers — to staunch bleeding, cure gout and even straighten eyelashes.

It occurs naturally in various forms and goes by various names, such as bitu-
men, pitch and tar. It is, in fact, oil, al-
thought it bears almost no resemblance to
the smooth-flowing amber fluid you
pour into the crankcase of your car. In
its natural form, mixed with sand, it is
barely even moist; you can compress it
in your hands into a heavy black ball.
In another it is more like cold molasses.

Nevertheless, it is oil. And as far as
Canada’s economic future is concerned, it
is very important oil.

It is heavy oil, and it represents Cana-
da’s best hope of continuing to be a sig-
ificant producer of that most valuable
of commodities: crude oil. Canada is to-
day a net exporter of crude oil — ex-
ports of more than 200,000 cubic metres of
bitumen are classed as heavy crude and
imported to Eastern Canada. It’s clear,
however, that if it were not for heavy oil,
Canada would likely become increas-
ingly dependent on imported oil.

Each day Canadians consume about
220,000 cubic metres of crude oil. Of this,
about 170,000 cubic metres is so-called
conventional light or medium crude oil
produced in the somewhat warmer and
rainier region of Western Canada. The oil
from this traditional oil-producing region
is, however, rapidly being depleted. “Roughly 70 percent of all the recoverable
conventional crude oil ever discovered in
Western Canada has been produced,” says Ray Wilson, vice-president and
general manager of exploration for Esso
Resources Canada Limited, Imperial Oil’s
Calgary-based natural-resource subsidiary.
“More to the point, as much as 65 percent
of all the conventional oil in the region
has been discovered.”

The use of so-called enhanced-recovery
methods to pump additional oil from
nearby depleted pools will help, but over-
all production of conventional Western
Canadian crude oil is expected to decline
between now and the end of the century
from a peak of about 1.6 million barrels
somewhere between 75,000 and 130,000
 cubic metres a day, depending on the
crude-oil prices. If prices are low, they
will not.

Canada does have other potential sources of oil. One is possi-

bly in the Beaufort Sea/Mackenzie
Delta area of the western Arctic and
the Atlantic offshore region. But commer-
cial-scale production from these frontier
regions remains a relatively distant
prospect, says Wilson: “I think we
might see some significant production
from the frontiers by the mid-1990s but
not before.”

If Canada were to rely exclusively on
conventional oil, Wilson and others
say that by the year 2000 it might be
importing as much as half the crude oil
it required. But fortunately Canada does
not have to rely on conventional oil. It’s
saving grace — Canada’s energy ace-in-
the-hole, so to speak — is heavy oil.

• • •

What exactly is heavy oil? How much of
it does Canada possess? And how much
of it could be produced?

Technically, those varieties of crude oil
that are classified as heavy contain
only small proportions of the lighter hy-
drocarbons from which fuels such as gasoline and kerosene are de-
river. As a result, they have a very high viscosity — they flow with agonizing
slowly — and generally cannot be re-
covered using conventional methods or
standard enhanced-recovery techniques.

A very significant addition to Cana-
da’s oil reserves

By far the greater proportion of the
heavy oil in Canada — more than 90
percent — is of the heaviest variety, com-
monly known as bitumen. A thick, black,
tar-like substance, it lies suspended in
the vast oil-sand deposits in the Cold
Lake, Athabasca, Wabasca and Peace
River regions of Alberta. It is in develop-
ing and producing bitumen that Canada
faces its greatest energy opportunity —
and its greatest energy challenge.

At the present rate of production, it
would hardly seem worthwhile to recover and produce such
bitumen. But the price of oil could
get high enough to warrant efforts to
produce asphalt, for paving, shingles
and roofing tar. Moreover, it is a daunting
task: the heavy crude, only after being
recovered bitumen from oil-sand deposits
buries more than a kilometre beneath
the ground. Thus, the heavy crude is
also technically feasible but too expen-
sive for commercial-scale production.

The timing and pace of development
may be open to question, but in the
long run large-scale development of
these resources seems inevitable.

The first critical factor likely to deter-
mine the pace of oil-sand development,
Koocose says, is the outlook for world
crude-oil prices. It is a subject he ap-
proaches with obvious caution, but after
reflecting on it a little longer, Koocose
said: “Over the longer term — probably from the mid-1990s to the turn of the century —
the bitumen prices may well be higher,
real dollars, than they are now.”

The lower prices of the last two years, he ex-
plains, have been caused by an excess
of oil-producing capacity in the world.

In its office he talks about oil-sand development in general with no less
pride or enthusiasm. “There’s very little
doubt that we’ll see much more oil-sand
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as in a high-price situation. That's why we've been developing Cold Lake in stages, responding to bitumen markets as they develop.

Another important factor, Koosce notes, is the attitude of governments to oil-sand development. "Governments want the kinds of economic benefits—job creation, industrial activity and regional development—that major oil-sand projects, particularly mining projects, can offer," he says, "and they seem willing to provide financial incentives and assistance to achieve them. They recognize that oil-sand projects are only marginally attractive to companies at current price levels, and they're willing to encourage development by sharing some of the costs and risks."

But the most encouraging factor of all, Koosce says, is the potential for substantial, even dramatic, reductions in the costs of oil-sand development, production and upgrading—most notably from improvements in the methods and technologies now employed.

These methods and technologies are generally well known. At the Syncrude and Suncor facilities in the Athabasca region, oil sands that lie beneath a shallow layer of earth are surface mined, using gigantic bucket-wheels or draglines. At Esso Resources' Cold Lake project, where the oil sands are deeper, bitumen is recovered by drilling wells into the subterranean deposits and injecting steam to heat the oil until it is sufficiently fluid to flow to the well bore and be pumped to the surface, leaving the sand in place.

At dozens of other sites, mostly in small, experimental operations, other companies are testing other methods of recovery. And at the same time, scientists and engineers with Imperial and other corporations are continuing both to improve on existing techniques and to devise new, less costly, more efficient methods of recovering and processing bitumen from the oil sands.

The costs are being lowered. For example, in constant dollars, the estimated costs for stages seven to 10 of Esso Resources' Cold Lake project are 15 percent below those of the first six stages, because they incorporate several design improvements. Yet the potential clearly exists for even greater cost reductions in the future. At a recent conference of the Alberta Oil Sands Technology and Research Authority (AOSTRA) in Edmonton, experts suggested that cost reductions in the order of 25 percent or more can be expected, and even these encouraging estimates don't allow for major scientific or technological breakthroughs. "When it comes to the technologies of oil-sand development we may be only in the horse-and-cart era," Terry Koosce says.

"The methods in use today can be improved upon, without a doubt, and there's also real potential for completely new and different technologies to be used in the future."

The combination of all these factors—government support for oil-sand development, the prospect of higher crude-oil prices by the time new production comes on stream and thereafter—and the prospect of lower costs through technological advances constitutes a powerful package of incentives for oil-sand development.

It seems, too, that the petroleum industry is rising to the challenge. In addition to Esso Resources' planned expansion at Cold Lake, the operators of three other commercial-scale oil-sand projects have recently announced plans to increase production. The surface-mining project of Suncor Inc. will be expanded to increase production of synthetic crude oil by roughly 3000 cubic metres a day to about 11 500 cubic metres a day. Petro-Canada and BP Canada Inc., equal partners in a bitumen-recovery project at Wolf Lake, in the Cold Lake region, will expand production from a current level of 1350 cubic metres a day to 3700 cubic metres a day by 1987. And Shell Canada Limited has applied for a permit to increase bitumen production from a project in the Peace River region from about 1650 cubic metres a day to about 8000 cubic metres a day by the early to mid-1990s.

A major source of new production in the near future, however, could come from the gigantic Syncrude surface-mining operation at Fort McMurray, in Alberta's Athabasca region. Syncrude, in which Esso Resources has a 25 percent share, is already the single largest oil-sand mining facility in the world.

In 1986 it produced upgraded bitumen or synthetic crude oil at an average rate of more than 20 000 cubic metres a day and the facility is currently being expanded to produce 23 000 cubic metres a day by 1988. A further expansion is also being considered that could increase the operation's productive capacity to 32 000 cubic metres a day.

New surface mining projects for the Athabasca oil sands are also on the drawing boards. One of these, called OSLO, in which Esso Resources has a 25 percent interest, is a possible alternative to a further expansion of Syncrude.

It appears, from these possible developments and from reports that many smaller, experimental projects are to be reactivated as the outlook for crude-oil prices improves, that Canada's oil industry is now willing to move more strongly ahead with oil-sand development—"casting a cautious eye at the future once again," as the Financial Times of Canada noted in a recent article. "That's a sign the oil patch's nascent optimism is for real," the paper said, adding that "it could also be a good sign for Canada's oil self-sufficiency."

No

The oil sands are too big—and too valuable to ignore

- - -

It's Winnipeg, where winters are cold and culture is rich and everywhere

by Jennifer Wells

Nineteen-eighteen. The Great War over. Winnipeggers, men and women, gather for ice skating and champagne on the frozen Assiniboine River behind the Manitoba Legislative Building. It is a time of hope and prosperity in a booming city of 200 000. Memories fade, but if a city's seasons contribute as much to the way it looks and smells as its history and its culture, perhaps none are so inseparable as Winnipeg and her winter. Some love it, others hate it; none forget it.

Vince Leah knows Winnipeg winters as well as anyone. The 75-year-old journalist and historian has lived in the city from birth. He talks of how his father, a newsboy, shoemaker, led off the train at Winnipeg en route to Australia from England. He liked what he saw. It felt very likely wasn't the middle of February. He stayed. The year was 1900.

Leah has vivid memories of his boyhood winters in Winnipeg: the February

carnival with its torchlight parade down Portage Avenue; the ski-jumping contests and Rosie O'Neil dancing companions who would snowshoe to Sunday school; skating clubs; makeshift hockey rinks made out of nothing more than a couple of plywood boards. They were vital, invigorating days when children learnt into winter as a season to enjoy, not just endure.

"Winter was never a dismal thing," says Leah. "He can't, in fact, muster a negative word for the blizzard of 1966, the one that shut the city down for two days in March. The one Winnipeggers still talk about. "The refrigerator was full of food," he says. "We got out the Scrabble game and enjoyed ourselves."

To listen to Leah reminisce is to wonder why anyone would gripe about the winter at all. What's 40 below? What's a metre or two of snow? "Winnipeggers," he says, "are snow fighters. We're the world's best. We don't let everything grind to a halt the way, say, Buffalo
ers aren’t made the way they used to be. Flat-bellied wood stoves to warn players’ socks are, for the most part, gone too. Gone the way of the horse-drawn streetcars that used to travel the city’s main streets. Gone the way of the city’s grand old Empire Hotel and the fantastically crazy architecture of the second city hall, which was razed in the early sixties. Schools have been demolished and rebuilt, landmarks leveled. There will always be critics to complain that the greater the transformation, the more unattractive a city becomes. But unlike other capitals that have continued to lose the hearts of its citizens, even Winnipeg’s most enthusiastic supporters suffered a lack of faith in the sixties and seventies.

Part of the problem was a stagnating population. In fact, Winnipeg today at 535,000 is a great deal bigger than it was 16 years ago, when the population stood at 535,000. Then too there was the death of the downtown shopping district in such cities as St. James, where the Polo Park shopping center was one of the first to coalesce retailing activity in the downtown. With a flattening population and with that population starting to shop away from the city, Winnipeg’s downtown started to die.

It looked ugly. Established shops and favorite restaurants closed. "Today," the shops that run from the Eaton’s end of Portage Avenue to The Bay, suffered badly. Harry Finnigan, the senior development officer with the North Portage Development Corporation, says that by 1980 there was a general consensus that something had to be done. "In the 1960s, the downtown core accounted for more than 60 percent of the retail trade," he says. "By the early 1980s, that had declined to 22 percent." The north side of Portage was particularly hard hit and became better known for its transient, drug-dealing regulars than as a place to buy the latest fashions.

So the city’s credit, something being done, something big.

It’s called Portage Place, and when the last brick is laid in June, or perhaps this fall, it will be the most sound development in its part of the city. The Investors Group Inc., one of the few megacorporations to keep its headquarters in the region, has a Prairie capital at others are depressed for points east, has invested $75.7 million in its headquarters in a handsome new Portage Place. Bill Telford, a partner at the firm’s design, has been charged with creating a state of the art complex of office, retail and entertainment facilities. The entire development will be a gathering place for the city’s business community and a destination for the general public.

The Arts Centre, which opened in 1981, is a cultural landmark that has brought the arts into the heart of the city. The Centre has been the venue for a wide range of cultural events, from concerts and plays to film screenings and art exhibits. It is a place where the arts are celebrated and enjoyed by people from all walks of life.

The Centre has also been a catalyst for the revitalization of the downtown area, attracting new businesses and residents to the city. It is a symbol of the city’s commitment to the arts and to the cultural life of the community.

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tory, the task was not easy. Many in the legislature favored the name Assiniboine; others pushed for Selkirk. Temperers flared. The debate became so heated that one night a group of frustrated citizens torched and feathered the speaker of the legislature.

Winnipeg finally became Winnipeg in 1873. The meaning of the odd Indian name still bears debate, though "murky water" or "muddy water" are clear favorites.

Until the end of the last century the city struggled through the kind of drama that makes the very best history-book reading. Louis Riel, the Metis leader who established a provisional government on the Prairies, remains today the focus of much debate for both Canadian and American historians. Was he a hero? Was he a madman?

His image remains, for there, on the north bank of the Assiniboine, sitting near where Winnipeggers once gathered for winetasting festivities, is the still controversial statue of the Metis leader. His hands grasped behind his back, his nose seemingly strained to the heavens, he is clearly an image of a man about to have a nose placed above his neck. Some love it; others hate it; few forget it.

There are other equally strong images. The Winnipeg General Strike, which hit the city hard over a six-week period in the early summer of 1919, is too the stuff of history books.

Fighting for better working conditions, collective bargaining and improved wages, workers in the metal and building trades struck first. At the height of the strike, 30,000 people had walked off their jobs. Winnipeg stopped.

The city's business interests formed the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand to oppose the strike. They accused the Big 10, the strike leaders, of sedition. All 10 were summarily jailed, including the Reverend J.S. Woodsworth. Students of history may forget that the strike itself was a failure. The workers, in their eventual settlement, did not gain the concessions they had sought on collective bargaining. But the strike stands as a symbol of the struggle for workers' rights; it rallied other labor groups from coast to coast and seeded in the history of not just the West but the country as a whole the voice of trade unionism.

To many that voice was personified by J.S. Woodsworth himself. The founder of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation — what is today the New Democratic Party — Woodsworth was and remains for many "the conscience of Canada."

Not all the figures of the history of the West stand up as well to historical scrutiny. Consider Francis Cornwall, he was known as King, and by the time he arrived in Winnipeg in 1872 his reputation as a magistrate in London, Ont., had already reached the city. There was the time he was caught drunk driving his horse and buggy. As London's chief magistrate he found himself the next day naming himself as the guilty party. He fined himself $4, but then paid himself a $4 magistrate fee. Cornwall later decided the fine was too steep, so he lowered the penalty to $2, which, of course, he also kept.

"King" Cornwall was Winnipeg's first mayor. When they counted the ballots on a wintry night in 1874 he was the runaway winner with 383 ballots of a possible 998. His opponent registered 179 ballots. It was Cornwall's people who had stuffed the ballot box.

Cornish would have won anyway, though by a narrow margin. But that's the kind of history Winnipeggers like to recount. The fact that Cornwall had his opponent kidnapped the night before the election somehow only adds to his charm.

Cornish occupies but one small corner in the lively mosaic that is Winnipeg. Its ethnic mix has always been varied and colorful. Recognizably strong neighborhoods of Slavs, Jews and Ukrainians have been an increasing part of the backbone of the city since just after the First World War. There were growing pains. Tensions mounted as prejudice grew against an increasing immigrant population. But by the time Stephen Juba was elected mayor in 1956 the disputes had eased. He was mayor for 20 years; he is Ukrainian.

Winnipeg has seemed mundane only to outsiders looking in. To its offspring the city has been a place to defend in beset debate.

The hottest topic, of course, is not ethno- or bilingualism, but, yes, the weather, and, particularly, the winter weather. "The winter is not really cold," a diehard Winnipegger will insist. "It's a dry cold. You don't feel the chill as you do in Toronto winters."

Cecil Semchuk is one of these defenders. "A winter without snow wouldn't be winter," he says. "The blue skies are brilliant. The snow goes crunch under your feet. And even if you do get cold, during winter in Winnipeg the spirit always remains bright."

THE CESO ADVENTURE

BY KENNETH BAGNELL

In more than 100 countries of the world and in native communities at home, retired Canadians like Imperial's Robert MacLean are putting expertise to good use. Their years of retirement have become their years of adventure.

It is now roughly 20 years since the day in December 1967, Canada's Centennial Year, when a few officials in the federal government along with a handful of private citizens signed their names to a charter that gave life to a new national organization. Its name was the Canadian Executive Service Overseas (CESO), and its purpose was at once practical and idealistic: to send trained Canadians, mostly retired managers and professionals, to countries of the Third World, where they would put their experience and expertise to work, helping people in those countries solve their business problems.

In the two decades since it sent its first few volunteers abroad, CESO has
grown dramatically. It has sent volunteer consultants to about 5000 projects in more than 100 countries; there are few countries among the less-developed nations to which CESO volunteers have not been sent. They have helped in a variety of ways, from providing training in systems like the Philippines to training peni- tentiary staff in Antigua to building an airport in Nigeria.

Soon after it was formed, CESO itself changed to one historic and far-reaching way: it began to provide direct assistance to the projects it had identified through its outreach efforts in the Philippines to training peni- tentiary staff in Antigua to building an airport in Nigeria.

One day in the spring of 1972, a man named Robert MacLean left Toronto. He was 32 years old and he wanted to make a difference. He joined a small group of volunteers who were spending their summer months in the Caribbean, helping to build schools and clinics for children. He was one of the first to accept the invitation to join the group, and he quickly became an integral part of the team.

Over the years, Robert MacLean has been involved in every aspect of CESO’s work. He has served on the board of directors, worked on fundraising campaigns, and traveled extensively to meet with CEOs and other leaders of companies around the world. He has been a driving force behind many of CESO’s most successful projects, including the reconstruction of a hospital in Jamaica after a hurricane and the establishment of a new water treatment plant in a remote village.

Despite the challenges, Robert MacLean remains committed to the mission of CESO. He believes that by working together, we can make a real difference in the world. And while the work is never easy, he finds great satisfaction in knowing that he is helping to improve the lives of people who need it most.

One thing is clear: Robert MacLean is passionate about helping others. His dedication to CESO and his work in the Caribbean are a testament to the power of compassion and action. And as long as there are people in need, he will continue to do what he can to make a difference.

Imperial has been one of CESO’s most important partners. Over the years, the company has contributed millions of dollars through various projects, helping to build schools, clinics, and other facilities in countries around the world. Their generosity has been matched by their commitment to the cause, and they have continued to support CESO in a variety of ways, from providing funding to volunteering their time and expertise.

One of the most recent projects supported by Imperial and CESO was the construction of a new hospital in Jamaica. The hospital was built in partnership with the government of Jamaica and the local community, and it has provided much-needed healthcare to thousands of people. Thanks to the efforts of everyone involved, including Imperial and CESO, this important project was a huge success.

There is no doubt that the work of CESO and its partners is making a real difference in the world. By working together, we can create a better future for all, and we can be proud of the impact that we are making.
there are a good number who enter after retiring from government service. One is Melba, Wootliff of Ottawa. She spent most of her career with the federal government, in departments ranging from trade and commerce to agriculture, serving in the field of public affairs, mostly preparing publications. Then, in 1983, a call came to the CESO offices from Thailand for a consultant in public affairs to work with the Electricity Generating Authority of Thailand (EGAT). In the middle of January, Wootliff arrived in Bangkok to help the electrical authority—a large enterprise employing 15,000 people—improve its communications with the public.

For a few days, Wootliff spent her time simply getting familiar with the company, but then the pace changed. She discovered that EGAT had made some serious preparations for her time with it—every two weeks they moved her from one department of the company to another so that she was able to help people in the publications area, the public relations group, then people in the field and so on. By the time she was ready to return to Canada the next spring, she had not only helped EGAT but had benefited a great deal herself. "I have," she said with a laugh at her hotel when she was seeing off her colleagues at a farewell dinner, "at least three ideas that I want to put to use to improve things in Canada."
OUR OLD COUNTRY HOME

The Watsons lived here more than a century ago. Now we have come to climb the same stairs, to look out from the same windows on spare December fields.

BY LAIRD O'BRIEN

The question was clear enough. Could we find a special place in the country—one that would put us in touch with simple pleasures as well as make physical demands on us to balance the city's mental demands? Our search for an answer took three years.

In that time, we scoured the classifieds and roamed the back roads in the best and worst of seasons. The item that finally ended our search appeared in the Toronto Star: "STONE HOME, 125 rolling acres with stream winding through fields and woods. Large stone home has 3 bedrooms and bath..." Forty-eight hours later, on Father's Day 12 years ago, we found ourselves trailing yet another real estate agent down a long farm lane, expecting at any moment that the worlds of advertising and reality would once again meet and crumble before our eyes. The road dipped down through a screen of maples and then up again toward the house, sitting on a slight plateau—windows covered with tattered storms of plastic sheeting, waist-high weeds where the path should be. The house faced south from a grove of trees, some 270...
lamps, wood stove — but they climbed the same stairs as we did and looked out the same windows. They laughed and talked and slept in these very rooms. At this passage we have a growing sense of sharing this place with those who were here before us. One incident has made a lasting impression.

On a hot morning in July, several years ago, I stood on the ladder near the southeast corner of the house, groping with a metal bar to clear out birds' nests. I remembered how we had cleared the nest on the floor of the kitchen — but other items were hidden there as well. I pulled out a mouse — dead. I found a ridged wailing of moulding where roof met wall. Shiny, while enwroughting would soon go. Sunshine, which shall fill the steel cup to something hard; as I scooped it toward me, a small bottle slipped out through the narrow opening and fell toward the ground. I caught it at the last moment and held it as the sun's rays bounced off.

The house was the traditional settler's design: centre-hall plan with narrow stairs leading to three bedrooms and a bathroom that was prone to spiders in the tub; a large downstairs room, with fireplace, to the left and back door, running the depth of the house; and another large room to the right, finished with imitation wood paneling that what we suspected was the original cooking fireplace. Along the back of the house was an enclosed porch with many cupboards, a door to the basement and another opening into the large kitchen.

When one searches out something from an earlier time — be it an old house or a set of toy soldiers — there is an obvious conflict between climate and craftsmanship. Appreciation for the past has led us to change things as little as possible, while embracing the joys of modern electrical heating and water systems that are often the objects of neglect. Storm windows and screens replaced plastic sheathing; paint and varnish gleamed.

From conversations with people in the community and from events within the present day, we have gradually pieced together a bit, by bit, a sense of this place and those who were here before us. Our first listing of all the room contents was on our final purchase papers. While searching the title, the lawyer discovered upon the wall levelling and repairing, the roof tile attached, who died in the house in 1900. The opening paragraph reads: "To my wife, Jessy (my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses being first fully paid) I leave all my furniture and household effects, all money, notes or other securities I may die possessed of, also I direct my son Thomas shall pay her so long as she shall live, the sum of $150 per annum, also allow her the free use of west half of my dwelling house, both upstairs and down for herself and her unmarried daughter, together with use of stairway and free ingress and egress to the public hallway, that he shall also allow her to keep in it in any manner that she may require it for storing and feeding and care for such horse and cow."

We know little of Jessy or Thomas — only that they came from England or Scotland, settled on this land as farmers and lived here much longer than we.
In Closing

The other evening, a Friday just at dusk, I was walking through a light rain—one so fine that it seemed to settle like mist on streets and sidewalks and the slowly moving cars—and I was wondering if a woman I had spoken with earlier had been right when she'd said that the problem with life is not just that almost everyone disapproves of everyone else but that anyone not disapproving is seen as out of step and an oddity or a weakling. Disapproval, she was saying, seems to be a badge of the age, and in the street after I had left her, I knew what she felt. At the light, waiting for it to change, the people were unusually serious, as if when the light turned green they were to do battle, which of course they did—a cyclist crossed before the light changed, drivers pushed ahead of pedestrians, a taxi squatted at the curb and finally two cars blocked the walkway so that those on foot were zigzagging through the intersection between bumpers. A man with a cane, his face speckled with thin red lines, banged on the trunk of a car as he moved around it just above the bumper, which carried a sticker reading, "Wimps are simp's." The driver did not look—looking honestly and reasonably at someone may civilize moments that are easier left uncivil. He merely raised his finger as if pointing to heaven, but of course he did not have heaven on his mind.

I crossed the street and began making my way along the avenue. The faces of the people coming toward me looked as gloomy as those I'd just seen, as if they knew they must prepare for a skirmish at the corner and were putting their inner armor in place. It occurred to me as they streamed past that in some places and at some times the world permits us to live but not to feel too happy about it, as if the freedom to exist is granted but the freedom to rejoice is denied. I wished, especially since it was a Friday, for some sign that the sadness of the street was not everywhere.

I was a few minutes along the avenue when I heard from behind a shout, a high pitched voice that seemed to rise in the evening air: 'Dad! Dad! Dad!' I looked up and a bit ahead and saw a man standing at the bus stop who was obviously waiting for whomever was now calling to him. He was smiling in a slight, almost shy way as a young man rushed past me and toward him. The older man was middle aged and wore a dark, rather quiet suit that seemed to have been chosen for his manner, which was dignified and reserved. When he saw his son approaching, he extended his hand. He began to grin almost in spite of himself.

The son was tall. He was much taller than the father, and he carried a pack sack and wore jeans that came down over his shoes. His arms, which were very long, dangled through the cuffs of his jacket and seemed to swing stiffly, almost as if, while attached to him, they did not belong to him. When he reached his father, he did a strange thing—he laughed and bent over and kissed him on the cheek so that the older man, even though he was very quiet was also very pleased. The young man turned so that I could notice his expression, and when I did I realized he was awkward because he had a handicap, not of his body but his mind. They set off together, just ahead of me. The son was talking the way someone talks when he has been somewhere special and has new things to say—perhaps about what he has done or seen or heard—and once he actually stepped out in front of his father, rested his large arms on the older man's shoulders and with his eyes looking down into his father's I heard him exclaim: "I did it by myself so I know." His father stood there silent but smiling more than I might have expected, an ordinary man in an ordinary suit, but in that moment some extraordinary thing had happened and he was radiant.

They went on their way, making their path down the darkening avenue—the avenue of evening unhappiness—through the rain that was beginning to let up. The son seemed taller now beside his father, as if his height was now a statement that he was not weak but strong and that whatever his handicap, he himself was no handicap at all. He had that evening, in which the air itself breathed hardness, revealed the foolishness of cynicism and the strength that is found in gentleness and innocence. He was a sign, as Jean Vanier who knows him so well has told others, that joy does not come from intellect nor the capacity to contribute from wealth or position: "In a world which is continually becoming harder, where men are obliged to work furiously to acquire riches, where kindness is not respected and is drowned in a mounting tide of efficiency, the mentally handicapped have an important part to play, because they have time to look and think and marvel and love...."

I saw the father and his son reach the next intersection, the boy still talking, the man, his head tilted slightly leftward, listening and nodding as if what he was hearing pleased him greatly, so that he could hardly wait to hear more. Whatever it was, it obviously made his evening, though I suspect that what mattered most was not at all what was said. It was the young man. He did not wear the armor of our age—pretension, swagger or bluff. He was himself and his father was the better for it. He was the recipient of a rare and perfect gift.

The crowd closed behind them, and they were lost to my view. Perhaps they were heading for a restaurant I know nearby; where, I like to think, a father and son might sit by the window sharing not only a meal, but the last rays of the sun that warm the street with their light.

[Signature: K [illegible]]

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