Circus Magic
A TWO-WAY STREET

EMPLOYEE EXCHANGES ARE BRINGING CORPORATE CANADA AND OTTAWA TOGETHER

On a bright November afternoon in 1987, Steve Matthews stepped down from a place at Ottawa’s airport, caught a cab for his hotel and felt the mild unease most people feel on their way to meet new people to discuss a new job. Matthews, a sturdy man in his middle thirties, had been with Imperial Oil ever since he had left McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., in 1974, working his way upward, becoming a member of management at the company’s local refinery near Vancouver. There, just a few days earlier, his boss had called him out of a meeting to set in motion the rapid train of events that had brought him to Ottawa to meet officials of Employment and Immigration Canada. That meeting led to a dramatic new chapter in Matthews’ career. He accepted a two-year assignment—on loan from Imperial to the federal government’s employment and immigration commission, whose function it is to support job development and training. One of Matthews’ main tasks was to head a staff of 60 people, working with various employers—among them automotive manufacturers, members of the energy sector and the cultural industries—to ensure that people with the right skills are available to fill jobs. As he explained once he’d settled in: “It’s an opportunity I never imagined I’d have. So much that goes on in Ottawa affects so many people so deeply. As for me personally, I hope I can contribute, even slightly, to the welfare of those people. But, frankly, I also hope that I gain something very practical that I can use in my career at Imperial and share with my colleagues there.”

Matthews is one of almost a score of people who, since 1970, have been loaned to the government by Imperial. Sometimes, as with other corporations that have loaned executives, the arrangements have been informally struck—a department in Ottawa simply asked for an executive with expertise in a specific area. But in recent years the loan assignments have come under the umbrella of two federal agencies. One is Interchange Canada (established by the federal Liberal government in 1971); the other, the Business/Government Exchange (established by the federal Progressive Conservative government in 1987). Both are designed to foster better understanding between business and government, two spheres that to many people have seemed fraught with mutual misunderstanding. In 1981, Pierre Tru-
Steve Matthews became aware of this quickly. In the middle of 2SS, he and his team at the Business/Government Executive Exchange in Ottawa learned that a federal government program needed to be strengthened financially and in terms of staff. Matthews quickly decided to work with that project. They then had to get approval from their executive director, then for their own department, then from the federal treasury board, then to the federal department head, then to the prime minister. It was a tough journey, but in the end the proposal was approved, and they were able to proceed with the program. "We were very excited," Matthews said to the business leaders, "and we put you in the department of fisheries." The only problem is, it won't do him any good, it won't do fisheries any good, and it won't do our company any good—but it would sure avoid conflict of interest. So I'll give you an up-to-date on the program, and you put him in the department of fisheries. That's the only problem, is that we can't do it, but it will be good for fisheries and for your company."

Steve Matthews, the executive director of the Business/Government Executive Exchange, says that one of the most important things he learned while working with government officials is that they are very busy people. Matthews says that the key to working with government officials is to be very clear and concise in your communication. He also says that it is important to be patient and to be willing to wait for feedback. Matthews says that the government officials are very busy people, and they may not have time to respond to your requests immediately. Matthews also says that it is important to be persistent and to keep following up on your requests. Matthews says that he has learned that the government officials are very busy people, and they may not have time to respond to your requests immediately. Matthews also says that it is important to be persistent and to keep following up on your requests.

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Telling it like it is

For more than 70 years Canadian Press has been bringing news to the nation

By Ted Ferguson

By journalistic standards, Mark Bastien was a wet-eyed rookie. He had been with the Canadian Press (CP) news agency less than a year, and most of that time he had spent either covering regional events or rewriting stories from local newspapers. So it came as quite a surprise to him when Ontario bureau chief Mike Brown phoned him home on a grey September morning last year and asked him to fly to Jamaica that afternoon. Brown wanted the roving reporter aboard the first flight to the island since hurricane Gilbert had struck three days earlier.

"I was really pleased that he had so much faith in my ability to cover the story," Bastien recalls. "If I had been on a big newspaper, it would have been years before I got a major assignment." Bastien's work in Jamaica justified Brown's confidence in him. Within an hour of landing at rubble-strewn Montego Bay, he filed a story on stranded tourists, scooping other Canadian reporters.

Canadian Press has been providing newspapers with stories for more than 70 years and has done almost as much to help develop our national consciousness as the CBC and the CPR. Today an aggressive, finely tuned company with an annual budget of more than $40 million, CP has more than 300 newsroom employees who produce more than 250,000 words daily. The agency maintains bureaus in 13 Canadian centres and three foreign locales: Washington, New York and London. "It's unlikely that we'll be opening any new bureaus in Canada," says Keith Kincaid, president and chief executive officer of CP. "But we are planning to expand overseas. We've made arrangements to start a Moscow office this year and sometime in the future we hope to do the same in the Far East." The agency also provides the CBC with news and operates a radio-television subsidiary, Broadcast News Ltd., which supplies news to private radio and television stations as well as to cable TV systems. As well, the agency runs Press News Ltd., which is involved in a number of commercial activities, among them providing business news to corporations.

In an age when single-owner media chains are commonplace, CP has a structure that ensures its freedom from any individual's bias. It is a nonprofit cooperative that is financed by the more than 100 dailies it serves: each member-paper has only one vote in policy decisions. Whether it is the mammoth Toronto Star or a tiny, struggling outfit in northern Alberta, says Kincaid, who has been with CP since graduating in journalism from the University of Western Ontario in 1968, "There has never been any attempt to change our cooperative setup. The system works too well to play with. But it isn't just its democratic nature that distinguishes the wire service. Canadian Press reporters are a different breed: so intensely loyal are they to the concept of an independent news source that many devote their entire careers to CP, often turning down better-paying jobs elsewhere. Canadian Press reporters also work exceptionally hard. On many large disaster stories there will be one story a day to cover with time left over for talking sports in the staff cafeteria. At CP, reporters regularly pitch in on the rewrite desk after finishing their own stories. "Canadian Press is a wonderful training ground," says Toronto Star editorial executive Roy Timson, himself an ex-CP writer. "You learn to do every possible sort of story and to do it fast. There's always a deadline somewhere in Canada. When you're writing a piece, you know that a paper in St. John's or Winnipeg or wherever will use it if you can get it on the wire right away."

The CP training ground has spawned some of the country's leading journalists. Three top-tier Maclean's editors — Kevin Doyle, Alan Walker and Carl Mol- lins — and political writers Carol Goar and Michel Roy worked there. So did a summer student named Joe Clark, Pulitzer Prize winning biographer Leon Edel and Trivial Pursuit creators Scott Abbott and Chris Haney.

Mike Brown sets in his plainly furnished office, a stocky, earnest man wearing a green V-necked sweater. As Ontario bureau chief, he's responsible for a 5-person staff. "There have been plenty of changes at CP in the last 20 years," he says, scanning a Globe and Mail page as he speaks. "We're a highly sophisticated company nowadays — portable computers, cellular phones, an electronic photo system that sends pictures instantly to our members' newsrooms. Low pay? Not anymore. A CP reporter earns roughly the same wages as a reporter on a major newspaper — around $42,000 for someone with five years' experience."

Brown wrote for his high-school paper..."
and took journalism at Ryerson Polytechnic Institute in Toronto before joining CP 14 years ago. "Having a journalism degree isn’t the be-all and end-all when we’re hiring,” he says. "Obviously good journalistic skills are essential, but it’s also important to have a broad general knowledge. We like writers who can handle sports, weather, politics—a dozen different topics.” In fact, the CP staff members come from a variety of backgrounds. Mike Fuhrmann, who coordinates CP’s feature coverage, was a librarian, for example; Mark Bastien, the 28-year-old reporter who covered the Hurricane Gilbert aftermath, was an actor. "Mark’s a good example of our attitude toward young reporters," Brown says. "If they show potential, we give them major stories. Baptism under fire. Mark sent back six terrific stories from Jamaica — and stayed awake all night.” In fact, the CP staff works hard to keep their own staff members on their toes. "They’re on their toes all the time,” says Brown. "We’re always trying to keep them awake.”

Over the years CP stories have often been seen on the front pages of major newspapers and a paternalistic soul, he insisted they ask for their permission before they mar- ried. Under CP’s guidance, they did. CP tripled the size of its leased wire service, which serves more than 600 private radio and television stations. "It was tough for Purtell to get funding from any public service, but more than it is today,” says Keith Kincade. "Now the agency is more widely accepted as an early years.”

The CP staff are quick to point out that their coverage has benefited from the agency’s commitment to keeping up with technological change. "We have to be on top of the technology to support our on-going commitment to things like computer technology,” one reporter said.

Years before bilingualism emerged as a national issue, CP was already covering it. The CP Paris Bureau, French-language newspaper service. In 1935 CP opened a Montreal bureau for Que- bec, Ontario and New Brunswick newspapers, which had received stories in En- glish for 34 years. "For a long time after our office opened here, we were little more than a translation agency,” says Guy Rondeau, vice-president of French services. "In the last 10 years, however, we’ve come into our own. We now have the budget to cover politics, sports, culture, economics and other events that have a special significance for French-speaking Canadi- ans.”

Rondeau says there is no difference in the way an English and French CP re- porter approaches a story. "The same cri- teria apply,” he says. "Good writing, bright writing and a penchant for fact-checking are the things we look for in our reporters.”

Mel-Surface lights a cigar, settles back in his chair and sighs. "That’s a lot of writing," he says. "Reporter and AP writers have a glamorous image but the Cana- dian public doesn’t know that because, all along, they don’t think it’s their job to report the other side of a story. It’s their job to report the facts, just as we do."
MAGIC and ART

Quebec's Cirque du Soleil is the wonder of the circus world.

Eye-catching, but not garish, the domed blue and yellow tent, within its protective circle of trailers and marquees, seems to fit securely into the vacant lot at Toronto's Harbourfront, its wind-rippled canvas top sharing an affinity with the blue waters of the harbor itself. This is the Cirque du Soleil.

We are the fortunate first audience to witness the return of the Quebec phenomenon. Cirque du Soleil has visited Toronto before, yet for some reason—possibly lack of wider fame—even only marginal delight. Since then it has spread its magic to Los Angeles, Santa Monica, San Francisco and even Manhattan's Battery Park, attracting massive critical acclaim throughout North America.

We wonder as we take our seats whether it is going to live up to its new reputation, or whether we are just dupes of the excessive response of Americans to anything novel. We watch as belated and distracted ticket holders, seeking their seats under the big top, are intercepted by an apparently helpful clown with flyaway hair and a big red nose. Sometimes he takes their tickets and leads them in an altogether wrong direction or, embarrassingly, right across the empty ring. Other times he helpfully takes people's purses or coats as they examine their tickets, then strides away with them, handing them to a stranger or abandoning them, again in the exposed centre of the ring.
Those of us already in the safety of our seats, unscathed by the clown, find these mischievous antics a hilarious diversion. We little realize, and aren’t meant to, how integral a part of the show they are; not just because they relax us and help pass the time, but because they are essentially so childish.

As we will later realize, the children who are part of Cirque du Soleil are the most vital key to its enchantment. There are five of them—four girls in their early teens and one of seven. All except the seven-year-old are graduates of the circus’ own school. They reveal a poised intensity, the pristine grace of youth, as they pirouette and somersault and balance, shimmering with pride.

But now we need to be bewitched further before we are fully primed for that enchantment. That is the point of the ingenuity of the prelude to each show, when a hesitant huddle of masked figures in the unlit street clothes of everyday reality shambles into the misty-wreathed circle of the big top to be suddenly made part of the circus by the glittering magic of the Queen of the Night and those charming attendant children; a parallel of what is meant to happen emotionally to all of us watching from the darkened banks of seats.

But the scenario cannot be altogether unfamiliar to us. It is a realization of daydreams, indulgences we may deny ourselves as adults but must acknowledge because we have all been young and have all known that Midas touch of childhood—the liberty to daydream.

The circus has always beckoned with temptations to daydream. What child, however happy at home, has not felt envious whenever the circus came to town by the prospect of living in a caravan and roaming the wide world. Or by having the licence to play the fool for a living. Or to win wonder and applause by daily deeds of acrobatic daring?

What evolves—the magical spectacle that entranced us for two delightful hours on the Toronto waterfront—has become a wonder of the circus world. For all its intricate choreography and split-second organization, it has the sweep and verve and apparent spontaneity of an intricate children’s game. Almost everything derives purely from human energy and flexibility and balance, the antics of the playground. It becomes a hypnotizing spectacle: a bicycle piled with bodies beyond the bounds of possibility; a tuxedoed squad of human-penguin cavorting on springboards; gravity elegantly mocked from a slack wire; the dignity of an orchestral conductor lampooned on a lurching podium.

So much is happening, magically orchestrated by a fluent texture of light and music, that time is conjured away. We are left, when it is over, with the idea of moving down there with my family. When I came back here, the Cirque du Soleil was in town. I went to see it, and I was knocked out by it. It’s so beautiful, such an accomplished show. And it was created here. I said to myself, I don’t want to leave a country that can do something as marvelous as that. I want to stay here. While Cirque du Soleil in its four-and-a-half years of amazing success has followed the path trodden through North American cities by its long-established Moscow, Cirkus and Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Bros. Circus, it derives from a more widespread and persistent tradition of traveling entertainment.

Cirque du Soleil began life in 1984, when a number of street performers banded together to create a traveling show in celebration of the 450th anniversary of the arrival in Canada of Jacques Cartier. It drew its inspiration, however, from the wandering acrobats, jugglers, contortionists and clowns who followed the caravan routes of ancient China and the Middle East and the highways of medieval Europe to earn a living banking in marketplaces, sometimes gathering into troupes for safety and convenience.

Guy Laliberté, himself a street fire breather, believed that a similar alliance might allow independent performers to find a place in the cutthroat modern world of entertainment, and thus was born the Cirque du Soleil.

So well received was the show throughout Quebec during the anniversary celebrations that Laliberté and his early associates were encouraged to continue operating as a traveling circus. What evolved—the magical spectacle that entranced us for two delightful hours on the Toronto waterfront—has become a wonder of the circus world.
Afterward, comparing memories, we have to wonder why the surly routines of lion-tamers, the incongruous juggling of seals, and the cooing of tamed bears were ever necessary. Human beings, it should dawn on us, may be the animals’ favorite work.

But as much as Cirque du Soleil has delighted the North American public and surprised the entertainment and cultural entrepreneurs, it has impressed the business world even more. The story, now taking on the dimensions of legend in entertainment circles, is told to me by Normand Latourelle, the executive vice-president of the Cirque du Soleil. He is a cheerful, relaxed man who joined the company in its early days and still seems remarkably young for management of an enterprise that earns more than $12 million a year in ticket sales.

We are sitting in his open-sided trailer that serves as his on-site cafeteria for the circus, with a view of the sun-polished water of the Toronto harbor. There is no star system in this circus: administrators, artists and backstage workers all eat and socialize in the trailer; artists and others however, whenever they please. The activity around us has the relaxed pace of a happy extended family, without the night before wander in to casual clothes and either order what they want for breakfast or wash it in the trailer. The amazing contrabassist, Angèle Lauter, who also rules as Queen of the Night, sits eating, nearby, in pajamas. The poised, petite tango dancer is making herself a cap of cappuccino. A few tables away, several artists are being interviewed for radio. Offstage life in the warmth of a summer morning is easy and relaxed.

Latourelle runs through figures that have not just impressed the corporate world but attracted the sponsorship of Canadian Airlines International, Dominion Textiles Inc. and several other Canadian corporations. In its first year, the circus received 97 percent of its budget from the Quebec government; today, public funding amounts to five percent. Much of its increasing profit has been used to buy new and better equipment and to fund further development.

But what makes the circus so different and so successful as an entertainment venture is its ability to answer the question hundreds of times. He might have pointed to its youthful, fresh appeal. In answer the company’s members is less than 25. Or its pursuit of the very best young performers, or its avoidance of costly and often offensive animals. Or its debt of music, its theatrical unity of presentation. We have been able to make it a reality, and your reality a dream," Latourelle says simply. "We believe ours is the best circus in the world and we know we are the best."

But how is it possible to make it work so well? To weed the talents of so many young and imaginative performers in an integrated and fluent production? "We give them the freedom to perform. That’s what each of them is for."

Latourelle says with a confident smile. "And we see they are rewarded for it. Our job is to enable them to perform and to see that they are happy.

My companion explains that when Cirque du Soleil has settled in a venue, the artists can choose either to live on-site in a trailer or in a local hotel. The exceptions are the circus that has a large trailer. Since normally they stay five mornings a week, train and work out in the afternoons and perform one or two shows six days out of seven, they have little time for outside activities. It is the management who would choose any other kind of life.

By harkening to the tone of other circus members of the threat to the children, you sense a protective pride in them that is almost parental. That seems symbolized by the concentration of the children’s trailer on the living site, each room with its own set of steps and painted name of their god or goddess. The sort of care and respect that adolescents are granted in any loving family, because their vitality and imaginative strength are the gears and essence of its meaning. Similarly, youth is the seed and essence of Cirque du Soleil.

Before leaving, Latourelle gives me a glimpse of another of the circus’ realities. Within one of the trailers that works the blue and yellow big top, a dozen young operators wearing headsets sit facing computer stations. This is the nerve centre of the circus’ own telephone ticketing system, which nowadays handles seat reservations where the show is presented. In recent years, whether in California or New York, Quebec or other Canadian cities, vacant seats have been rare. This part of Guy Laliberté’s vision ensures that the rest of the part is fulfilled, that artists can perform happily and at their best.

A very normal-looking young man, with a quiet, graceful bearing in his speech, sits down in the cafeteria. He is Andrew Watson, who, with Jacqueline Williams, performs the most obviously dangerous stunts, on a trapeze high in the big top without a safety net. Both are Canadian, Watson is in their mid-twenties. He worked as an import buyer and she as a civil servant in Toronto. "The best thing about being in the girl’s circus is that it is all about the people you’re working with and the people you’re working for, it automatically brings you closer. Here managers don’t go one way, leaving artists and technicians to go their own way, elsewhere. If something’s going wrong we sit down and talk about it together, and if something’s going well we talk about that, too."

According to Normand Latourelle, many artists have performed with the troup for a season and then left for another show. But almost all of them have come back. Says Watson: "We plan to take a break, but if we return to the circus world the only circus we’d want to work with is the Cirque du Soleil."

Benny Legrand agrees. The clown who plays pinata on the audience before and during the show, Legrand is a shade older than most of the performers and has the droll look of a clown even without his button nose and makeup. He loves the nomadic circus life; in fact, he wishes Cirque du Soleil was on the move more often — after the long stay in Toronto he itches to move on: "I love traveling", he says. "I wish we were moving more. Three weeks in one place would be ideal."

Legrand’s performance career began in his home town, Calgary, where he worked in theatre. "Then I took off by myself, doing some mime and magic and living in the back of Dawson Creek, B.C," he says. "And I prospected for a while, as well. But I started clowning regularly in Dawson Creek, because it got too hard moving around on snowshoes with all the props on a togeg."

It is Legrand’s job to make people laugh, and he’s good at it. He’s also daring. He will fall upon well-dressed men in the front row and tie them up like mummies with plastic tape, and he’ll hose down a row of beautifully dressed patrons. The mischief is so outrageous at times that you suspect him of planting associates in the audience. "No," he says. "I try not to use stooges. If you do, it gets to be a boring number. I use real people. It brings the act alive. If ever say I’m bored, it means I’m goofing off."

Benny Legrand excuses himself to prepare for the night of mischief ahead. While he harbors ideas of a career outside the circus (in his case, political satire), for the moment he seems more terribly motivated by the itch to travel and by the childlike urges to take risks and make mischief, needs that Cirque du Soleil so amply satisfies.

Inevitably time will oblige him to accept a more conforming and stable career for his talents, just as time must eventually dull the youthful originality with which Cirque du Soleil has dazzled the world. But its example will never be lost. New generations, in Canada and elsewhere, warmed by the sunshine of daydreams, will emulate it in transforming dreams into reality, reality into dreams. The circus is an eternal as being young.
THE LINK OF HISTORY

TED LINK OF IMPERIAL OIL WAS A GEOLOGIST AND AN ADVENTURER. HE WAS ALSO A VISIONARY. HE FOUND ONE OF CANADA'S MAJOR OIL FIELDS ... WHEN HE WAS 23 YEARS OLD

BY SARAH LAWLEY

When Theodore August Link was a boy, growing up in Indiana during the early 1900s, he used to read the works of a Canadian poet, Robert Service, to his younger brothers and sisters. In later life he recalled that often, instead of doing their homework, the children would sit around the dining-room table, listening to “The Cremation of Sam McGee” or “Clancy of the Mounted Police.”

But young Ted Link’s favorite seemed to be “The Spell of the Yukon.” He’d usually begin with it: “…There’s a land where the mountains are nameless / And the rivers all run God knows where; / …There’s a land of gold, it beckons andbeckons…” It was an aura: in a few short years Ted Link would be deep in Robert Service country, exploring and naming the very mountains and rivers of which the famed poet wrote. But Link was to become much more than an explorer; he would be remembered as one of the greatest pioneers of the Canadian oil industry. Naturally, no single person can be credited with putting Canada on the world oil map, but the internationally honored Link can certainly be counted as one of the Canadian oil industry’s founding fathers. “His contribution to the oil industry was enormous,” says Don Mackenzie, a longtime friend of Link’s and a former executive of Imperial Oil. “In every way he was a leader in the field. He played a major role in the discovery of some of Canada’s largest oil fields and many of his theories still form the basis for geological work.”

But Link was far from being the archetypal academic. The tall, lean geologist with the distinctive narrow moustache was happiest, it seemed, when he was out in the open country, searching for oil. He was an adventurer who loved a challenge. Despite being a professor by nature he took his work very seriously and expected others to do the same. “Although his men were sometimes in awe of him,” says Don Mackenzie, “they all held him in the highest regard. And while he expected people to be devoted to their work, he always made sure there was time to stop and smell the flowers.”

But as much as Link is remembered for his devotion to geology, he is remembered for his sense of humor. “Link was larger than life,” says Don Cooke, a close friend of Link’s and a partner in two consulting firms. “Link was involved in its later life. ‘You’d always hear stories about outrageous jokes he was supposed to have played—many weren’t true.’ But plenty were. Cooke remembers hearing of the time when Link and a redhead named George Jones were traveling by train from Red Deer, Alta., to the small Alberta community of Rocky Mountain House. ‘It was back in the thirties when the Social Credit party was getting going, and Link and his companion decided to call themselves Mr. Manning and Mr. Aberhart,’ says Cooke. ‘Word got to Rocky Mountain House that the two eminent politicians were on the train, and by the time Link and Jones arrived a large...
crowd had gathered to greet them."

Despite Link's obvious geological genius, he had not intended to become a geologist. It was not the earth's crust that fascinated the young Ted Link, but the stars and planets. He had dreamed of becoming an astronomer and, in fact, begun his undergraduate days at the University of Chicago as an astronomy major. But mathematics—a subject he'd always had trouble with—came between Link and the stars, and he switched to geology, obtaining his bachelor's degree in 1923.

Oddly enough it was the Mobery Hotel in Cisco, Texas, that brought Link and Imperial together. In the city on holding, he was sitting in the hotel's lobby one starry evening in March 1919, reading the Oil and Gas Journal, when he noticed an ad calling for a geologist to work in South America. He responded. But he heard nothing for weeks. When a reply finally arrived, he learned that the position had been filled, but the letter was not without hope. Would Mr. Link, it asked, if so de-
ed in a job in the sub-Arctic regions of northwest Canada? For one drawn to

drilled, whereupon Link supposedly made an arc with his arm and said, "Any-thing would suit him to chart the geography and geology of vast, desolate tracts of northern wilderness. It would culminate

drill the site for the exploratory well was chosen more by chance than through subtle geological considerations. The drillers is said to have asked where the well should be

The search for oil, for Link to the jungles of Colombia, was an adventure that left him, the spot he'd had in mind.
The six-man drilling crew, which arrived in the late summer of 1919 and remained at the site during the winter to continue drilling. The isolation and hard weather—not to mention dwindling food supplies—slowed their work. When Link returned the next summer the well was only down to 95 meters. The old crew was sent out on the first boat and a new crew took over.

August 25 appeared, at first, much like many other days in that hot summer of 1920. Link and his assistants were in the field, continuing their exploration work. The crew was busy drilling the well. But that day would herald the discovery of one of the country's major oil fields and put Canada on the front pages of the world's newspapers. After months of routine drilling, oil began bubbling up through the exploratory well. All Patrick, the chief driller, rushed oil in search of Link to report the good news. Link's reaction, however, was not exactly what he'd expected. Link shouted him away and said, "Don't disturb me until you see it gushing out." In reality, Link was as excited as the driller. "I tried my best to act indifferent," he later wrote. "It was hard to keep from going back, but time was getting shorter and there still remained experts of geological work to do."

But on August 27, it was a different story. An exuberant Patrick came rushing to Link to say he had gathered on foot or in the wagon and can't fix it this time." He meant that oil was gushing from the well.

"I could stand it no longer," wrote Link, and he and his assistants packed up and headed for the well. "On our arrival we saw that the well was successfully capped," wrote Link, "and then Pat (Patrick) turned her on to prove beyond a doubt..." he was gushing at the largest producing oil well in Canada." Ted Link was only 23.

Link estimated at the time that the new well was capable of producing 32 cubic metres of oil a day—which would have been 31.6 percent of Canada's-di
tomestically produced oil. But even Link could be wrong. Today, Imperial produces 4,700 cubic metres of oil a day from the massive pool that stretches beneath the Mackenzie River.

Link was to spend two more summers charting the geography and geology of the region and taking valuable claims for the company. And while the highlight of his first years in the North was unquestionably the discovery of oil, he made two other major contributions to the oil industry during that time: he pioneered the use of aircraft in northern oil work and the use of aerial photography in geological surveying.

Several people were on board the first plane to make the 2,000-kilometre journey from Peace River to the Fort Norman oil field. As head of Imperial's geological operations in northwestern Canada, Link was responsible for bringing about the journey. The all-metal monoplane set off from Peace River in mid-September of 1921. Without the luxury of radar or radio, it fought its way north through blizzards and forest fires.

"Often," wrote the pilot in the newspaper of the day, "the pilot would have to mount quickly when we reached a spot where the flames were higher than usual, so they would not envelop us." Even the plane's landing on the Mackenzie River at Fort Norman was far from uneventful—one of the pontoons was crushed "like an eggshell.

The plane began to list, threatening to throw its occupants into the Mackenzie. Fortunately, a hefty bystander reached them in a canoe before the river could claim them.

Despite the hazards of the journey, Link managed to take a number of photographs from the air. Photographs that gave him a general picture of the topography of great areas of northernness—providing a wealth of information that would have taken days to travel by canoe. The trip was the first person to recognize the value of aerial photography to geological work."

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Despite the hazards of the journey, Link managed to take a number of photographs from the air. Photographs that gave him a general picture of the topography of great areas of northernness—providing a wealth of information that would have taken days to travel by canoe. The trip was the first person to recognize the value of aerial photography to geological work."

"I could stand it no longer," wrote Link, and he and his assistants packed up and headed for the well. "On our arrival we saw that the well was successfully capped," wrote Link, "and then Pat (Patrick) turned her on to prove beyond a doubt..." he was gushing at the largest producing oil well in Canada." Ted Link was only 23.

Link estimated at the time that the new well was capable of producing 32 cubic metres of oil a day—which would have been 31.6 percent of Canada's-domestically produced oil. But even Link could be wrong. Today, Imperial produces 4,700 cubic metres of oil a day from the massive pool that stretches beneath the Mackenzie River.

Link was to spend two more summers charting the geography and geology of the region and taking valuable claims for the company. And while the highlight of his first years in the North was unquestionably the discovery of oil, he made two other major contributions to the oil industry during that time: he pioneered the use of aircraft in northern oil work and the use of aerial photography in geological surveying.

Several people were on board the first plane to make the 2,000-kilometre journey from Peace River to the Fort Norman oil field. As head of Imperial's geological operations in northwestern Canada, Link was responsible for bringing about the journey. The all-metal monoplane set off from Peace River in mid-September of 1921. Without the luxury of radar or radio, it fought its way north through blizzards and forest fires.

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Ted Link, PhD, returned, with his first wife, Kay, and three children, to Canada in July 1937 to become Imperial’s geologist-in-charge for Western Canada. A vital position given the state of the nation’s oil industry. After years of expensive exploration, Canada could claim only three major oil reserves — the Norman Wells oil field, whose location, a massive commercial production, a distant dream, the Alberta oil sands, whose oil no one then knew how to extract, and the Turner Valley oil field in the Alberta foothills, which, at the time, was supplying a major portion of Canada’s domestically produced oil. The oil industry’s attention was focused on the West — Turner Valley was in need of further development and the region seemed to hold the most promise for new reserves.

Link was to remain Imperial’s senior geologist in the West for 14 years through the difficult years of the Depression, when funds for exploration were short. Despite the hardships of the time, however, he continued to make major contributions to the geological world, introducing the use of cross-section models in geological work and advancing numerous theories that are still frequently referred to today. His achievements did not go unrecognised. In 1936 his biography appeared in America’s Young Men, who’s who of the continent’s youth, and male achievers. Link was one of only three Canadians to be included.

But the ever-resourceful Link was not a person to restrict himself to writing learned papers. He had a need to be out in the field. And while the Depression limited his wanderings, Link, one way or another, managed to keep a small geological crew at work in the foothills. It was during those years that he hired George de Mille — as a pack horse. “He was told there wasn’t any money to hire more people,” says de Mille, “so he put me down as a pack horse.”

Despite Link’s ingenuity, however, no major pools were discovered in Western Canada during that period, and with the onset of war another page turned in Ted Link’s life. In late 1941, serving the war effort, he was once again dispatched to the North. The promising, undeveloped northern oil field he had discovered as a young man was to provide military fuel to Alaska, where it was feared the Japa
ewould attack. The Canol project, an undertaking of the U.S. government with assistance from Imperial, called for the construction of 10 airfields, more than 3000 kilometres of roads, a refinery in Whitehorse and a pipeline system that stretched across 2500 kilometres of tundra. Link was charged with the job of heading the exploration program designed to find back reserve areas. While he, like many involved with the project, was skeptical about it, he certainly did his bit for the war effort. As a Saturday Night article stated in 1953, “He discovered more oil than the pipeline would carry.”

The project was completed in 1944 only to be abandoned a year later at the end of the war, having pumped less than 100,000 cubic metres of oil to the refinery in Whitehorse.

In 1946, Link was made Imperial’s chief geologist, based in Toronto. Heading the geological operations of Canada’s largest oil company — particularly in those post-war years — was not easy. The Canadian oil industry was in the doldrums; no oil fields of any consequence had been discovered for more than 20 years and the rich reserves at Turner Valley had been sorely depleted by wartime demand. In 1946 the nation was importing nine-tenths of the oil it consumed. Canada desperately needed a new source of domestic oil, and the petroleum industry embarked on the greatest hunt for oil the nation had seen.

But as well as well turned out to be dry, the industry began to lose hope. Imperial started to explore other means of providing Canadians with fuel; it conducted extensive experimental work on a process, developed in Germany, for producing synthetic gasoline from natural gas. But Link and other Imperial people still had faith that large oil reserves could be found in Canada, and they managed to persuade the company to make one more attempt to find it. “Link had a talent for persuading people to fund things,” says Don Mackenzie. “He was very persuasive when he believed in something, and he believed there was oil in Canada.”

There were a number of areas across the country whose geology suggested the presence of oil. The question that Link had to answer was which of these areas would play host to Imperial’s final search for a source of domestic oil. His recommendation was partly based on a survey he sent to all Imperial geologists. In it he listed 17 regions. He asked each geologist to indicate in which of these he believed the company stood the greatest chance of finding oil.

The answers supported Link’s own choice, the central Alberta plains. “An orderly program of exploration” was begun — it would change the face of the Canadian oil industry. On February 13, 1947, in a farmer’s field near the small town of Leduc, Imperial tapped into a massive oil field — one-and-a-half times as large as the Norman Wells field. That discovery was to herald the birth of Canada as a major oil-producing nation.

Link doesn’t deserve all the credit for the Leduc discovery, but as Imperial’s chief geologist at the time and as one who played a key role in persuading the company to continue the search for oil, he certainly deserves his share of the laurels. Says Don Mackenzie: “Link was our inspiration — he led us in the discovery of Leduc.”

In July 1948, little more than a year after the discovery, Ted Link resigned from Imperial. “After the Leduc discovery the company became larger and in Link’s eyes more bureaucratic,” says Mackenzie. “It just wasn’t Ted’s style, so he decided to go into the consulting business with Art Nauss, ex-Imperial geologist.”

Link and Nauss worked together with several promising young geologists, garnering a worldwide reputation in the business. As well, Link was a distinguished lecturer and served as president of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, the most important geological association in the world. In 1971, at age 74, Link retired, settling permanently in Victoria with his second wife, Viola, and devoting much of the remaining nine years of his life to his old passion, astronomy. And it seems somehow fitting that this spirited man of vision, who did so much to bring the Canadian oil industry into its own, should close his life as he had lived it — reaching for the stars.

BEYOND THE THREE R’s

A network of courses for older adults is one of Canada’s best-kept secrets

BY LAIRD O’Brien

The old bus bounces along a dirt road deep in the Boyd Conservation Area, about 15 kilometres northwest of Toronto, and finally lunches to a stop at the edge of a grassy field. Twenty-five passengers offer good-natured applause and climb out. For a Tuesday morning in late August there is a surprising chill in the air. Many of the passengers rub their hands and turn up their collars as they gather around Bob Burgar — easy to spot.
The class Bob Burgar teaches near Toronto is one of thousands of courses on the Elderhostel curriculum

with his khaki shorts and black beard and hind Bernstein around his fore- head. Burgar is their guide to the archeo-
logical site they are about to visit. As he
explains, the group last night over coffee, the site dates back to about AD 1500, when 1,500 to 2,000 Inuit lived there. Over several years the Hu-
man built eight ringhouses with a di-
meter 100 ft. tall pyramids around them.
Bob leads the way to the actual work
place—a shallow excavation area marked off in a number of squares by strings 100
small red posts. The group sets to
work with shovels and other tools, fol-
lowing carefully explained procedures, as
members haltingly sift through buckets of soil in search of pottery, bones and
stone tools of 500 years old. The room-
ing's first discovery—a fragment from
what was probably a ceramic vessel—

The midmorning break is a chance to visit.
Bill and Arlene Applin. Their 35-year
residence of Princeton, New Jersey, now
filled with Arlene's friends from the
elderhostel, who come around for
travel. Last week we were at Wells
College in Aurora, Illinois. Amos, the
most popular courses are those devoted
to natural artists, microscopists, reli-
gious art in history, and the history
of the site in which the course is
held. Among the most unusual, No Poor-
cup with Sibelius at Yale College in Ar-
toza, The Method School of Acting, held
at Southern Connecticut State University;
and Oriental Bookbinding, held at Ha-
well's Law College.

This year the fee for a one-week course
is about $253, which includes everything
except the cost of getting to the campus. Meals and accommodation are usually
provided in student residences, and
three dollars of every registration fee are
set aside for the Hostelship Fund, which
helps individuals who otherwise couldn't afford to travel.

THE ARCHAEOLOGY CLASS IS TYPICAL. THERE
are no credits or exams, neither is there
any homework. No previous knowledge
of study is required, and while some stu-
dents may arrive with doctorates, others
may never have finished high school. What
the course attends to is curiosity.

Maurie Manson from St. Petersburg,
Florida, is on his third course, and says
with a laugh, "Elderhostel keeps people young." He and his wife, Georgia, ar-
ried on September 1965 with the rest of
the group. This is their ninth Elderhostel
trip—a two-week course that has three
parts: Peering into Prehistory offers
training in archaeological field tech-
niques, Swede Saws and Hard Hats is a
program that helps people identify trees
and examines their uses through the
years and also includes participation in
an on-site tree-management program; and
Native Use of Plants looks at how
different plants were once used for food,
medicine and tools.

This is the group's second day at the
site. The site has been excavated and the work
is going well. Bob Burgar finds his students to be enthusiastic and easy to teach. He
thanked them, "These are your peer profes-
sors, accustomed to youthful students, who
told, "I'm always impressed with the ear-
carrollers of Elderhostel."
Those who attend Elderhostel programs tend to see education as a way of participating in the world.

cal Institute, a former executive director of the Ontario Arts Council and now director of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education — is chairman of the board. He has recruited volunteers across the country to help out with publicity, planning and the development of new courses.

Why is Elderhostel proving to be so popular? There are many answers, some of them quite personal. One woman in the archaeology course paused on the site and said softly, "When I was in high school I wanted to study archaeology, but I thought, 'Oh, soon there won't be anything left to dig up.' Wasn't that silly? Look at me now — more than 40 years later I'm finding wonderful things." She smiles and holds up a 300-year-old silver of pottery.

"We know who we appeal to," says Robin Williston with a certain missionary zeal — "those who are comfortable with education, who see education as a way of participating in the world, who are more than 40 years old and who as a group are growing more healthy and are unwilling to sit and watch television."

Husbands and wives sharing the experience make up 60 percent of the student body, but as Williston points out, "We're also seeing mothers and daughters together and brothers who live far apart meeting for a class and a visit."

Certainly the health and mobility of today's seniors contribute to the booming attendance, but the fascinating subjects and locations of the courses are a big part of the appeal. In Happy Valley-Goose Bay, Nfld., a program on the history and culture of Labrador — including wildlife and handicrafts — attracts visitors from all over the United States, many of whom return each year. Dianne Cocks of Fort Smith, N.W.T. (the ecologist of Wood Buffalo National Park), is filled to capacity with students from all over North America.

Elderhostel's international programs are cooperative ventures, run in conjunction with a variety of organizations and host institutions around the world. Courses are usually three weeks long, with instruction in English. This year, colleges and universities in more than 50 countries, including England, France, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Japan and Brazil, are participating. Here, too, the emphasis is on the experience rather than the accommodation. "We want Elderhostel people to be treated as regular students," Williston explains. "They stay in dormitory rooms, usually with the bathroom down the hall. They pick up their own dishes and make their own beds. It's a little more chicken and spaghetti than it is steak and roast beef. But watching Elderhostelers lining up to get their dinner along with basketball players and summer students is wonderful. That's what education should be."

Elderhostelers seem to agree. No students seem to enjoy themselves more thoroughly. Bob Turnball, former travel editor of The Globe and Mail, now retired, discovered Elderhostel in 1986. He and his wife have taken several courses, and he describes it as "a vacation with a difference — one of the most inexpensive holiday packages, with the bonus of a stimulating learning experience."

Evelyn Beal of Lonsdale, Ont., is 77 and has traveled with Elderhostel to England and Scotland as well as to various locations in North America. The subjects of her courses have ranged from speed-reading to Shakespeare — given by a retired nun "who could make Shakespeare sing." One of her most memorable trips was to St. Paul, Minnesota, for courses on ancient Egyptian civilization, the Middle East and the Arab-Israeli conflict. Among the speakers were a former aid to Ayatollah Khomeini and the former prime minister of Egypt.

Being on one's own is no reason to miss out, according to Enrico de'Cristo. A widow recently retired from teaching, she went to Australia and New Zealand with Elderhostel last year. "I didn't know a soul," she recalls in her Mississippi twang, "but from the moment I got to the airport I was never alone. Our luggage was color-coded back to 1944, when some of the participants served at the U.S. military base in Labrador. Even a couple of our husbands..." The trip included one-week courses on the culture, environment and history of the regions around Sydney and Newcastle in Australia and Auckland in New Zealand. She stayed on for a further three-week holiday with friends she had made on the trip and is now planning to register for one of several programs in Hawaii. "Two years ago," she adds, "I'd never heard of Elderhostel. Now I'm being asked to speak about it to some of the teachers' groups.

Keeping up with demand is Elderhostel's biggest challenge. Its traditional summer schedule of classes is expanding into the fall and winter, and experimental programs are taking shape. For example, a rare two-week course offers two perspectives on the War of 1812: the first week will be held at St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, the second across the border at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont.

To cope with the tremendous popularity of classes that deal with the North, Elderhostel plans to make greater use of private lodges, which tend to be vacant after the fishing and hunting seasons. One program, The Trail of '98 — Klondike Gold, takes a class by government ferry on a four-day trip to Skagway, Alaska, and then over land to Whitehorse, where the students complete the program at Yukon College.

Percy Wazer, a retired stockbroker who assists the organization with communications and publicity, believes Elderhostel is "still the best-kept secret in Canada." He's trying to change that. "We detect growing interest among corporations and governments. A number of them now include Elderhostel as a component of retirement planning. In fact," adds Wazer, "I was asked if an Elderhostel course could be given to an employee as a retirement present. Why not?"

Lunchtime at the archeological site, Shoeshine are set aside, artifacts collected in small brown bags for their journey to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, and hungry students board the bus for the return trip to the main site facility. The large stone building was originally the summer home of industrialist Garfield Weston. Today it is a well-integrated collection of dormitory rooms, lounges, li-
Animals

are such agreeable friends

When I was growing up in Montreal in the forties we lived up Mount Royal, and drivers rushed along it as though they were in the Grand Prix.

One day in June, when I was 15 years old, a delivery van came rocketing around the bend in front of our house and struck our dog, a mostly spaniel mutt named Toby. I heard him yelp and run outside. He was lying in the gutter, bleeding. I picked him up and ran, crying, into the house. He tried to lick my face—then he died.

The pain of that moment stayed with me for years. When I had children of my own I swore I'd never get them pets because I couldn't bear the thought of the sorrow they would suffer when they lost a pet.

But I was as wrong as anyone could be. My wife had had a dog when she was growing up, a big, ambling Irish setter, and she had very fond memories of it. She figured her own children ought to have pets. So one day she brought home a kitten, the offspring of a neighbor's cat. "The kids need a pet," she said. In fact, I have since learned the whole family needed a pet. Indeed, as psychologists are discovering more and more, nearly all of us are better off, in all sorts of ways, if we have pets. Dogs, cats, birds, fish, rabbits, mice, turtles and even chickens and dolphins are proving these days, again and again, with solid and intriguing evidence, that pets are much more than fun—they're truly good for us. "It is my belief," said Richard Breen, a psychiatrist and president of the Canadian Kennel Club, "that without exposure to and understanding of other species, human beings are not able to achieve a true state of mental health."

Writers and poets have pushed over animals through the years. As the British novelist George Eliot said: "Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticism." But it's only in recent years, really, that we've come to appreciate the true worth of animals as pets and to recognize their genuine therapeutic value. Today, a number of institutions encourage visits by volunteers who bring along pets to cheer up the patients and residents. One of the most ambitious programs, run by Calgary's Pet Access League Society (PALS), involves more than 300 volunteers who visit 24 hospitals and nursing homes.

THE KITTEN MY WIFE BROUGHT HOME WAS LONGHAIR; all black, mostly Persian and about two months old. We have three kids, and, at the time, our daughter was eight years old and our two sons were six and three. All of them, of course, were wildly enthusiastic about the kitten, which we called Marmalade; she was obviously not marmalade-colored but we liked the name. And all of them played with her almost constantly. When the two school-age kids arrived home, the very first thing they did was find Marmalade. Our younger boy played with her relentlessly, and every so often she would seek the protective company of my wife, curling up beside her on the sofa, and my wife would shoo our son away. Marmalade was wary of him because he'd sometimes pick her up and roll around the floor with her. But all to all she liked all our kids and seemed just as pleased to see them as they were to see her. And after she'd been with us for a couple of...
month, I noticed a change in the kids: they began getting along much better.

Anthony and Richard would be sparring

lightning. In fact, one day I noticed that Anthony's hair was much lighter than usual and I asked him why.

"Oh, I dyed it," he said. I was surprised. Anthony had never dyed his hair before.

I asked him why.

"I wanted to look different," he said. "I didn't want to be the same as everyone else."

I realized that Anthony was not only becoming more confident, but also more individualistic.

As the weeks went by, Anthony and Richard began to talk more and more about their shared interests. It was as if a new bond had formed between them.

One day, I decided to ask them what they thought about their new friendship.

"I think it's great," Anthony said. "Richard and I have a lot in common, and we're learning a lot from each other."

Richard nodded in agreement.

"And it's not just us," he said. "I think it's good for the whole class. We're all learning from each other."

I was pleased to see how well they were getting along, and I hoped that their friendship would continue to grow.

The next day, I noticed that Anthony and Richard had brought some snacks to share with the other kids.

"We brought these for everyone," Anthony said. "We wanted to share with the whole class."
In Closing

It will soon be 67 years since that Victoria Day in 1922 when a boy named Johnny Miles, the son of a coal miner in Nova Scotia, ran the first road race of his life—three miles through the streets of Sydney, hoping to win a fishing rod. He didn’t. He finished well back. “That’s okay,” his father said. “Keep trying. If you want, I’ll train you.”

His father, John William Miles, a Welsh immigrant, had never been a runner, but he acquired a book outlining the principles of training for road racing. The only track he had for the boy was the road, and in winter when the road was plugged with snow, the plowed streetcar track. Johnny won his first race in 1924, then another, and with his father’s confidence growing, prepared for the biggest event of his career—a 10-mile marathon—championship run in Halifax on Thanksgiving Day, 1925. A few weeks before the race his father made an offer that caught his interest. “If you win this one, I’ll sponsor you next April in the Boston Marathon.” The boy felt flattered, keen on training and won on Thanksgiving Day.

For the rest of that fall and winter, people in the small towns of Florence and Sydney Mines would often look through their windows to see Johnny running through the cold twilight. At home, for inspiration, he kept a newspaper picture of his idol, the Finnish marathoner Albin Sternoos, who had won the Olympic marathon in 1924 and who would run in Boston.

The experts predicted the 1926 run would be a historic battle between Sternoos and the tided Clarence DeMar, who had won the race three years in a row. For Johnny Miles, who had never been outside Nova Scotia, just seeing Sternoos and DeMar would be excitement enough.

On the morning of April 19, 1926, a couple of hours before the race began at 9:00 a.m. John and Eliza Miles, who had withdrawn $250 from the bank to go to Boston, arrived with their son in the small town of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, the start of the famous course, 26 miles outside Boston. The boy sat near the road, saw Sternoos arrive, then DeMar and began to feel nervous at their poise and confidence.

His father gave him rudimentary advice: “There are only two fellows to watch—Sternoos and DeMar. If they move out, you move out. Stay with them as long as you can.” Quickly the two took charge, Sternoos leading, DeMar next, to his surprise, Miles was third, just a few yards behind. They stayed that way throughout the town of Ashland and on toward Framingham, where Sternoos began lengthening his lead. Miles, sure that DeMar knew the right pace, did not change his position. But as they hit the outskirts of Wellesley, Sternoos was so far ahead, Miles decided he had to make a move. He pulled past DeMar, drew up on Sternoos, eventually within arm’s reach. They were first and second at 23 miles.

There are, beyond the community of Wellesley, some inclines called the Newton Hills, which defeat many a marathoner. They culminate in a ridge fittingly called Heartbreak Hill. There, roughly five miles from the finish line in downtown Boston, Miles had an experience that would remain stamped in his memory forever. He pulled abreast of Sternoos and looked at his hero. He was shocked by what he saw—the Finnish runner’s eyes were glazed and his breathing labored. Miles easily passed him, and heading into Boston, as half a million people lined the streets, many searching programs to discover who he was. Johnny Miles took over the Boston Marathon. He crossed the line very much alone, shattering the world record.

The Boston Post ran an extra edition, its double headline three inches deep: “Unknown Kid Smashes Record in Greatest of All Marathons.”

Miles’ famous run took place about eight years before I was born, but since I grew up not far from where he lived, it was natural that the legend of his feat was part of my youth. He had, so I was told, moved to Ontario shortly afterward and eventually to the United States. I had a lingering curiosity about him—what he did with his life, what sort of man he became. A few months ago, I looked up the records and realized that if he were still around, Johnny Miles would be 83 years old. Then I found that he was living in Hamilton, Ont., in excellent health and would be pleased to see me.

On a winter afternoon he swung wide the door of a large top-floor suite in a building on the mountain overlooking Hamilton, a smiling, sturdy man wearing a maroon sweater and grey flannels with a razor cut. He introduced his wife, showed me the sweeping view from his balcony and then led the way to his den, a small, comfortable room filled with yesterday. On the wall, hanging with other pictures, yet somehow alone, is a black-and-white photo of his father, straight and serious in the cold outdoors. “I ran the marathon three times,” he said. “In 1926, 1927, 1929.”

My second year was a disaster. My father got the idea that by taking my tennis shoes and shaving the rubber from the soles, he could reduce the weight to increase my speed. We didn’t test the shoes in a run. Well, I was running on virtual tissue paper. After four miles, my feet bleedin, I had to drop out. A Boston sportswriter said I was a poor sport. He didn’t mean harm, he just didn’t know the facts. I vowed I would make him eat his words. So I came back in 29.”

He was, that year, a marked man. Four experienced marathoners teamed up to outwit him, to tempt him into a pace he couldn’t maintain. He recalls them well: “DeMar, Kucki, Michelson, Hennigan. They figured they’d get this Nobody, I took the lead. They sent DeMar up. He set a fast pace. I stayed with him a bit then let him go. He’d fall back and Michelson came up. Everyone knew me by then not to be tricked. Finally they sent Hennigan up. When it didn’t work he dropped back. Afterwards I heard he shouted to DeMar, ‘He’s got plenty left.’”

He won, setting another record, two hours, 33 minutes, eight seconds.

It was his last marathon. In Hamilton—where he had settled in 1927 to further his training—he got a job with International Harvester. When he came back a hero after his 1929 win, a company executive in his public tribute said if Miles gave the same kind of effort to work that he gave to running his future would be bright with International Harvester. “I stayed awake wondering,” Miles said. “Was he just saying that or did he mean it? Well, I knew he was an honorable man. So I kept pushing. That night I decided to give my best effort to my work; not rejecting running but putting it in perspective.” He stayed with International Harvester for more than 40 years, becoming a manager in various parts of the United States and, for a time, an executive in Paris.

This May, on Mother’s Day, in the town of New Glasgow, N.S., Johnny Miles will fire the starting pistol for a marathon that carries his name. It is a safe bet that among those who line the route, there will be no one who stood on the streets of Boston or his remarkable and distant day. Still, surely no one will mind if this spring, through some slight of hand of the imagination, all of us are there just one more time, as Johnny Miles comes alone upon the city and the heart catches and for a few minutes our whole world stands still.