Of the SHORE

The saving lights of the world's longer coastline

BY HARRY BRUCE

be borne from Canada's most powerful lighthouse beacon, a 49-knot vessel. The range is 48 kilometers, and it is visible from the southwestern cliffs of Newfoundland. It tells important things to seaward ships. It is known as the "Viking Lighthouse," and it stands clear of the island's south coast. It is the "lamp at the end of the world." The name is Cape Race. Welcome to North America, but if you take your life, stay well clear of me. Some 3,000 kilometers to the west, just off southern Vancouver Island, the 39-metre tower at Race Rocks, which sits on a rocky cliff amid jagged 39-knot rip tides, bears the same message to inbound ships from Asia. In the hierarchy of lighthouses, Cape Race and Race Rocks are equality. They're lighthouse lights.

Lighthouse lights have other messages. Coastal lights say, "Now you know where you are," and warn, "Keep off," as harboor lights also tend to warn at night. "Come this way. You're near your destination." Or, "This is the way out. Be careful." Sometimes a light seems to dictate, "Congratulations. You won't drown tonight, either. A fisherman once said the light at Cape Spear, N.L., was "the rays of heaven suddenly showing through the fog" of the "great darkness." He said he had no trouble understanding why one of the world's most lighthouses, Phare, was among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world.

Egyptians began to build Phare in 25 BC on an island off Alexandria, on an ancient winds his ancient winds are to be honored, it was over 150 metres tall. Every Canadian light that rises 30 metres from the ground is a beacon, but let's give the Egyptians the benefit of the doubt. They built the pyramids, didn't they? Writing about Phare, British author E.M. Forester said, "Never, in the history of architecture, has a secular building been thus worshipped...." It broadened the imagination, not only to ships, and long after its light was extinguished, memorized it in the minds of men. When an earthquake wrecked Phare in the 16th century, it had stood for a good 1,000 years. Its name is "phantom," the study of lighthouses.

In the Lighthouse, amateur pharologist and professional photographer Dudley Wynne writes that any lighthouse, "whether humble on a hilltop or perched precariously on 500-mile offshore," is a monument to the civilization of the people of the world. Canada boasts 264 of these monuments. They are erected on the Maritimes and Newfoundland, 26 in the Canadian region, and 31 farther island, mostly on the Great Lakes.

The French built Canada's first lighthouse near their fortress at Louisbourg in 1733, and after a fire gutted it in 1779, erected another. But the British built a second one when they captured the fort in 1786 and left it to fall apart. That same year, Nova Scotia imposed a tax on liquor and also announced a lottery to pay for the construction of a new octagonal lighthouse "of old world design" on Sambro Island, outside Halifax Harbour. The job was done by 1800, but 10 years later, an Astronomy official complained that the Captain of His Majesty's ships were frequently obliged to fire the Lighthouse to make them show a light. A smuggling barrier and charges of mistrust also contributed to the island's low reputation, but the tower was well and truly built. Still standing on its base of granite, as it has for 238 years, it's the oldest working lighthouse in Canada, and probably in North America.

Some Canadian lighthouses are clean, round, white, tapering towers of the kind a child might draw. Others are square, six-sided or eight-sided, and still...
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPING IS NOT FOR EVERYONE. NOBODY LIKES ONE KEEPER DESCRIBED THE JOB AS "A SOLITARY, LONELY AND DULL". Lighthouses are built on remote cliffs and cliffs, overlooking the sea. Builders sometimes live in these isolated lighthouses, surrounded by open water, and the lighthouse can be a thrilling and exciting place to be.

Canadian lighthouses look like forts, with high walls, turrets, and watch towers. Some have been used as special watch towers or forts for surveyors, while others have been used as watch towers for coast guards. Others have been used as watch towers for ships or other vessels. In some cases, lighthouses have been used as watch towers for lighthouses or other buildings.

Canadian lighthouses have been designed with various materials, including brick, stone, concrete, and metal. Some lighthouses have been built with steel, while others have been built with wood. Some lighthouses have been built with glass, while others have been built with stone.

The light from a lighthouse is usually provided by a large, heavy, metal, or glass lantern, which is placed at the top of the lighthouse. The lantern is usually painted in bright colors, such as red or white, so that it can be easily seen from a distance.

When the light from a lighthouse is turned on, it is usually accompanied by a bell or a horn, which is used to warn ships of the danger. The bell or horn is usually turned on at dusk, and it is usually turned off at dawn.

In some cases, lighthouses have been built with a small, separate building, which is used to house the lighthouse keepers. This building is usually called the "keeper's house," and it is usually located near the lighthouse.

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A large part of every lighthouse remains out there, as it always was, under the watchful eyes of the keepers, formerly known as lightkeepers. These
early lighthouse-keepers were not only hard and dangerous. The lights were to flash, they had to rotate, and the power came from wind-driven gears, like those in a grandfather clock. To reduce friction, the light and reflectors floated on a bath of mercury. The keeper rapped at night, rewound the mechanism every two or three hours, and risked being slowly driven insane by mercury poisoning. When the machinery failed at Cape Beaufort, Vancouver Island, in the late 19th century, the lightkeeper was away, but for ten grueling nights his wife and three children worked in shifts to turn the light by hand at the right speed.

Maintaining the lantern and clock work in tip-top shape, shovelling coal to rise steam for the foghorn boiler, crawling inside the boiler to clean it, scouting beaches for driftwood after the coal ran out, and endlessly repainting sail-lashed buildings were only some of the duties that made lighthousekeeping less than a job and more a form of slavery. Some keepers had to contend with unrequited injuries, shortages of fresh water, shipments of rotten meat, ratty logs thundering into the foundations of their houses, windows so encrusted with salt they couldn’t see through them, storms so fierce the windows burst inward and no one dared step outside, and living quarters so damp they suffered pneumonia, tuberculosis or arthritis.

Scottish physician, geologist, chemist and author—succeeded in distilling oil from coal. He called it “kerosene” and tested it in a new lamp at Halifax Harbour. By the standards of earlier oils, it burned cleaner, brightly and beautifully, and as kerosene found its way into countless lighthouses and millions of homes, G stream grew deservedly rich. (At his grave in Halifax, Imperial Oil mounted a tribute to the man who did “give the world a better light.”)

For fog alarms, keepers once used drums, bells, gongs and cannons, but in 1859, only 13 years after C. H. Edmonston’s invention, Robert Fouil of Saint John, N.B., devised a steam-driven foghorn, which was promptly installed at Partridge Island, at the mouth of the city’s harbor. It was, a downtown plaque still boasts, the “first steam horn ever constructed or operated in the world.” In 1902, a Toronto manufacturer, J.T. Northey came up with the diaphone, which emitted a blast of more constant pitch than other sirens and required less power. Diaphones were a fog-siren breakthrough, and many still penetrate pea-soup fog to reassure sailors with their bellowing. “In the mid-twenties,” Edward F. Bush wrote, “Canada once again contributed to fog alarm development with the ‘Archibald’.” Compact electric motors drove the Archibald’s air compressors, and it delivered a big sound from a small space.

No lighthouse in British North America was ever built too soon. In the absence of light stations, ten ships went ashore off Cape Breton alone in 1833 and took with them 603 lives. In 1834 an immigrant ship from Ireland founders off St. Paul Island, a deathtrap just north of Cape Breton, and not one of the 316 passengers survived. The Royal Gazette cried, “Good God! can nothing be done to erect a lighthouse on that fatal island?” Victims at St. Paul Island generally drowned, fled to death while clamber- ing on the sharp rocks or, if they did not safely ashore, starved or froze. Every spring, fishermen from the mainland found a fresh crop of corpses at St. Paul, but it was not until after 1835, when a macrostoma storm tossed four ships on the rocks, that Britain decided to act, and it was not till 1839 that the island finally got a couple of light stations.

On all the coasts of the Maritimes and Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up and down the St. Lawrence River, and later on the West Coast, the story was the same: ghastly shipping tragedies and beaches littered with the dead were the preludes to lighthouse construction. Even after the building of the Seal Island station off southwestern Nova Scotia in 1830, a mainland priest sailed every spring to bury the vic- tims. But on all coasts, the arrival of lighthouses led to a long-term reduction of shipwrecks. Some people yearn for what they imagine to be the carefree, independent, uncomplicated and romantic life of the lighthouse-keeper, but Donald Graham, a keeper himself, knows their dream is foolish. “The childhood fantasies we all have about cowboys, farmes, nurses or train engineers seldom survive kinder- garden,” he writes in Keepers of the Light: A History of British Columbia’s Lighthouses and their Keepers. “But when it comes to lightkeepers people never seem to grow up. Whether inspired by great actors, pulp novels or postage stamps, people persist in fancying lighthouses as idyllic and romantic settings.”
Many keepers essayed shipwrecked sailors and then had to draw on their own wits to supply the food. Some lighthouse men drowned, and at least one lobbied himself by jumping from the top to the lower. Others were killed, and still others begged off year after year for a new posting. They married a partner, and when disease or accident killed them, got no pay when in hospital. Even with their pensions, the government was choosing to keep lighthouse-keepers to shore, among the most highly respected civil servants in Canadian history.

In recent times, lightkeeping has been much better. No it's not for everyone, but some like it. Don Deffoe, a 32-year-old West Coast keeper, got his first lighthouse job when he was 19 and instantly revelled in the freedom to organize his own days. chief Mills, 26, who was at Seal Island, N.S., last summer, said the job was "all alone and incredibly exhilarating, melancholy and just plain enjoyable." Two lighthouse families once lived year-round at Seal Island, but families live longer due to the more modern farms. Seal Island, Mills said, was now a "tourist, a bachelor station with two men, one in, one out, on 36-hour shifts." At an earlier posting on Nunsbuck, the lighthouse had to be lit at night and just watch "the white flashing light on Tanner Island and the green light at Eastern Point.

Ingram Wolfe, 53, a keeper for 30 years, is at Mosher's Island, five kilometres long and five kilometres offshore. Nova Scotia's South Shore. He and his wife, Lynne, have a two-storey frame house with a modern kitchen and a television that gets three channels. With help from Lynne, Ingram does a little lobster fishing. He also catches swordfish, herring and mackerel. The Wolfe's often see whales, porpoises, rabbits, foxes and moose, and Ingram has shot a deer and two on the island, as well as black ducks.

In their motorboat, the Wolfe's can go to the mainland for groceries in 15 minutes, but sometimes the weather isolates them on the island for several weeks. That doesn't bother Ingram much. Asked if he'd ever seen anything he thought might be supernatural, he said, "I've been travelling all over this island at night for 25 years, and I tell you, I never see anything worse than myself." He's not so sure about his wife's experiences at night, or in the dark. But he says, "It's a different life...I'm as happy here as I was in downtown Halifax. Happier!"

Don Deffoe and his wife, Tracey, must be the envy of whatever sociable lightkeepers are stuck on offshore islands. Their lighthouse is on Meine Island, B.C., in the appropriately named Active Pass, and every day, dozens of keels pass within half a kilometre of their flashing white light. Moreover, the ferry stop at the island, and the Deffoes can go to either Vancouver or Victoria in an hour and a half. Fishing vessels and yachts also stop through, and the whole scene is so busy that Don says, "This is a downtown station."

Both Deffoes were born on Mayne Island and have friends and relatives among its 100-year-old residents. The population sharply increased in summer, and so do the number of tourists who visit the 1,500-acre lighthouse grounds. Don keeps them at arm's length. He also looks after buildings, motors, boats, outboard motors, engine room, generators for the light, air compressors for the fog alarm, automation has turned many lightkeepers into inside jobs, and on the West Coast, Don has been a leader in the fight to keep it from wiping out their jobs entirely.

To save money, a Coast Guard document says, the government "tends to extremely minimal maintenance and staff. Less than 185 lightstations across Canada by 1992." Automation has been coming to lighthouses since 1972, when Giunti Dolen, a Swedish engineer, invented the first automatic beacon. Now sensors make lights blink on and off at night, and mercury vapour bulbs burn for two or three days. At some stations, the changing of bulbs occurs automatically. Helicopters routinely fly to automatic stations, solar cells charge batteries, and a monitoring device, fed from each lighthouse, checks everything that's going on out there.

As of May this year, Seal Island keeper Chris Mills wrote last July, "we've been remotely monitored from the Cape Fitchet Lighthouse in Yarmouth. If anything goes wrong with our light, horns, generators or radio towers, they're likely to know about it before we do!" By October, Mills and every other lighthouse were gone from Seal Island for ever. The manager for Ingram Wolfe's station at Mosher's Island is at Keelbruck Harbour, 80 kilometres over the bay, and he has reduced his responsibilities to that of a groundskeeper. Come March 1992, he'll be finished at Mosher's Island.

By October 1983, 34 of the 87 lighthouses in the Maritimes, all 29 in the Central Coast region, and 47 of the 51 in the Central region had already been "deactivated." Plans to eliminate "remote lighthouses" were under way too, but, on the West Coast, the outcry from yachtsmen, fishermen, farmers and local officials was forcing the Coast Guard back down. Thirty-five of the 81 stations in the Western region still have lightkeepers on duty. As the keepers' posts approach the Union of Canadian lighthouse keepers' 100th anniversary, they say, "It's everything we can do now."
RESTLESS SPIRIT

West Coast artist Bill Reid brings Haida art back to life
BY JENNIFER WELLS

Bill Reid shuffles into his Granville Island studio in the artistically stylish part of Vancouver, and it's clear, right from the start, that this will not be a conventional encounter. Extending a hand in warm greeting he says impulsively, "Hi. My name's George." Which it isn't, of course. He settles his tall frame into an armchair, the sole sign of spare comfort in this workshop, and proceeds to twist and ply a small wire figure. Then he starts to talk. About anything really. About his work as a sculptor and jeweller maker. About illness. About the heritage of the Haida Indian. His heritage.

The conversation lasts an hour. Reid, speaking in a low voice that's occasionally difficult to catch, concentrates all the while on his wire creation. Using a small pair of pliers that fits neatly in one hand, Reid bends and pinches the metal. At work his hands are steady. His body, collapsed in the curve of his chair, seems perfectly at ease. But his right leg, crossed over the other, jerks rhythmically, ceaselessly, involuntarily. Nearly 20 years ago, Reid was diagnosed as having Parkinson's disease, a degenerative neurological disorder. For an artist such as Reid, Parkinson's is a wretched curse. The
Reid is an eloquent spokesperson for the arts Under culture he adopted. He knows how to play the art game — something about him attracts attention.

Like the lives of more ordinary men, Reid's journey has been marked by a series of significant passages. In the Forties he was a CBC Radio announcer, introducing such shows as Jake and the Kid, living in an apartment in midtown Toronto. He was miserable, describing his job as "sitting in an unused broom closet, talking to myself." There were positive moments, meeting actors and writers, working on famous shows. But overall, Reid realizes now, he was playing "with the men, and I was a mere boy, too young to appreciate the experience."

This started to change in 1948, when Reid spotted an announcement for fall courses at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto. Jewellery-making was one of them, an opportunity that presented interesting possibilities. Reid had been inspired at an early age by the Indian-crafted bracelets kept by his mother and grandmother. He had, after all, a relationship with the people who made these objects. His mother was Haida, from Skidegate Mission in the Queen Charlotte Islands. Her father, Charles Gladstone, was a boat builder who had turned to silversmithing in his later years and had made the bracelets. An uncle by marriage, John Cross, had also made jewellery for the women. Reid says now that his grandfather's work wasn't of a particularly high quality and says of the more renowned Cross: "I thought that Haida art began and ended with John Cross, and he wasn't very good either."

"These pieces of silver, formed and en-

GALLANT BEASTS AND MONSTERS: CEDAR BEAR SCULPTURE

PRESEVING THE HEART OF THE CULTURE: FEMALE MASK

TELLING TALEST THROUGH ART: "THE RAVEN AND THE FIRST MAN"

med in Haida mythology, were nevertheless significant artistic achievements of their day and sufficient to inspire Reid. But there was something missing. Historically the craft had been handed down, generation by generation, amongst the Haida. But Reid had been raised white, primarily in Victoria, the son of William Reid, hotelier. As an adult he had spent time with Charles Gladstone and visited
Once back in Vancouver, Reid was "re-infected by the Haída virus." The death of Charles Gladstone in 1954 prompted him to script and narrate an anthropological documentary on the seafaring of totem poles on the Queen Charlotte Islands. He took the chance to remember Haída life was crucial. The people of Skidegate, Masset, Nimista, Ninstints—"he observed, lived as elegantly as anywhere else." Today, at the Museum of Anthropology, visitors can see the totem poles. There, glorious totem poles stand as testi-mony. Three from Ninstints village, dating back to 1842, were carved, carved but still beautiful. The Haída symbols in human and animal form in-termingle—beavers, bears, frogs, mews and eagles. Reid has called them the "heroes and heroines, the gallant beasts and monsters." They tell a story whose inter-pretation has been lost.

These totems once stood at the fore-front of the Haída villages, some placed there in honour of the dead, others to proclaim the villagers' lineage, with fam-ily crest and clan heraldry. In the homes themselves, support beams were often decorated with mythological creatures. Other artifacts are conserved in the pot-latches, extravaganza social events that included feasting, gift-giving and spiritual dances, often lasting for several days. Mourning, the invocation of chiefs, initi-ation rights and the handing down of names and privileges were all recognized in potlach ceremonies. Finely carved feast dishes, elaborate headdresses and the wearing of beautiful jewellery, which indicated a person's wealth and status, were all part of the potlach. To store them, the Haïda made "bear boxes," whose wood—a single cedar plank—had been steamed and coaxed to form a box shape, with only a single corner seam. The boxes were then painted in the colour combination that distin-guished Haída art—black, red and an in-describable shade of blue.

The Haïda weren't the only natives to inhabit the northwest coastal area from the south end of Vancouver Island reaching up to Alaska. At least 6,000 years ago, the various native peoples took ownership up the coast. The Salish, the Nootka, the Kwagiulit and others created a way of life, and it is impossible to know which tribe was the first to celebrate the potlach cer-emony, or to where on the northwest coast poles. The first European contact with the Haïda was in 1774, and it is from this time that the historic anthropologists of the pre-}

 roughly. There was in Bill Reid something left unsatisfied by the creation of con-temporary totems. He had the rich Haída heritage to pursue, if he chose. There was an opportunity to assist in re-viving a technically demanding art form. There was, too, the opportunity to re-educate the ignorant and the innocent about the artistically powerful Haïda life.

He set about "getting to know the code," as he puts it, initially copying the works of others. The sophisticated Haïda art form was based on strong, sweeping forms that defined objects and soft, swelling ovoids for interior de-tails—eyes, joints and limbs. "I invented Haïda art without knowing anything about it," says Reid, who doesn't worry of God constantly before his eyes when he was putting together all those figures."

Nor did Reid get intimately involved in the traditions of Haïda life, such as the potlach ceremonies, which were legalized in 1951. He didn't move to Skidegate or Masset. He remained an outsider, with one enterprising foot in the Haïda culture.

But Reid has given back to the community in ways that go beyond personal commitment. He directed the creation of a 17-metre totem, raised at Skidegate in the summer of 1978, celebrated by the Haïda elders dressed in their elegant rigid de-tails—eyes, joints and limbs. "I invented Haïda art without knowing anything about it," says Reid, who doesn't worry about his ego getting in the way of what he considers to be hard truths.

The union of Bill Reid, artist, and the Haïda art form was, however, far from spiritual. Initially, says Reid, "I wasn't particularly interested in the mythol-oogy." His artistic approach was that of a design composer, coupling the Haïda images for their visual appeal. After all, he says, "J.S. Bach didn't have the glory of covered logging monocrome on Lydbel Island. He fought for the preservation of Soo Moon, ancestral Haïda land that is now a national park reserve. Reid himself has carried on the tradition of telling Haïda tales through his art. In a sculpture at the Museum of Anthro-pology, stinging in solitary under a domed skylight, is The Raven and The First Men, Reid's two-essentially master-
A QUESTION OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

The ups — and downs — of oil prices

BY WYNNIE THOMAS

"I see that gasoline prices are up again," remarked George, my farmer neighbour, as we chatted alongside his tractor on a crisp morning last fall. "The oil companies must be making a killing." In fact, the increases in gasoline prices were doing nothing to improve the oil industry's profits. But my friend's misconception, on a cloudy early in the frosty season when oil prices hovered around US$5 per barrel, was understandable and shared by many Canadians.

The misconception stems from the fact that crude oil is but one of many factors that determine the price of gasoline at the pump — although it can be a significant one when world events threaten supply and crude oil prices rise accordingly. But there are other factors that affect the cost of gasoline — federal and provincial taxes, the price of international

History tells us, however, that crude oil prices are no more immune to the inexorable law of supply and demand than any other commodity and that periods of sharply increased prices are inevitably followed by corresponding downturns. Indeed, despite periods of wild price fluctuations, the overall international price of crude oil has remained essentially unchanged throughout the past century. If inflation is taken into account by expressing the price in 1991 dollars, it has averaged around $19 a barrel in U.S. dollars (the international oil-trading currency).

Underlying the fluctuations in world oil prices are the imperatives of supply and demand, accelerated by such occurrences as large new discoveries, world wars and major political events such as the occupation of Kuwait.

But often less dramatic factors can trigger short-term disruptions. For example, a few years ago a strike of Norwegian cooks on North Sea drilling rigs threatened production from that area and resulted in a temporary rise in prices. In Europe, low water levels on the Rhine can prevent barges picking up oil at the key refinery port of Rotterdam, similarly influencing prices. In Japan, however, the converse is true. Low water levels there mean that hydro-electric facilities are producing less energy and thus increasing demand for oil-generated power.

Natural disasters pose other threats. "Alaskan earthquakes, which could interrupt pipeline supplies from Alaska's North Slope, could add about 10 to 20 cents a barrel or more to oil prices," says Charlie Lund, manager of petroleum futures at Esso Petroleum Canada. "Hurricanes on the U.S. Gulf Coast can cause prices to rise even more."

The same trend is true, of course, for any other commodity, whether it be gold, bananas or coffee. When supplies are short, or expected to become so, prices rise. When supplies are abundant the price drops. Oil, however, is particularly vulnerable to large price fluctuations because it is a critical resource, for which there are often no substitutes. As Mike McDermott, a commodities broker specializing in energy at Paine Webber Inc in New York, points out, "The reason oil pricing is so volatile is that oil is the lifeblood of our economy. If we run out of none everybody would be sorry, but life would go on. But any unexpected event involving oil supply has an impact on the economic output of the world."

Indeed, much of our oil comes from a part of the world where "unexpected events" are quite likely to happen. And as Toronto Star columnist Peter Matthews wrote recently, "it is important to realize that oil prices depend not only on how much crude there is available today..."
History tells us that crude oil prices are not immune to the inexorable law of supply and demand and that periods of sharply increased prices are inevitably followed by downturns.

But how much there is expected to be in the future? In the longer term, temporary shortages and political upheavals notwithstanding, most industry observers expect international oil prices to revert to lower levels than those experienced after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. However, they do expect increases in real prices over the next decade because, as Jim Hughes, Imperial's manager of energy analysis, says, "world demand is increasing steadily and current supply outside OPEC is not keeping pace. And the OPEC countries continue to control an enormous amount of the world's crude oil reserves. By the middle of the 1970s we could see them exercising considerable influence on the price of oil — though nothing like the degree of control they were able to exert in the 1970s — and prices can be expected to rise."

But as Hughes points out, higher prices only imply further change. As prices rise, consumers tend to conserve more and production from more costly sources — such as Canada's oil sands and its frontier regions — becomes increasingly economic. And as more oil is produced, prices once more should drop. "It simply proves," says Hughes, "that while countries and organisations may try to control the price of oil — and while some may succeed for a while — ultimately it is the actions of many millions of ordinary people, making decisions about oil supply and consumption in every part of the world, that create the market forces that will determine the price of oil."

But the production of crude oil itself is only the first step in providing consumers with the energy they require. Once it's out of the ground, it must be transported into a variety of usable forms, such as gasoline and heating fuel, diesel fuel and lubricating oils. Manufacturing and selling these products is the role of the "downstream" or refining side of the petroleum industry. And while higher crude-oil prices may be welcomed by the "upstream" producer, they are less popular with the refining industry. There are several reasons for this.

In the first place, no manufacturer, regardless of what he produces, likes to see an increase in the cost of his raw materials. The refiner of petroleum products can buy crude oil from any foreign or domestic producer, including his own "upstream" affiliate. But he can be assured of getting the crude oil he needs only if it is willing to pay what the producers can get in the international marketplace, where crude oil is bought and sold.

The second issue the refiner faces is that, in selling his products, he encounters competition not only from other domestic refiners but from imported products as well. At the wholesale level, petroleum products are traded internationally between Canada, the United States and other countries and, as is the case with other widely traded products, their price is determined in international markets.

And a third concern is that as prices increase, consumer resistance stiffens and demand falls. A substantial portion of the price of gasoline in Canada is made up of federal and provincial taxes and is therefore beyond the control of the seller. For example, in September of last year, taxes accounted for 24 cents a litre out of a total average pump price of 60 cents a litre.

Indeed, while the price of gasoline may not be a bargain in the eyes of Canadian motorists, in fact, Canadian prices are among the lowest of any major industrialised country. In September of last year, when the price of gasoline in Canada averaged 60 cents a litre, only in the United States, which has lower taxes and refining and distribution costs, could it be bought cheaper. In Italy gasoline was selling for 1.56 a litre, in France for 3.10 and in the United Kingdoms for 3.12. Higher taxes accounted for most of the difference, but actual prices were higher as well.

As prices rise and demand falls at the gas pump, the competition in the retail gasoline market, always intense, further increases as refiners fight to maintain their market share. While the number of major oil companies with national marketing networks, such as Imperial and its Esso brand of products, has diminished in recent years, there has been a sharp rise in the number of regional refiners and small independent marketers, known in the industry as "private brands." Today, these regional and independent competitors share about 40 percent of the total retail gasoline market in Canada, providing more choice than ever for the cost-conscious motorist.

In an era of rising crude-oil prices, therefore, the issue for the refiner is this: to cover the cost of his raw materials he has to charge more for his product, with little or no opportunity to improve his own profit in the face of increased competition. Indeed, Canadian gasoline retailers are left with about four to five cents a litre to cover their operating costs, provide an income and show a return on their investment. The refiner/marketer receives about 15 or 16 cents a litre to cover operating distribution and marketing costs, pay income tax and provide a profit margin.

In fact, according to the Petroleum Marketing Agency, an organisation that was established by the federal government 30 years ago to provide Canadians with accurate information on the financial performance of the petroleum industry, the profit margin for the refining/marketing industry in Canada has typically been about one cent a litre on petroleum products.

That may not be good news for the industry, but it should reassure consumers like my former friend George that the industry is not making a "killing" at their expense.
BROADCASTING HOPE
The Disability Network mixes compassion, commitment and controversy
BY SHONA MCKAY

As is wont in Toronto, the winter weather has turned nasty. And that's a problem for 28-year-old Steve McPherson. Seated in an electric wheelchair by a window overlooking the grounds of West Park Hospital, McPherson, covered from shoulder to sneakers in a white thermal blanket, is telling a visitor that it's not the sleet nor skin-biting wind that concerns him. Rather, it's the clouds. A quadriplegic who has relied on a respirator for every breath since severing his spinal column in a diving accident nine years ago, McPherson knows that, without sunlight, the temperature in the room will fall slightly—a circumstance that can send his body into spasm. Occasionally, over the next hour, the anticipated happens.

Yet the disabling weather—and its consequences—does not dampen McPherson's spirits. Nor does it diminish his enthusiasm for the subject at hand, namely, The Disability Network, a weekly half-hour current affairs television program for the disabled community, which airs nationally on CBC and CBC Newsworld. McPherson, who appeared on the program last spring to discuss his struggle to win the right to live independently in an apartment of his own, is one of the show's biggest fans. "No other program compares with The Disability Network," he says. "By presenting a realistic view of what people with disabilities can do and by showing that disabled people have choices, the program is heightening awareness and raising consciousness across the country."

Since the program, also called D-Net, made its debut last spring, such accolades have become the norm. The recipient of scores of rave reviews in newspapers from coast to coast and the winner of an "Into the Mainstream" award from the Alliance of Cinema, Television and Radio Artists, the show has also earned the praise of thousands of disabled individuals across Canada. Among them is Mel Graham, communications officer at the Winnipeg-based Coalition of Provincial Organizations of the Handicapped. Blind since birth, Graham knows both professionally and personally how important it is to gain greater public recognition for issues of disability.

"It's vital that we make both the public and the government aware of our circumstances and needs," he says. "And The Disability Network is helping to achieve this goal. The program gives us both the profile and the credibility we need. It's the right show at the right time."

To understand why D-Net inspires such fierce loyalties, one need only tune in. Under the careful and professional handling of the show's two hosts, Joe Coughlin and Susanne Pettit, viewers are taken into a world characterized not only by enormous and sometimes shocking challenges but also by great courage and success.

Consider, for instance, the line-up of a recent show. Beginning with a round-up of information and news, including the plight of thousands of disabled orphans in Romania, the show proceeds to feature an item about the problems confronting disabled people in the great outdoors. While pointing out that barriers such as poorly designed buildings or camp sites often prevent disabled people from enjoying nature, the segment also profiles people who continue to fish, water ski and ride hot-air balloons in spite of physical challenges. Most memorable is the image of Rose Watson, a
The Disability Network's success story is a model for others. Its founder and executive director, Joe Coughlin, has paved the way for others to follow. The program has been so successful that it has inspired similar programs across the country.
A SEPARATE SPACE
The restful pleasures of the veranda
BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

I WAS IN THE WAITING LOUNGE OF OUR BANK ONE DAY looking at a thick glossy magazine of photographs of new homes, each with its own name—"Empire," "Laurentian," "Sunburst"—and realized that although they had view decks, security systems, two-car garages, swimming pools, none of them had a veranda, something that seems to have disappeared from house design. I mentioned it to a rather dusty old fellow in a bent reading The Wall Street Journal, and he said he used to go with a girl who lived in a house with a veranda and a porch swing, and he looked off into space over his paper, his thoughts apparently floating back to moonlit nights and the fragrance of new-mown lawns and lilacs, and events still more vital than the Dow Jones average.

ALL THE HOUSES ON THE STREET WHERE I GREW UP HAD verandas, kept shipshape most of them—a few were stark and grooved, with battlements grey towers, breezeway columns, rubber plants, rocking chairs, hammocks andawnings—cheerful as garlands. But verandas were more than a casual feature of house design; they were part of the social structure of the street. Neighbours kept in touch on their verandas without loss of privacy. It may seem that being separated by two windowpanes and an alleyway verged on having no privacy at all, but it didn’t work like that. We were very private and, in a way, formal. People who had been next-door neighbours for 20 years still referred to one another as "Mister" and "Missus." (Evidently a sound practice.

I can’t remember a quartet between close neighbours.) “I see Mr. Selden is planting his asters,” a woman would say, looking out the window at a neighbour on a warm spring day. And they were seldom in one another’s homes. But a veranda was different and had something of a community feeling. People tended to keep in touch, visiting across veranda railings. I can still hear my mother and our next-door neighbour to the south, both sitting in the dappled orange sunlight that came through the branches of the Norway maples and the orange-striped awnings, carrying on a perfunctory conversation in low, almost whispey tones, each doing some household chore, perhaps shelling peas for supper, scarcely looking at each other and making little observations.
THERE WAS A FAMILIAR WELCOME, A CONGENIAL SHIFTING OF CHAIRS

About the people coming up the street, amid the restless late-afternoon sounds of peddlers crying sadly, "Berry ripe" or "Roo-a-a-gs Don't!" and the clump of farmers' hooves. "Mrs. May's little girl is growing like a weed." Oh, I wonder too. Mr. James likes his new job being a streetcar motorman. Sometimes the veranda became a lively sort of trading centre, marbles and small baseballs coming up in great double twirl - the broadman, the milkman (collecting for the bottles of milk he left before dawn on the top veranda steps), the paper boy targeting the doormat with supersize aim. Often when my mother was sitting out there a peddler would come halfway up to the veranda, put one foot on the top step, open his tray on his knees, talk his high-and-mighty, eager pretense, give a short talk on his fascinating collection - Snap hand cleaners, potato peelers, shoe polish, Fuller bottle brushes, zinc back, shoe laces, Dylon, genuine Men's diamonds, corning knives, Carter's Little Liver Pills - while my mother sat there listening attentively. She often bought things, "He spoke as highbrow of it," she'd tell me.

FOR ME, OUR VERANDA WILL ALWAYS BE CONNECTED WITH reading - out the stories of my boyhood (cowboy novels and the stories in Chum's Annual) but a new kind of book I discovered in my father's bookcase behind glass doors in the upstairs hall, books with flaps for grace, humour, wit and texture novel and hungry for the mind, and milk moonlight ride past waving poplars through the French countryside, and mysterious channel crossings - The Old Curiosity Shop, The Count of Monte Cristo, Vanity Fair, which I read one summer sitting on the veranda with my feet on the railing. I don't understand the process of how our surroundings somehow enter the pages of a book, but these days when we're trying to get students into the habit of reading a separate, quiet place in the home, according to a recent report, one in every ten, might be interesting to make a study of the effects on reading of, say, sitting in a stark

unfurnished room, lying in a hammock, flopping in a cane set in front of a firegram in a faintly aromatic spouting canal coal on a dark February day. I know that the whole restless feeling of late afternoon on our veranda, and the muffled sounds, the rumble of streetcars passing the face of the street, the sound of bicycle bells as the men came home from work - strangely, dignified men, riding slowly, steady as barges, their lunch plaps clamped to their handlebars - all somehow added to those scenes of red coals and the mantle of Brussels and the low haze of gasoket at Water搂: "Darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

VERANDAS ON OUR STREET WERE PLACES FOR VISITING

The last time I was in the neighbourhood, I went up to a veranda to ask some people who were sitting there about a row of houses that had been knocked down to make room for a school, and there was a familiar welcome, a congenial shifting of chairs and a coming and going and arrival of cookies and a pot of tea, and a next-door neighbour in a Donegal tweed peaked cap and green cardigan, who had been sitting on his chair on the veranda, said, "I heard the increase between the steps of the two houses and sat on the top step with his knee in his hand, and we all sat there in the late afternoon sun recalling old neighbours. "Do you remember Mrs. Shaw?" She was a little woman, partly blind, who used to sit so low in her veranda chair that all you could see about her veranda room was her head and her hand, and you just automatically went over and sat on her veranda railing for a few minutes' talk. One neighbour of ours, a bricklayer, who had been busy tying up one of the street lamps, went up and down and sat, smoking, on the veranda steps, making cigarettes with one of the new cigarette rollers that made four at a time. You know that if you want to sit up half an hour you can't sit up, feeling that you are living your day of life with the dimmest of a yearning to be somewhere else, and it was not even intended that, for he kept on working as he talked, and his black eyes would light up with pleasure in making a point or telling a story. And it was all about some problem you were having at school or at home - a relaxed talk with someone you knew well and was very interested in. And it had been one of the most emotional ties - just a neighbour sitting out on his veranda.

It was great cheer. I used to be reminded of those visits many years later when my wife and I rented a house for the winters on the beach in Florida and our daughter would visit an elderly Southern woman who lived a few houses away in the oldest house on the shore. You'd see them there in the morning hauling their doll carriages through the soft sand, off for a visit, and the woman would be waiting for them and reach down and take their dollies and place them in the steps, and they'd sit there rocking and looking out to sea, the gulls passed over the dunes outside the screened in wrap-around veranda, as if suspended on wires. "We had the nicest visit," the woman told us afterward.

THE HOUSE I GREW UP IN, WHICH COST MY FATHER $400 ($200 down), has become the most charming two-story midtown houses handy to transportation. (It's near a subway station and, as far as my memory goes, it's worth $350,000.) But the veranda is still there, looking the same way as it did when I remember. I'd hate anyone to give me the exact dimensions.

YOU COULD LIKELY AGAINST THE WARM BRICKS OF THE HOUSE, A HEAVENLY PLACE TO DOZE

Instead of the measurements of memories, of sunny days when the wind blew over the deck chairs and I walked the railings like yardsarms, and moody misty mornings when drops were dripping from the sparse bushes, and sunny summer afternoons when you had lunch out there, with cucumber sandwiches and lemonade, festive events that evolved the same midsummer spell as lake trips on the Cayuga to Niagara Falls. And no carpenter's tape measure will give the feeling of the nights when I slept out there on the cushions from the living-room chaise, listening to the far-off "purr" of nightingales, surrounded by a fragrance of chrysanthemums, which we believed kept the mosquitoes away, but which they seemed to like, as I did. One whiff of it today brings back the magic of those summer nights.

TWO OF THE HOUSES MY WIFE AND I RENTED HAD VERANDAS. (Whenever I think of one of them, I remember a big, friendly, smiling black dog with golden eyes who used to sit out there on Sunday mornings, waiting for me to go for a walk with him. I never did know who owned him. The first house we owned was at the top of a hill and had a veranda from front in which you could see a distant blue strip of Lake Ontario through the base branches of the trees, like a promise of spring, and a big back veranda with a doll's house I built big enough for our daughters to run in.

THE FRONT VERANDA OF OUR NEIGHBOURS' HOUSE TO the north was a bit higher than ours, and I still see it with a little boy in a green blouse sitting on the top step, thinking. "I was out on the veranda" was a common expression in those days, the way "I was watching TV" is now. A woman I know, a well-known novelist, told me once that when she was a girl she spent hours sitting on her veranda steps sticking her tongue out at people.

ONE GREAT PLACE FOR VERANDAS MY WIFE AND I RENTED in later years was an old farmhouse with two lacy, saging verandas on the side with firewood and spindles, when usually a cat was sitting in the window watching for us in the morning with her kittens, and a glassed-in porch across the front of the house, facing south, with a couch where you could be against the warm bricks of the porch or the most个百分 points I've ever known in which to done or read or both. The smell of hay and cattle and warm earth seeped in through the glass, floating in from the countryside on a summer day.

CIDELY, ONE PLACE WE LIVED IN FOR YEARS THAT HAD one of the saillng a house with a veranda was an apartment on the Merrick Brown of a high-rise apartment building near the centre of the city. The balcony was, in its way, secluded and private, it was above street level, and you could disappear from it and if you were without a home, except per-

haps a tenant in an apartment across the street, knowing whether you were inside or outside. I developed had a of a veranda relationship with a young woman in the apartment above us whom I get to like, although I never really saw her - that is, I saw only her back, as she looked down on me, silhouetted against a blue sky, like an angel beckoning me to the hereafter. I'd be reading, perhaps. "Why have you left the Levee? Are you doing on the front porch of the King Arch?" And I'd feel drops, as if it had started to rain, and I'd know that our neighbours above us was watching her balcony flowers and her balcony would appear, and she'd call down to me, "Sorry about that, I won't do it again."

And my wife, if she had come out to water her own flowers, would ask, "Are you going to water yours?" "I'm not spying on you, Mr. Allen. I'm just admiring your wife's flowers." My wife grew magnificent balloon flowers. How she had a garden, and it was very near one from one of the apartments across the street, who recognized from seeing me on the balcony, would mention them, "Oh, that Allen is a really good bloomer, although we never visited once another - a relationship a bit like the veranda life on the street where I grew up.

I T IS A VERANDA YOU LIKELY LIKELY AGAINST THE WIGHT of one that makes your spirits rise, even a veranda nor much bigger than a blanket, in some run-down part of town, with a few flowers, but which looks so charmed and upbraided the chimney, the veranda step above eight inches higher than an elaborated latern guarded by a gas-pipe railing, it stirs me as a poetic, friendly, an invitation to the world and a welcome to passengers by. And I always secretly enjoy it when my wife and I see on a motor trip and make a wrong turn and get lost in some unfashionable section of the city and find ourselves driving past scott, sandy, brick houses with big verandas. Maybe on one of them a baby is out there in its pram, or a woman is dozing on the veranda with a book, or a child is blowing against the carriage wheels, and with luck we pass a little girl out on her veranda bouncing a ball against the brick between the living-room windows and the front door, when we used to have a hook for the hammock, the low sun lighting up the bricks and making them a warm rosry colour, and I'd imagine the porch being the veranda on the veranda - still out, but home. (Eveline C. Allen
When they began counting, as art students in Boston more than 60 years ago, they made a breathtaking couple. Both of them were blue-eyed, very good-looking, and blessed with an eager sense of adventure. Given the time and place, the mere act of choosing Pete Whyte of faraway Basin, Alta, as her boyfriend was an adventurous decision for Catharine Rohf. She was an elegant debutante from a wealthy Massachusetts family, and John D. Rockefeller III had been her beau in high-school years. Pete, a hard-working scholarship boy, wasn’t rich at all and had no social connections. But he had painting in common — "We are just a couple of crazy artists," Catharine once wrote to her mother — and in 1927 they fell in love. They married in 1930, and Pete brought Catharine back to his home town on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide, where his dad ran a general store on Banff Avenue.

They spent the rest of their lives there, save for some fairly energetic world travelling and Pete’s wartime service in the RCAF. They became leading citizens of the town, and in an important sense they still are. Pete died in 1966, Catharine in 1979, but their romance remains an abiding part of the life of Banff because their affections — for the mountains, for painting, and for each other — are made abundantly clear to anyone who visits the gift they left to Banff and its visitors, the Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies.

All their lives the Whytes loved museums, archives, collections of any kind. They were two of nature’s packrats, and Catharine especially kept meticulous records of everything they did, saw or thought. In the 1940s, childless and middle-aged, they decided Catharine’s inherited wealth should benefit the public, and they began investigating a museum that would preserve their ideals and their art.

They decided on a foundation to handle the details, which later became known as the Pete and Catharine Whyte Foundation. Its original name was more fanciful. George Maclean, a former Banff mayor, suggested to Catharine, who loved the nearby Stoney Indians, suggested Wa-Che-Ya-Cha-Pa, which Catharine interpreted as "where the good, the wise and the beautiful always come." That name has been the guiding philosophy behind all the activities of the museum ever since. (For his part, Walter Buffalo, whose ceremonial costume is now displayed in the Whyte Museum, went into Banff history as one of those quicky, surprising characters who give the town its special flavor. Old enough to special yellow from the first CPR locomotive chug through town — he called it a "fire wagon" — and yet lived long enough to jet around the world on behalf of his favourite cause, Monk Be-Armaments.)

In the 1960s the foundation provided the land and a handsome building designed by Philippe Deesdale — an architect who now lives in nearby Canmore — to fit snugly and unassumingly into the mountain landscape; it opened in 1968 and also contained the Banff library, till the town put up a separate building to house the books and the old library space became an exhibition area. The Whyte also left behind an endowment for operations, including two commercial buildings Pete had acquired. Their rental income still flows to the museum, though fund-raising is now necessary for expansion.

Ever since opening day, the museum has been collecting, exhibiting, cataloguing and celebrating the history of Banff and the mountains. If you wander in there now you’ll find anything from primitive home-made skis and snowshoes to sophisticated mountain photography of Byron Harmon, whose work helped make the Rockies famous around the world when Pete was still a teenager. You’ll also see excellent exhibits of contemporary Canadian painting and photography, often dealing with mountain themes.

... There are myths of local history and culture all across Canada, but it would be hard to imagine one that does better than the Whyte the essential job of such a place: explaining who has lived in this part of the world, what they did and why it shapes what Banff National Park is today. Ideally, visitors go away with a sense that Banff is not just another resort town dominated by hotels but a key to the Rockies — and that the Rockies in turn are a significant part of the crucial Canadian experience of encountering, living with and protecting the wilderness. In the town of Banff, with its French restaurants, multiplex cinema and comfortable hotels, civilization forces its way into the wilderness; but at the same time, wilderness clearly surrounds this little piece of civilization. Even as you walk into town to buy the London Observer, the nearby mountains look down at you and suddenly appear at your side. Since the 1880s Banff has attracted climbers, walkers, skiers and nature lovers from around the globe, and these people have left a collective record of their wanderings and explorations in the Rockies. That record — in photos, drawings, diaries, letters — is what gives the Whyte Museum its unique purpose and its essential magic.

Another way to understand Banff is through the Whytes themselves, and the museum gives an intimate picture of them. It reflects their taste, and its archives are filled with their letters, diaries and recordings, along with those of other locals. Standing beside the museum, as extensions of it, are two homes Catharine left to the public. One belonged to her friends the Moors, and contains their collections of antiques, art, stuffed wildlife and Indian artifacts. The other is the 18-room log house that the Whytes built and lived in together. Everything there has been left more or less as it was, right down to the books on the shelves and the gigantic floor radio, circa 1935. Today tourists — some of them from as far away as Melbourne, Tokyo and Buenos Aires — walk carefully through these crowded rooms examining the hundreds of objects, while listening to a tape telling the story of Pete and Catharine.

There are paintings through the two-storey building, usually by Pete and Catharine and their friends, and usually of the Rockies. There’s a Stoney Indian feathered headdress, a rock collection on a window sill, a wainscot that was used during the Red Rebellion. There are swords they brought back from Bali and Java, a wooden box from Burma, an ancient crossbow from northern China, and 2,200-year-old Murcian glass vials. There’s a corner devoted to Hawaii, the Whytes went there often in the 1930s, and they fell in love with Hawaiian guitar music and regularly tape-recorded Hawaii Calls, a program that ran for many years on an American network.

Their personal collection is global in its reach and speaks of cultures reaching back many centuries — and yet the house also has a particular Canadian feel. The log walls are matched by Hickory furniture that will make many city people think of cottages. If it is possible to have a home to be both worldly and Canadian, the Whyte House represents it. And this ensemble of disparate collection tells us, as much as objects can, what the Whytes were like.

"They were romantic idealists, both of them." The words are those of the poet Jon Whyte, Pete’s nephew and a close friend of Catharine’s in her old age. One afternoon last summer Jon and I sat in the living room of the house, talking about Pete and Catharine. As a little boy growing up in Banff, Jon knew his uncle and aunt well, and after Pete’s death he grew deeply interested in their lives. He spent many hours with the Whyte collection, and decided to found a museum to house it. Eventually he became a curator at the museum, wrote the story of their art and their marriage, and edited the published version of Catharine’s letters and diaries. "It was hard at first for me to understand what she saw in him," Jon said, "because by the time I got to know my uncle, in the 1950s, he was pudgy and his nose was a map of red veins. Pete suffered from his liking, or his need, for alcohol, and by the time he was in his fifties he had acquired the face of a heavy drinker. Unquestionably liquor had a limiting effect on his life and his art." tiles. At the wedding present — a souvenir of a day JEH and Pete spent
Our Readers Write

"I once measure of a magazine's success is the number of letters it receives from its readers, the editorial staff of the Imperial Oil Review has no small grounds for satisfaction. Every issue brings a gratifying amount of mail from every corner of Canada and, indeed, from quite a number of United States and overseas readers as well. As impressive as the amount of mail we receive are its content and quality; in an age where letter-writing is popularly supposed to be a dying art, our correspondents are bringing an articulate insight to a wide range of topics.

Our letters tell us, yes, that the Review turns up in some unexpected places from time to time. When teacher Helen Adams and her husband, Jim, an agricultural engineer with the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, who live in Chester, N.S., were asked to visit Czechoslovakia last summer to teach conversational English as part of a Canadian volunteer program, they took the opportunity of taking along with them a supply of Review. It turned out to be a wise precaution. The Adams had been scheduled to teach at an agricultural university near Prague, but they discovered on arrival that this school had been transferred from Moscow to the university's examination schedule. Instead, they found themselves teaching English at a university with a school of educational institutions 90 kilometers to the south that provided management and language training for the staff of five of the largest factories in Czechoslovakia.

"The manager suggested we use a Czech translation of your journal and I already knew of the book. Having examined what was available, we decided. These would not have helped connect a more natural feel for agricultural materials that Jim had juggled from Canada. But, happily, we did have the Imperial Oil Review, and during the first lessons we used the editorial material for reading and discussion. One article on model railways was particularly popular; although words like 'chuffing' caused a few headaches. The Reviews were much used and carefully studied..." One group of Czechs has a better command of English and a better idea of life in Canada as a result.

The Review is regularly available at many Canadian libraries, and recently we pleased to receive a letter from a senatorial officer at a consulate in one of what used to be termed the Eastern Bloc countries. He told us that he found our magazine to be particularly useful in introducing foreign businesspeople to various aspects of Canadian customs and culture. In view of such a comment, it's regrettable that the fall 1990 issue of the magazine did not reach our embassies in Kuwait and Iraq. The copies were returned to us by the Post Office with an apologetic note to the effect that this mail could not be delivered. Not only that but a thoughtful Post Office refunded our postage.

We received a particularly interesting communication from Marie Sandersen, who is currently an adjunct professor at the University of Waterloo in Ontario. Professor Sandersen wrote to us of a visit she made 40 years ago to Imperial's northwestern oilfield, at Norman Wells. She had discovered 29 years earlier a classic example of the necessary "Scientist's and Explorer's License" from the federal government, and arranged for her husband to conduct the first climatic research experiments ever carried out in the Canadian Arctic. This event was, in fact, reported by the November/December 1950 issue of the Review under the title of "Mrs. Sandersen and her Climate." Wrote Professor Sandersen: "I was a junior scientist in 1949, working for the Osler Research Foundation in Toronto. I had just graduated with a Master's degree from the University of Maryland, and my thesis on 'Thought in the Canadian Northwest' had been published in the New York-based Geographic Review. But I had never seen Canada's Northwest Territories and I was eager to find out if my theory of higher atmospheric pressure (evaporation from the soil and transpiration through plants) in the North was correct."

Naturally, the fact of a fascinating experience, and her early research laid the basis for future work on Arctic climatology. "It must be remembered," she wrote, "that all this happened 40 years ago when the dry nature of the Arctic climate was not known. The research was the first step in a long series of research projects that have helped to describe and explain the nature of the Arctic climate. As a Canadian climatologist, I would like to say 'thank you' to Imperial Oil for making that first step possible."

Thank you, Professor Sandersen, for your pioneering work. If you have occasion to revisit Norman Wells you'll find that a lot of change has occurred in 40 years. Today, as a thriving, bustling community, producing 35,000 barrels of crude oil a day from some of the most modern facilities in the Canadian oil industry. No editor has contributed to the Review has generated more reader response than Robert Thomas Allen, whose death last summer has already been noted in this column. The article in this issue, "A Sepa- rate Space," was the last he wrote for us and epitomizes the style and adrenalin that we have come to expect from this man. A year later Bob Allen probably wrote more pieces for the Review than for any other publication, and he will be missed by our editors and our readers alike.

Observant Review readers will note a subtle change in this issue: we have changed the paper stock on which the magazine is printed. Though our previous paper stock was viewed as "environmentally friendly" and capable of being recycled, our new stock contains a high percentage of pre-consumer waste, including 10 percent post-consumer waste, and meets the highest Canadian standards for recycled stock. We are pleased to be able to make this contribution to a cleaner environment.

Our thanks to our readers for their comments and suggestions. We currently encourage all of us at the Review to try to bring you an even better magazine..." -Wanye Thomas