Imperial Oil Review
Winter 2000 - Volume 44 Number 419

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Published in English and French by Imperial Oil Limited, 111 St. Clair Ave. W.,
Toronto, Ontario M4V 1B5. Permission to reprint articles, photographs and illustrations
must be obtained. The Imperial Oil Review is published electronically on the Imperial Oil
website (www.imperialoil.ca). The contents of the Review are listed in the Canadian
Periodicals Index, ISSN 0270-5346. Typesetting by Jaiselle Ireland Design. Layout

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Jacques Godbout's Canada
My Canada

The author and film maker Jacques Godbout was born in Montreal in 1933. His many works include the novels Les Têtes à Papineau and Le Couteau sur la Table, and such documentary films as Le Mouton Noir and the recently released Traître ou Patriote. Godbout has won a number of national and international awards for his work and is a member of the Order of Quebec.

In nineteen forty, he was a turning point all over the world. Peace returned to Europe and Asia, the full extent of the Nazi horror was brought to light, the Cold War broke out between the Soviet Union and the United States, and the threat of a nuclear holocaust hung over us all. Every day seemed to have its share of dramatic events, and everywhere new ideas were being debated on the radio and in newspapers. My father, a liberal daily that has unfortunately long since gone under, and it was here, at age 12, that I discovered a fascinating universe.

I went to school at Jean-de-Brebeuf college in the Montreal district of Côte-des-Neiges and was just beginning my classical education: the Jesuit fathers acquainted us with Latin and taught us the history of ancient Rome. At that age, everything seemed possible. I could have become a hockey player, like my idol, Maurice "Rocket" Richard. I played left wing and was a fairly prolific scorer. I could have become a champion skier; the snow-covered Laurentians provided six months of good schussing a year. But I was already a bit of a dreamer and very lazy, and generally preferred to immerse myself in an adventure novel or idly away an afternoon at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

Art was a passion of mine, and I spent my Sundays at the museum discovering Montreal artists such as Arthur Lismer, Stanley Cosgrove and Alfred Pellan, comparing their work to the paintings of European masters that had been donated by the rich Westmount merchants who were the institution's patrons.

I had managed to obtain some English-made tubes of oil paints and canvases of various sizes from New York and devoted many hours to sketching imaginary portraits and cityscapes. I was sure that I would become a painter of international repute. Whenever I brough a picture (a rather frequent occurrence, I'm afraid), I would wander up Mount Royal in the heart of the city to quell my frustration. There, I could find a forest, a lake and, most interesting of all to me, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish cemeteries. Here there were as many stories as there were tombstones—stories of love and loss, of the passage of time.

Now that the war was over and the German mass murders were about to go on trial, now that we had experienced forced industrialization and young women had left the kitchens to work in factories and offices, nothing would ever be the same. I realized then that I was living in a modern country and began to look to the future and wonder what I would do in this new world.

Whenever my teachers asked me what I wanted to be, I'd reply, "Maybe try journalism." My parents had neither chauffeur-driven automobile nor racehorses at Blue Bonnets racetrack. As a child of the middle class, I felt my only claim to fame was my

Sundays at the museum discovering Montreal artists such as Arthur Lismer, Stanley Cosgrove and Alfred Pellan
writing, which was attracting some attention in student publications. I would earn my living with my paintbrush and my pen, I told myself.

That year was a turning point not just in the life of the world but in my own life. My father, an entomologist specializing in insect-induced plant diseases, looked after the health of market gardens in and around the Montreal plain. He was a rigorous and anxious man, a true scientist. At that time, the harbors had not yet gobbed up the rich black soil of the vast gardens of the area, which supplied Montreal's open-air markets and were the focus of my father's work. His work also took him to farms and orchards in the Eastern Townships, and when he returned home after a road trip visiting these holdings, the family would gather in the living room to hear recount his experiences. He would tell us how much he had enjoyed walking through fields of oats, identifying wild mushrooms, dissecting the descendants of United Empire Loyalists, who raised steers and dairy cows, grew McIntosh apples on rocky slopes, mended their fences with great care and tastefully maintained their ancient brick or stone homes, which were generally ringed with cedar or poplar.

My father's obvious pleasure in talking about the trees he saw—in describing a solitary elm standing at the end of a field or the many hues of maples in the fall—had brought me to possess a particular interest in the landscape and turned me into a poet of the countryside. But I remained steadfastly indifferent to the bucolic charms that so enthralled my father. In truth, I was only interested in urban landscapes, overflows of asphalt and concrete and streets with dandelions and telephones poles. I was enamored of streetscapes and crowds, traffic at busy intersections, games in laneways, noisy factory areas, steam locomotive maintenance shops and staff halls, which seemed to me a thousand times more poetic than the bucolic delights of the Group of Seven. I was looking not for homesteads, but, rather, for the sensual delights of the city, from January Hibernics to soft April showers to sultry thunderstorms. I took pleasure in watching the rain turn our streets into dark mirrors. When the snow became so thick that we were forced to dig impregnable tunnels to get out of the house, or when snow-blowers<e3> ...hoes grew in the fall. As we left the city, heading east, I felt that my father was burning rubber.

First stop a visit to the tobacco farms of my uncle near the Richelieu and Saint Lawrence. In the late Thirties, well before the link between tobacco and cancer was recognized, my father had persuaded his brothers to stop growing Virginia tobacco. Rome's, Rolland and Paul had bought land on the south side of the St. Lawrence, along with Father, who ran his business through a tenant farmer. A civil servant's son, he carried with him an elegance and architecture of a bright promotion. I was given the inevitable lesson in Canadian history as my father led me through the old capital's narrow streets, from monument to monument, humming folk songs as he went along. From the walls of the Citadel, I saw the Plains of Abraham, where one last battle led to the French king's expeling New France to England.

Having only known Montreal, spread out like a vast blanket all around its mountain, I was taken aback when I first saw Quebec City, which appeared suddenly, rising from the river like a jewel, so beautiful, with its classic architecture and bed on an island. We went by boat to the Île d'Orléans, and on the way to the town on the ferry at the Saint Lawrence Bridge, on the way to the summer cabin in which our parents were staying. Leaving the town and the ferry, we left the Brady's, their family, and my father's introducing me to his relatives as monsieur, a sign of manhood, which had touched me deeply.

We reached Montreal on a Saturday, in the dead of night, the sparkling city lights illuminating the sky.

I can still recall the moment when we parked the dusty Dodge in the grey shed behind the house, marking the end of our journey. I had traveled for that long summer, not just in terms of distance but in my personal journey. I like to think that my father was pleased with my coming of age and the part I had played in it. He had given me a deeper understanding of my people, not just my relatives but the proud French Canadians who spoke my mother tongue. This trip had given me a direction, which I would write into the books filled with stories of my people, the gens du pays.

I have been exploring the world ever since that trip, although I unbearably come back to my home port on the shores of the St. Lawrence.}

I had travelled far that summer, not just in terms of distance but in my personal journey. I like to think that my father was pleased with my coming of age and the part I had played in it.

I was only interested in urban landscapes.
“Hello, Canada — and Hockey Fans in the United States”

Remembering the days when Hockey Night in Canada brought the family together on a Saturday night

BY KEN DRYDEN

It was in 1936 that Imperial Oil first sponsored hockey broadcasts on radio, and even since, the company has been inextricably linked with Canada’s national winter sport. By the Second World War, Hockey Night in Canada had become so much a part of Canadian life that the broadcasts of the games were sent to our troops overseas to bring them a bit of home.

Over the years, Imperial’s support of hockey broadened. Through the East Medals of Achievement Program, the company has given medals and certificates to nearly two million young hockey players, honouring sportsmanship, dedication and improvement. Working with the Canadian Hockey Association (CHA), the company sponsors national teams and championships, including the 1998 Olympic men’s and women’s hockey teams and a number of programs designed to instil a love of the game in children and to build not just champions on the ice, but "champions in life."

Last year, for example, through the Esso Schools Program, more than 12,500 children across the country attended world championship games or other major hockey tournaments.

A founding member of the Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto, the co-creator of the Esso Maple Leafs Memories and Dreams Room at the city’s Air Canada Centre and a major sponsor of the National Hockey League, Imperial believes that hockey is and should remain part of life in Canada. Says Brian Fischer, a senior vice-president at Imperial: "We’ll be there as long as there’s a patch of ice and kids with dreams."

In the following essay, Ken Dryden, a former Montreal Canadiens goalie, co-author of Home Game: Hockey and Life in Canada and the current president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, takes us back to the Saturday nights of his childhood, recalling his long association with hockey and Imperial.

I was born in 1947. I’m sure I listened to games on radio and TV, but I don’t remember. I was a television kid.

I came to an age of memory just as TV was being introduced in this country. We weren’t the first on the block to get a TV set. My father, a salesman of anything and everything who had settled into bricks and blocks and who knew all about andols, had wanted to be sure that TV would last before he invested in one. When we moved to our new house in 1953, we were convinced.

Television was a big deal. For me, it wasn’t the miracle of moving pictures coming into our family room through a glass screen that fascinated me. I was too young for explanation to matter: everything in my world just was. What mattered was what came on that screen, especially sports. I had learned to recognize names of teams and players in newspapers before I could read. Now I could see the players for real right in front of me. I remember the World Series games, watching the last few innings after I got home from school, the late afternoon shadows of the stands of New York’s Yankee Stadium and Brooklyn’s Ebbets Field — it was always the Yankees and Dodgers in those years — stretching across the infield, and I remember the hockey games.

They were only on Saturday night, and not the whole game was televised. As a family, we would watch the Jackie Gleason Show from 8 to 9, featuring The Honeymooners, with Ralph and Alice and Norton and Trixie, the June Taylor Dancers and "the flower of the musical world, Ray BGh," as Gleason would introduce his orchestra leader each week. Then, at 9 o’clock, the game came on, sitting on chairs, on the chesterfield and on the floor were my mom and dad, my grandmother, who lived with us, and my brother, who was six years older than I was and just beginning to play on a real team. My sister, then only a few years old, was probably asleep in her bed.

It is hard to convey to anyone under the age of 40 how central TV was in our lives then. Kids might have been involved in activities outside school — in sports, in clubs or Girl Guides — but it was before a time when "being the best you can be" pushed kids to become prodigies and parents want to want to create them. Balance was the goal, developing the whole child the understood task, and one or two nights out a week was considered plenty. Because there was no incentive to generate more for kids to do, there was much less for them to do. For adults, there were fewer nights at the office. Most evenings, families were at home. In the spirit ofisons times, they knew that’s where they should be. In the early years, TV was understood as an instrument of family building. It brought the generations together and gave them a common experience, gave them common names to talk about and a way to bridge a generation gap that rock music and blue jeans were threatening to widen.

Then there was only one TV in a house. A family had to agree on what to watch. But that wasn’t hard because there wasn’t much to choose from. In our house, in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke, we got three stations — the NBC and CBS affiliates from Buffalo and CBC. And while today’s critics may remember that time as the golden age of NBC, with its ambitious dramas, comedy and current affairs shows, for a seven-year-old kid, there was nothing golden about it. I watched cartoons, westerns and baseball on the Buffalo stations; on CBC, I watched only Hockey Night in Canada.

In Quebec, Philippe Robert served as the Imperial Esso dealer on La Soirée du hockey.
Foster Hewitt began broadcasting Toronto Maple Leafs games on radio in 1927.

Everything about it was special. It was Saturday night. It was staying up late. It was the family all together. It was seeing adults get more excited than you ever saw them at other times (just my father and grandfather; my mother was always calm and serene), saying and doing things as impulsive as things you thought only you did. It was watching a game you were beginning to know and love played by players you wanted to be. It was the one time of the week that never came fast enough. So everything and everyone involved with Hockey Night in Canada was special.

Foster Hewitt had been broadcasting Toronto Maple Leafs games on radio since the team was established in 1917 (he made his first hockey broadcast in 1923). There had been a fear at first that radio would be the end of spectator sports. After all, who would choose to venture into a Toronto winter night when one could "attend" a game on radio in the comfort of one's own parlour? Instead, the reverse happened. Radio generated interest in sports people wanted to see in real life the players they followed on radio. But when those opportunities weren't available, radio was the next best thing. And on radio, no game is unexciting. No player blunders. Radio stirs the imagination, and in darkness, sometimes half a continent away from the game, the imagination paints pictures of giants. Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones and Red Grange were radio giants. So were Roosevelt, Churchill and Hitler.

Radio created an immense appetite for hockey. More and more kids wanted to play it; more parents wanted to encourage them. From his Gordie Howe-like nearly 20 metres above the ice at Maple Leaf Gardens, Hewitt became our national storyteller, growing in stature beyond even those great players he talked about, outliving them all. He helped to create a national habit. An Imperial ad of the time captured Hewitt's impact.

Playing the Canadian game... (left to right) Gordie Howe with Pat Quinn; "Rockey" Richard, George Armstrong and Serge Savard.

December 1936. Saturday night.
Six o'clock in Vancouver, Pacific Standard Time, and those just home from work sang on their radios before sitting down to dinner. Seven o'clock in the Peace River, Mountain Time, and pioneering families flocked to the evening meal to gather around their receiving sets. Eight o'clock on the Winnipeg Brandon road, Central Time, and an Imperial Oil dealer turned the dial to CKY. Nine o'clock in Sudbury, Eastern Time, and nickel miners tuned up the "volume" as they settled comfortably to listen. Ten o'clock in Saint John, Atlantic Time, and time to tune in for thousands of Maritime families. Eleven o'clock Newfoundland Time, and father folk war was expectantly for the familiar voice.

And from far away, emanating from an eerie high above a gleaming white surface of ice with a large blue Maple Leaf in the centre, comes the voice three out of four radio listeners in Canada tuned in to hear at this time every Saturday during the winter months. And then Hewitt speaks his famous greeting. "Hello, Canada — and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland."

His opening words became a national greeting. People from coast to coast to coast were hearing the same voice at the same time. Hockey and Hewitt had created a national connection. Two decades later, when I was a kid, Hewitt was still calling Leafs games, now being simulcast on radio and TV. In our back-yard games, as we imagined ourselves to be Frank Mahovlich, Ted Kennedy and George Armstrong, we announced the game out of our heads. The voice was Foster Hewitt's: "Mahovlich picks the puck up at his own blue line; at centre, over the line. He winds up. He shoots... he scores!"

We chewed our hands in the air. For us, for almost everyone in the country who attended NHL games only through a glass screen, a game, a real NHL game, was played with a voice.

It was also played with Murray Westgate. I don't think I knew he was an actor at first. I'm not sure what would have mattered. We were kids. What mattered to us was the hockey game and everybody that was part of it. Murray Westgate was our Imperial Oil dealer. He welcomed us to the game. He sent us up to the gondola and Foster Hewitt. And during intermissions, he told us about Atlas Tires and Atlas Batteries and how on cold winter nights Eso and Eso Extra gas could prevent — dread now entering in his voice — "carbon讹er icing and gas-line freezing."

He wore an Esso uniform with matching pants and striped jockey right at the waist, a white shirt and a dark bow tie. On his head was an Esso cap, worn at a slight, confident angle, the way my father wore his fedora. Westgate was friendly. He was nice. He smiled. He talked to us in his gravelly baritone voice without hurry, as the 60-second and longer commercials of the time allowed. He knew what he was talking about. He explained. He wanted what was good for us.

I knew all the jingles and sang along: "Who put the confidence in Mrs. Murphy's motor?" It wasn't until decades later that I learned it was a take-off of a line from an Irish song, "Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

And my favourite, which even today I sometimes sing in the shower:

What a great, great feeling.
What a wonderful sense
Of their expression and of confidence.
For that something you're aware of,
Your car's been taken care of.
At the Eso sign of confidence,
At the happy measuring sign.

Imperial was part of the game, just as Foster Hewitt and Frank Mahovlich were. A few years ago, I did a six-hour documentary series for CBC called Ken Dryden's Home Game about hockey and how it affects, is affected by and reflects life in this country. To end the series, I wanted to create a special scene: a celebration game and a skate part on Ottawa's frozen Rideau Canal of all those who have shaped the game and created its memory. The Rocket would be there, so would Gordie Howe, Bobby Orr and Wayne Gretzky; Mr. Zambroni would have the race. Roger Doucet would sing the anthem. A descendant of Foster Hewitt's would do play-by-play. And standing beside him would be Murray Westgate. It never happened. But it should have.

Murray Westgate and Imperial were part of our experience of the game. As Westgate told us each week, Hockey Night in Canada was brought to us by our Imperial Oil dealers, agents and distributors all across Canada. We had Hockey Night in Canada to watch because Imperial brought it to us. No Imperial, no game. That's how it seemed to me.

And for me, that's where it all began. I wonder if the Imperial people of the time knew the impact that Hockey Night in Canada had. They may have known as adults know — by the increase in price of gasoline sales from one month to another or from the number of new Esso cardholders. But I don't think they knew in kids know. I went to Joe O'Brien's Esso station at Thorncrest Shopping Centre to pump up my bike tires. To this day, when I need gas I go to an Esso station unless I'm about to run out and there isn't one around. I don't do it because Imperial is a major sponsor of the Leafs and that's what I'm supposed to do. I do it because more than 45 years ago Imperial was involved in something that meant a lot to me and which has left me with lifetime memories. I owe them."

Ken Dryden strikes a typical pose during a game in the 1970s.
Tomorrow’s Canada

In a world of globalization and electronic communication, Myrna Kostash, the Edmonton-based author of six nonfiction books, wondered how the new generation of young adult Canadians views this country. In a journey of discovery that took her across the country and resulted in her latest book, The Next Canada: In Search of the Future Nation, she found that the future is in good hands.

The spring of 1997, as part of my job as writer-in-residence at the Regina Public Library, I found myself standing in front of an early morning high-school English class, telling stories about Margaret Laurence, the War Measures Act and the National Hockey League. In the middle of one anecdote, I realized from the expressionless faces of my audience that I had finally arrived at that middle-aged moment when I could no longer assume that my audiences and I drew from the same memory bank.

Seemingly without my having noticed, a whole new generation had appeared, their memories reaching back just a couple of decades – in the case of the grade 10 class in front of me, only to about 1987. In other words, none of them could be expected to have been shaped and shaken, as I was, by the political challenge of the Front de Libération du Québec or by the reading of the bestselling Canadian fiction of the early 1970s, not to mention the broadcast of Paul Henderson’s winning goal in the Canada-Soviet hockey series of 1972, now referred to as “legendary.”

It was a classic generation gap, I thought. On one side, I stood with my memories of a Canada of Expo 67, Pierre Trudeau, Gordon Lightfoot and the National Film Board; a Canada of, in many places, no more than three TV channels (English- and French-language CBC and CTV) and a state-owned airline (“the people’s airline”); a Canada of pre-choice women’s trips to Ottawa, a wave of draft dodgers from the United States and hippie home-steaders in the Kootenays. I thought of myself as belonging to a generation of cultural nationalists, wrapped in the brand-new red-and-white maple leaf flag. And as the seventies yielded to the eighties, and the eighties to the nineties, I fretted about the powerful reach of made-in-America mass media and advertising, websites, icons and logos. There was much of American culture I too had embraced (Bob Dylan, the new journalism, psychedelic poster art, not to mention slogans of the new women’s movement).
Lament for a Nation: the Outpost of Canadian Nationalism, that a nation is not a nation just because of roots in the past. "There must also be," he wrote, "a thrust of intention into the future." Understanding "the thrust of intention into the future" of the next generation of Canadians became my project. Rather than succumb to despair or, vice versa, to the temptation to demonize the young, I would travel around Canada to meet people in their twenties and thirties, to see and hear for myself what sort of Canada was taking shape in their lives and wishes, in the hope to live in it, to thrust forwards into their future.

Was there a common desire? I began to wonder, in the disparate expressions of young Canadians as workers, artists, business people, social activists and politicians? Did they want to extend some meaning of their personal experiences forward into a collective purpose? Was there something they wanted, as Canadians, in their own time and place?

Stephen Cassidy, publisher and co-founder of Sp!ke, a Calgary-based electronic magazine geared to people in the 14-to-24 age group, was 26 years old when I interviewed him in 1998. His parents have always had two cars. He has only watched colour TV, and he's never had Medicare. "Do you think all that just dropped out of the sky?" I asked him during an interview at a diner in a funky part of Calgary. "Yeah, it's very natural," he said.

"By natural" he seemed to mean that was how things just are in Canada. Recent assaults on social programs were part of a cycle, he concluded, the result of political swings, the shifts, the "cyclic" changes in society over its long haul of history. "But you can't permanently damage things," he said. "I think that in Canada there are some realizable trends that have existed historically. Canada will always be a social-welfare supporting country with health care and advances in education and in telecommunications."

This was heard in the words of the privileged. Peter van Stolk, the "alternative capitalist" founder of Jones Soda Co., was acutely aware of the social responsibility he bore to the "community" of young consumers on whose financial support he was dependent. Barry Gordon, a chief executive officer in a small investment house in Toronto, said that the men and women in their thirties who made up the firm's base had a reputation for being cutting edge, aggressive and innovative, yet, he assured me, "there's nothing that's a solo effort here. This is a collaborative operation."

Gordon talked further about his investment company—"We are trying to figure out what the marketplace wants in terms of investment structures," and so on. This was just how I imagined the new tycoons would talk, toasting around an aperitif, to me, in a collective disillusionment with the idea of "structured finance," "closed-end high-yield funds" and "preliminary prospectuses." But Gordon had more on his mind than making his first million.

He had, for instance, been reading Karl Marx and Frederick Engels' Communist Manifesto. I was incredulous: why would a privileged young member of the financial class of North America who, by the way, was a certified "belief in a culture of revolutionism" be spending time with the ideas of a discredited 19th-century economist of the proletariat revolution? "There are lessons to be learned," he explained gravely. "There are some fundamental truths in Marx. I think there is a responsibility to look after people, and I don't mean that in a patronizing sense."

What Cassidy was addressing, in fact, was the "redistribution of wealth," even some of his own. There it was again, the desire for a broad commitment to the wellbeing of others with whom we share social and moral space.

According to Robin Thompson, a co-founder of Sp!ke, and Stephen Cassidy, even the 75-year-old John Diefenbaker, "who was the street artist, and keyboards of the newest technologies, among a wired generation completely at ease with their procedures, everybody's looking for community. I wasn't convinced and pointed out that community..."
used to mean having a sense of responsibility for the people just outside your door. Cassidy conceded that one person in front of a single screen is a solitary being, not even in sociable as a isomulch of people watching television together, who are at least laughing at the same joke at the same time. But, he explained, once you put a bunch of computers together, linked electronically, you do have the possibility to reproduce daily contact with people. "The act of communication is still there," says Cassidy, "and caring and worrying can still take place among people."

While cynics complain that there is nothing "real" out there in cyberspace, the young "digital" generation take seriously the possibilities inherent in a technology that, compared with the older media, is very accessible. The movie studios and television networks of my generation's culture have had enor-

mous centralised control over programming; but nowadays, with a computer, basic software and Internet access, people can produce their own websites, showcase their own ideas and work to whatever extent they can attract. Yes, these may be minuscule offerings compared with the broad sweep of one-site-fits-all national network programs, but no one can accuse their on-line producers and audiences of being excluded from one another.

Ana Serrano, the 31-year-old director of the new media training facility at the Canadian Film Centre in Toronto, spoke hopefully of the reconstruction, through virtual community, of people's deteriorating actual community. She called herself a "renewalist." Looking around her in the city, seeing that "we haven't shared a common physical ground since the impacts of industrialization broke up the old communal life in the early 20th century," she said that she felt people were running to cyberspace to make connections, echoing the reabsorptive theorist of the culture of cyberspace, M.T.S. Sherry Turkle, who wrote poetically of this "rethinking of the computer interface." And I thought of the Web artist

Ahnais Maksopi-Liwaghe and his collaborators in Regina on the website "Speaking the Language of Spiders," which suggests that a regeneratated aboriginal culture radiates out in circles of alliance with nonaboriginals, all of an telling our stories to one another, keeping the plot going.

For this concern for other Canadians made itself feel multiculturally, too. As I spent time talking with and reading the work of a number of artists and thinkers from minority communities in our cities, I came to the conclusion that the remarkable diversity of cultures in this country does not act centrifugally, spinning us all away from a core Canadian community, but acts to make that core more complex, with more nuances, even perpetually unfinished, as though our real social history is always in the future, where it can still be shaped by each generation, each successive group of immigrants and migrants. Boundaries of identity overlap as new cultures arrive, forcing the rethinking of what is fixed and traditional and core. Immigrant culture, then, is not a negation of what has been laid down by earlier Canadians, but a kind of declaration of intention of how the country could evolve if it widened its sense of togetherness, or community, to include even those who, with different memories and myths and languages, may agree with or contradict our current sense of who we are. As Cameron Bailey, a film critic in Toronto, suggested, the "diversit" between his Blackness and the dominant white culture is not a bad thing. "It think it produces really interesting people," he said.

People like the novelist Larissa Lai, who is interested in how the world would look and how we would tell her stories if, as a woman of Asian origin, she imagined herself at the centre, not the margins, of collective Canadian concerns, so that in her art, being Asian has become inseparable from being Canadian. And Sherry Fowler, who works with native children in Edmonton's Bent Arrow Tradi- tional Healing Society, is convinced that anger and sorrow are not the point of children's engaged cultural pride, love is the point: "passing it on," stitching the children back into the weave of aboriginal relationships so that aboriginal and nonaboriginal Canadians do not stand apart from one another in mutual recrimination but recognize one another's dignity. In such a case, there is a world of healing, a redefining the art of the cultural distance between them broadened and deepened — what is meant by the communities we Canadians call "ours."

I had begun the project of looking into the "new" Canada with a mixture of trepidation and pessimism, not really believing that in postmodern world much could be left of the sense of a shared Canadian identity that I had enjoyed in my youth. But I was wrong. No matter how I turned my question, "Are you a Canadian?" (to an actor at the Edmonton Fringe Festival, or an autoworker in Windsor, Ont., or a sex researcher in Montreal, a lobster fisher in Nova Scotia, a member of Parliament in Toronto, a food bank director in Toronto, a CBC Radio producer in Win- nipeg, or a women's shelter volunteer in Vancouver), I was assured in much the same way, "We take care of one another. ""Money isn't our bottom line." "We are a compassionate society." And over and over again people cited publicly funded health care as evidence. This was unexpected. After all, the future of health care is everywhere debated, and I did not think that such contested policy could serve as a foundation for national identity. But there it was, one version or another of the statement, "I know I'm a Canadian, because I believe in the social commitment of public health care.”

I began to understand that by "publicly funded health care" my interviewees didn't mean so much mean the thing itself — the creature of policy and bureaucracy — but the idea, open ideal, of mutual responsi-

bility and connectedness. People want a language not just of economics but of what American social scientist Jeremy Rifkin calls "empathy." Erin Clarke, from her professional work within the information technology field, said almost wistfully that her generation has a "cultural hunger" for noxiousness, as though there were something unbearably shallow about the world of borderless communication and e-commerce. The global market gives us, yes, but what is the purpose of this growth? she asked.

A writer from my generation, Murray Dobbin, had referred in a speech to the necessary "revolution of the things we do together." And, wondered, thinking about my "next Canadians," if we had finally come to a point collectively where the satisfaction of purely private and selfish desires was a sentence to intolerable loneliness. I'm not sure how it happened, but in spite of the tumultuous changes of the last two decades in which a new generation has arrived among us who are true postmoderns (who are "at home," with the idea of a global culture and technology, who envision a Canada that is now the sum of its telecommunications links, not its railways), we nevertheless also have among us a new generation of rich Canadians — some of the "old Canadians" not so non-negotiable — the Canada of social bonds that are the achievement of generations.

So, in the spirit of newness, in the spirit of a 20-something person whose origins — I had assumed — struck no deeper than their parents' frayed bell-bottoms and returns of Jeans Street, came this cri de coeur from a much older memory of the Canadian self. Here was the sociable Canadian for whom the latest bells and whistles of the post- industrialised world were simply the means given him and his generation to reconsecrate, to shape, and to imagine, with all the chatthup and hopeful- ness of the young, a Canada that had been shaped by the virtues of personal and public responsibility.

Thinking again of George Grant, I see I need not have lamented the ruts for the next Canadians' "intention into the future" is sturdy and vigorous.

One can, in the old Canadian sense of society: we take care of one another.
On a huge checkerboard stage, a spirited young man and woman argue. She’s pretty and headstrong; he’s afflicted with a jealous Latin temperament. Both Zerlina and Masetto are partners of the local noble, Don Giovanni. A dark bloodstain on her dress reminds the audience that although it’s billed as a romantic comedy, Mozart’s Don Giovanni has its tragic moments.

Twenty years ago, the lead roles in a Canadian Opera Company (COC) production would most likely have been played by singers from Europe or the United States. Not as in recent years. In this 1999 production of Don Giovanni, the roles of Zerlina, Masetto and Don Ottavio were played by Kristina Stark, Alan, Coulombe and Michael Calvin respectively, all of whom are Canadian. Fine Canadian classical singers, however, are not a new development, says David Agler, a former music director of the Vancouver Opera. An American who has conducted major companies all over the world, Agler points out that “Canada has turned out way more than its share of not just good, but great singers.” One need only think of such famous names as Les Mindell, Jon Vickers, Marenna Forrester, Teresa Stratas and Edward Johnson, who was both a star tenor and longtime general manager of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City. There were other fine Canadian singers as well, but (and here is the difference) their names were well known in foreign lands, where most of their work was done, but unfortunately, not at home.

Today, Stark and Coulombe are among a growing number of young stars and potential stars who are drawing crowds and acclaim not just in the traditional opera capitals of the world but in cities across Canada.

And make no mistake, our opera singers are not underestimating their U.S. and European counterparts but are among the prima donnas — and prima dons — of the world. In fact, Canada is known in the music world as one of the great producers of opera singers. The lyric baritone Russell Banks continues to rack up accolades around the world, performing regularly at the Metropolitan Opera, the Lyric Opera of Chicago and major European houses. The mezzo-soprano

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**Taking on the Met**

Canada is recognized as one of the world’s great producers of opera singers. The secret lies in our outstanding system of training and support.

BY DIANE FORREST

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Ben Heppner (left)  
Isabel Bayrakdarian  
Richard Margison  
Outside the Metropolitain Opera House at  
New York’s Lincoln Center.
Kimberly Barber has triumphed in Zurich at the opera and Seattle in Toronto for the great Herodes von Stade at a recording session. James Wesman, another young baritone, was a finalist in the prestigious Cardiff Singer of the World competition in 1999. soprano Measha Briggensinger stunned audiences with her performance in Canadian composer James Rolfe's Beowulf Chants before she had even finished her undergraduate studies at the University of Toronto. Meanwhile, Bel Canto and Richard Magonson are among the greatest tenors in the world. Barber was born in 1980 and studied with the noted baritone Gualter de Sá in Spain, where she was actually filling in for her another local, Isabel Bayrakdarian, who was leaving to start rehearsals for her European debut as Emilia in Handel’s Flavio at the Badisches Staatstheater in Karlsruhe, Germany. You don’t even have to have Bayrakdarian sing to understand why the 26-year-old soprano is already in demand. There is this exuberant swing of her voice, the crescendos of laughter. Was this passionate about opera as a child? “Oh, hello, no, no, no, no,” she laughs, winding her long chestnut hair on top of her head. “I grew up in the Beavon Flavio in Lebanon, and the first thing that was bombed was the opera house.” Like her sister, Bayrakdarian gradually learned to play the piano. Her, but the family’s chief musical interest was the vocally challenging Armenian sacred music. It wasn’t until she arrived in Toronto, at the age of 15, that anyone suggested she audition at Bayrakdarian that it would be criminal for her not to at least attempt opera singing. After years of being ignored, she decided that she had better investigate her potential, and while studying biomedical engineering, completing a joint university-industry thesis and chairing a fundraising committee for her faculty, she enrolled with Janet MacPhail, a graduate of the University in an English opera and the Royal Academy of Music. She is widely recognized for her abilities as both a soloist and a singing teacher. Bayrakdarian also found a ticket to her first opera, a 1995 COC production of Ariadne auf Naxos, and discovered that “wanted to be up there, singing on that stage.”

To hear Bayrakdarian tell it, what followed was a career celebrated and totally unexpected. “We found ourselves being mentioned at all levels. To my surprise, I won all the way to New York.” Bayrakdarian had never sung with an orchestra before her appearance at the gala perfor- mance for competitive finalists at the Met. “I had never been on an operatic stage,” she laughs. “And I ended up winning.”

The main doubt that Bayrakdarian’s voice is backed by a strong work ethic and solid intelli-
Alain Coulombe & Krisztina Szabó
OCT 1973 IMPERIAL OIL OPERA THEATRE, TORONTO

If, on a busy day, you were to take a moment to look up from your busy day, you might notice a group of people standing in a circle, discussing something. This is exactly what happened when I saw a group of opera enthusiasts gathered in a small room. They were discussing the latest opera news, brainstorming ideas for future events, and planning the next season. It was a lively and energetic scene, and I couldn't help but feel inspired by their passion for opera.

As I walked out of the room, I couldn't help but think about the reasons why opera is such a popular art form. Perhaps it's the stunning music, the captivating stories, or the beautiful costumes and sets. Whatever it is, opera has a unique ability to transport us to another world, and for a few hours, we can escape from our daily lives.

In conclusion, opera is a beautiful art form that continues to thrive today. Whether you're a seasoned opera lover or a newcomer to the genre, there's something for everyone in opera. So why not take a moment to explore this wonderful art form and see what it has to offer?
In "One Joyous Winter," the writer Claude-Lyse Gagnon recalls a magical winter of her childhood in Quebec when a friendly Russian came to visit. The article was first run in the Imperial Oil Review in 1978.

One Joyous Winter

What comes to mind as I conjure up the winters of my childhood is the silence, a silence that was almost complete, except for the sound of the church bells, the tinkling bells of the elegant sleighs, called carioles, and the shouts of children playing in the schoolyard. And I remember how dustingly white everything was 40 years ago.

I was born in Oka, a little village beside Lac des Deux Montagnes, about 50 kilometres west of Montreal. With the arrival of the first snowstorms at the end of November or the beginning of December, the roads and highways were closed. You could only get around on foot or by sleigh. Cars stayed tucked away in their garages. To travel any distance you had to take the train. But there wasn't a station at Oka. The train only stopped at Comox, on the other side of the lake. When the lake was frozen, the mail and any visitors to our town were transported over the ice.

I think about those times occasionally. But the winter that comes to mind most often is the winter of 1939, when I was eight years old.

"Come on," you'll perhaps be tempted to say, "What can you recall of that time?"

Ah, but when you're eight years old, important events and people do make a deep impression. They stay in the back of your mind for the rest of your life. Then, too, there are smells, pictures, and songs that never cease to follow you.

That Christmas my father was expecting an important Russian astronaut to visit. During the past 10 years — because the climatic conditions of the two countries are similar — they had been corresponding with each other, discussing their research and various methods of cultivation. For you see, my father taught at the local agricultural college, five kilometres from Oka.
Everything had been prepared at our house to welcome the man-from-the-foreign-snows. In the small wine cellar, carefully put away, were the bottles of dearer father's favourite, Anjou rosee, for our guest should come and see the nearby lake that we skirted—a favourite winter pastime. I made a point of bringing out the red wooden schooner that my father had built so that he could take me along, huddled up in a blanket, when he went on his long Sunday treks. The big Russian understood right away when he saw me blush at the door. With a laugh, he handed me the jacket, and we headed for the lake. He bought me some chocolates at the candy store on the way, walked a long distance over the ice, then made a wide detour and returned home through the forest of fir trees. He told me that he had a little girl like me, a dog-like mine and a little boy. He often walked in his country, he said, beside a river called Oka, just like here. I was very proud. We are relaxed, I told myself.

This stranger from such a faraway land made a great hit with my friends. And what a funny coat he had, they said. When he went out for a stroll, he was never alone; a whole crowd of lively little rings would go skipping along behind him. When he left, we kept listening to a Russian song he had taught us called "Black Eyes."

On the morning of New Year's Day, when the carouse took all four of us to catch the train, he returned in the evening to come and celebrate New Year's at my grandparents', the little boys and girls who had so often touched the Russian's coat as if it were a talisman were there to see him off. He squeezed several little hands, kissed many nose cheeks and took me on his lap.

The goodbyes were said at Montreal. They were affectionate, as always happens when people have taken a liking to each other, they are brother, and everybody promised to meet again.

In my grandparents' house there were 40 of us at tables. And how we talked! As soon as the desserts had disappeared, the men sat around one side, the women on the other; there was a senseless intuition between us, a good heart and news and so on. The evening ended with dancing and singing for the grown-ups, while we children had our own party by the light of the oil lamp and pretended[sic] drinks. Most of the time we were sitting on the stairs. Eventually everybody fell asleep, happy and true. That night I had heard sinister words: we were still on the ice, crossing, fighting over. But when in one it was eight years old...

One celebration followed on the other. Now it was Twelfth Night at the house of my parents' friends. I had also borrowed a fairy costume from my mother's for one song and then another and another. But can one think of a more glorious winter than the one when tall Russian wearing a coat made his appearance on the scene?"
It really looks like some sort of a picture - like a picture of the earth," says Olafur Marel Eggertsson of L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland's northeasternmost settlement. Eggertsson recalls the sensation of seeing L'Anse aux Meadows from the water for the first time. "It was so much like a painting that we didn't believe it."

And so, when Eggertsson and his crew return to Newfoundland in 2000, they plan to take with them a picture of the Norse settlement. L'Anse aux Meadows is the only known Norse settlement in North America to be excavated and restored to its former glory.

"It's a unique place," Eggertsson says. "It's a place where we can see the past and learn from it."

L'Anse aux Meadows was built in the year 1000, and it's located on the north coast of Newfoundland, near the town of L'Anse aux Meadows. The settlement was abandoned after 1021, and it was not rediscovered until 1960.

Now, 1,000 years later, L'Anse aux Meadows is once again a vibrant community. The villagers are proud of their heritage, and they work hard to preserve it for future generations.

This year marks the 1,000th anniversary of the arrival of Leif Erikson at L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland, the site of a legendary Viking settlement.

Leif Erikson's expedition was part of a larger Viking expedition that sailed from the coast of Norway in 1000. The Vikings were searching for a new homeland, and they chose Newfoundland as a good place to stop.

Eggertsson believes that the Vikings were looking for a new place to settle, and they found it in Newfoundland. "It's a beautiful place," he says. "It's a place where we can learn from the past and create a better future."

And so, as Eggertsson and his crew return to L'Anse aux Meadows, they will bring with them a picture of the settlement. It's a picture of the past, and it's a picture of the future. A picture of the Vikings, and a picture of us.
meteors terrorizing the world. While it’s true Viking warriors did raid and terrorize much of coastal Europe, the Black Sea and Mediterranean, the fact remains that the majority of Norse were not warriors but livestock farmers.

There are many Hollywood-created myths surrounding the Vikings, says Dr. Birgitta Wallace, a retired Parks Canada archaeologist. For example, they did not send their dead off in burning ships to seek Valhalla — by AD 1000, most Vikings had converted to Christianity and were generally buried in consecrated ground. “And the horns on the helmets are a fabrication of 19th-century romantic fiction,” she adds.

The Vikings’ advanced technological understanding manifested itself not only in superior ships — their famous dragon boats were flexible enough to survive in rough seas — but in innovative tools. “When you look at their tools, you realize there was little difference between those used by, say, a Viking farmer or carpenter and their counterparts in Europe or North America just 150 years ago,” explains Wallace.

Just how advanced the Vikings were was made clear to Eggertsson during the 12 months he spent building the Islandinger, using as a model an AD 890 longship, which is now in the Viking Ship Museum in Oslo. “The Norse were really clever,” emphasizes Eggertsson. “They thought about amazing things, like enabling a ship to create air bubbles in front of it so it would sail more smoothly.”

Viking design allows the ship to ride waves like a surfboard, rather than sit in the water and push against them, which is why Vikings were able to travel as far and as fast as they did.

While Eggertsson had to make some compromises to the original design (adding sleeping quarters, two engines and communications devices before officials would let him leave Icelandic waters), he and his crew were still able to experience sailing as Leif Erikson and his shipmates did, encountering challenges Erikson might have and using their wits to overcome them. “We were stuck in ice for 10 hours because of black fog and an inaccurate weather forecast. It told us that the ice was about 35 nautical miles out, but the ice was actually about 60 nautical miles out. We were really lucky to get the ship out of the ice field in one piece.”

There were heavy currents, strong winds and that night, the fog. Everything was just as difficult as it could be for sailors.

While the Islandinger was equipped with modern navigational equipment, Eggertsson and his crew did at times use a kaisona, or sun-shadow board, the 1,000-year-old textual instrument on which the Vikings relied. A simple wooden disc with two wooden rings positioned on an arm, the instrument, Eggertsson explains, “tells you the height of the sun, and from that you can find, pretty well, your latitude.” Determining longitude, he says, would have been more difficult. “A precise way to measure longitude was not found until the late 1700s, when the Englishman John Harrison invented the marine chronometer.”

“At night, they had the stars and the moon, birds, currents, sea and winds,” says Eggertsson, explaining that Eriksson’s crew would have used these environmental elements to determine location and the optimal route. “The Norse were very clever at this,” he emphasizes.

Like all Icelanders, Eggertsson grew up hearing the old Viking sagas. “Every Icelandic child knows these, he explains. “We are proud of our history and of being Icelanders.”

It wasn’t until 1837, when the sagas were published in Latin, that scholars outside Scandinavia learned that Vikings had come to North America. A year later, when the stories were translated into English, curious Victorians embraced the mystery of the Vikings and where they had gone in the New World. “Everyone had a theory,” chuckles Wallace.

Fuelled by the speculation, people began looking for evidence. An old stone windmill in Rhode Island, for example, was thought by some to be a Viking tower — it had, in fact, been built in the 17th century by a governor of the state. There were other misinterpretations and even bores, but, nevertheless, the idea of a Viking expedition to what is now North America survived in the public imagination, and the search continued.

Like detectives reading a crime scene, explorers and archaeologists pored over the sagas, looking for clues to the whereabouts of Norse settlement on this continent. Wallace has studied 79 possible sites — only L’Anse aux Meadows could be authenticated, although other evidence of a Norse presence in North America has been uncovered. A coin found in Maine, for example, has been identified as a Norse penny from between AD 1065 and 1090. Also, there are some 300 objects dating from the late 13th century that were found at a site (the Thule predating the Inuit) on eastern Ellesmere Island. While authentic to themselves, however, these do not provide conclusive evidence that a settlement existed at the location — there may, for example, simply have been a shipwreck.

In 1970, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) named L’Anse aux Meadows the first World Heritage Site, a designation recognizing “the exceptional universal value of a cultural or natural site that deserves protection for the benefit of all humanity.”

Currently, there are 65 such sites, including the pyramids of Egypt, designated in 1979, and the Great Wall of China, designated in 1987.

Outside the visitor centre at L’Anse aux Meadows, there is a plaque that states: “The Norse travelled here around 1000 AD. The archaeological remains of their sod buildings are the earliest known European structures in North America. Their bloomery, or ironworks, is the site of the first known ironworking in the New World. The site itself is the base from where they launched expeditions, resulting in the first contact between aboriginal North Americans and Europeans. L’Anse aux Meadows ranks among the major archaeological properties of the world.”

Finishing the location of Viking settlements in North America meant much more than solving one of the earth’s mysteries; it represented the identification of the last link in the human encirclement of the planet. Scientists believe the human race originated in Africa between 150,000 and 350,000 years ago, some tribes travelled to eastern Asia, while others went west and north to Europe and Scandinavia. The descendants of the east Asian tribes are the indigenous people of North America; the Vikings'
arrival in Newfoundland represents the first time the two arms of the human race reunited.

According to Birgitta Wallace, L'Anse aux Meadows was inhabited for only a few years and was not meant to be a permanent colony but merely a convenient outpost from which Leif Eriksson could explore what was known, more than 500 years later, as the New World. Weather conditions dictated that the North Atlantic and Arctic Oceans were only open to Erikson for a few months each year. Having a western settlement gave him more chance for exploration. At summer, groups of Vikings would explore the region along the coast of Newfoundland, Labrador and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Each fall, they would return to L'Anse aux Meadows to wait out the winter in their tiny community, which included three deep-rooted halls (the largest of which could house 20 to 30 people as well as store provisions, three barns and a small house, which together probably quartered slaves and people of lower rank; and a smithy. All the dwellings were timber frame and sod-covered.

Wallace says the Vikings followed the classic immigration model. "People established bases, and looked for and made inventories of resources," she says. "The French did this too -- they were looking primarily for food and lumber." The Norse came in search of lumber, which they found in abundance. They also found wild grapes, which appealed to them so much that they named the area encompassing the coasts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and eastern Quebec, "Vinland." Wine, a luxury liquid that only the rich could afford, had to be imported from the Norse into Greenland, Iceland, and all of Scandinavia from the Rhineland and France.

According to the Viking sagas, Vinland was the last of three areas the Vikings came upon. The first was said to have been "Helluland" (Iceland) and the second "Markland" (central Labrador). As the story of Greenlanders, the third, Vinland, proved just right, with sweet-tasting, dew-covered grass, salmon bigger than the Norse had ever seen and a place where no winter fodder would be needed for livestock because there were no heavy frosts and the grasses stayed exposed (research suggests that areas of the northern hemisphere were at the time experiencing a warming period, which lasted several centuries and saw an increase in the tree line -- Ed). While explorers had been searching the coastline of North America from Rhode Island to the Arctic since the mid-1800s, looking for evidence of Viking settlement, it wasn't until 1960, when George Decker, a Newfoundland fisher, showed the Norwegian explorer Helge Ingstad the strange mounds on which local children played, that anyone realized these could be the remains of Leif Eriksson's camp.

Lloyd Decker chuckles as he recalls Ingstad's words when the explorer saw the mounds for the first time. "George, you make me so much more excited than they would be," he said to his father when he realized what they were. "This is Crown land," said Decker. "Does that mean you have any authority to stop people from coming here?" Ingstad asked at him and said, "It’s not long before you'll have authority."

"On the next day, Dad took a telegram. It was from Joey Smallwood, who was premier of Newfoundland then. 'Sir: Ingstad believes to be Vikings, don’t let anyone trespass.' This was Dad’s authority. Joey’s word was law."

Lloyd went to work for Ingstad in 1961, cutting and rolling up sod and cleaning off the top layers of dirt from the site. Also, he was working on the team with Anne Stine Ingstad, Helge’s archaeologist-wife, and Birgitta Wallace. Clayton Colbourne, a Parks Canada guide at L’Anse aux Meadows who played at the site as a child, says, "When Dr. Ingstad started digging here in 1961, nobody believed he was right about the site. I was 13 years old, and I can remember the cynicism. People thought he and his team were a bunch of nut jobs digging in the mud."

But with every diver of nonindigenous wood, evidence mounted and local cynicism was dispelled as one of the world’s great stories of discovery, adventure and reunification unfolded. Eventually, the archaeologists reconstructed the settlement, piecing together a picture of the life and culture of the Vikings in North America, someone to turn to if I really ran into trouble.

Predictably, perhaps, I needn’t have worried. For蒙古 and Gideon already knew that I was not very familiar with the operation of a computer than either Dog or 1, and what they didn’t know they discovered not by painstakingly looking it up in the manual but through experimenting. I had never dared to just try things out, fearing that I might distort all the software or inadvertently send my work off into oblivion. But being computer-geek kids, they had no such fears.

After only a few months at a computer at home I had come to understand the role it played in our children’s education. Mong, who is now in grade 7, had often talked about Knowledge Forum, a computer program she and her classmates had begun working with in grade 4. "I know that she had told me very earnestly that her class was using it to build "a data base on the giant Megahex panic cockroaches."

"How interesting," I said, wondering why 10-year-olds needed an extensive knowledge of this huge brown bug. (I later learned that, being slow-moving and large enough for small fingers to deal with, it made an excellent teaching vehicle for children.)

"Mong was just trying to explain that she and her classmates would write notes about their area of cockroach research and post them on the Knowledge Forum network. The children would read one another's notes, add information or ask a question. It had sounded worthwhile, but I can't really feel a fool for what they were doing.

The next year, Mong told me that since everyone in the class now had a computer at home with Internet access, they'd be using "KP" to do their homework. One Sunday evening, I decided to sit down with my daughter to find out exactly what this program that had so consumed her was all about. The area of study this time was Canada, for each child had chosen a subject related to it, researched it and written notes. This weekend the students were to look at the various notes, Mong had chosen the St. Lawrence Seaway, and when I joined her she was reading a comment from a classmate who was studying Canada's relations with the United States and was passing on information about the International Joint Commission and its work on border waters. From here ensued a lively discussion of Canada-U.S. relations, with several members of the class joining in. It was compelling. I was itching to get involved in the discussion, which only ended when Mong's teacher sent a note saying, "Go to bed."

I was impressed. Because children had to write out their thoughts, they refined them. Children shy to speak in class were heard. And the students not only learned about other people's work, but thought about it and connected it to their own. And so I began to see that, well, the computer could be a powerful educational tool.

It is appropriate, I think, that as we mark the coming of the new millennium this year to the Imperial Oil Review, we have begun to put the magazine on line (www.imperialoil.ca), making it available to everyone with Internet access.

Like many people, I much prefer to read a magazine sitting by the fire on a quiet evening or over breakfast on a Sunday morning than from a computer screen, but making the magazine available on line means that many more people will be at least able to read it. And schools, previously limited to one library copy, will have unlimited access in English and French. I hope this electronic edition of the Review will find its way to educational and professional learning tools -- Sam Landry

**A map shows the route followed by Guionarr Eriksson (above). A bracelet (below) was among the artifacts found at L'Anse aux Meadows.**

**According to the Viking sagas, Vinland was the last of three areas the Vikings came upon.**