Baroque Passion

An interest in baroque opera led Marshall Pynkoski and Jeannette Zingg to found Opera Atelier, which is gaining worldwide attention for giving new life to long-forgotten works.

BY D'ARCY JENISH

MARSHALL PYNKOSKI IS SITTING CROSS-LEGGED ON THE floor of the studio as the School of Atelier Ballet on the tenth floor of Toronto’s historic St. Lawrence Hall. He smiles joyfully as he watches two young dancers rehearse a demanding piece. Pynkoski’s wife and creative collaborator, Jeannette Zingg, who is seated a metre or two away, scrutinizes every step the dancers make, her long, nimble fingers working the control panel of a boom-box as she repeatedly stops the music to offer advice. In a few months, the dancers will perform the piece at the Art Gallery of Ontario as part of Dance Through Time, a weekly series of free performances sponsored in part by the Imperial Oil Foundation. “You look great,” Pynkoski says with evident enthusiasm. “Really, really charming.”

Nathaniel Kedlow remembers the exhilaration of preparing for a Dance Through Time performance. Two summers ago, he danced a demanding segment of Giselle as part of the program. “Dance Through Time is tremendous for young dancers,” says Kedlow, who is now an apprentice with the National Ballet of Canada. "Jeannette selects major roles for students to perform, which is excellent training and a wonderful experience. It's material that would only go to lead dancers in a professional company.”

The seven-year-old program, however, is just one...
Opera Atelier opened its current season with a production of Marc-Antoine Charpentier’s Médée, which was first presented at the Paris Opera in 1693.

The performance was...
While Opera Atelier and the School of Atelier Ballet are separate entities, they are very much dependent on each other.

of the 17th and 18th centuries. "Hearing baroque repertoire on period instruments overwhelmed us," says Pynkoski. "We were hearing music we'd never heard before, by composers we'd often never heard of. It was shocking, because we had strong music and theatre educations."

The beauty and complexity of the music left the couple wondering how people had danced to it during the baroque period. "We'd been involved in Mozart operas, for which choreographers would make up courtly dances," he says. "No one knew what the dances of the period were actually like, though. We started looking for answers."

Their research began at New York's Public Library for the Performing Arts and later took the pair to France (where Pynkoski and Zingg supported themselves by dancing at Paris's famous Moulin Rouge night club). They studied material held at the Bibliothèque Nationale and the archives of the Paris Opera.

To their astonishment, they found notebooks with diagrams showing overhead views of the flow of the dances, along with notations depicting the steps and gestures used. "These were books with instructions for reading the notations," Pynkoski says. "The symbols literally tell you whether you're in the air or on the ground, what your legs are doing and what your arms are doing."

Dance masters of the day used these manuals to teach the children of aristocratic families. Many of the same dances were incorporated into operas, then a popular form of entertainment.

Back in Toronto, Zingg and Pynkoski continued their research, consulting experts in the United States, Australia, Denmark and England, while continuing their work as professional dancers. Zingg worked as an instructor with the Children's Theatre Company and then began to give lessons in the church basement studio that she and Pynkoski were renting for their own work. These classes, which incorporated baroque dance, grew into the School of Atelier Ballet.

Zingg and Pynkoski's passion for baroque ballet and opera continued to grow. They began performing ballet excerpts from baroque opera at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, wearing costumes that were reproductions of those in the museum's textile collection. Initially, they danced by themselves in the galleries to recorded music while members of the audience stood. The performances became very popular, and soon the couple added live harpsichordists to the presentations, which were moved to the museum's lecture hall. In 1984, Atelier Ballet was officially born, and Pynkoski and Zingg prepared to mount full-scale productions.

Meanwhile, both the School of Atelier Ballet and the School of Atelier Ballet were separate entities, they are, explains Pynkoski, very much dependent on each other. "Many of the children trained at the school have gone on to become professional dancers, touring internationally with Opera Atelier," he points out, "and the Dance Through Time program features productions from both."
Focused on the Future

Tim Hearn, Imperial’s straightforward chief executive, counts the company’s financial strength, focus on long-term growth and talented employees among its greatest assets. For Imperial and for Canada, Hearn sees a future of promise.

BY RUSSELL FELTON

The Hearn is standing in line at the employee cafeteria at Imperial Oil’s head office in Toronto. Plastic tray in hand, the company’s chairman, president and chief executive officer waits his turn at the salad bar, casually exchanging greetings with employees from all areas of the organization. Some of them he has known for many years; others are of more recent acquaintance. The exchanges are warm and personal – a mutual laugh, information swapped, words of appreciation. Here, one thinks, is a man without airs, confident yet self-effacing, comfortable with people, a listener, not just a talker.

Later, sitting in his office on the 20th floor of the building, Hearn speaks about his role as Imperial’s most senior executive. “The person who occupies this office is only one part of the equation,” he says candidly. “What is really important, what has the biggest influence on the success of the company, are the thousands of people who manage, operate and administer the business every day. It is not the chief executive who invents processes to produce low-sulphur diesel. It was the engineers who were on the front line to wrest oil from Canada’s massive oil sand, or finds new technology to improve the plastics we produce from hydrocarbons.”

Imperial, Hearn points out, has been one of the most consistently successful corporations in Canadian history, both in terms of profitability and in its role as an industry leader. “Make no mistake, Imperial’s success has been due in large measure to the collective efforts of its employees,” he stresses, explaining that effective leadership depends on recognizing that a company like Imperial is a team, or rather a number of teams, working toward common goals. The role of the leadership team, he says, is to provide clear, consistent strategic direction and then to ensure that employees have the resources, work processes and capability to do their jobs well. “There are many, many talented people working in this company,” Hearn adds. “My job is to make sure those talents can flourish.”

Born in Regina in 1944, Hearn enjoyed a typical Canadian boyhood. Leisure time was spent playing sports – football, basketball and, especially, hockey. “If it was winter and we weren’t in school,” he reminisces, “chances were my friends and I could be found on an outdoor rink playing shinny, completely oblivious to the temperature.”

But sports contributed more than recreation to Hearn’s life. They taught him about the importance of perseverance, teamwork and fair play. “The lessons weren’t always easy,” he muses, recounting a winter day when he was about 10 and came home from a hockey game angry about bowing and complaining bitterly about the opposing team. “My father soon straightened me out, though,” he recalls. “I can hear his voice now, telling me that the other team had as much right to win as we did, that we needed to play harder and better, and that I had to accept the outcome with good grace and respect. He was right, of course.”

Hearn’s career with Imperial began in 1967, when he was hired as a trainee marketing representative and posted to Prince Albert, Sask. But this wasn’t his first job with the company. While a student at the University of Manitoba, where he earned a degree in science, he’d spent three summers working at Imperial’s Regina refinery, now long since closed. “I was very excited to be working for this company, if only as a summer student,” he reflects. “Don’t forget that as we just had to live and be in the same town at a time when Imperial’s discovery at Leduc [Alberta] was having a huge impact on the economy of Western Canada. When Imperial offered me a job after I graduated, I jumped at the chance to have a career with the company.”

Despite the long hours of work in Prince Albert, sports continued to play a role in Hearn’s life. Not long after he’d arrived there, he received a call from the coach of a local basketball team, who’d heard that he’d played at the university level. The coach explained that the team was playing an “informal, friendly game” the next evening and asked if Hearn would like to participate. “I was delighted to oblige,” he says. “Being relatively new to the area, and not many people and hadn’t had much opportunity to play. What the coach failed to mention was that the game was to be played against the team of the local penitentiary. When I saw our tough-looking opponents, it crossed my mind that it might be prudent not to try too hard to win,” he laughs.

The early careers of marketing employees at Imperial – which has networks of service stations and home-heating fuel agencies extending to virtually every Canadian community – can be nomadic, and Hearn’s was no exception. After five months in Prince Albert, he was transferred to North Battleford, Sask., where he was to meet his wife-to-be, Susan, who had moved to the city as a social worker. After 14 months in North Battleford, he was back in the Midwest again, this time to Winnipeg. It was the beginning of a career that would see him move 14 times.

Brian Julian, who recently retired from his position as a marketing executive with Imperial’s fuels marketing department, began his career at Imperial at about the same time as Hearn. As marketing representatives, Hearn, Julian and their colleagues worked with Esso retailers and rural agents selling heating fuels. “All of them were independent business people, and some could be pretty hard-nosed in their dealings with Imperial,” says Julian with a wry chuckle. “Most of us would grip a bit, but Tim kept telling us that if we just had to live and be in the same town we were all on the same side. Even though retailers, agents and their staff aren’t actually Imperial employees, to customers and the public at large, they don’t forget that I grew up in the West at a time when Imperial’s discovery at Leduc was having a huge impact on the economy of Western Canada.”
Being away from Canada enabled me to sharpen my understanding of this country. It intensified my belief that Canada and Canadians can compete very successfully in the wider world.

In early 2002, Hearn came home to become president of Imperial. Later in the year, after the retirement of his predecessor, Bob Peterson, he was also named the company’s chairman and chief executive officer. “It has been quite a journey,” says Hearn, acknowledging the contribution his wife, Susan, and their three children have made to his career in taking that journey with him. “It’s not easy on a family, moving around the country and the world. I’ve been blessed with a very supportive family, and I believe that their support has been a major part of the foundation for everything that has happened during my working life.”

It’s now nearly a year since Hearn became Imperial’s chief executive — long enough for his straightforward approach to be recognized. As one analyst commented, “He is very frank and open about Imperial’s prospects, and he is willing to put his views on issues affecting the oil industry on public record.”

Hearn, in fact, feels strongly that corporations have both a right and a responsibility to speak out on issues that affect public policy, not just in areas related to their business but in those that are important to the general well-being of the country. “Canadian business, especially major corporations like Imperial, have a tremendous amount of expertise,” he says, adding that it is vital that the perspectives of organizations that have a significant impact on Canada and its economy be taken into account. Hearn speaks of instances where Canadian business has made a significant contribution to the shaping of public policy with substantial national benefit. “The North American Free Trade Agreement is one example,” he points out. “Another is to shape my country’s energy and business advocates long before it was adopted as policy.”

When asked how he sees Imperial’s future unfolding, Hearn’s reply is typically straightforward. “When you look at this company’s record, it’s impressive,” he says. Earnings, share performance, returns on capital employed, total return to shareholders and financial indices have all been strong, he points out. The company has seen improvements in refinery utilization, service-station productivity and natural resource development. And its safety and environmental record are among the best in the Canadian petroleum business. “These achievements have resulted from sound strategies and their execution,” he notes, “and I see no need for a change in Imperial’s fundamental strategic approach, which is essentially to continue to get the most out of our existing assets, while investing heavily in long-term growth opportunities.”

And Imperial is very well positioned to take advantage of long-term growth opportunities in all areas. “Our focus on the long term has served Imperial and its shareholders very well,” says Hearn. “That company has contributed to Canadian growth for more than 120 years, and we expect to continue to do so for many more years to come. We see our future as one of promise.”

That being said, Hearn stresses the importance of recognizing that the future can be unpredictable. “Imperial has survived difficult times and flourished in good times because of its long-term focus and its ability to adapt, he adds.”

As the late-afternoon sun streams through his office window, Hearn makes it clear, however, that he is concerned not only with the future but also with guarding the legacy of the past. “Canada was only 13 years old when Imperial was founded,” he points out. “This company has not only witnessed Canadian history, it has actually been part of it. It is more than just a corporation. It is part of the Canadian fabric,” Hearn cites several examples to illustrate his point. Imperial helped bring light into Canadian homes. It devised the country’s first gas station and helped pave the roads that connect Canada from coast to coast. It played a major role in establishing Canadian aviation and pioneered the use of planes and aerial photography in surveying, a tremendous aid in mapping the North. In 1947, it discovered that all-important oil field near Lac de, Alberta, which put Canada on the international oil map. It has been an avowed sponsor of Canadian hockey for well over 60 years. And we’ve been a strong supporter of Canadian charities and non-profit groups for more than a century, contributing to education, sports, the arts, social programs and so on,” says Hearn. “It’s part of our heritage, a tradition that began way back in 1894, when Imperial made its first donation to a woman’s mission in Newfoundland.”

“There’s an element of pride that comes with being part of a company with such a rich heritage.”

I feel it, and I’m sure most of my fellow employees do too.
Travels in Space

Chris Hadfield has a pastime that few of us will ever be able to pursue—taking photographs of Canada from space

BY WYNNIE THOMAS

This article was prepared before the tragic loss of the space shuttle Columbia and its crew. Following the disaster, in which he lost seven friends, astronaut Chris Hadfield told Wynnie Thomas why he believes it is important to Canada and the rest of the world that manned space flight should be continued.

"Humankind will never stop exploring," he said, "whether here on Earth or beyond it. We have already learned a great deal about the universe, and about our own planet, from our first tentative steps in space. In the process, Canada has acquired much new expertise and built a new industry worth $1.87 billion a year that provides employment for 6,000 people.

"If we, as Canadians, choose not to continue our participation in space exploration, we shall not only jeopardize our leadership in such areas as robotics, but we shall be denying our children the chance to achieve their full potential, and the opportunity that 1 and other Canadian astronauts have had to participate in the exploration of the universe and, by so doing, to contribute to the advancement of life here on Earth.

"Exploration has never been a risk-free enterprise, but risk has always been part of the price that mankind has paid for progress."

"Taking pictures of Earth from space is an astronaut's greatest pastime, and, of course, everyone wants to take a snapshot of his or her hometown"

Chris Hadfield, the first Canadian astronaut to walk in space (above), shot Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. (left), from the International Space Station.
space station, travelling 10 times around the world.

During the course of these space voyages, Hadfield took hundreds of pictures, using a variety of specialized cameras. Many of the photographs documented technical aspects of the missions for future analysis or monitored the condition of the shuttle. In other photographs, Hadfield recorded what planet Earth — in particular, that portion we call Canada — looks like both from the spacecraft and from the space station itself.

IN AN UNUSUAL PARADOX, the first time I ever saw a photograph of Canada taken from space, I was deep in the southern hemisphere — on a cruise ship off Cape Horn, in fact. Among the guest lecturers aboard was a former NASA official who screened a selection of slides from various parts of the world taken during space shuttle flights. One of the slides was of Canada: a photograph of British Columbia’s Lower Fraser Valley taken from an altitude of more than 700 kilometres. Strikingly beautiful, it was the only shot of Canada that was offered that morning, but it got me wondering how many other pictures of this country taken from space exist.

My question was quickly answered by the Canadian Space Agency on my return to Canada. There were scores — photographs of cities, towns, rivers, mountains, valleys and other prominent geographical features. “The photograph you see,” said a Space Agency spokesperson, “was probably taken by Chris Hadfield. He’s very keen on documenting what this country looks like from space. He’s the person you should talk to.” And so, with the help of the agency, I tracked down Hadfield in Russia, at the Yuri Gagarin Cosmonaut Training Centre in Star City, a military complex roughly the size of Canada’s Force Base Moose Jaw, situated in hour-and-a-half’s drive east-northeast of the Kremlin. He has been at Star City since July 2001, serving as NASA’s lead representative there and completing his cosmonaut training, which qualifies him to fly in Russia’s Soyuz spacecraft. At -3 C, it was a cold morning in eastern Ontario at 12 C. It was a cold evening in Star City.

“It’s true,” admits Hadfield. “I do have a thing about making sure we have as wide and representative a selection of space shots of Canada as possible. Taking pictures of Earth from space is an astronaut’s greatest pastime, and, of course, everyone wants to take a snapshot of his or her hometown. Even so, I’ve taken a ribbing from my fellow astronauts over my enthusiasm for taking pictures of Sammy [Ontario], where I was born.” (Sammy’s mayor, Mike Bradley, has twice used photographs of the city taken from space by Hadfield to grace his Christmas cards.) It’s fascinating to spot and capture familiar features from space, says the astronaut. For example, he tells me, he has been able to identify the overgrown sections of the old plank road built in the late 1850s to transport coal from Collingwood to Toronto, and a railway in nearby Snider. “From space,” says Hadfield, “they stand out quite clearly.”

IF YOU PLAN TO TAKE A PICTURE OF VANCOUVER, you have to start getting your camera ready over Australia. WE CAN THANK THE COUNTRY’S LATITUDINAL POSITION ON THE GLOBE for the fact that when a space shuttle is on a mission to the International Space Station, it passes over most of the more heavily populated areas of Canada in an easterly direction, typically crossing the coast over Vancouver, reaching a maximum latitude of 51.6 degrees north between Calgary and Edmonton (from where you can see as far as the Great Lakes and James Bay), then tracking north of Toronto, south of Montreal and across the Atlantic provinces. At a ground speed of eight kilometres a second, the coast-to-coast crossing of Canada takes 10 minutes, a fact that even a space veteran like Hadfield still finds astonishing.

“I can recall the first time I crossed Canada,” he muses. “I was moving from Royal Roads Military College in Victoria to the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, Ont. My transportation was a 1962 Volkswagen, and the trip took maybe 10 days. Years later, as a pilot in the Canadian Forces, I flew a CF-18 — Canada’s standard fighter aircraft — coast-to-coast at an altitude of about 60 metres. Allowing for refuelling stops, that took 10 hours. In space, the same trip takes 10 minutes. You can’t ignore the parallel.” To me, it stands as a metaphor for progress.

One of the lessons that a rookie astronaut learns is that taking pictures from space is far from being a snap. In the first place, Hadfield explains, there are all the problems that weightlessness entails. Then there is the speed at which the spacecraft is travelling, which means that the particular target you have in mind is only in your viewfinder for the briefest of intervals.

“What it boils down to,” says Hadfield, “is that you have to make your preparations for a particular photograph well in advance. If you plan to take a picture of Vancouver, for example, you have to start getting your camera ready over Australia. When you have your camera set up, you position yourself at a window, maneuver your feet into footholds, which are there to give you some stability, and, usually, wipe someone else’s fingerprints off the window. The constantly changing angle of the sun makes it extremely difficult to get the lighting right. And the speed of the spacecraft means that you have to pan the camera or you end up with a blue. But when you get your occasional great picture, you realize it’s worth all the trouble.”

The range of cameras carried by a spacecraft to photograph Earth and the particulars of space would make any professional photographer salivate. When Hadfield went to the International Space Station for Endeavour, for example, he had a wide range of cameras at his disposal, including the type of 35-millimetre camera familiar to amateur photographers, 70-millimetre Hasselblad, a variety of video and digital cameras and an IMAX 3-D, along with a varied selection of lenses.

“Canada is almost always sparkingly clear, with not too much cloud cover, which makes for beautiful photography.”
in space exploration and in giving them an idea of what their country looks like from space," says Hadfield. "Alas, of course, space photography allows us to see Earth from a unique perspective and to observe significant changes in the environment. And it allows us to track the effects of severe environmental disruptions — for example, the profound effect on the earth's atmosphere that resulted from the eruption of Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines is clearly visible in space photographs."

As a subject for space photography, says Hadfield, Canada is a dream. "Europe is very difficult to photograph," he tells me. "The pollution that covers much of Western Europe means that everything looks a little grey. Canada, on the other hand, is almost always sparklingly clear, with not too much cloud cover, which makes for beautiful photography."

Hadfield feels particularly fortunate, because he was able to see two different Canadas. "When I went into space in November 1995, it was a black-and-white country," he explains. "Coming across the Prairies, I could see cities, towns and highways distinctly etched into a snow-covered landscape — strikingly beautiful in its way, but essentially void of colour. But on my second flight, in the spring of 2001, Canada presented a much more colourful picture. You could see cars just bursting into flower, and lots of places were turning a lush green."

However, adds Hadfield, even the perfect photograph can't come close to portraying the magnificence of space. "And even the view you get from inside a spacecraft can't compare with the experience of being outside, literally floating alone in space."

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The only analogy I can offer is that of being in a small room, where one's view of the world is confined to what can be seen through a tiny window, and then, for the first time, going into the outside world and seeing everything with an unimpeded view.

"On my second spacewalk, I was outside the space station helping assemble Canadarm2, when mission control in Houston asked me to stand by for some minutes while a minor problem was resolved. I was delighted to oblige. I released my grip on everything except the fabric handhold on the space station and turned to face the direction in which we were travelling. The best camera in the world couldn't capture the scene. I can only describe it — inadequately — as being stupefyingly beautiful."

At the relatively young age of 45, Hadfield's list of accomplishments is long. After graduating from the Royal Military College, where he earned a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering, he went on to do research work at Ontario's University of Waterloo, designing and testing low-pressure fuel pumps for aircraft fuel tanks, and later took a master's degree in aviation systems at the University of Tennessee. He was the top pilot in basic flying training and the top graduate in basic jet training. He was also the first CF-18 pilot to intercept a Soviet Bear bomber off the coast of Newfoundland. In 1988, Hadfield graduated as the top pilot from the U.S. Air Force Test Pilot School and three years later was named the U.S. Navy's Test Pilot of the Year.

So what is left for a man who has already flown twice in space and who has collected a handful of international awards for his contributions to aviation? That's an easy question. Chris Hadfield is itching to get back into space on a long-term basis. "Very soon," he says, "we're going to have a Canadian living on the International Space Station. Well, I would be delighted to make SPACE my postal code for a while. I would love to be there so that I could get to know the world — really get to know it — from the perspective of space."

"When I visited the space station for a short time on Endeavour, I was fascinated by the mental transition that the permanent crew had made — they had come to regard Earth as a separate and distant entity, so that instead of seeing something like, 'Houston wants us to do this or that,' they'd say, 'Earth wants us to do this.' This is the kind of mental adjustment — a transition to living in space — we are going to need before we go to Mars."

And Hadfield seems to have little doubt that there will be manned flights to Mars — and perhaps, in a distant future, permanent settlement there on other planets. He draws an interesting historical parallel. "When the early navigators first developed the confidence to sail out of sight of land and visit the then unexplored areas of the globe, there was no idea of settlement. That came later as people began to realize the opportunities that existed for trade and, yes, for the collective betterment of mankind. Today, we find ourselves on a similar cusp. We are learning to do safely in space many of the same things that those early earthbound explorers did centuries ago. It's an important first step and an opportunity for all countries of the world to learn from space and to understand our planet better."

And Canada, Hadfield believes, has a key contribution to make: "I honestly feel — this is not propaganda — that Canada has done it just right. We can't be the leader, but we have an essential part to play in the exploration of the universe. We are unequalled in the field of space robotics. It's a niche role, if you like, but one that has won us an incredible international reputation. We were only the third nation in the world to launch a satellite. And Canadarm represents an incredible technological achievement. I'm convinced that Canada has a huge future in space."

"I am privileged," he reflects, "to be involved in such a confluence of history."
A Purpose
Beyond Profit

What makes a business enterprise a "good corporate citizen"? I have been reflecting on this question since reading a comment in a newspaper book review recently. "The sole and express purpose of a corporation is to make money," wrote the reviewer, as if this were a statement of fact. While I suppose this might be a commonly held view of corporations in some circles, it is one with which I cannot completely agree.

Certainly, a fundamental objective of any business enterprise is to operate profitably. Corporations have a fiduciary responsibility to provide their shareholders with a return on their investment. The foundation of good corporate citizenship is doing our job well and profitably. It is, in fact, a necessary condition if a corporation is to fulfill society's expectations of it. And a corporation that ignores the many and varied expectations of society does so at its peril - a company that loses the confidence of any of its "publics" will likely not remain successful very long in today's highly competitive global marketplace.

While corporate profits are sometimes the subject of scorn, the fact is that they are of great benefit to society. They are essential to shareholders, which include the numerous pension funds that represent the many thousands of Canadian workers whose financial future is dependent on corporate performance. Profitable corporations create jobs, hire people and generate more jobs. They also make possible the advancement of technologies that enable resources to be developed and products to be manufactured, improved and distributed - in short, they fuel progress. Profitable corporations also spur the growth of auxiliary and supporting industries, which in turn lead to increased prosperity and rising standards of living across the breadth of society. Without a profitable oil and gas industry, for example, Canada would not be the net exporter of energy it is today, or indeed, the prosperous and vital country it has become. Net energy exports in 2002 totalled about $37 billion, or more than half of Canada's merchandise trade surplus.

And, of course, the greater the corporate profit, the greater the amount paid to governments in the form of taxes by both the company itself and its employees. Taxes feed the hopper of social programs. The funds that support education, welfare programs, health care and other essential social services are distributed by governments, and while this wealth can be distributed, it must first be created. And in our free-enterprise system, which was proven to be the best system for raising standards of living, wealth is largely created by companies - thousands upon thousands of companies, big and small, competing in free and open markets.

Corporations generate profits by providing products and services that people need and want. Imperial Oil, for example, supplies hydrocarbon fuels that generate the heat, light and motive power that

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However, we know that we cannot ever become satisfied or, worse, complacent in these vital areas. In case there should ever be a serious incident, we maintain an emergency response capability that is second to none and includes close cooperation with local communities and authorities.

I am also proud of our track record in taking action when products or services are shown to be harmful. Over the years, whenever any of the thousands of compounds that make up hydrocarbon fuels have been demonstrated to be harmful to the environment—such as lead-based additives and benzene—we have acted promptly to remove them. And currently, some $575 million is being invested in our four refineries to reduce the sulphur content of our gasolines, a necessary step if the new generation of automobile pollution-control technologies is to work effectively in removing smog-causing pollutants.

Caring for the environment is an area where we all need to work together, and there are a number of initiatives in which members of the Canadian petroleum industry are clearly doing that. For example, by providing government and automobile manufacturers, industry members have worked together to reduce the volatility of gasoline sold during summer months, thereby helping to prevent smog formation.

We have consistently improved energy consumption in our own operations. Imperial refineries today are among the most reasonably efficient than they were 30 years ago, and they continue to improve their efficiency at a rate of one percent a year. In our natural resource operations, we lead the industry in capturing natural gas associated with oil production, which would otherwise burn or vent into the air, with a recovery rate of better than 97 percent. Corporations cannot love by such efforts; energy conservation is good for the environment and it's good for the bottom line. It is also incumbent on an energy company to encourage the wise and efficient use of its products. At Imperial, among other initiatives, we support an anti-idling campaign and the Car Heaven program, which works to get older, higher-emission cars off the road. We also participate in the Canadian Transportation Fuel Cell Alliance, and in a worldwide research program focused on the development of new fuel and engine technologies—such as fuel cell powered vehicles—that have the potential to reduce fuel consumption by orders of magnitude in the future.

Ensuring that employees have the training and experience they require to do their jobs well is a critical aspect of a corporation's social responsibility. Obviously a well-trained, motivated workforce benefits business, but it also benefits society in that we, as a nation, are better able to compete in the global marketplace. It is essential to provide people with challenge — challenge is the key to unlocking a person's full potential.

Another fundamental duty of all corporations is that of conducting their affairs to the highest standards of ethics and integrity, which includes reporting financial and business results both honestly and transparently. In a recent Imperial Oil Review article, I wrote about this company's long record of ethical conduct and our determination to continue to meet the highest standards of integrity in all areas of our business. Society must be able to trust in the integrity not just of individual companies but of the system as a whole. Without trust, corporations cannot succeed — and society cannot reap the benefits that flow from that trust.

When people think of corporate social responsibility, the first thing that often comes to mind is support for community groups. And for good reason. Corporate contributions play a key role in funding the multitude of non-profit organizations that provide needed services and enrich society. This is not simply a responsibility; it is a privilege. We exercise this privilege through the Imperial Oil Foundation — in recent times, to the tune of some $6.7 million a year. We focus our charitable donations on programs and organizations devoted to Canada's youth, especially in educational areas, paying particular attention to the communities where we operate. In my view, helping to ensure that young Canadians are equipped and prepared to compete with the best in the world is priority.

Non-profit groups need more than funding; they also need physical help. As a result, we work to encourage volunteers among all our people — employees, retirees and Exxon sales associates — by providing grants to the groups with which they are involved.

Corporations also have a responsibility to contribute to the wellbeing of society by sharing their knowledge and by providing advice and counsel to governments in the formulation of public policy in areas where they have legitimate expertise and experience. This is particularly important when it comes to formulating fiscal and trade-related roles for an industry as complex and as important as ours. With virtually every region of the world competing for the vast amounts of investment capital needed to develop natural resources, it is essential that Canada maintain, and be seen to maintain, a business climate that is hospitable and attractive to both domestic and international investors. As a company with deep roots in Canada and many years of experience in natural resource development, Imperial has a great deal to contribute in this area and a responsibility to do so.

A good corporate citizen, like any good citizen, cannot disregard its responsibilities to society and the environment. A corporation's 'licence to operate,' to use a currently fashionable term, depends on its meeting responsibilities and expectations that go beyond its duty to its shareholders.

At Imperial, how we achieve results is as important as the results themselves. Good corporate citizenship is a cornerstone of our culture, and it has been for more than a century. We have served our shareholders well by remaining profitable throughout our long history, while at the same time keeping faith with Canada by contributing to society in many and varied ways — by fulfilling our many purposes. Tim Ham is chairman, president and chief executive officer of Imperial Oil.
Willy Laserich
Northern pilot

SETTNG BEHIND THE CONTROLS OF HIS KING AIR, Willy Laserich turned to look into the took of his plane. On a stretcher lay a woman with a knife protruding from her chest that couldn't be removed until after she arrived at the hospital. laserich had flown to the hospital for fear she would bleed to death. On another stretcher, a woman moaned with pains from a swollen appendix. Beside her man with a severe eye injury set the medical evacuation (or "medevac") to set his isolated patient, carrying a baby who wheezed with bronchial pneumonia. Laserich grinned. This is a nightmare, he thought. I'm 30 minutes away and I'm in the wrong plane. The snow had reduced visibility to 45 metres. "We did the checklist twice," he told his son Rena, who was his co-pilot that day. "Nothing goes wrong that we can have prevented, sir."

It was February 25, 1989, and Laserich was taking of from the airstrip in Prince Roy, N.W.T. (now called Tatchljek) and part of Nunavut. He knew that the lives of the first patients depended on his flying skills. He revved the engines and headed blindly into the elements, struggling to follow the only reference point he could see - the glaciers left on the runway by the snow plow. Moments later, the plane broke through the storms into sunlight.

"It was a risk, but a calculated one," is how the veteran pilot now sums up his most horrific medevac. Having landed in Prince Roy earlier that morning, he knew that 30 metres above the ground, the sky was clear, although there were still strong winds. Getting off the ground in the whitestick was tricky, but Laserich was highly experienced and knew the airstrip well. "There is bad weather, and there is dangerous weather," he says, "and in the North, it's critical that you know the difference between the two. The conditions that day were bad, had they been dangerous, he would not have flown.

Over the past 47 years, Laserich has made the equivalent of 800 trips around the world with a perfect safety record. Based in Cambridge Bay, N.W.T., 285 kilometres above the Arctic Circle, he has record stranded hunters, injured trappers and downed pilots. His rugged workhorses have hauled cargo, water, meat and supplies to Nunavut, and transported hunting parties with sleds and dog teams that hauled behind the pilot's seat. Flying in some of the planet's harshest conditions, his engines have tooled up and shut down in mid-air, once forcing him to control a plunge from 2,000 metres and glide to a landing on a frozen river. He has had his plane out of side-impact 10 times and survived winter nights after emergency landings left him stranded on the tundra.

Laserich has flown nearly 5,000 medevac flights - sometimes as many as 35 in a single month. Even today, many remote Arctic communities have only a flying station, and seriously ill or injured patients must be evacuated to a hospital that may be thousands of kilometres away.

Often when no one else would take to the air, Laserich has many tales to tell. He recalls the time he flew a man whose arm had been ripped off in an accident to a hospital in Edmonton. While the local doctor clamped off arteries and veins to prevent the patient from bleeding to death, Laserich reached his plane. The severed arm was packed in a suitcase full of ice and travelled alongside the patient.

And then there was New Year's Eve 1971, when Laserich flew 10 hours straight to rescue a woman with a detached retina - glaucoma had already taken the sight of her other eye - to Edmonton so that the surgery required to save the eye could be performed within the requisite 24 hours. On a happier note, the high-flying stock has caught up with Laserich six times while he was airlifting pregnant mothers to hospital. All the babies survived. "Everyone knows that if there is a way to get in," says Catherine Gall, a nurse who worked with Laserich for six years, "Willy will find it."

To many northern pilots today, Laserich was a childhood hero. "We'd hang out at the float plane base and hope he'd take us up for a flight," says Joe "Buffalo" McBryan of Buffalo Airways. "Riding in Willy's Moment was the equivalent of getting a box seat at a hockey game - he was our Wayne Gretzky."

Laserich was born in Germany in 1932. When he was 19, he set off for Canada alone. The following year found him working as a freighter engineer on Great Slave Lake, N.W.T. When the Lake froze, he worked as an airspace mechanic. In 1957, Laserich got his pilot's licence in Edmonton, where he met British-born Margaret Rowe, whom he married the following year. The day after the wedding, the couple drove to Hay River, Alta., where Margaret's introduction to the North was a home with an outhouse and no running water.

Willy and Margaret were to have three children. They grew up in float planes, picked berries with hunt elders, and learned to hunt and fish. In the 1960s, Laserich was flying sick and injured people to hospital, but it wasn't until the early 1980s that he began making dedicated medevac flights, with a nurse accompanying him. Tall and sturdy built, Laserich is independent, outspoken and stubborn. These traits have served him well behind the controls of his planes, but he has sometimes found him in trouble with bureaucracy. Throughout the 1970s, he repeatedly applied for a licence to add Cambridge Bay to the roster of communities from which he could operate his business. Again and again, his application was denied. Laserich explains that not having the licence didn't affect his ability to fly into or out of Cambridge Bay. He simply couldn't base any operations there.

However, authorities deemed that he was operating from Cambridge Bay in 1972. Laserich was slapped with 265 citations for contravening regulations. One, for example, pertained to a trip he made from Cambridge Bay to take antifreeze (necessary to prevent freezing pipes from freezing) to a remote community. "People were in danger of freezing to death," he explains. He faced the possibility of more than $1 million in fines and a year in jail.

That fall, Laserich's two small companies, Altair

Often flying when no one else would take to the air, Laserich has many tales to tell. Lening and Altair Airvists were convicted on 118 of the citations but fined a total of only $5,200. Some of the remaining charges were dropped, while Laserich himself was convicted on a number of them. The judge, however, fined him a total $3,250. In announcing his verdict at 5 p.m. on January 19, 1992, Judge Frank Smith said, "He's the only one of his bush pilots of old. He is supplying a service that he is uniquely qualified to perform..." When Laserich went to settle his time, he learned it had already been used. Ironically, he received his licence to operate from Cambridge Bay the year before.

In the Altair Aviation hangar in Cambridge Bay, Laserich sits on a navy blue flight suit, heavy white Arctic boots and his trademark orange N.W.T. he was Rena, who is also a pilot with Altair, is readying the plane for a medical evacuation. As Laserich sits in his seat, he decides to test it for a seat, which can fly high enough to avoid most of the aircraft's dangerous weather and calm flight times in half.

As Laserich prepares to return to Cambridge Bay after the medevac, the radio crackles - a woman in Holman, Nunavut, has a man who needs to get to a hospital. "Give us what you call tonight," says Rena. The pilot arrives a few minutes later.

The plane is in question is Laserich's newest, a Learjet, equipped with the latest medical equipment. After a dozen or so calls in prop planes, he decided to test it for a seat, which can fly high enough to avoid most of the aircraft's dangerous weather and calm flight times in half.
Islands in the Gulf

Remote and windswept stocks of land in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands are a wonderful blend of rural simplicity and worldly sophistication.

By Margo Peierl

I

ISLANDS’ GREAT-GRANDPARENT

Alexander Clark was a boy growing up in England who dreamt of being a sailor. One day, he decided to sail to America to see for himself the land of his ancestors. Upon arrival, he was immediately struck by the beauty and diversity of the islands. The islands were unlike anything he had seen before, and he knew he had to find a way to make a living on them.

Clark’s story is one of many that are prominent in the settlement history of these islands. In fact, Clark’s wife’s grandfather, Robert Best, also found his way to the islands after his ship foundered – he floated ashore on a ladder. Clark himself grew up on the Magdalen Islands in a house built from a ship that sank in the 1850s. “I remember as a boy being able to see through holes in the planks where wooden pegs had once fastened the ship’s timbers,” he says. “And there was a mysterious stone in the attic, done up like an octagon’s cabin, with a big window.”

Heeding the advice of his grandmother’s oldest male, he would row a small skiff, and spend his days gathering dunes where shifting sands were washed by the bulks of scattered ships. The life of a sailor was full of danger, but Clark managed to make a living. He earned his keep by sailing, and eventually, he bought his own ship, the Arrow, which he sailed to the islands.

The Arrow was a small schooner, about 300 tons, and it was well suited for the fast and sometimes dangerous trips between the islands and the mainland. Clark’s crew consisted of himself, his wife, and several other islanders who had joined him on his voyage.

Clark’s interest is not confined to the more recent settlement of the islands. He was part of the small group of islanders who, in the 18th century, sailed out to the islands and settled there. Clark, along with the other islanders, had to be self-sufficient, and they relied on the resources around them to survive.

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A lighthouse on Ile du Hameau-Isbert helps keep Magdalen Island ships safe.

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A lighthouse on Ile du Hameau-Isbert helps keep Magdalen Island ships safe.
that would otherwise be lost in the surf. On the cof-
table of his cow house in the hamlet of Old Harry, he
sets down a small briefcase that opens into a
backgammon board. But instead of playing pieces,
it is stuffed with charts, arrowheads, stone axes and
horn tools—all carefully identified and in plastic
bags.
A while later, downtown in the family room, he
struggles to lift a walrus skull complete with tusks
onto a cluttered bar. "Hundreds of thousands of wal-
ruses were killed over the generations," Clark says.
"Records show that there were none left on the
islands in 1799." He holds out a handful of
basket balls he retrieved from the sand at nearby Sea
cow Path, where the creatures were slaughtered for
their tusks, hides and oil. "There is still too much to learn," he
says. For Clark, it seems, eternity would not be
enough time to finish exploring this magical sandbox.
And magical these islands are, as only remote,
window-swept specks of land can be, settling with log
tales of romance and adventure. The pace is leisurely
and the face of characters colourful, an eclectic col-
clection of weathered fishermen and seal hunters, artists
and well-heeled refugees from the urban rat race.

The Magdalenians are a 65-kilometre-long
croissant-shaped archipelago fringed with
100 kilometres of wide, wild
beaches. Officially part of Quebec,
they have long been a summer art
area for mainland Quebecers.
When the tourists, who trip the
population in summer, thin after
Labour Day, departing on the ferry to
Prince Edward Island five hours away,
"the Maggies" are reckoned by a year-
tourist population of 13,000, of whom 95 pe-
cent are French-speaking.

The true charms of the Magdalen
islands is to be found in its
hamlets like Bassin, a svelte community
of manse-roofed homes, and La Grave, a single street
lined with shingled galleries and a theatre. At L'Etang-du-Nord, a cluster of chopboard shops in-
cludes the Café la Cité, where the house specialty
salt cod pie, is served on a deck overlooking the
Duke of Connaught, which was shipwrecked only
15 years ago. Its angular hull has rusted to the same
red in the cliffs, and looks like it is the work of one
of the island's contemporary metal sculptors.

Driving down rural roads that run past farms,
masses crowd with waving hours and the seem-
ingly endless beaches, one senses the tranquil soul
of the islands. In spring, daisies and buttercups lay siege
to lily fields. In autumn, the battery rays of sun fire
up the craggy cliffs, rock stacks and six square
lighthouses, and add voltage to the electric colours
of the gabled homes, painted mauve or candy pink,
orange or turquoise, with, perhaps, lime green or
purple trim. Now considered "landscape art," the vivid
hues were originally an Acadian tradition, developed to
transform houses into beacons for fishermen return-
ing from sea.

Old-fashioned values prevail. Churches are well
attended on Sundays, doors are never locked, and keys
are left in car ignitions. "It's like the rest of Canada
was in the 1950s," says Brigitte Michaud, who recently
moved from Montreal to run the Magdalenians' tourism
bureau. But in many ways the outward rural appear-
ances are deceptive—these islands are not backward.
Homes are well stocked with the latest electronics,
new— or relatively new— cars are parked in almost
every garage, and residents are affluent enough to
make trips overseas and winter pilgrimages to the sun.
The Magdalenians are in so many ways a wonderful blend
of rustic charm and worldly sophistication.

"We have wild fish pie, fresh duck eggs and snow
clams," says Dominique Giguere, who runs a seaside inn
with his physician wife. Over breakfast of smoked
drissel with thick cream and home-made strawberry
jam, he continues to list local gourmet fav-
ors. "There is lobster, mackerel and halibut.
And mussels and scallops are cultivated."

The birching smokehouse is legendary,
and the Paul-de-Vent cheese is sought
gross across the province. "Every spring we have a food
festival," he adds. What is remarkable is the way
in which the island products are woven into the menus of eateries. At
Pointe-au-Père, for example, one can
have roasted seal liver with pommes de pot, a
local cranberry.

COMMITTED IN 1956, ROUTE 199 GOES TOGETHER THE
six main inhabited islands. Before its construction,
recreation had to row from island to island or wait for
low tide, when they could wade from one to the
other. Despite their being linked today, however,
each island seems to have its own identity. People on
Île du Havre-Aubert, for example, roll their r's, while
those from Île du Havre-aux-Maisons are recogniz-
able because of the complete absence of that letter in
their speech. "The story goes that 18th-century resi-
dents of the island hated French royalty," says Father
Frédéric Landry, a local priest and historian who was
born on the islands, "and vowed never to use the
tletter r, the first letters of the French word for king."

Driving eastward off Île du Cap-aux-Meules, I cross
a short bridge to Île du Havre-aux-Maisons and then
sweep onto Dame du Nord, a long thread of sand lead-
ing to Grosse Île, where kayakers paddle the calm
waters of the lagoon on my right. On my left, steadily

Above: artist Louis Bernier. Right, clockwise from top left: Elephant Rock and a waterfront sculpture, both on Île du Cap-aux-Meules; a typical house on Île du Havre-aux-Maisons.
winds much milder than the heavy winds one often finds along the southern coast. The island is also home to many species of birds, including the endangered snowy egret.

In addition to its natural beauty, Ile du Grand-Étang offers a variety of activities for visitors. You can rent a sailboat and explore the island's many coves and inlets, or take a guided tour to see the wildlife up close. The island is also home to a number of small restaurants and cafes, where you can enjoy fresh seafood and local cuisine.

The island is accessible by ferry from the mainland, and there are several hiking trails that allow visitors to explore the island's interior. Whether you're a nature lover or just looking for a relaxing getaway, Ile du Grand-Étang is the perfect destination.

Above: Willie Label. Right, clockwise from top left: historic Le Grave; an Ile du Havre-Aubert restaurant menu; a colourful house on Ile du Cap aux Meules.
City and make the Magdalen their home. "For us living here is like heaven," confides the former mayor.

"A dream come true."

Providing sanctuary from the stresses of the outside world is not a new role for the Magdalen. They have been a refuge not only for English castaways but also for French Acadians expelled from Nova Scotia by the British in 1755. "They landed right here," says Father Landry, fishermen's cap on his head as we stroll La Grave's pebble beach, "and the surnames of the 22 pioneer families still populate the island's telephone book."

The Acadian flag - red, white and blue with a gold star - adorns houses, cars and boots throughout the islands. The community of La Grave is on Île du Havre-Aubert, which is renowned as a hotbed of the arts. Except for the modern Musée de la Mer, the maritime museum founded by Father Landry, La Grave's buildings, which are arranged along a single main road leading to the fishing dock, date from the 19th and early 20th centuries. One of the buildings, a theatre named Au Vieil Treuil, attracts performers from as far afield as France. Others have become galleries and studios that feature the work of local oil painters, jewellers and sculptors. Among the galleries is Les Artisans du Sable, run by Albert Cummins. He and a group of four artists developed a process to mix epoxy with the island's most abundant commodity - sand - to produce a rocklike substance that is used to create a wide variety of items, including bowls, plates, vases and sculptures.

It's late September, and with the departure of summer tourists, the restaurants and cafés across the islands have been closing their doors for winter. Locals now fill the few that remain open. One of these is Café de La Grave. Once a general store, the café's shelves are now stocked with magazines, the walls adorned with Louis Bernier's watercolours, and it is furnished with mismatched chairs and tables. I order the island specialty, pot-au-feu, a fish and seafood stew in a fiddly crust. As the wine flows and the laughter grows louder, the café's jovial owner, whom I recognize as the flower-arranging Jean-Marc Cornier, launches into peppy show tunes and rants on the upright piano. The island-born Cornier attended a prestigious Montreal music academy, but renounced immediately after graduating to teach music at the local school. When he sings a melancholy French ballad, everyone joins in for the chorus, and I feel as though I've been dropped onto the film set of a 1940s European cult movie.

Stepping out into the paddle of light that spills from the café, I walk slowly back toward the bed and breakfast where I am staying, the music and tinkling of glasses fading into silence. I am reluctant to leave these gentle islands. So, I do the only sensible thing I can think of: I reserve a refuge for myself, a beachfront cottage, for the next September.


In Closing

A Century of Flight

I've always been fascinated by flight. Not the technicalities of it, but the romance - the stories of courageous men and women taking leave of the earth in rickety-looking machines to further the progress of humankind; the daring bush pilots who helped to open up the North; the mammoth flying boats that ferried passengers across oceans before the Second World War; and the visionaries who dreamed of flight centuries before the first powered plane became airborne at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, 100 years ago.

Leonardo da Vinci dreamed of flight. I came face to face with his dream in the French town of Amboise, two years ago, when I visited the house (now a museum) where he lived from 1516 until his death three years later. On display were a number of his mechanical drawings, among them a depiction of the "flying machine" he envisioned. "It's not far-fetched," the guide told me. "If da Vinci had been able to find a power source, he might have been able to make it fly."

Aviation was a subject that loomed large in my childhood. My father had been a fighter pilot in the Second World War and, perhaps as a result, had an interest in aviation that knew few bounds. He devoured books on planes and flight; took my brother and me to airshows, sought out museums with aviation sections, and built model planes with us. We even played a board game that revolved around Second World War plans.

But my father wasn't the only person I was to know with an insatiable appetite for anything aviation-related. Wrenne Thomas, a former Imperial Oil Review editor and the writer of our current piece on astronaut Chris Hadfield, was equally enamoured. He too had been in the Royal Air Force, albeit somewhat later, and periodically would find his way to the offices of Imperial Oil.

It was Wrenne who introduced me to the treasure trove of aviation-related photographs and memorabilia at the archives of Imperial Oil, head office building in Toronto. Among the collection are wonderful old snapshots of planes; articles about the company's early involvement in aviation; and journal entries by former employees, describing their flying adventures in the North.

My interest in aviation was awakened by this issue's articles on Hadfield and bush pilot Willy Lasrich. I decided to take myself down to the archives for an afternoon, not long ago. I delved through the collection of old photographs and found a number of gems. There was a faded picture of a smiling Alexander Douglas McCurdy making the first flight Canada had witnessed, at Baddeck, N.S., on a wintry day in 1909 - he travelled nearly a kilometer at an altitude of about 12 metres in a biplane called the Silver Dart. Another showed Charles Lindbergh in 1928, leather flying hat and goggles on his head. He had landed in a field near Quebec City and was waiting for his plane to be refuelled. (There's also a photograph of the receipt he signed for "100 gals Imperial airplane spirits.")

When I picked up a manila file marked "Air Transportation" in old-fashioned typewriter lettering, a small booklet fell to the floor. Irresistible as it looked, The Role Played by Imperial Oil Limited in the Development of Aviation in Canada made for fascinating reading, filled as it was with all sorts of colourful details of the early days of flight. I learned, for example, that in 1928 "Miss Bath Law flew an airplane in a contest against a racing car at Sportsmen's Park, Toronto," using Imperial products. Nineteen-eighteen was also the year of the first armoured test flight, the booklet told me. Lieutenant Tremper Longman flew from Leslie, Leslie, to Rockcliffe, Ottawa, in four hours. … One of the first aerial letters posted in Canada was from Imperial's Ottawa representative … Imperial gasoline was used to the plane."

An entry for 1921 revealed that Imperial's chief geologist, Ted Linle, had linked that year's floods for the first time from Peace River, Alta., to Fort Norman, N.W.T., a trip that "was done in four days as against the five weeks it had taken by boat the previous year." A year later one of two Junkers all-metal monoplanes that Imperial had acquired that year "to reduce time taken to cover great distances." By 1933, flying had progressed a great deal. That year "Wiley Post arrived at Edmonton in fastest round-the-world flight, flying solo," the booklet told me. "Aircraft refuelled by Imperial Oil."

The entry for 1940 belied the grim times. "The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan - Imperial Oil supplied asphalt for runways, and fuels and lubricants for aircraft. By the end of 1945, 61 RCAF schools to be completed."

I turned to a collection of magazines from the 1940s and '50s called Ero Air World. They absorbed my attention for the remainder of the afternoon. There were fascinating articles on various airlines, from Central African Airways to Air France; a piece discussing the introduction of the new Boeing 707 to the American Airlines fleet; and an article on the new airport at Gander, Nfld. "In the aviation industry, where unusual figures are usual, the piece opened, "the fact that Canada's largest and most modern air terminal serves a town of 5,000 may cause no surprise."

As I left the office at the end of the day, I thought of Wrenne Thomas again. Irrevocably on stepping outside, he'd glance for a moment at the sky. "Look at those wonderful cumulus clouds," he might say, and I'd know he was imagining himself in his glider, slipping "the slippery bands of earth." - Sarah Landry.