

Changed Beyond Imagining

Douglas & McIntyre co-founder SCOTT MCINTYRE reviews the transformation of the book industry over the past 50 years in a special presentation to the Alcuin Society's annual general meeting in May 2013.

MY TALK TONIGHT will be something of a meander because, of course, it's an impossible task to encapsulate 46 years of publishing in roughly 30 minutes. Instead, I am going to just single out some stories that I think illustrate the serendipities and joys of a virtual lifetime in this business.

People always ask, "How did this happen?" It's a combination of accidents. In Grade 11 in high school—Lord Byng, in Vancouver—there was a tap on the door of the class I was in one day and a small delegation of teachers asked, "Would you like to edit the yearbook?" I can tell you that writing and publishing and the graphic arts were the furthest things from my mind. But because I was flattered, I said yes. It began there and then continued at UBC, where

I edited the yearbook for two years. I was seduced by the world of print and paper and type and all of that from an early and naive and impressionable age. It was that straightforward.

In university I met a photographer some of you may know, Robbert Flick, who went on to head the photography department at the University of Southern California. He is now quite well known in the States for his street photographs of Los Angeles and has a monograph published by Steidl, *Trajectories* (2004).

We decided we'd do a book on Vancouver. I was going to write, design and produce it; and Robbert would do the photography (which has held up better than the other bits). We had a contract with something in the order of a \$50 advance from Howard Mitchell Sr. at Mitchell Press. Robbert's partner was Jane Flick, who worked at Duthie's—some of you would know her from the English department at UBC—and she suggested we get in touch with Jim Douglas, then an independent sales rep in Vancouver, representing McClelland & Stewart. Jim was newly back in Vancouver and was also representing Macmillan, Thomas Allen and others in a wholesale company on Seymour Street—the original J.J. Douglas Ltd., incorporated in 1964. Jim had set it up in response to invitations from John Gray, Jack McClelland and John Allen to try to pre-empt librarians from "buying around" British and American books (doing an end run on authorized Canadian distributors).

Jim described the two great strands in book publishing (all of this was new to me, and I was very young): the John Gray/Macmillan belief that the book comes first; and the belief of McClelland, Knopf and others that the author comes first.

It was the flair and flamboyance of M&S that appealed to me. The first time I met Jack McClelland was here in Vancouver in 1966;



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Scott McIntyre (left) with U.S. publisher Tom Woll and Jon Beckman, president of the Sierra Club, at Brasserie Flo, Paris, France, en route to one of the German book fairs.



Scott McIntyre with redoubtable broadcaster Jack Webster and Gladys Johnston.

I was young: brown suit, short hair, terrified. McClelland was by then a legend, and really was quite a guy. I went to the Bayshore, where he was staying. I knock on the door timidly. Jack opens it; he's in his underwear. And the first words out of his mouth were: "Christ, I'm hung over!" I liked him immediately.

m&s said no to the book on Vancouver but yes to me, in retrospect a good decision, with respect to the book at least. And that's how I ended up at McClelland & Stewart, arriving in the summer of 1967. It was an idealistic time—1967, Canada's Centennial, Expo—and in those years, everybody



Greg Gatenby, Scott McIntyre and Peggy Atwood shake on it at Centro's in Toronto, spring 1991.

who was anybody trooped through the halls of McClelland & Stewart. From Peggy Atwood to Margaret Laurence to most of the politicians of the day to Farley Mowat (still a friend), to Peter Newman, to Pierre Berton—they were all there.

Those were pretty heady days for my wife and myself—two kids from Vancouver in their early 20s. I was basically handed the advertising and promotion department by the end of that year. All of this fell in my lap, which was in equal measure unnerving and crazy and makes for good stories now. My publishing career began in '67 and grew from there. When I'm asked, "What was McClelland & Stewart like?" to try to sum it up I say it was like being in the eye of a hurricane—the circumstance might seem calm, but you were surrounded by chaos. That was true in those days.

THE HEYDAY OF POST-WAR PUBLISHING

It was an exciting time to be in Toronto, in Canada, encountering what was a kind of a cultural renaissance. This was the mid-'60s, the last great days of "the book"—the days when Knopf himself was still active, Roger Straus and Bob Giroux were hitting their collective stride, Barney Rosset was stirring up revolution at Grove, André Deutsch and Diana Athill were the toast of London—the heyday of the great post-war publishing houses, most of them independent, and most of them still quite small.

When Random House bought Knopf, Knopf was smaller than we were. Scale was utterly different. And agents didn't have the power they have now. Alfred Knopf would get on the *20th Century Limited* to go to Chicago and sell to all the independent bookstores personally. That style prevailed, really, right into the 1970s and the early 1980s. Then there was the aggression of Gulf & Western, the first conglomerate, which bought Simon & Schuster and many other American companies. It was the entrance of big money. Now, in retrospect, I'm proud that I saw the last of the game as it was played by those of us who were book people. That's mostly over now.

It was a great time while it lasted. I just finished reading Diana Athill's *Stet* (2000), which is her publishing story. I knew her. What an amazing, clear mind she has, and she is an equally clear writer while tracing the rise and fall of Deutsch. When I look at that inevitability—energy and scrambling and never enough money and real books being the priority, followed by the gradual undermining of the program as multinationals start stealing everything away, with the consequent undermining of energy and business. At the end of the day Deutsch—after the 20 or 30

years of Naipaul, Atwood, Richler, Mailer, much of the cream of American literature—gradually diminished and was sold. Publishing couldn't sustain or nourish that kind of energy and that kind of engagement, because the world—and bookselling—had changed, as had the required scale of resources. And that was the '80s—publishing has changed beyond imagining since then.

TELLING TALES FROM M&S

Let me add two more stories about McClelland & Stewart, because this is the Alcuin Society. I worked with designer and illustrator Frank Newfeld, who you know; he has been here as a judge. My recollection of Frank is that he terrified people. Apparently, you think he's quite gentle; he wasn't all the time, I'll tell you, when he was at McClelland & Stewart. Our offices were around the corner from each other, mine in the warehouse on Hollinger Road, which had dreadful floor-to-ceiling south-facing windows (it was about 180 degrees in the summer).

One of my first memories is from the McClelland & Stewart cafeteria. My wife, Corky, and I had been in Yugoslavia on our honeymoon, during which we had missed the entire Six-Day



Elizabeth McClelland, widow of Jack McClelland; Scott McIntyre; and Elizabeth's daughter Anne McClelland at the Giller awards in 2007.



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Jim Douglas, Corky McIntyre and Bill Harnum (1996).

War, although we had heard about it from people coming back from the Middle East (no *Herald Tribune* in Yugoslavia then). Frank spent two or three lunches in a row re-enacting the tank battles in the Sinai with salt and pepper shakers and the cutlery. This was engaging stuff for an impressionable young man! We got on very well.

When I was leaving M&S two years later (my choice), the fall new book catalogue I'd tried very diligently to have done on time was being handled by a young designer who was in Toronto because of the Velvet Revolution (Toronto was full of such people at the time). The design on the front of the cover was a very bold curlicued 69. It never occurred to me that "69" means different things to different people. Jack was, apparently, although not to me, livid. I am told he thought: "This is deliberate. You're sticking your thumb in the air at us." Such episodes, usually happier, were almost daily occurrences. There was always a frisson of emotion and passion and craziness. And it's very hard to get that out of your blood when you've experienced it at the beginning of your career. To this day, I consider being described as an old-fashioned publisher of the McClelland & Stewart school a great compliment, if and when it is paid.

The other story I wanted to tell about those years is that it was a time when everyone

seemed to be starting new presses, amongst them House of Anansi—Graeme Gibson's first novel, *Five Legs*, was a real breakthrough, selling several thousand copies the season it was published—and Stan Bevington's Coach House Press, originally a writers' co-op. There was great energy and great idealism.

M&S was going to publish Sandra Kolber's book of poetry, *Bitter Sweet Lemons and Love*. In those days some books were given to Stan Bevington to typeset because he was such a skilful—and inexpensive—typographer. The decision was made to do the book beautifully and to print all the publicity materials with lemon-scented ink. As a result, the entire warehouse smelled—stank—of lemon ink for weeks.

One of the quirks of Stan Bevington's typesetting was the not always discreet use of a trademark device consisting of a beaver with a mortised stomach—those of you who know hot metal will understand that—and in the stomach were the words "Made in Canada by Mindless Acid Freaks." I was delegated to take the galley proofs—in those days there were galley proofs—to Leo Kolber (now Senator Kolber), in his upper-floor office in Place Ville Marie in Montreal, and thinking as I delivered the proofs, "Oh no, please, no." Naturally, he opened

them and the first thing he saw was the logo, “Made in Canada ...” He didn’t seem amused.

These are anecdotes, nothing more than that, but there are many more where those came from. Life at M&S was up and down and around, and always a crisis but still enormous fun—while it lasted.

BACK IN THE WEST, THE ADVENT OF CHAINS

My wife and I left M&S and Toronto in late summer of 1969. It was all too much, too fast, for us. We decided to escape to Europe for five months to wander, which we did. I wanted to return to the West and Jim Douglas had said, “Look, if you come back and work with me, I’ll guarantee you \$300 a month.” I had the dream of building a publishing house, although was still naive about what that might mean. I thought that to build a publishing house, you just did it: it seemed that simple, and we moved back home. Initially, I spent some time as a bookseller in a small store Jim owned—which, forgive me, I loathed—selling books on a commission basis.

What had been one of Jim’s companies, Douglas Agencies, became McIntyre & Stanton when Mark Stanton joined in 1972. In turn, that became McIntyre, Stanton & Hunt, which became Stanton & MacDougall when Allan MacDougall was lured west in, if memory serves, 1977, then Kate Walker & Associates, which is now Ampersand. That is the lineage, so the acorn grew into quite a tree.

Being a sales rep was not what I expected to be doing for seven or eight years before finally joining Douglas & McIntyre full time, but we had to take a living from something. Jim was building the Julian Books chain for Harry Smith & Sons. Jim’s view, shared by Buddy Smith and his colleagues, was, quite presciently, that the eastern-based bookstore chains were going to get all the way west, which in turn would likely destroy the ecology of the book business here as we knew it—the Duthie’s and the Hurtigs and the fine collection of independent bookstores which then characterized the business. Either we should undertake a defensive move and build something here which could hold its own, or we would lose. And of course, we lost—partially because Julian

Books wasn’t well enough capitalized. But the overwhelming marauding of the chain(s), now basically just Indigo, also had a major impact.

Initially, the advent of the chains expanded the market for books hugely. It also changed the kind of publishing being done. Parts of the business now often resemble a poor-man’s version of Hollywood, where the opening weekend is critical. You have to plan for returns that average 30 percent to 40 percent. It is not a business that makes any practical sense, which bankers and anyone who knows about numbers likes to point out. And it’s still getting worse. If you’re pumping out huge numbers of books that model, up to a point, can work, but it takes national and international markets, good financing, and scale.

That, in a nutshell, was the beginning.

EARLY DAYS AT D&M

When we started, the first books that J.J. Douglas published under its own imprint were two low-key projects, one with Morton Jordan at the Vancouver Public Library, under the imprint of The Library Press. It was a reprint of John Walbran’s classic, *British Columbia Coast Names: Their Origin and History* (it’s still in print). The other was a little book by a very feisty 85-year-old by the name of Norah Mannion Wilmot, *Cooking for One*, which went on to sell 50,000 copies. In those years, books would sell really quite extraordinarily. Those days are long gone, but it’s kind of fun to remember them.

D&M grew from there. Initially, Jim was in charge editorially, and the lists were really very good for what they were. They were deeply rooted in this place. We had no money at all. We’d never put equity—serious equity—into the business. Everything was done on a cash flow basis with the goodwill of authors, independent booksellers, and suppliers. That model worked here into the 1980s, although in other places perhaps not that long. There were a great many good bookstores, and people cared about physical books in a way that individuals still do, but the broad market as a whole doesn’t. Things could be done in a very different way than now, and the scale could be much smaller.

I don’t know if any of you remember the bull—our logo. We had agreed to change the

name of the company to Douglas & McIntyre, but what to choose as a logo perplexed us and the decision dragged on. Jim and I both wanted something that was not regional and was not necessarily Canadian: a device that suggested the broader world of mainstream publishing. So we went back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Finally, in desperation, we were having a breakfast in North Vancouver and Jim, almost embarrassingly, said, “Look.” He pulled out a rubbing of a ninth-century Pictish bull which Heather—his wife—had found in a museum in Edinburgh. I loved it. I said, “You’re an Aries, I’m a Taurus. A bull is an animal.” It has nice lines (we excised some of them along the way to make a sleeker bull). That’s how it happened, and I remain very proud of that device, which has endured some 40 years now.

Our *modus operandi*—Jim’s—from the very beginning was to be one-third regional, one-third national, one-third international. This continued through the company’s middle years and, in very typical British Columbian fashion, we were regional and international before we were national.

There were quite a number of designers in town that we worked with, because this was all new territory. Robert Bringhurst was someone we worked with from very early on. Toronto publishers, in those days, weren’t usually focused on high graphic standards (of course, there were exceptions: M&S with Frank Newfeld, UTP with Allan Fleming, Coach House with Stan Bevington). They weren’t passionate about the book as artifact. We were in some respects almost like a private press. Among the people we worked with early on was Jim Rimmer, who did almost all our early books. And the list grew apace.

The University of Washington Press connection, for us, began with almost the first book. Don Ellegood was the publisher there, and when he retired he was followed by Pat Soden. Together, we built a Northwest Coast First Nations list. The logical partnership for the UWP was with UBC Press, but because we were “out there”—and I’m not sure, but I think UBC Press had barely even been started—the Northwest Coast list, particularly the art and culture of the coast peoples, formed an early

strand of the program that has been nourished over time and remains a cornerstone.

Hilary Stewart is an example: a wonderful white lady of a certain age, very feisty, without a drop of indigenous blood, did a book called *Looking at Indian Art of the Northwest Coast*, which we published about 1976. Designed by Robert Bringhurst. Politically incorrect title. Politically incorrect approach to Northwest Coast iconography. Yet it has now sold over 330,000 copies, without ever having been revised, and continues to sell 6,000 copies a year in North America. You would never, ever find it in Indigo.

These early strands of regional books, illustrated books, books on the art and culture of the coastal First Nations began to define the program, not in any deliberate way, but rather catch-as-catch-can. Publishing is the art of the possible. We had to make do with the resources we had and the authors we could afford. Gradually, the program began to flourish.

A very special example for me—partially because it was a project of mine—was Doris Shadbolt’s *The Art of Emily Carr* (1979). The project was a treat from beginning to end (although not without its moments of severe angst). Reinhard Derreth designed it; we did it as a joint venture with Clarke, Irwin because Clarke, Irwin then controlled copyright to the Carr texts; and Doris was a dream to work with, and was later to become a cherished personal friend. The book sold 30,000 copies at \$40 in six weeks in 1979 and catapulted our national reputation. If that book was published today, it would sell perhaps 4,000 copies, and it would still have to be \$40 or less. That is the difference in scale and passion between the book business as it was, before the dominance of Indigo and the overwhelming power of popular culture, and as it is now.

SUCSESSES MIXED WITH UNCERTAINTY

Our publishing was adventuresome for its time, although in some respects tentative. Then, in 1980, in response to a clear need, we entered a competition to create a new elementary Social Studies program for the province of British Columbia eventually named Explorations. From the scale of dare to the ultimate result,



Doris Shadbolt and Scott McIntyre (2001/2002).



Scott McIntyre with Peter Mayer, then CEO of Penguin Books, at publisher David Godine's island retreat in Maine in 1990.

and the revenue which followed, this turned out to be transformative. It certainly hurt our trade publishing, but we won a competition which included presentations from every major Canadian educational publisher.

In those days, many provincial governments bought textbooks grade-wide, one for every student, which guaranteed scale. We ended up winning, and creating from scratch an entire elementary Social Studies program, Grades 1 through 6, crafted around the B.C. curriculum. That was published simultaneously in separate French and English editions, between 1982 and 1986. It was used, partially or completely, in every province in Canada, and even became the basis for some curriculum development in Australia. It was one of those unexpected and extraordinary successes that catapulted us to a different financial plateau.

It was about that time that our first national distributor, Clarke, Irwin, filed for bankruptcy, taking with it virtually all our receivables. For some months, it was nip and tuck and at the end a near-run thing. I cannot exaggerate how many times serendipity/luck/government support arrived at the eleventh hour to save a

struggling publishing house. This was the case for much of the Canadian industry in those years—we were hardly unique. But if it was a tumultuous time, and it most assuredly was, it was also somehow a simpler time. What drove us was still the idealism of giving voice to this place while taking the best and most passionate voices to the rest of Canada and the world, admittedly with varying degrees of success.

From about 1995 to a few years ago, the company continued to grow. We were publishing ever more aggressively, and had expanded our distribution business by happily linking up with a selection of international publishers, including Farrar, Straus & Giroux and Thames & Hudson. Then we took on Orion, thinking we were terribly clever—until Chapters returned 75 percent of everything it was buying. As we had agreed to buy books firm sale, it became one rocky road after another. We successfully managed through it, a reminder that the rhythm of publishing is a mix of loyalty and standoffishness and stubbornness, usually sustained by a good measure of luck and very hard work.

The next major issues we confronted (not ours) were the bankruptcy of General Publishing,

then our national distributor and owner of all our receivables, and the growth and then contraction of Indigo. The ecology of the book business was changing rapidly. The market was diminishing significantly, and many new pressures were changing the kinds of things you could publish. And bless Sheila Copps—who I think was a very good minister—and the Department of Canadian Heritage (DCH), which stepped in with something called “Special Measures” to help replace the money lost in the General Publishing bankruptcy for all the affected Canadian publishers. DCH has since maintained and strengthened what was once called the Book Publishing Industry Development Program and now carries the moniker the Canada Book Fund.

Another significant step orchestrated by Sheila Copps and other ministers of the time was the so-called Convention on Cultural Diversity, now under the auspices of UNESCO. Really this was Canada’s invention, enshrining in international law the right of nation-states

to make cultural policy with impunity. Canada initiated the concept: what was known as the Cultural Industries SAGIT (Sectoral Advisory Group on International Trade), of which I was a member and briefly chair, and a group of passionate advocates from Quebec and France who actually pulled this off, from virtually a standing start. Now, less than seven years later, some 130 nations have signed the convention.

LESS AND LESS ROOM IN THE MIDDLE
Through all those years, while I owned only 65 percent of the company, the entire financial risk was on the backs of my wife and me personally, guaranteed by mortgages on our house. The good news is I was good with banks; the bad news is I was good with banks. We owned nothing. Our house was completely at risk. If the bank had called the company loan we would have had nothing, nada. No pension. No house. There is a point where you start to say, after 30 years, maybe you and your family should have a little more



Canada was the first country to sign the UNESCO Convention on Cultural Diversity, the product of work by Scott McIntyre and the Canadian publishing industry; shown here at the signing in Montreal are Scott McIntyre, Heritage Minister Liza Frulla, Quebec Minister of Culture and Communications Line Beauchamp, Union des artistes president Pierre Curzi, and Prime Minister Paul Martin.

security than this. I was increasingly realizing that, in publishing as in film and most other businesses in the world now, you either have to be big or small. There's less and less room in the middle.

Therefore, from about 2000 on, I spent five years trying to piece together something on a larger scale. Avie Bennett and I talked every year for several years, before and after he sold M&S to Random House. Anna Porter and I spent a summer looking at ways to put Key Porter and Douglas & McIntyre together, and we had a Vancouver investor willing to help. We postulated pulling together investors to buy Stoddart. It was one thing after another. But all the possibilities fell apart because our equity base wasn't really sufficient to attract the scale to do something at that level, and it is very difficult to forge a compelling business plan in Canadian trade publishing.

I also tried to persuade the von Holtzbrinck Group (also known as Verlagsgruppe) to open a Canadian company, because Canada is the only country in the English-speaking world where that company (a.k.a. Macmillan) does not own a separate national entity. I raised the notion annually for a decade, but the interest wasn't there, without even considering Canada's ownership rules for book publishers. All of these possibilities, and others, eventually drifted away.

Then, in 2007, I had an offer from a group of Vancouver investors to buy a controlling interest in the company, while cashing out the existing minority shareholders. I thought this group had the kind of money necessary and was willing to invest further to build the company—we were to be the platform.

An offer was made, accepted, and concluded in 2007. I was intending to go off into the sunset two years after that, but it didn't quite work out that way. I ended up being increasingly drawn back in, as it became clear strong action was needed to save the company. The scale of resources required was too great, and the bank ultimately called our loan. And depending upon how you interpret what you read last year, there was a relatively happy outcome, with now four new operating entities arising out of what was D&M Publishers Inc.

I thought then, and still think, it would have been much better to have a single significant player rooted here, but there are divergent

views about that. I think the bottom line is publishing, given its low potential financial returns—operating margins of 3 or 4 or 5 percent are good in Canadian trade book publishing, and that is after grants—is pretty scary when one or more individuals front the entire risk personally: all of the author advances, all of the overhead, all of the editing, and all of the manufacturing. So publishing has been increasingly out of favour with investors, unless you get to real scale, and that is what the Canadian branches of the multinationals have done very successfully in spite of Investment Canada, which everybody more or less derisively dismisses.

The good publishers in this country now are the Canadian operations of the major international companies, because they're run by Canadians, they're run by good people, and they can pay competitive author advances. In fact, we came close to linking up with one of them, but negotiations fell apart at the last minute.

Top-of-the-market publishing, with agents demanding more and more money, and authors having every right to expect a real income, this all in a shrinking market, has dramatically transformed publishing as many of us knew it. There are niche players, the small, and the very large. As I've said, there is really less and less room in the middle, and that is not just in Canada. I've had some major international independent publishers, people I know well, say, "What do you think? Can we hang in there? Can publishing as we know it survive long enough for us to get a retirement?" These are really fine, talented publishing people—a reminder of why the business was, and remains, so seductive and appealing. Everybody is wondering, what do we do now? People are saying, "What's next? What does it mean? Where is our world going?"

I am enormously proud of the contribution D&M made to this community. I think we made a difference. I think we elevated the art, architecture and writers of this place to a level that they would never have reached without a significant publishing house headquartered in Vancouver. And I think these things will continue, although probably not at the same scale. But the world is changing everywhere. I was proud of the team we built. I think, person for person—I'm biased,

of course—we had the best team in Canadian publishing. We made an impact. And we had a very significant influence on public policy in this country. From the very beginning, I was involved, federally and provincially, particularly with the industry effort which led to the B.C. tax credit.

THE BIRTH OF FEDERAL INDUSTRY SUPPORT

I will tell one last story. When Canadian publishing was at one of its low ebbs and struggling in the late '70s, DCH (then the Department of Communications) brought Georges Laberge, a Quebec City bookseller and later publisher, to Ottawa to see what could be done. Basically, after some months, his conclusion—and nothing has changed since—was that the only solution was to find a way to give the Canadian side of the industry equity. It didn't matter what it was called and what form it took; the companies needed equity. They weren't earning it out of the market, yet to survive, they must have access to more. That was the beginning of what became the BPIDP—the Book Publishing Industry Development Program—and is now the Canada Book Fund.

Well, the system couldn't get it through Treasury Board. Things were going in circles and at one point it was all stalled and people were losing heart. Patsy Aldana, my colleague, was then the president of the Association of Canadian Publishers, and Allan MacDougall's father-in-law was Robert Andras, who was head of the Treasury Board. When we hired Allan and brought him west, we came to know his parents socially, and Bob and I got on well. So Patsy said, "He's in Vancouver for a long weekend. This is the last chance. If it doesn't get on the Treasury Board agenda in the next week, it may just die."

One of our closest friends, whom we'd met in Switzerland in 1969—bright, feisty, flawlessly bilingual—had become a contemplative nun and was in the Order of Poor Clares. Their convent was in Mission, and we had for years made a point of visiting for an hour or two each New Year's Day. Initially, because of the nature of the order, we had to be separated by a wall, a wire cage. For the most part, all we did was reminisce about Switzerland, but on the weekend in

question, our son, then five or six, was with us. And Sister Clare, knowing the circumstance, said, "We will pray for you. Come to mid-afternoon prayer, which begins in a few minutes."

All I could think was, *But Bob Andras is going to phone, and if I miss that call, that's the end of getting on the Treasury Board agenda for the next little while.* What to do? I made a decision: this should come first, and we went to the service. As we drove back home, my heart was in my belly. I don't think we had been home more than three minutes before the phone rang. "Scott, Bob." And he said, "What is all this?" And I remember the words as if it were yesterday: "Is the industry crying wolf?" And I answered, "Absolutely not."

The next week he apparently ordered all the bureaucrats out of the room and basically said: "Do it!" That directive unstuck the log-jam, which is how, a year or two later, following all the machinations required in Ottawa and a change of government, the first federal business support program for book publishing came to be. It was a combination of luck, serendipity, and being in the right place at the right time.

Without that program, eventually leveraged by the B.C. tax credit in this province, the two combined being worth something in the order of \$1 million a year to Douglas & McIntyre, we could not have survived nearly as long as we did. (All photos courtesy of Scott McIntyre.)

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~ This is an edited version of Scott McIntyre's remarks to the annual general meeting of the Alcuin Society in Vancouver, B.C., on May 21, 2013. Transcribed by Wendy Massing and edited by Peter Mitham. The original presentation is available online: http://youtu.be/s6U_wzpqRcA.

