After the Whistle Has Blown.

THE whistle sounds a dominant note in industry. It marks the beginning and the end of man's daily toil.

When the first rays of the morning sun light over the horizon, humanity rules its sleep-laden eyes and leisurely prepares for activities to follow. Whistle blows and work is instantly immediately leisure is electrocuted to action. The whistle of work, the rumble of machinery, the shuffle of feet and hum of voices, all blend into one unifying tone—the song of the world's work.

And when the day is over and the sun slowly sinks to rest, the whistle blows a triumphant note. It sings of the toil we laid down, everywhere. Truly the world does homage to the whistle.

As the workers of all the world take pleasure in the manifold tasks which have been completed—after the whistle has blown—Imperial Oil workers also enjoy the rewards of work well done.

And what a variety of tasks have been ours to perform! What a multitude of things has been served by our efforts.

From ocean to ocean, throughout the whole Dominion; from the arctic shores of the north to the desert sands of the south; nearly seven thousand Imperial Oil workers have done their share of the world's work—after the whistle has blown.

The workers search for and develop oil lands in the far corners of the earth; they man the ships that carry the precious fluid to the refineries; they convert the raw petroleum into liquid fuel and lubricants for Canada's industries; they distribute the finished products to the places where they are needed; they keep a systematic record of the work from beginning to end.

It is a great task, when viewed in its entirety. It clearly illustrates how inter-dependent are the efforts of our many employees.

We have had our allotted tasks, each in a needed place and all jointly responsible for the successful operation of the whole. There is a certain sense of satisfaction in knowing that one is needed, that the success of our Company's enterprise is dependent, to a greater or lesser degree, upon each one's own individual effort.

Routine ceases to be monotonous when we see the magnitude of our undertaking, when we see how one working man is dependent upon the other. We can go to work with a feeling of added importance, with a larger view and with a greater purpose, and apply ourselves more closely to the job and feel an added thrill of accomplishment—after the whistle has blown.

Out in the open places, our geologists and drillers are tapping the earth for more petroleum; hundreds of men are exerting every effort to find and develop more fuel to keep the wheels of our industry moving. Who are we so far behind them finding the elements which make up the power on which our industries run, the backbone of the whole world, the stuff of which our civilization is made? We are ahead one.
F lung to the North Pole and intermediate points is quite feasible if you know how, take all precautions, and have good luck. As an example, you may have made the journey through the air, and as luck of the aviator lies in the lap of the gods, the middle proviso is the only one within human control.

When the two Imperial J 1, 6 Monoplanes hopped off from Peace River Crossing, which is the outside edge of the westerns, to be civilization, the hopes of the aviators were like the lucky Sealy—"a task can make me in two ways,"—the first jump to Hay River or Simpson, and the second to Norman. The party consisted of Captain Cor- man, in charge, flying the "Rene" machine; E. C. Fullerton, flying the "Vic" machine, mechanics Hill and DeWaal, and navigators Waddell and Sergeant Thorne, of the R N.W.P.

The chronology of the trip and its hardships are a book that needs an "adequate" to change without notice.

It was nine a.m. on March 30th, when the boys hopped off from Peace River Crossing. The sun shone brightly in a sky of burned zinc; the snow birds twittered and a gentle breeze from the southwest caressed the landscape with a promise of spring time, wild fowl and flowers. Listen to what happened.

At 11:15 that same morning, one hundred and ninety miles down the Peace River, they were

**NOTICE**—Following the attempt to fly to Fort Norman described in this article, a successful flight was accomplished in May. Lieutenant E. J. Fullerton, pilot, Mechanical Hill, T. A. Look, Geologist, and W. H. Waddell, Dominion Land Surveyor, flew from Peace River to Fort Norman without mishap. Though the journey, including stops, took four days, the time spent actually flying was twelve hours and forty-five minutes, covering a distance of twelve hundred miles.

Stops for gas were made at Smith, Hay River and Simpson, where good supplies of gasoline are at hand. At the well, gasoline of good quality is produced. About thirty-five gallons per day can be produced by the present still, while a much larger still has just arrived by steamer. With the installation of the large still we will have in operation the most northerly oil refinery in the world.

fighting a blizzard blown by a north-west wind so thick that fog visibility forced them to within five hundred feet of the ground so that the navigators might distinguish landmarks en route. The jump of 200 miles to Hay River, across a treacherous and almost marks no 1911.

In the northern trip by air the dangerous gap is the country between Vermilion and the Hay River. Here, in the first fifty miles there is not a landing place of any kind. It is up to the aviator to keep his machine in the air, which means that he is both to attempt it except in good weather. Moreover, Sunday, March twenty-seventh, the weather looked fair enough and at two o'clock the portage was commenced. Two and a half hours later, a landing was effected at Hay River Harbor, in thirty inches of snow.

En route the party flew over the Hay River Falls at an altitude of 250 feet. Hay River Falls is one of the great sights of the North which, to revert to pure Hibernianism, few people have ever seen. Here a magnetic current, stream, three to four hundred feet wide, plunges over a limestone ledge in a sheer drop of 100 feet or more. At the upper, or Alexandria Falls, and forty feet sheer at the lower, or Louise Falls, [The latest energy that here awaits the coming of the hydro-electric engineers.

So far the aviators of the blue had been traversing a route which they already knew, as the Peace River—Hay River trip had been made as a trying earlier in the season. But from Hay River onward it was absolute pioneering—an attempt to go nearer the top of the map than any flyers in the world have ever gone before. Of the party, Sarge of the Royal North West Mounted Police, was an "up-north." His home is Fort Simpson and his range all the way to the land of the little sticks along the Arctic, and cross-ways, from the Rocky Mountains into the barren lands. As a traveler his record makes him one of the descriptive writers and summer visitors look as though they had been standing still.

Equipped with University education, Thorne knows the somber north as few others ever will. As a guide he was a dis- pensation of providence.

It was on Monday, March 28th, that the "hop off" from Hay River was made, with the hope that a flight to Fort Simpson could be accomplished that day. The weather had been bad but at two o'clock in the afternoon it had cleared up sufficiently to look promising. But the trach- ery of Slave Lake weather, winter and summer, is proverbial. By three o'clock they were fighting a head wind which soon became a blizzard and forced a landing on the Macken- ziew River in its narrow parts and twice to a realization that instead of being a plane-table pavo- ment it was, for miles and miles, a jumble of piled up, covered and hummocky ice and crusted snow which promised inevitable disaster as the consequence of any attempt to land there. For this reason the Mackenzie was abandoned as a route and the course taken across country where hundreds of little lakes offered safe landing in case of emergency.

On March 30th, the jump from Providence to Simpson, one hundred and forty miles, was made in 102 minutes. But here real trouble was garnered in quantities. The field chosen as a landing place was covered with four feet of snow. The "Rene" machine broke through the crust and smashed a skid, nosed down and broke the propeller. It was all done more quickly than it can be told. But the damage was absolute. An aeroplane without a propeller is no
Aerial Passenger Service

The Aeroplane is Fast Becoming Popular Mode of Travel

OVERING like a huge white bird over Toronto harbor, before alighting, the aerial cruiser, "Santa Maria," seemed to typify a new era in transportation. It demonstrated clearly that aerial passenger service is no longer an iridescent dream or a flight of the imagination. It is a living reality.

The "Santa Maria," flying from Cuba to Detroit, via New York, Montreal and Toronto, will be engaged in mail and passenger service between Cleveland and Detroit.

There is every possibility that before long, we will establish a flying service with similar boats between Toronto and Buffalo," said Captain Tibbs, pilot of the "Santa Maria," and a former Toronto boy.

A big aerial liner brought eleven passengers from New York, visiting Montreal, Brockville and other places on the way, and they all enjoyed the trip hugely.

There are celebrated on the "Santa Maria"—the "forward" seats—are—in luxurious reclining chairs and the "after" cabin which is fitted up as a lounge and smoking room, seats five.

Convenience for ladies, delivered ten miles away, breakfast and lunch, and landing safely and in perfect order, shows that air travel into the north is feasible.

Between the points the aeroplane spanned in its six-hour homeward flight, the fastest time by dog team in forty-five days.

Air travelling will be done.

to Toronto in one hour and a half, using seventy-five gallons of gasoline. This is another triumph for Imperial Premium Gasoline. It demonstrated its superiority both in power producing and vaporizing qualities.

Imperial Premium Gasoline is a motor gasoline specially prepared for motor cars, but the fact that it was used successfully by the "Santa Maria" on her flight from Belleauville to Toronto, proves that there is no motor fuel made which vaporizes more completely than Imperial Premium Gasoline. It is the ideal fuel for automobiles, tractors, motor-boats and all automotive vehicles.

Our representative, Mr. A. F. Smith, in his review with Captain Tibbs, secured the following testimonial in which he endorses Imperial products.

"In conversation the captain mentioned that he was particularly pleased with the excellent service rendered by Imperial Oil Limited at all points. Wherever he stopped for supplies our representatives were on hand to give prompt and efficient service.

AERIAL PASSENGER SERVICE IN CUBA.
“Rock Hounds”---And Others

By Geo. Shepard, Geologist, Imperial Oil Limited

July
1917

THE IMPERIAL OIL REVIEW

A geologist is an extraordinary person. He is in a class by himself, and as a rule, he is quite a worthy member of any community he may become a part of. A petroleum geologist is even more so. Then, like the brook in the beaver's cabbage patch, he is damped for evermore.

Following the style of our school text-books we can define as follows:

There are two kinds of geologists:

(1) Petroleum geologists.

We shall have a real story to tell before the end of the quarter, but for the moment there is one or two incidents worth relating about petroleum geologists.

Very many years ago, as a raw and callow youth, we were invited out to what was known in the Old Country as a "geological excursion." After an exciting and tiring day (during which we carried other people's fossils, tumbling over rocks in the company of a heterogeneous mob of bumptious biops with hammers, including by the way, a very respectable-looking "parson," the whole party returned en masse—somewhat reminding us of Israelites leaving Egypt), we arrived at a village to "take a look at the country before leaving the train in tea before catching the return train. After everybody had settled down comfortably to the meal, a curious hesitancy was noticed on the part of the whole geological assembly, which, at first, was very hard to understand.

Then the reason suddenly dawned upon us—it was the presence of the revered gentleman. Nobody cared to break the ice and "come on", until the party had been honoured by the reception of grace. A number of subdued conferences were held hurriedly until finally the secretary approached the magnanimous and suggested his obliging the company in order that "the ravenous" could be satisfied.

The result, to say the least, was startling and made a great impression.

"Grace," said the revered gentleman, in a particularly loud voice (not a bit like the voice used in his professional capacity). "We have no time for nonsense of that sort—let's hurry up or we shall miss the train home."

Probably he was thinking of his sermon for the next day; you never can tell.

Dress Regulations.

Geologists, as a class, are the most dishevelled people on the face of the earth. An unwritten law of inverse proportions seems to obtain in the relation between geologists' professional status and the suit of clothes they wear.

When a young man, fresh from college decides to enter upon a geological career he is clothed more or less, as a rational being, in a dandy suit, as a normal man of the world.

The more eminent he becomes in his learning, however, the less regard he seems to have either for himself or for his appearance. We have known the most distinguished members of the profession to turn out at high social functions or at the most academic scientific conferences, clad in garments which would have disgraced the staff of a third-rate junk dealer.

"Field" clothes, however, are the natural province of the Rock-Hound.

Whatever personal peculiarities, a geologist may display in regard to his choice of field dress he always shows the judgment of an expert in his selection of surveying instruments.

This, however, applies more particularly to the petroleum geologist than to the amateur enthusiast who is usually perfectly satisfied with an ordinary compass, a clinometer and a geological hammer.

This petroliferous friend, or "rockhound," as he is somewhat irreverently called, is more exacting in his demands and insists upon every possible variety of instrument being included in his equipment.

This does not necessarily imply that he buys them with the help of his own savings account, that is beside the question, but he expects his "Company" to provide the wherewithal for their purchase.

If, therefore, the reader's travels take him into the "wills" of Canada or Peru, or any other region of "oil possibilities" in the world, he must keep his weather eye open for the petroleum geologist in the field, as he is a veritable sight for the gods.

Little may be regarded in regard to his clothes but, on his person, the following articles are carefully adjusted:

Field glasses, telescopic alidade, aneroid, clinometer, level, camera, hammer, notebook, plane table and levelling rods, in addition to minor accessories too numerous to mention. In order to move freely under this load of impedimenta, the geologist carries an instrument belt upon which the assortment of curios is scientifically balanced. The effect is alarming, to say the least, but it is only by the aid of these fundamentals that accurate mapping can be accomplished by "structures" located, which may (or may not), be possible sources of oil.

When a geologist is employed by an oil company he is usually detailed to survey an area in order to decide whether the territory is worthy of development or not.

"Rock-hounding" is "carnalized" and although he does not carry this part of the profession to extremes, it is imperative that he should disguise the real nature of his work as far as possible.

In the present day handicap for the petroleum geologist is the union of the presence of an oil man or a geologist in a district is always a sufficient reason for "excitement." People at once begin to "see things," and events succeed one another with such rapidity that before the innocent observer is aware of it, he is the operator of the "oil-boom.

In a surprisingly short space of time the local land offices are besieged by hundreds, clamouring to obtain oil leases in the wild hope that something may come of it to their financial advantage.

From a commercial point of view, therefore, the geologist must be either a perfect diplomatist or an outrageous liar, disguising his movements and obliterating his tracks in order to deceive the over-inquisitive public as far as possible.

With certain exceptions (chiefly relative to nationality) the geologist follows the quiet paths of human life and has the ability to keep his tongue in his cheek when the occasion demands it.

He is really a secret service man for his organization and spies out the land in accordance with its wishes or otherwise from an oil development point of view.

Should he recognize favourable "structures" or anti-clines as they are professionally called, or detect other "indications," which to his reasoning justify the supposition that the underlying formations are petroleumiferous, then he sets to work to write his report.

A geologist's report is often a wonderful document of geological optimism, and usually contains an enormous amount of scientific data which has never read by the directors at their annual meetings.

The "conclusion" part of the dis- sertation is the real crux of the whole matter as it is from its inferences that the corporation takes a chance on the development of the area under discussion.

Imperial Oil Worker Honored

MISS NAOMI BOULTON, formerly secretary of the Canadian Serbian Relief and at present employed with the International Petroleum, Imperial Oil Limited, received the silver medal conferred by the Serbian Government for exceptional services rendered during the war.

Miss Boulton won two decorations, the Cross of Mercy and the Medal of the Serbian Red Cross. During the whole period of the war Miss Boulton acted as Corresponding Secretary of the Canadian Serbian Relief and these honors are given by Serbia in recognition of her whole-hearted and untechnical labour.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Miss Helen Lossitch of the University of Belgrade, and at one time Serbia Ambassador to England.

Miss Lossitch came to America to relieve the sufferings of her country and while in Canada, her lecture tour was organized and managed by Miss Boulton. The letter among other things describes the medals won by Miss Boulton, and gives the meaning of the inscription on the Medals.

"The silver medal of the Red Cross has a picture where the battle of Rossovo was fought. The Maiden of Rossovo is supposed to nurse and look after the wounded soldiers on the battlefield. On the right side of the medal is written in Cyrillic: 'For the services that you have rendered to the Serbian Red Cross, Founded 1912-13' (during the Balkan Wars). The Cross of Mercy has on one side the eagle with four 'Cs', which means: Only Union will save Serbia, 'Serbija, Srpska Spasava' (the corresponding words in Cyrillic letters begin with 'C'). This is a motto which we had for centuries and centuries. On the other side of the cross is written in Cyrillic: 'For the care to the wounded and suffering. Founded 1912.'"

The Review gives Miss Boulton's many Imperial Oil Friends in extending the congratulations for the great honor which has been award- ed to her and which she so justly deserves.
Purchasing Power of the Dollar Increases

This window told the story of the lowered cost of living more effectively than any of the statistics ever devised. Like a certain headline that illustrated in a similar manner the ‘‘Great Depression’’ of ‘‘Motor’’ every success and a long life of useful service.

Confidence

Not all of us play golf, but all of us can appreciate this little golf story: Three golfers in a tightly contested game arrived at the sixth tee, before making a four-ball. Their golf balls were situated in such a way as to require a shot that would get them nearer the green at the sixth hole. One of the golfers suggested a simple plan. He said—(or something to that effect)—‘‘Let’s all try to hit our putts to the same spot. Then we will all have a birdie for the hole.‘’

The window did not attempt to sell anything, merely it showed the consumer what a dollar will buy today and what it would buy in 1920. One large window was devoted to the display in the background of which a large card was placed behind a 100 lb. bag of sugar. The card carried the following message—‘‘What $22.50 would buy in 1920.’’

In the foreground a similar card was placed with the words—‘‘What $22.50 will be bought with the year?‘’ The quantity of foodstuff which $22.50 would buy was so startling, to say the least. In fact, the window was literally felled with every necessity used by the average family.

In addition to the 100 lb. bag of sugar (which in both cost $22.50) the following items were included in the display:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>1909</th>
<th>1920</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. coffee</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. tea</td>
<td>0.40</td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. sugar</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 lb. salt</td>
<td>0.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 lb. beans</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. flour</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. rice</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. pasta</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. macaroni</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lb. bread</td>
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It is certain that other stores could make similar displays showing the drastic reduction in the cost of living and price moderation in everyday life.

As we look to the future, let us try to preserve those things that we have been used to and do not want to give up.

Service.

THERE are very few of us who do not look for what we consider our share of the good things in the world. We are ourselves, and we seem to expect far more than we deserve and enjoy some one else’s happy lot. Did you, ever stop to consider that after all we only get just what we deserve? A man is not the judge of his own life, of what we do not put into it! There are only a few who want to enjoy the benefits of the social and political conditions and enjoy the benefits that we have been reared and that they shall always give us the best efforts, called people’s service of any kind.

They can not be expected to take responsibility or stay even on the other fellow. They have discovered that service is only another name for happiness—for only by giving the old and collective progress we governed by the services we render.
News From Imperial Oil Employees, Everywhere

Winipeg Club—The Winnipeg office was recently called together by the divisional manager, Mr. J. A. Boyd, for the purpose of forming themselves into an I. O. C. O. Club, for social and sporting purposes.

A committee of nine was appointed, consisting of three ladies from the office staff, three gentlemen from the warehouse staff and three gentlemen from the office staff, with Mr. Boyd as Honorary President. A competition was held amongst the members of the staff for an appropriate slogan to be placed on the membership card and of the thirty-five submitted, the decision of the judges was in favour of one submitted by Salesman, Thompson, "Paw As Good, None Better." Mr. Thompson's entry in this direction entitle him to one year's free membership in the club.

Dancing—A whist drive and dance was held in the offices of the Imperial Oil limited, Logan avenue, Friday evening, May 26th. Both warehouse and office staffs were well represented, despite the unfavorable weather, and the prizes at cards were won as follows: Ladies, Miss Coutie; and Miss. C. L. Lund. A novelty rocky supper prize, consisting of samples of the company's products, farmed out, power, heat and lubrication, was awarded Mr. Stanley Summers for the lowest score of the evening.

Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour and a dainty supper was served by the ladies of the club. During the evening songs were presented by Miss I. Dodds, and Mr. H. Black. Miss Vera Tait at the piano. The committee has in hand a summer outdoor programme of club activities which will be the feature of the first of a series of visits to the Manitoba Agricultural College on Saturday afternoon, May 26th.

About eighty members made the trip to the Agricultural College in the Company's trucks. Many of the married members were accompanied by their wives. Visiting the domestic economy section and the gentlemen proceeding to the experimental building where Professor Shank was kept them greatly interested in explaining the different courses. Professor Wood then took the entire party in hand and conducted them over the stock and poultry divisions, where a guest competition evinced the lack of experience of the members in the matter of judging the weight of beef on the hoof.

Mr. MacBeth explained the museum exhibits in the horticultural building. The visit closed with a tour through the greenhouses, cacti and aquarium, under the guidance of the matron, Miss Sprackman.

The social committee for the season 1921-2 were elected by the staff of the Imperial Oil Limited as follows: Honorary President, Mr. J. A. Boyd; Honorary, Miss Mabel Leach; Treasurer, Mr. Chas. Waring; Committee, Misses McNabb, McLaughlin, Messrs. Stagger, Wilson, Woodworth, Knowles and Hocking.

The Imperial Oil aggregation of ball players engaged the British-American Oil Company in a hotly contested game Friday evening, at 3rd on Wynn Farm grounds, winning out by a 6-2 count. Stellar pitching, backed up by perfect support and hitting in the pinches won the game for the "Imps." The B.A.'s scores were collected in the second inning as a walk and an error being responsible. The pitching of "Lefty" Holley was one of the outstanding features of the game, while Connor's heavy stick was accounted for several runs. Hay's spectacular running catch in deep centre brought a happy cheer from the fans. The line-up was as follows:

Imperial Oil: Stewart, Connor, Holley, Hay, Roy, Waring, Sumner and Shaylor.

The Winnipeg Imperial "Polarian" Dance Club, an amateur team, are making a stiff fight for honors in the first division of the Winnipeg Mercantile Football League. The boys are just settling down to the game and in the next issue we hope to be among the leaders.

Regina

Sport—The first of a series of baseball games was played on the Regina Refinery Sports Grounds, was played Thursday, June 2. Mr. C. O. Stillman, President of the Company, visiting Regina Refinery at the time, officially opened the baseball season throwing the first ball to Mr. Norman MacKenzie, K.C., Solicitor for the Company. The opposing teams were the Royalties and the Premiers. The game which was closely contested, was very interesting, and resulted in a win for the Royalties.

Ottawa

Club Dance—The "Imperial Social Club," of Imperial Oil Limited, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Greenfield, at a social evening, which took the form of a progressive euchre and dance, held in the office, Mr. Greenfield housing a series of euchres and dances during the winter months. This was the last to hold this series of games with the view that this importance was attached to it, in view of the fact that the inquiry was honored with a visit from Mr. G. I. Hambley, General Manager, Eastern Division. Ottawa. Mr. Hambley was met by P. F. Sinclair, Chairman of the Committee and Bertrum Forbes. The office was prettily decorated with streamers of red, white and blue, the club's colors, flags and bunting. Progressive euchre was played until ten-thirty, when a buffet supper was served.

The tea-table was artistically decorated with dark red carnations and red candelabra. Mrs. Greenfield was assisted at the supper-table by the Misses A. Giroult, Anna Garland, Beryl Greenfield, Fio Reynolds, Gladys Dunton and Marguerite O'Grady. After supper Mr. Alex. Connelly, the president of the club read an address and Miss Anna Garland gave a solo. Mr. Hambley was then introduced and was met by Mr. G. I. Hambley a handsomely decorated box as a mark of the club's appreciation for the manner in which he has interested himself in the welfare of the employees of the Company at Ottawa, Station, Mr. Hambley, although taken very much by surprise acknowledged the receipt of the gift in a very pleasing manner.

Mr. Sinclair covered the floor to present the euchre prizes, the winners being ladies' First Prize, Miss Gladys Dunton; Ladies' Second Prize, Mrs. G. M. Thomas; Gentlemen's First Prize, Mr. Lem McBeth; Gentlemen's Booby Prize, Mr. Geo. Evans.

After the prizes were presented, Mr. Sinclair gave an address on the benefits to be derived from working for Imperial Oil Limited. Mr. MacArthur made an address in manner in which Imperial Oil employees are held in high esteem by the head offices. The company's Annuity Plan, when they become eligible for active service or are compelled to retire through ill-health. He also touched on the Company's Imperial Oil Employees' Benefit Plan, which company employees is insured. In the case of sickness or accident the company's Benefit Plan provides for employees who are unable to work through ill-health or accidents for a period depending upon their length of service. Mr. Frank Downie, past president of the club, moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield for providing one of the best social evenings in the history of the club.

After the speech-making, the floor was cleared and dancing was indulged in until the wee a.m.s. hours. The following address was presented to Mr. Hambley together with the portfolio:

IMPERIAL SOCIAL CLUB
To Mr. G. I. Hambley,
Managing Special Oil Limited,
Eastern Ontario Division,
For your Ottawa, Station.
The officers and members of the Imperial Social Club of Ottawa, have been looking forward to having you with us at our social evenings in the past, but realising that the pressure of other important matters has made it impossible for you to be present,
We wish to express our appreciation for the manner in which you have always treated the employees of the company at Ottawa, Station, and on behalf of the club, we wish to express our appreciation for the manner in which you have always treated the employees of the company at Ottawa, Station, and on behalf of the club, we wish to express our thanks for the good wishes.
We are glad to have you with us, and we shall look forward to the pleasure of your company at our future gatherings.
We all wish you every happiness in the future.
(Signed) Imperial Social Club.

(Concluded on page 14.)

Joo at Play.

"The Second May Day celebration at Ioco, B. C. was a great success and children had a day which will be remembered in years to come," writes our correspondent.

The day opened with a fun-filled activity by twenty automobiles carrying the "Queen," the "Queen's" elect, and some of the school children. The tour extended around the Ioco school grounds and back to the grounds in front of the club house where the entertainment was in full swing. Miss Irene Reynolds, the retiring "Queen," presented her crown to the "Queen," Miss Gladys Parks, who was then crowned "Queen of May for 1921." The afternoon was followed by May Pole and Folk dances, singing and dancing. The above photos will give an idea of the pageant.

1. Journey through Iocos in automobiles, 2. Ioco Band in Procession, 3. Ioco Maypole and Folk Dancers, 4. Players. This latter group are Ioco ladies who took part in local theatricals held at Ioco.
The Passing of the Horse

The onward march of progress is often ruthless in its methods. The old must give way to the new, regardless of tradition and sentiment. Often we leave the old with poignant regret, and often we regard the new with suspicion and distrust.

Probably nothing more significant can be found to emphasize this than the passing of the horse in modern industry and in modern everyday life. We often glance back over the pages of memory, and everywhere we see the horse predominant. We recall when a picnic or similar gatherings generally meant innumerable buggies, wagons and horses "parked" conveniently nearby. We often recall how we had to break away from the overloading of "feeding the horses." To-day all this is changed.

The "horseless" carriage or automobile is now supreme. You will find hundreds and hundreds of cars of all descriptions "parked" conveniently near the picnic or baseball grounds, while "feeding the horses" is one of the least of our cares.

And yet, notwithstanding the improved speed and convenience of motoring, one is sometimes inclined to regret the loss of the "sparking team of dry horses and the rubber-tired buggy." More particularly will old-timers regret the passing of the horse.

As it is in recreation and pleasure, so it is in industry. The splendid draft horses which were the pride of every large industrial firm, are rapidly growing less prominent. The truck and the delivery cars are superseding the horse more and more as the years roll by. Even on the farms and in rural communities where the horse is in its own domain, the automotive vehicle is growing more and more popular.

Automobiles, motor trucks and tractors are gradually replacing the horse power on the farm as well. Thus, in our industry, the horse is also passing. Our motor tank trucks are replacing our horse-drawn tank wagons; and in the passing of the horse we experience many twinges of sorrow and regret, for after all is said and done, there is no one more faithful and true, no one more lovable, than our "old pal," the horse.

This was aptly illustrated at our plant in Saskatchewan. With the arrival of the two-ton motor tank wagon and the two-ton motor truck, it meant the days of the horse were numbered at our Saskatchewan plant. With the arrival of the two-ton motor tank wagon and the two-ton motor truck, it meant the days of the horse were numbered at our Saskatchewan plant. With the arrival of the two-ton motor tank wagon and the two-ton motor truck, it meant the days of the horse were numbered at our Saskatchewan plant. With the arrival of the two-ton motor tank wagon and the two-ton motor truck, it meant the days of the horse were numbered at our Saskatchewan plant.

Far and Near

(Continued from page 13)

Presentation—On Tuesday afternoon, June 7th, in the Montreal main office, a presentation was made to Miss Albertine Turcot, who is leaving the Company's service, in view of her approaching marriage to Mr. Π. F. Polan.

Miss Turcot has been the telephone operator in the Montreal office, since June, 1913, and her amiability and cheerfulness have won for her the great popularity with all connected in anyway with the office.

The groom-to-be, is also one of the office staff, and is the purchasing and office record clerk.

At Miss Turcot's request, Mr. Mc- Nichol, our photographer, did what he could for her good friends and mementos.
Boiling Points

It Can Be Done

Plan your work with thought and it will be an every-day pleasure to do the best that is in you. Every man is his own boss—you make or break yourself. Power to do hard work may not be a virtue, but it is a mightily substantial substitute for it. The industrious salesman, agent or office man, is appreciated—it’s fun doing your work when you are appreciated.

The work turned out, labels one of us—what kind of a tag do you have on you? The man who allows himself to be satisfied with his present efforts will not be satisfied long because the man who takes the satisfied attitude will see himself go backwards instead of forward.

— S. T. MacCabe.

Hints to Girls

How to Be a Failure in Business

Get down late nights.

Forget your nose when taking dictation.

Draw your salary in advances.

Have your beam telephone at least every half hour.

Wash your white gloves out daily and hang them on the radiator in the boss’s private office.

Say “good back.”

Make up those paragraphs of business letters you cannot read from your shorthand.

Ask for a raise every Saturday.

Quit with the book-keeper.

Chew gum.

Forget your memorandum.

Forget filing cross-eyed.

Listen on the extension when the boss telephones his wife.

“Drops of Ink”

1. There is no royal road to fortune, but he who so lives as to gain the respect and love of his fellows achieves the highest success.

2. Life is the squandering of time results in poverty of soul and loss of worthy ambition.

3. The central point of national life is the home. If it be humble in its environment, it shall be potent in its effect upon the world.

4. If we cheerily go to our daily task, we will discover that the lubricating quality of cheerfulness makes labor run smoothly and with better results.

5. “The give-and-take principle” should be applied in daily service. If we serve only ourselves, we lose all of the great glories, and we, ourselves, are lost.

6. Every human ill has some compensation if rightly understood. The study of human life reveals the fact that the “Excelsior” spirit rises above the cycle of failure and reaches the mountain top of glowing satisfaction.

— Al. Higgett.

Am They a Hell?

The newly-appointed pastor of the colored church announced that the subject of his first sermon would be “Am They a Hell, or Am They Not?”

The church was packed as the new pastor swore to prove his assertion.

“Brethren,” he said, “the Lord made the world round like a ball.”

“Amens,” cried the congregation.

“And the Lord made the world so it could go round and round,” continued the pastor.

“Amens,” was the response.

“And the Lord made two axes for the world to go round on, and he put one on the North Pole and one axe at the South Pole.”

“Amens,” agreed the congregation.

“And then a great sinner digs wells in many lands, and steals the Lord’s oil and grease. And they dig wells in the north, the south, and in the west. One day they’ll dig so far that they’ll go into hell, brethren, that sure will be hell.”

Success

A successful career has been full of blunders—Evelyn Benson.

Success is the child of audacity. — Beauford.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success. — Dunns.

Educational Meeting at Edmonton

By T. W. Lincoln, Edmton, Alberta.

“Now I don’t think I’d like a job as a coopeer’s assistant, although I must say that the idea of eating all the cost of living as far as I am concerned, for the balance of my appetite after swallowing this effluvia for a few hours each day.”

“What does 6-14-6 mean on this box of candles?” and “There are 1-2-5 lbs. of wax in this crate and you never invoice a 3-2-5, how is that?” were among the questions which led to a lot of valuable information regarding packages and their make up, and it was taken up considerably more time than anticipated.

The automatic action of the barrier on the filling apparatus, the stenciling and painting of barrels, filling and weighting barrels, etc., came in for a full share of interest, while upon reaching the tank wagon loading pipes and finding Mr. E. Nardley, of the “Honor Roll” (there with his splendidly kept, softly-purring truck just about to start on its rounds), a big delay was forced upon us, which, of course, was extra to the programme.

The visit to the coooper’s shop and the demonstration of the coooper’s art and the steaming and cleaning of wood barrels, while on account of the high smells, not exactly calculated to attract toil with delicate olfactory nerves, strangely enough held the interest of the visitors.

The huge tanks, and the system of determining their contents, exclusive of the network of pipes underground, method of drawing from several tanks through the same line of pipe, the pump-house, with its high speed rotary pumps, method of filling pipes, running tanks, inspection of the tank cars, inspection of the storage and stages (where the cleanliness of premises and splendid appearance and gentle disposition of the stock fully justified the outspoken admiration of the visitors) offered their quota of attraction, making the time seemed shorter than from the rotations of another inaccuracy.

“Information” seems to be the demand from the membership of Edmond’s office staff, and this demand was never in evidence than during this visit to our warehouse.

Accumulated information means knowledge, and knowledge is power, therefore it seems a very safe prophecy that a strong property for a future trade in the West of this country.

The Motor Car is a Necessity

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improving their carburetors to utilize every drop of gasoline, the units. The greater the range of heat units that can be successfully vaporized, the greater the power produced and consequently the greater economic potentialities of the automobiles.

Automotive power, either in the form of cars, trucks, buses, tank car, or airships, is here to stay.

It is a recognized necessity that adds to the efficiency of transportation and correspondingly adds to the progress of our civilization.

It isn’t the question of the advisability or value of automotive power that occupies the minds of the citizens today, but the question of efficiency of fuel and lubrication comes first.

The more fuel that can be used and still be protected from oxidation, the more crude petroleum produced, the greater the utility of automotive power will become.

Motor manufacturers therefore are on the lookout for new and improved methods of transmission which are widely advertised in the technical journals of the automobile industry.
The Tank-Wagon Salesman

The following article is based upon a lecture given by Mr. Edward Harmsley, the Tank-Wagon salesman for Jim Harmsley, of Chicago, at the first annual banquet of the Tank-Wagon Salesmen's Club.

A tank wagon salesman, according to the trade, is the “thin of the line” and the type who has to grind his way to the top. But Mr. Harmsley has shown that there is more to selling than just selling.

“First of all, the salesman must have a good product to sell. In our case, the product is the tank wagon itself. It is a reliable and efficient piece of equipment that is well received by the customer.”

The tank wagon salesman must also have a good salesmanship. He must be able to make the customer feel comfortable and at ease. “I always try to make the customer feel as if he is the most important person in the room,” said Mr. Harmsley.

“Another important factor is the price. The tank wagon is a big investment for the customer, so he must feel that he is getting a good value for his money.”

The tank wagon salesman must also be able to solve any problems that may arise. “I always try to anticipate any problems that may occur and have solutions ready,” said Mr. Harmsley.

“Finally, the salesman must be able to follow through. He must be able to follow up on any promises he has made and make sure that the customer is satisfied.”

These are just a few of the things that Mr. Harmsley believes are necessary for a successful tank wagon salesman. But above all, he believes that the salesman must have a positive attitude. “A positive attitude will help you to succeed in any business,” he said.

After the Whistle Has Blown

(Continued from page 3)

...mental attitude towards their work. They look forward to the job of cleaning up the mess they have left behind. They know that they have done their best, and that is all that matters.

Men and women finish their tasks before leaving. They come out in three shifts of six workers each, each of which goes to their respective ways to continue their work. The whistle blows again, and the shift is over.

Contested men and women do not work on the clock or according to time, but they are expected to work until the whistle blows. Their work is measured by the amount of work they do and the quality of the work they produce.

In the Imperial Oil organization—after the whistle has blown—industriousness and productivity become more and more important. Activities slowly diminish, and the bustle of the day’s work dies away to a faint murmur. It is a reminder that the day has drawn to a close and home gone.

There is a reason for this—fair play. Imperial Oil workers know how to "play the game." Says three thousand of our workers are part owners of the company and are content to work for a large corporation because they are married and own their own homes. Some twenty thousand more have invested their surplus earnings in the Co-operative Investment Trust, enabling them to build up security for the future.

The executives are likewise "playing the game," so to speak, by helping the workers to be united in the company's welfare and prosperity. It is an industrial parliament where working conditions, wages and all other working problems may be thoroughly discussed. There is the Co-operative Investment Trust, which provides for the workers' retirement. There is the Insurance Plan, the Annuities and many other benefits—fully agreed for the welfare of the employees. If it follows out its statement of its President, Mr. C. O. Smith, "we are really trying to play the game."
To-Day or To-Morrow

Do those things which have been allotted for to-day and to-morrow will take care of itself.

To-morrow is the never-never day of our dreams—always coming but never comes. Those who dwell in dreams of to-morrow, lose the living realities of to-day.

Dreams have their uses. They often guide the future progress of mankind. Dreamers, thinkers and philosophers are the architects who draw the plans for the future structure of civilization, but it is the man with the hammer and the saw—the man of to-day—who makes that structure an actual reality.