MISTAKE, it's nearly here! See the signs that herald it—mistletoe, holly—while Christmas trees everywhere—store windows glittering with a thousand gorgeous gift-strewn shooting wherever you go; youngsters at the home doors selling Christmas seals—the mail full of anxious, scrawled letters to Santa Claus—and the warning “Just so many days to Christmas.” It’s coming. There’s no escaping it! To want it is normal. And yet, Christmas is an indication that unlike Scrooge it cannot be said of us “he know how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed that knowledge.” It was not that Dickens ended the inscrutable story of *The Christmas Card*, leaving us with the conviction that old Scrooge, once the bitter crotch, the hard-hearted old curmudgeon, having learned to “keep Christmas” was a smart and happier man all the day through.

To Our Organization:—

I have been wondering if there is in Canada another industrial journal in which “Merry Christmas, as it passes from one to another, has a more intimate and affectionate ring, or see in which the greeting is more universal. In every land, in every country, we are, on both sides, singing our Canadian anthem in far away South America, among some of the Imperial Oil organization is rising the ancient salutation. There no impression more thoroughly Canadian than Imperial Oil. It is so much concerned in every section of the country as any citizen at that action. It is so much concerned in Canada’s harvest as any farmer. The welfare of British Columbia is as vital to us as to any British Columbia. Upon the prosperity of the mines of Northern Ontario, the welfare of Newfoundland depends its own prosperity. It is in touch with every commercial activity, every new enterprise, every change and phase of our national life, and it is because in every country there is some good reason for thankfulness and gratitude that we can add to our greeting the frequent wish for “A Happy New Year.”

DECEMBER, 1923

NO. 11

On Keeping Christmas

These are reselections to which it is good for our mental health to be able to turn at any time through the week-a-day week of the year. To have not to “keep Christmas” means that we are immersed in the practical, materialistic matters of life that we have put healthy sentiment firmly outside the door and coldly turned the key. It requires deliberate effort not to yield to the emotional spirit of the Christmas season, so strong is its appeal to all humanity, and having withheld it is not a matter to be smug about. More worthy of admiration (and envy too) is the man who can honestly and pleasantly give himself up to every sentimental sentiment, the man who is bitter enough to make the season of Christmas merrous, revealing in the happiness of giving —of unencloled old reserves—of doing all the magnificently foolish, generous things that his heart suggests. Tomorrow he may appear the selfish and his boasting a transgressor of materialistic affairs, but once having dropped the disfavored he may never again hope to be known as anything but a warm-hearted, lovable actor who is cast in the villain’s part thru the remainder of the year.

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John Burne R. C. Warden

Don, Henderson W. H. Lambert

Wm. H. Rorer G. L. Worrall

Charles Leaver (Chairman)

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Geo. Clayton J. A. Deshp

Jas. Murray J. Blackwood

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O. Garnett John Reid

J. E. Dalven J. McEacher

A. R. Reid (Chairman)

Quebec

Henry Poon A. Lasquet

Theodore Castil David Kerr

John Laird (Chairman)

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THE LONG run of the Imperial Oil tankers down the west coast of North and South America and return, calls for a voyage of ten to twelve thousand miles — a greater distance than from B.C. ports to the Orient and return and just about the same mileage as two return trips from Halifax to Great Britain and return.

On the west coast run the northern destination is always Vancouver; the southern may be Calloso, Iquique, Antofagasta, Junin, Valparaiso or Talara direct, according to the demands of trade. The usual haunts discharging a cargo of Peruvian crude at Iloco, is to sail light for San Francisco or Los Angeles and there load a full cargo of fuel oil for some of the South American ports, after which, returning to Hobart, there is an opportunity to refuel.

The route is one replete with interest, not only to the seamen who may happen along that way but to the sailorman whose world is seen from the bridge. Old and experienced ships' officers who have travelled the world around will tell you without hesitation that there is no run on the seven seas that they would trade for the west coast run on the Pacific.

The sunshine, the long low Pacific swell, the languorous tropics, all combine to make that run just right. Indubitably, it is the Peaceful Break.

But in choice of name Balboa drew his inspiration from the mid-latitudes. Juan de Fuca, Van Andia and the other later British explorer, Captain Cook, whose voyages put the names on a great part of the map of the Pacific Ocean, found no such peaceful conditions in the more northerly latitudes. From Vancouver, southward bound, the route is out of the Bering Inlet narrows, into English Bay and the Gulf of Georgia, thence down the canal-like delta of Juan de Fuca, around Cape Flattery and out into the Pacific. Going outward, the trip calls for good navigation and careful piloting at the best of times; but coming inward in a blinding northwest snowstorm of winter the conformation of Cape Flattery, Vancouver Island and the Strait of Juan de Fuca constitute a cut-through to the open sea. The snowstorm spelt doom of many noble ships and countless passengers and sailorsmen. The whole geography is a trap. Vancouver Island lies close along the British Columbia coast. Its lowermost point sticks out into the Pacific like a flatiron, the western side of which is exposed to the forty-four thousand mile sweep of the Pacific and the southern side makes the northern shore of the strait.

The coast line of the state of Washington is set back twenty to thirty miles to the eastward of a southerly projection of the coast line of Vancouver Island. The navigator must follow up this coast line of Washington to just beyond Cape Flattery and there make a square turn into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The navigable part of the strait is about four to five miles wide at the mouth. There are lighthouses, buoys and bells a plenty, but in a forty mile gale laden with snowflakes the size of sheepskins, of what avail are these prearrangements? The ship master is left to his own resources. To turn too soon means destruction of the propellor of Cape Flattery. To go beyond the proper turning point means certain death on the granite face of Vancouver Island. Those who dwell there about will tell you that the mountainous waves that beat upon this coast spring up the bound sea wall two hundred feet and down again. Against this no ship can live.

A human is but an atom. To find the proper turn in a snowstorm, navigators take their location by the Umatilla lightship, on Umatilla reef which projects into the Pacific from the coast. By log and the beat of the propeller, they estimate the distance to Flattery, their only check.

being the lead line. The water in the straits is very deep; along the Washington foreshore it is shallow. If the lead fails to get bottom at one hundred fathoms they are probably in the straits. There are hazards on every trip in or out of the straits. As for instance:

When the S.S. El Lobo, Captain Anderson, set out from Vancouver on February 10th last the ship ran through one of these snow hurricanes just as it descended upon the entrance to the straits. By good luck and good navigation they got out of the open sea not more than an hour or more before the blizzard blotted out the forty-eight hours five ships close from among those seeking to get in to the straits met disaster, three being completely lost and their crews saved only by the indescribable heroism of sailors on rescue ships called to aid. But the Lobo, by that time was far out on the open sea.

For, once beyond the straits, outbound bound, there is plenty of sea room, and no sullen marine worries much about wind or wave where there is plenty of room. In good weather the navigators keep close to the coast, the mountains of Washington, Oregon and California over in sight. Opposite the mouth of the Columbia, where the hill of seons has piled up to form a bar, a shaking up is usually looked for, but no one regards this as a menace and it can always be avoided, though at the expense of mileage, by keeping out. At Cape Blanco, that westernmost tip of the Golden State, Balboa's peaceful ocean is reached. Below Blanco sounds are seldom heard.

And then the Golden Gate.

One may approach San Francisco from any direction by sea or air. But it is the approach down the portals of the Golden Gate that brings the thrill. The dancing pilot, the different waves, the long glowing shadows of the tempestuous hills that make a drop curtain background to one of the world's finest harbors, and the unfolding panorama of a magnificent city that comes into view right on the turn of the cliff: a city that appears at once beautiful, sparkling, mysterious and yet fixed, established: a city that somehow conjures the impression of having acquired a pose. A camp become permanent.

As the local adovcates and admirers of 'Frisco exhibit their points of interest, juggling with such names as Suitro Fair and Hopkins and showing monuments and cemeteries that were already old when the declaration of independence was being written, it is easy to slip into the belief that 'Frisco has a history. In fact, the historic is something to which you must subscribe and subscribe willingly. The more palpable your strangeness, the more imperative the demand that you admit the historic in 'Frisco's cosmos. The driver who picks you up in the thrashing centre of the busiest city on ten thousand miles of coast wants to whisk you at once to some spot where you can show some effigy of a past that in the yardstick of world history was embalmed only the day before yesterday, leaving meanwhile in the discard of inattention the features of modernity, energy and progressiveness, as though those must be taken for granted. But in the 'Frisco complex, so it appears, the legendary must be established to screen or soften the mental picture of discol box robbers, vigilantes and everything else that the visitor is presumed to have brought with him to San Francisco.

And from there down all along the coast everything is legendary. A coast bristled with such names as San Jose, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, suggestive of the fact that the Spaniards were the original inhabitants, and a league after league of an unfolding panorama of snow-capped California hills that form a battle line all along the sun-burnt ocean, an ultra-marine sea. What an innumerable wall this barrier of peaks must have appeared to the goldhunting forty-niners coming up from the Isemis and the Horn! Beyond
Halifax Reports on the Season's Sports

It never rains but it pours. Readers of the "Review" have not heard from Halifax for considerable time concerning sport activities, but the speculation that has made a such a regard will be gratified in this chronicle, summarizing events of the most successful season since the inception of the Imperial Review.

While in previous years the various branches of city league sports have been particulated in this past year was continued, with the exception of bowling and squash, to inter-department activities. The adoption of this policy promoted more good will and increased the friendly rivalry among the employees.

DINOS

Probably the most favored of local recreations, the tennis courts have been in constant daily use during the summer. The two courts are located in the center of the village and are a credit to the community.

Presided over by Meurer, Grafton Carter of the "Royalists," Ralph Dinnick of the "Premiers," and Berno Wilson of the "Yankees," entered the plant tournament. The "Royalists" won the most points during the series.

Apart from the tournaments, the courts were in constant informal use both by plant employees and those attending school. Return games with St. Matthias' Club of Halifax were pleasant diversions for the participants and it is now planned to extend these inter-department contests in order to give greater scope to many of the players who are developing into proficient players.

QOHTS

A pronounced inclination has been shown toward this game by a number of the employees. One of the most enthusiastic of good players is a certain Mr. Allan who won the Austin trophy for the annual

A photo of tennis, golf and bowling enthusiasts.

A photo of the bowling green, tennis courts and golf links at Inverary.
With the Petroleum Hunters in the Land of the Glaciers

Oil Men Visit Alaska's Grandest Scenery where, under the Shadow of St. Elias, Blue Ice Plunges into a Summer Sea

Compiled by John Naas, from Letters Written on Route by William Young of the International Petroleum Company.

VOTARIKES at the shrine of petroleum must be invoked to subvert personal comfort to the call of duty. Home ties, the enjoyment of the commonplace aids so casually accepted in civilized society, are incidental conveniences, all gone quickly by the board when the oil hungrer penetrates the wilderness. As the settled parts of the world become depleted the search for oil must move more and more to be carried into new fields and answering this urge to find new supplies the modern explorer is no longer gold hunter or geographer but now an oil man. When they build a monument to him some day he will be depicted in high boots and a plane table under his arm and not the reaper by way of impedimenta. His radius is around the world. Petroleum is a hard taskmaster.

As a compensation, however, the oil industry offers to those in whom the wanderlust has been implanted or developed, a glorious opportunity of getting close to nature and viewing authentic works of creation from Pole to Pole.

Such a one is Mr. William Young, who, for many years, was connected with the activities of International Petroleum in Peru.

Having satisfied himself with tropical jungles, cactus studded deserts, the mighty Andean peaks and the massacre environment of Latin America, he traveled through Oklahoma, Los Angeles, and the teeming U.S. fields to enrich his store-house of knowledge by studying the most up-to-date oil-field practices.

Thus refreshed we find him on the water-front at Seattle preparing to venture into a realm providing a complete antithesis to his tropical sojourning, and through the medium of his highly-descriptive letters and the lens of his camera, readers of the Review are privileged to face forthwith with him to far distant Alaska and learn something of the wonders of that snow-bound, rock-girt land.

Let us leave to our Directors the task of studying "Bill's" report on oil development in the Peninsula, "Doc" Brown's critical surveys of the geological antecedents of the region, and "Mac" McQueen's pungent comments on labour conditions in a land where the working day is governed by the light and shadow and where such things as practically twenty-four hours at a stretch, relieved of those toils can devote our home grandees which conformed these "Three Musketeers" on their dash into the wilds.

Any sympathy we may feel for the traveller is rapidly dispelled when we learn how they "roughed it" on the S.S. Alaska. "It is the finest thing I have ever seen in steamers," Mr. Young says, "in a wide experience all round the world. My cabin is a beautiful room with four-poster bed, dressing table with big oval mirror, surmounted with a cut glass vase, and adjoining is a beautiful tiled bath room. Last evening when I went to my cabin, I found a plate of apples, oranges and plums on the dresser, and in the vase I was referred to were beautiful iris and ferns. I never travelled in such luxury before. The meals are as fine as I ever ate, and the dining room very attractive, fitted up with small round tables to accommodate four or five people, the chairs being regular dining room chairs and not fastened down as is the case where travel is likely to be in rough water. This morning we had for breakfast: fresh strawberries and cream, shadroe and bacon, delicious coffee and buttered toast. The main deck from amidships forward, is closed in and cancelled with plate glass. My quarters are on this deck. The dining saloon, card and writing rooms are on a deck lower, which is also the promenade deck, and contains the drawing room and smoking room. The windows on both sides and across are plate glass reaching from ceiling to deck floor, chairs beautifully upholstered in chintz, and an electric-driven grand player-piano. Last night they took the carpeting up and had a very successful dance on a beautifully polished hardwood floor."

Those of us who are lucky enough to have a hardwood chair in a downtown office may be forgiven for wishing that a little sea-sickness had been included in the menu to break things up a bit for the pilgrims, but unfortunately it did not happen so, for "Bill" continues:

...
"We have never been out of sight of land since leaving Seattle. It has really been like a trip through Mistaken Identity, smooth as a mill pond. About two hours ago we left the end of Vancouver Island, crossed Queen Charlotte Sound, and are now abreast of Queen Charlotte Island; calm water all the way."

At Ketchikan they told us that the temperature never goes below 30 during the winter; the same at all the coast ports. Ketchikan is quite a big place, nice residences, paved streets, good stores and plenty of motor cars. It is kept up by mining, lumbering and fish canning industries. All the way along we passed little settlements with canning factories and lumbering industries, nestling at the bottom of the high wooded mountains.

"The scenery beggars description. Imagine a thousand miles of steamers travel in water from a quarter of a mile to three miles wide, snow capped mountains on either side, reaching almost to the waters edge and standing up to 10,000 feet in height, solid with spruce trees to half way up with feisty clouds floating over the top. Every once in a while we see a white streak ahead, which turns out to be a stream falling over a cliff, forming beautiful falls. Glorious weather, blowing cold and nice and warm; passengers in their chains on the upper deck. On the deck this morning I found we were in Frederick Sound, about 140 miles across. There was a braking almost to the waters edge and standing up to 10,000 feet in height, solid with spruce trees."

"Saw a glacier on one side with a number of small icebergs along the shore, bluish in color, evidently clear of snow."

The storm-tossed barque at length reached Wrangell and Mr. Young supplements his narrative:

"At Wrangell the whole town was on the dock to see us come in, about two hundred in all. The small cargo we landed consisted of a dozen big bales of ice cream, crates of bananas, oranges, etc., and beef done up in sacks, all from Seattle. Wrangell is an old Russian settlement and some of their original buildings are still standing. We went into a fur-buying store and saw wonderful fur mixes, silver fox for $600 a skin, mink and sable for $300, etc.; also large bear and wolf skins. Not having the money handy, I resisted the temptation to bring home some sable skins.

"Being in like predicament regarding the cash, and in addition lacking the opportunity, we can truthfully say with William, "Yes, we have no sables today." Let us therefore turn our attention to less expensive but more soul-satisfying topics.

"While the "rocks hounds" were unravelling the mysteries of structure and geopgraphy, Mr. Young in addition to delving deeply into the olenographic history of the district, found much to admire, and with a descriptive touch reminiscent of Sir Walter Scott (who could describe a sunrise over two chapters) he has painted for us a vivid word picture of the scenes on which his eyes feasted.

The morning of the two parties must have been affecting, and loses none of its pathos as related by "Bill."

"Finally about 5 a.m. we saw smoke coming out of a boat at a place called Umbrella Reef so we dropped our hook, loaded the provisions and main line, and were in the boat. Dr. and Mrs. Swallow were there to greet us. They were camped on the high bank in some cabins, having left their tents behind on account of the difficulty in packing their outfit, as they had several big rivers to cross. They had only one man with them and consequently had accomplished little but pack their outfit and fight mosquitoes. They looked tough but in good spirits and glad to get letters from home."

After a hearty welcome we breakfast and set sail across the bay to interview Gateway Glacier, the wonders of which are poetically set ashore.

"Starting early, we steamed right up to within a half mile of the glacier on the East side and turned and ran along its face to the other shore a distance of about six miles. It was a wonderful experience. The glacier, about 300 ft. high, is solid blue ice to the top, one mass of crevasses and pinnacles. It presents a sheer wall from the water up and is continually "working", as they say in the trade. Famous masses, each weighing thousands of tons, break off every few minutes and fall into the water with a booming like the thunder of heavy guns. As one enters the bay it sounds like an engagement of heavy artillery. Falling masses of ice send showers of spray higher than the top of the glacier and a tidal wave about twelve feet high follows. Most of our journey across here was in ice; we were only moving about three miles per hour running under one engine. As may be seen from the photos the scene is a grand one."

"Arriving over on the other side without mishap we anchored about a mile off shore and within the same distance of the glacier, in the middle of a river with a swift current which was coming out from under the glacier and which was the cause of it being covered with a feathery snow beautifully clear with the sun shining and we had a wonderful view of Mt. St. Elias rising up to 10,000 ft. miles away, our boat being on the beach and walking up the beach within two hundred feet of it was no effort for a couple of hours to watch it work. It was an awesome sight to see those enormous masses of ice breaking off and falling into the water with a roar."

Leaving the glacier to work unmolested, Mr. Young descends to more mundane affairs and describes a salmon cannery and its activities.

"I visited the salmon cannery which is near us and found everything very interesting. The local fishermen have had exceptionally good runs of red salmon lately, one day taking 50,000 fish in their gill nets. They stake the nets out like a fence on poles planted in the flats and drive these flats at the mouth of the river and the deposit is glacier ice.

"Ending in a manner which is calculated to make a despicable commit murder "Bill" describes briefly his visit to a coal mine, with unnecessary detail the hospitality extended to him.

"The old caretaker made us welcome and cooked a fine meal for us, which consisted of a joint of roast beef, a large salmon, shot the bear, a monster, the previous day, also her two Cubs. I have the skin; the meat was fine. In the morning for breakfast we had eggs, dark green and spotted in color, very good to eat. We had good beds to sleep on and enjoy our night's rest."

After this one is quite prepared to believe the closing statement, even although it is not made on oath."

"I now weigh 195 pounds."

"Truly the life of an oil man is just one thing after another."

**Southern Associates**

Mr. Robert Nevel, who has been employed at Calgary office for the past six years, will sail on the s. s. "Santa Teresa" Dec. 13th for Peru, where he will enter the Talara office as junior accountant.

On the same vessel, Mr. Clyde R. Moore, stillman at Talara, will return on a vacation spent in the United States. Mr. Clinton Harper of Petrolia and Mr. James L. Deans of Iwcoo are also going south to confer the company's services as truck drivers at Negritos. Two more acquisitions of the Negritos drilling department will be Messrs. Newton Harvey and Cecil B. Swick, who sail with the others on the "Santa Teresa."

Mr. E. LaTour of the Geological Department, Toronto, will depart on Dec. 19th for Colombia.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Huntley have returned from Colombia where Mr. Huntley has been in the capacity of Staff Superintendent of Engineers for the Marine Department.
Gullible’s Travels

Book Fite—During which Father Neptune Enfolds me in a Clammy Embrace.

By Colston L. Dyer

EIGHT bells clanged out and we worked the revolutions for the watch, took a last look around the engine room and clambered up the ladders for a breather over the rail before breakfast.

Our spirits were not exactly exalted and our hearts did not exactly accelerate with joy to think that a new day had dawned. In truth it was worse than yesterday’s today, and two days in the doldrums were sufficient provocation to be depressed.

The sky, from horizon to horizon, gave promise of nothing more than rain and there hardly existed any hope of that. The Second Engineer, my companion in speculation, raised his voice above the usual grumble to make some vigorous comments on Nature’s management of the elements, and for once I was able to agree with his Second Engineer, you must know, are mainly judged by their ability to grovel and generally impress upon inferior officers how small is their part in the indescribable scheme of things, and how inadequate their importance with aforementioned small part. I trust that the reader appreciates this fearless statement; it lays me open to the receipt of bitter communications from sundry second engineers who will welcome this opportunity to shine forth in all the glory of a married male-driver.

In the afternoon, as I lay in all the hearty slumber of my tender years, snoring a happy refrain to the leathen quaking of the engine, there came a rapid succession of fire alarms and all hands tumbled onto deck with more speed than clothing.

Without ceremony certain of us were bundled off to the starboard rail and inquiry provided us with the information that the ship was crossing the Equator and that Father Neptune was coming aboard to separate the sheep from the goats.

I immediately felt my face for chin whiskers and regretted that two weeks had passed since a razor last caressed my cheeks.

A canvas tank, having been arranged on deck, the fire was sent up on deck and the fire hose was sent to blast it into the Companionway. It had been previously lowered and on the aisle came Father Neptune with all his court. A familiar twinkle in the sea monarch’s venereal eye reminded me of the Mate; his pertly blushing bride was sufficiently fine another than the Wireless Operator: evidently the pious preacher and the Chief Engineer were of similar conversation; these led me to the conclusion that perhaps Captain Williams’ indisposition was upon him or that he had written another sonnet which be contemplated painting off on anyone who would take it. 

**

In the front row sat the Doctor, Neptune, his breathing bride, the Rector and the Batter. The tray of conclusion formed a background.

FATHER NEPTUNE'S COURT

In the front row sat the Doctor, Neptune, his breathing bride, the Rector and the Batter. The tray of conclusion formed a background.

To get along a bit more, the weather was depressing. There was that matter of a big washing to bother me; the ship was due in port on the morrow and a number of duds pleaded for attention each time I entered my cabin.

I was a funny affair: an air of suspense; the underlaid glances that fitted past me; forced conversation; these led me to the conclusion that perhaps Captain Williams’ indisposition was upon him or that he had written another sonnet which he contemplated painting off on anyone who would take it. I have six alogether, beginning “This is Heart!”...

But inquiry proved that it was none of there.

In the Equation for Father Neptune, your strict attention is requested while I read you a passage in Neptune’s regulations for this auspicious occasion of crossing the line. Previous to admission within the Mystic Circle you must be secured and cleansed physically and morally, and painfully tried to prove your worthiness of entering the order. In a short time the Doctor, a man profoundly versed in his science, will conduct a series of tests upon your body, but your immediate attention is directed to these questions which you are to answer truthfully:

1. Have you ever intoxicated more than eight days in one week?

2. Did you ever tell a shipmate to turn in while you did his work?

3. Have you ever been guilty of sleeping with your knees up?

Each applicant having proved his mental capacity was in turn handed over to the Doctor who bade him come forward. This learned and skillful medico searched diligently for defects and administered to each the necessary antidotes. The treatment was vigorous. The interior of the nose was well coated with lead red and upon opening one’s mouth to breathe, a large pill made of palmolive soap and caustic pepper was thrust therein followed by a chaser of lubricating oil. A generous sprinkling of coockeas exterminator was rubbed into an unworthy head, and the Doctor pronounced the nonentity now in splendid physical condition. The soap I swallowed were any criterion, then I must have been bubbling over with good health.

The final and most strenuous steps in the purging were the shave and the bath. Neptune’s barber took me in turn and lathered the face and vicinity indiscriminately with graphite and tallow. This was drawn off with a large pail and the police were commanded to throw the candidate into the tank and scour him thoroughly.

Now, I would respectfully remind you of the outrages we have already suffered, and I would ask you to feel the horns that came into our hearts as we were one by one ruthlessly tossed into the tank of salt water and held under by Neptune’s guardians until much had been swallowed. When one came to the top and tried to get a breath of air, the fire hose was turned in his face and he was laid very low. This provoked a fracas in almost every instance.

A few devoured to escape. An Italian fireman who hid himself in the bunkers was searched out by the crew and given double does. A young French seaman who couldn’t speak our language, fled in terror to the top of the rigging, where he was pursued by half a dozen zealous harriers who dragged him down by the heels and filled his stomach with salt water and his heart with a due sense of vengeance for Neptune.

Those that could stand up unassisted were then declared worthy, and were permitted to kiss the hand of Neptune’s himself.

In the subsequent clean-up, many wrecked garments were cast off and sent by the boards. It is questionable whether more were sent from laughter than from rough handling. The ceremony is a sure test of one’s ability to go through a drubbing on an even keel. As Miste Mate said when he pushed off his mustard yellow whiskers, “Well, prisase that we got through it without a mishap.”

The final exammination was eventually issued to each one. Mine I have revently placed away to rest alongside some seventy stories reviewed by publishers and other treasures that shall not be brought to light.
Winners of Winnipeg Coupon Contest

A MERRY evening at the Winnipeg Office on September 14th marked the close of a vigorously contested campaign for the sale of coupon books. The contest ran from July 16th to August 31st and comprised five teams chosen from the office and warehouse staffs.

Organized by Mr. F. Spencer, the contest opened with enthusiasm running high, and throughout its duration competition and keen rivalry increased not only between each team, but also between the leading individuals. Prizes were awarded to the lady and to the gentleman securing the highest individual sales, with an additional prize for the highest score. Mr. C. S. Griffith, Manager at Winnipeg in making the presentations remarked upon the lively activity of the staff throughout the contest.

A Splendid Team

This team of horses is claimed by Montreal to be one of the finest in the Imperial service, and it is evident that they could not be easily surpassed. At a recent horse show held by the Manitoba Society these horses won great distinction.

Miss I. McNab, Captain of the winning team also secured the highest score among the ladies, while the satisfaction of having the greatest number of individual sales was secured by Mr. W. Hawcroft. Worthy mention are Miss S. Griseman, Miss M. Latt, and Miss M. Dowling, Mr. F. D. Paterson and Mr. W. Corrie for their splendid efforts.

Mr. Hawcroft, in writing of his experiences, expressed surprise at the number of people who took advantage of the 2% discount offered to the purchasers of Coupon Books. Motorists have found the coupon book a very handy manner of purchasing supplies, as it eliminates change-making and is more satisfactory than having to lose cash on each occasion of a purchase. Coupon books not only attract new gasoline business, but promote lubricating oil and specialty sales.

Memos from Montreal

S. Chinnall, Correspondent

A Thanksgiving and Armistice Banquet and Dance was held on November 16th at the Hotel Nova Scotia Club of Montreal, at Victory Hall, Westmount.

A three-course dinner was served for appetizer for the sumptuous dinner which every guest enjoyed “to the full.” The feast was followed by a worthy programme contributed by the club’s own talent.

Mr. F. T. McKean generously contributed several songs. Vocal selections were also rendered by Miss Bissin and Mr. E. Michaud. A company choir of sixteen voices gave a tuneful part song in English and contrasted this number with a spirit medley of old French Canadian airs. The piano selections of Miss Labrosse were entirely in sympathy with the vocalists and the Chorus Value (Op. 64) was delivered with excellent taste.

The newly-organized orchestra was unanimous in its efforts to please the dancers and gave generous encores to every dance. Messrs. Dean, Forest, Mc Cormack and Ritchie were the musicians.

The Club President, Mr. E. J. Finch, together with his executive earned congratulations of the guests for the successful banquet and the hope was generally expressed that this was but the first of many such ventures.

The International Plowing Match

By George E. Lucas, Sarnia

THE annual International Plowing Match, sponsored by the Ontario Plowmen’s Association, was staged this year about two miles east of Sarnia on the Sarnia-London Highway. The weather was ideal during the three days of the match, October 31st to November 4th, and the forty thousand attendants who were attracted from the four corners of the province, from Quebec, Manitoba and the Thumb District of Michigan, received the benefit not only of skilled plowmen in action, but were enabled to examine the relative merits of modern plowing implements.

Nearby one hundred plowmen turned the ground of the three hundred acres allotted to the match by the Hillier Farm. Age made no difference and one youngster of 75 summers proved that his eye was keen and his hand as firm as ever, while a budding farmer of 15 years also demonstrated his ability before an approving crowd.

No color line was drawn and an Ojibway Indian from the Sarnia Reserve carried off the prize in his class, thus becoming the proud possessor of a valuable double set of harrows.

On every side champions of the various counties displayed their skill before spectators who trumped tirelessly from sod to stubble contests with what seemed Seven League boots in many cases.

A “Tented City” occupied much space and was given over to a display of “Made in Lambton County” products. One of the most prominent arrays was that of the county’s largest industrial concern, Imperial Oil, Limited. The display comprised Imperial Polarine Oils and Greases chiefly; many questions were put by interested automobile and tractor owners, and the doctrine of “Sell by the Chart” was closely followed.

Every tractor which started up and down the fields was lubricated with a grade of Imperial Polarine, suitable to the type, and carried a large sign bearing the words: “This tractor is lubricated with Imperial Polarine Special Heavy.”

One of our familiar tank trucks was also retained on the ground to render exclusive service in the supply of Imperial Premium gasoline.

Marriages at Montreal

Single men in the Montreal Main Accounting office promise in the near future to be as rare as the great doves or the hansom cab, which is by way of announcement that within the past two months, four men have entered the ranks of wedlock.

The rapid succession of these four happy weddings has left the balance of the office staff slightly dated, for two of these neophytes had in the past enjoyed a reputation of being confirmed celibates.

Beautiful cutlery sets were presented to Messrs. Jass, Forest and W. F. Harrett, by the staff. Mr. O. McCormick, who returns to his profession of teaching school, was the recipient of a nice travelling bag, and this marked the culmination of another Imperial Oil romance, for Mr. McCormick has married Miss Marguerite Barry, formerly main office cashier. The ladies of the office held a shower in honor of Miss Barry. Mr. Joe Griffin, the fourth fortunate, was given a splendid silver Queen Anne Tea Service along with the staff’s wishes for every happiness in his new venture.

From the above it would seem that Cupid’s quiver will need replenishing after flying so many arrows in Montreal.

Pastor showed how to prevent and control infections in living things—man, animal, and plant. He planned a discerning world and advanced structural work on it.
Talara School Days

When it was announced, early this year, in the Talara School that two medals—a gold one for the highest average percentage obtained during the term, and a silver one to the pupil who showed best deportment toward work, diligent application, were to be awarded by the Talara-Nentkot School Board, of which Mr. L. M. Stone is Honorary Secretary, there was great excitement among the pupils and a contest commenced which lasted until the end of June.

On Friday morning, June 28th, the presentation was made, to the boundless delight of the recipients. The gold medal was won by Genevieve O'Connor, of Class Four, Senior, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William O'Connor. The decision as to who should receive the silver medal was arrived at with greater difficulty. However, after the question had been carefully considered from all points, it was decided that it be Blay of Class Three, Junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Blay, ever, was most deserving of this medal.

It was a noticeable fact that, while there must have been disappointment in many a small breast at the failure to obtain one of the coveted trophies, all joined in congratulating the winners with as much enthusiasm and sincerity as if they themselves had been the successful ones, thus showing the true sporting spirit which has always been an outstanding characteristic of the pupils of Talara School.

The division cup of Mohammed II, sultan of Turley from 1451 to 1481, was sold at Sotheby's, London, for £102, Stow being the buyer. It was sold at the sale of oriental manuscripts and works of art. The highest price for a manuscript was £125, paid by Chester for a copy of the Koran written in Kufi on parchment by Husein Dzakay in 680 A.D.

Operating a switchboard in a busy telephone exchange is so great a strain that few girls can stand it for as long as eight years.

Talara Bowling Champions

By W. H. Hallett

The winter schedule of the Talara Inter-departmental Bowling League has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The League comprised four teams and the schedule called for twelve games each. The players for "Outside Office" were Dr. L. Fraser, Capt. B. Dunlop, C. Stoddart, J. Anker, A. D. McKenzie; for "Inside Office" R. Cole, Capt. R. Fraser, A. Flex, J. Thompson.

A Long Journey

St. John, N.B. claims to be one of the greatest baseball cities in Eastern Canada. At the recent play-off of the World Series, Ralph Preston, Imperial Oil warehouseman and ardent supporter of the Giants, wagered with Frank Wiley on the outcome of the games. The loser had to roll a barrel from the Imperial Oil plant to Indiantown, a distance of three miles.

Mr. Preston proved to be a good loser and he rolled the barrel the full distance on a rainy Saturday afternoon, behind an Imperial Oil truck, on which a bugler heralded the approach. We find him still smiling at the finish.

Halifax Report

(Continued from Page 6)

The Process Department team, under the management of D. M. Allan, Jr., clashed with a picked team from the various office departments on several occasions and came out on the long end of the score each time. Dave used good judgment in picking his team and had a veritable squad of "Babe Ruths" to discourage the office team.

The third annual school, scout and cab road race is the event of the season among the boys of Imperial. The course extends over two and one-half miles and the prize is a handsome trophy donated by the late G. G. Thomson of Halifax. It must be won three years in succession and this year George Irwin secured it for the third consecutive time, thus entitling him to permanent possession.

Nineteen boys trained diligently for months and the race was a close one. Irwin covered the distance in 16 minutes and 32 seconds; Carl Beever ran second in 16 minutes and 50 seconds; George Wilkinson took third place in 16 minutes and 57 seconds.

The feature of the race was the running of little Billie O'Neill, seven years old, who ran the entire distance and finished well up the front. In addition to the trophy there were ten other prizes which proved a great incentive for the boys to train well.

The prospects for the coming hockey season are good and plans for the plant team are already well in hand.

An Endurable Record

Forty-five years in the service, under sixty years of age, and capably handling one of the hardest jobs in the Company is the record of James Floyd, in charge of Hamilton Division construction.

Born in Ireland, Ireland, he came with his parents to Canada in 1874. He started in the oil business with Isaac Anderson in 1874, as messenger boy, and stayed with that firm until it was taken over by the Queen City Oil Company in 1885.

Took enough time off to serve in the Riel Rebellion with the Toronto Grenadiers. Being Irish he looks back on this episode as one of the pleasant experiences of his life.

Every drop of Pulp Oil sold by the Queen City Oil Company was made by him, and at intervals he went out and did either construction or repair work. Finally he handled that work altogether, looking after what is now the Hamilton Division.

Managers come and go, but Jim goes on forever, his only worry being whether the Directors will give him a fourth diamond when he completes his fifty years service.

We are pleased to learn that the many sports carried on at Imperial this year have borne good fruit. Imperial is now likely anxious to get the news from other plants and we can assure you that similar reviews from the different centres are cordially invited.
Owen Sound Fall Fair

Many People Attracted to Imperial Oil Booth by Carefully Arranged Exhibit

By R. G. Lye

The credit for a pleasing exhibit at the Owen Sound Fall Fair, held from September 23rd to 14th, goes to the Agent Mr. McWhirter and his staff. Visitors to the Fair were drawn to the booth in large numbers throughout the three days.

Interest centered largely upon a model rig and drilling outfit, which was borrowed and assembled by themselves. The boiler served as a storage tank for compressed air to operate the engine in place of steam. The engine and boiler were faithful reproductions of the real thing. A water-pump operated by the engine exhausted pumped water from the well into the receptacle seen in the foreground of the picture. The engine supplied motive force for pumping oil from the well, and at the same time worked the string of drilling tools.

The booth was crowded all the time and perused much attention. Many gratifying comments were passed on the arrangement. Not only were inquiries received regarding Imperial Oil products, but a number of sales were made on the spot.

In the display of products were jugs of oil, which stood out to advantage with properly insulated electric lights immersed in each. An array of cans with small electric lights concealed behind them added to the effect.

The success of the exhibit encouraged Mr. McWhirter to set it up at three other Ontario

petitive fair outside of Owen Sound and the results were beyond expectation.

The men at Owen Sound are proud of their exhibit and style it "Not so bad for a backwoods sub-station."

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Luxury and Industry

Reflections By Benjamin Franklin on the Economic Laws Governing Trade and Commerce

I am not sure that there is a remedy for Luxury; nor that the evil is in itself so great as is represented. Is it not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labor and industry? May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance.

The ship which is employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap. Three years later, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap and how much his daughter had been pleased with it. "But," said he, "it proved a dear cap to our congregation." "How so?" "When my daughter appeared with it at a meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds."

"True," said the farmer, "but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us, for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have where to buy caps and ribbons there, and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes."

Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens.

Some of those who grow rich will be prudent, live within bounds, and preserve what they have gained; others, fond of showing their wealth, will be extravagant, and ruin themselves. Laws cannot prevent this; and perhaps it is not always an evil to the public. A shilling spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wiser person, who knows better what to do with it. It is therefore not lost.

It has been computed by some political arithmeticians that if every man and woman would work for four hours each day on something useful, that labor would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life; want and misery would be banished out of the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

What occasions, then, so much want and misery? It is the employment of men and women in works that produce neither the necessities nor conveniences of life; who, with those who do nothing, consume necessaries raised by the laborious.

Look around the world and see the millions employed in doing nothing, or something that amounts to nothing, when the necessaries and conveniences of life are in question. What is the bulk of commerce, for which we fight and destroy each other, but the toll of millions for superfluities, to the great hazard and loss of many lives, by the constant danger of the sea? How much labor is spent in building and fitting great ships to go to China and Arabia for tea and coffee, to the West Indies for sugar, to America for tobacco? These things cannot be called the necessities of life, for our ancestors lived very comfortably without them.

One reflection more and I will end. Almost all the parts of our bodies require some expense. The feet demand shoes, the legs stockings; the rest of the body clothing; and the stomach a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceedingly useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.
Christmas Song

Above the weary waiting world,
Asleep in chill despair,
There breaks a sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosted air,
And o'er the humblest rooftree, lo,
A star is dancing on the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
What makes the breaking dawn to glow
So magically bright,—
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beatitude?

The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know,—
They are all dancing in the morn
Because a little child is born.

—Bliss Carman