To Imperial Oil Women:-

GREETINGS!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.

To Imperial Oil Women:

Greetings!

This First Number dedicated to the women of Imperial Oil Limited is sent as a tribute to your achievements as a group and as an endorsement of the valuable work and service you are giving to the company of which you are a part.

The pages of this special number are dedicated to you and your accomplishments, and the pages that follow will continue to highlight your contributions and achievements.
The Gracious Art of Selling Gas
A Woman's Work in an Imperial Oil Service Station

By Miss M. E. Hamilton

A MONG my many reasons for liking my work at Imperial Oil Station No. 1, Vancouver, is that the open air employment appeals to me, especially as it is in pleasant surroundings; what makes my occupation still more congenial is the almost invariable courtesy I meet with from the customers. Also, my dealings with the Company have always been satisfactory, and the consideration shown me has made it a pleasure to give them the most conscientious service in return.

First of all, the service work to be done, it is not like being tied to a desk all day, because part or most of the work is in the open air. And as there are garden plots attached to the stations (and gardening is one of my hobbies), I find the care of these a great and delightful pastime in my spare moments.

Also there is the opportunity to study, not only the different makes of cars, but human nature as well. You can in many cases judge a person by the way he keeps his car; there are fussy people who give one the fidgets, as they stand over you and make no mistakes in shutting down the hood, etc. There are also the careless ones who can make a car look a wreck in a few months, by violence and neglect; who forget to put water in the radiator, oil in the engine, who let belts and screws fall out, or who fail to tighten them as they work loose, thereby ruining the car's appearance. And, last but not least, there is the happy minded, who takes a pride in and good care of his car, with a feeling of irritation and concern.

There is the trustful one, who tells you to fill his tank, who knows it is not necessary to see he gets the right measure. It is nice to be trusted like that. There are others who try to squeeze every drop possible out of the hose, and a little more on the side if they could; but if they thought you had jockeyed them out of one sixteenth of a gallon, it would be a very different story. Fortunately this type is rare, for most have a smile and a pleasant word.

Having worked at munitions during the war, and having thus acquired a taste for machinery, I naturally take an interest in the different types of cars, and "day by day in every way" my knowledge becomes "better and better."

Our labours, too, are sometimes lightened by amusing incidents that occur. I dare not tell any of them here, lest those concerned might recognize themselves.

I ONCE heard one of the young ladies say her chief reason for liking the work was because it kept her superfluous adipose tissue from ever having had any personal experience of this, I can offer no opinion as to the accuracy of this fact.

I feel sure that any girl who takes a real live interest in her employer's business, and combines this with tact in her treatment of her customers, will prove a complete success, as this is a world of give and take, and one generally gets return in direct proportion to what one gives.

Whilst I have, in what I have written, expressed my own views of my occupation, I am sure that what I say will be endorsed by the other girls who are following the same line of work.

HIGH PRIESTESSES OF HOSE AND CAN
The woman attendant at Imperial Oil Service Stations is a relic of war-time. So expertly, however, do these charming young ladies dispatch the work at Service Station No. 1, Vancouver, that they have continued the occupation far into the days of peace.
was the highest paid to any stenographer in Sarnia at that time) to $7.50 per week. But the kind words of encouragement from the Superintendent, when he advised me of this increase, meant a great deal more to me than the actual addition to my earnings, though this enabled me to purchase a bicycle which added greatly to my feeling of independence. This is only one instance of the innumerable times in my business career when words of encouragement spurred me on to greater effort, and the opportunities that have opened for me from time to time have been the highest reward I could ask for my many years of service.

The first office was located in a building known as the "Old Paradise Building," having been used for that purpose by the original owners. This commanded a fine view of the River St. Clair, which was a never-ending source of interest to the members of the staff. (When on duty) There is probably no point on the Great Lakes so many vessels of every description can be seen, passing up and down, and surely no more beautiful river in the world than the old St. Clair. So it was with much regret that, as construction progressed, it was found necessary to move the office to more suitable quarters in a building which had been erected some years before to house the men employed in construction of the St. Clair Tunnel. This building was not of rare architectural beauty, as my former associates will confirm, but it served its purpose, and when the ever-increasing business of the Company made it necessary in 1912 to erect an office suitable to the needs of the staff, we moved from the "little old hotel" to what was considered to be the last word in office construction.

During these years the Sarnia Refinery had grown to large proportions and from that time on the Company's expansion was very rapid. There never was any cessation of operations, and as the Refinery grew into a manufacturing plant of wide scope, turning out all the high-grade products and by-products to be obtained from crude oil and shipping a large percentage of them in the Company's own tank cars and tank ships to all parts of the Dominion. Sarnia had come to be looked upon as one of the leading cities of Western Ontario. In 1913 the town was formally declared a city, and, as a tribute to the concern which had been "filled with plenty" by this increase, it was called "the Imperial City."

Of the girls who were immediately associated with me in the Sarnia office, the following, as far as I am aware, are now in the employ of the Company: Mrs. Fred Couse (formerly Miss Teesa Polley) at Halfax; Miss Lottie Crawford, Mrs. Allan Millon (Jessie Jackson) Miss Moss, Miss Winnifred Hamilton and Miss Lilian Kennedy at Sarnia; Mrs. Grace Graham and Mrs. Hamilton (Jean Stewart) at Toronto.

In 1916, after the administrative offices were established in Toronto, Mr. Stillman, as one of the Executives, moved his office from Sarnia to Toronto, and I, along with Mr. McCloskey, Mr. Dean, Mr. Whilting and Miss Sword, accompanied him. In 1917 I was transferred to Calgary as Secretary of the Royalite Oil Company.

When we consider the remarkable advancement that has been made since the commencement of operations in 1897, it is well to remember that it has been due to the collective efforts of all the employees that have laboured throughout the years in the affairs of our Company. The success that has been achieved has been based on the enthusiasm and dedication of each individual worker.

A GROUP OF GYMNASI
The girls of the Vancouver Division have learned the wisdom and fun of the "daily dozen."

Vancouver Voices the "Imperial" Spirit
By C. M. S.

THE Far West! What a picture that once conjured up life free and untrammelled, of the romance and adventure of a new land, where few women ventured to dare the hardships of life far from the comforts of civilization. Today, the contrast! So rapidly has the West developed that within a few decades great cities and flourishing towns have sprung up where, within the memory of those still young, the virgin forest stood.

In business as in every other sphere in the West, women now have their place, and you might say into the Imperial Oil, Limited, office in the base city of Vancouver you would see that they are represented there in goodly number. You would find them hard at work writing up sales sheets, checking prices, compiling statistics, solving the various problems in connection with the bookkeeping department, attending to filing and telephone, indexing, typing letters or invoices—and the busy chatter of typewriters and comptometers would not cease as you entered. Indeed, you might possibly gainsay the impression that business was so engrossing that other activities of life might stand in some danger of being neglected. Not so; some can balance with us to the well-appointed recreation room and see the girls in their leisure moments beside the piano or grouped about, reading or sewing, and you will realize that they know the value of recreation and throw themselves heartily into that as into their work.

You would not need any great powers of perceiving to see that most of them are devotees of the Terpsichorean art, and often the leisure moments are spent in dancing. You could soon pick out from among the number those who make music—vocal or instrumental—a study. On the occasions of our social gatherings, it is not necessary to go outside our own talent to provide a programme, for besides a number of building "prima donnas," we have one member of our staff who is not only an interested but a successful student of elocution, and who has tucked away somewhere among her belongings a gold medallion won in an elocutionary contest.

Sometimes the girls have little suppers at the office, then a theatre party; of course the boys wonder how it is possible to have a really good time without them, but the gay chatter and bursts (Concluded on page 19)

IN COZY QUARRERS
A charmingly appointed recreation room gives the girls of the Vancouver Division an opportunity to enjoy many happy hours in pleasant companionship.

A Song From St. John
In St. John office maidsen ten,
Toll with paper, pencil, pen.
Some are stenographers, some are clerks,
And in our eyes there often lurks
The look that sure would knock one dead,
When hopes of work to us are fed.
And tho we are by no means saints,
Don't think we've quite had as painted,
For if at times we're blue and nervous,
We strive to give "Imperial Service."

If you are always in time for your work you are more apt to be in time for promotion.
**A Prairie City is Heard From**

A word from the Calgary Filing Clerk

By Besiee CLAXON

I am no authority on filing, as I have only been doing this work since I entered the "New Imperial Office" in Calgary less than three years ago. At that time, the new fire-proof, ball-bearing Filing Cabinets were already installed, which are a vast improvement on the old, wooden ones of which there are "a few remaining which remind us of the past."

As previously mentioned, I had never done any filing before. I did not like it then and found it very hard, but now I am truly fond of it and find it easy to file as "falling off a log."

This is due to the installation of the 'Standard Filing System' which, by the way, is a splendid one and the well-organized routine of the Calgary Office.

A day in my life may be interesting to other filing clerks:

On entering the office at 8:30 a.m., I dust and arrange my desk for the day. Then I gather the filing from the different departments. This is all sorted and punched in the left-hand top corners ready for placing in the respective folders. I have a "Sorting Tray" which runs on wheels and if any filing clerk in the Imperial Oil Limited, does not possess one, my advice to her is to ask for one right away. It certainly is a "boon and a blessing" to the filing clerk. There are three compartments which we use for "Customers," "Agents," and "Numbered Files." The construction letters and cash reports are usually put away as soon as ready but the letters in the "Try," being arranged in their alphabetical order, can be left, and this is a great help to those wanting letters when I am busy with "Price Sheets" or "Circular Letters" on the Mimeograph machine. If I have no machine work to do, then all the filing is safely filed away before I leave the office.

**Warehouse Work from a Woman's Point of View**

By Miss A.E. Yeees

Perhaps the majority of the girls in our organization will be surprised to learn that there is at least one Warehouse where a woman is employed to look after the clerical end of the work. To be sure they will not be shocked as their grandmothers would probably have been, for in those days women are finding their way and their place in all sorts of conditions and surroundings' never dreamed of a few decades ago; but they may have the idea that the Warehouse must be a very disagreeable place in which to work. Let me assure them that such is not the case, at least it is quite the reverse at the particular plant with which I am connected.

Of course, it is not quite so clean as the regular down-town offices, though our warehouse is always as tidy as a wholesale oil plant could possibly be, and I may say that I have seen offices that were not as attractive to work in as this one is. One only needs to wear suitable clothing—no, oh no, I DON'T wear overalls—harmless the thought at once, fair reader, merely dark dresses that do not easily show a drop or two of oil; but then one does not worry about one's clothes when one is helping on the world's work through the channel of Imperial Oil, Limited.

The hours are longer, but the variation of the duties makes the time pass more quickly and the days are full of interest. This is the spite-line.

**An Envious Record**

Although not long enough in the service of the Company to be eligible for a "Service Pin," Miss M. Lovekin, Comptometer Operator, record of all stock received as well as delivered—City orders and Freight and Express shipments—checking up empty barrels coming in and writing barrel tickets, making up the daily reports to be sent to the Main Office, the sales and cash reports of the Tank Wagon drivers as well as the warehouse cash report, writing invoices for the customers who come in to the plant—these are a few of the daily duties which show a pleasant variety and keep the work from becoming monotonous, as office work so often seems to be.

But around a warehouse there is never any monotony, the coming in and unloading of stock and tank cars, whose contents all have to be carefully checked, the loading of the tank wagons, and the frequent trips of the trucks to the city and freight-sheds—all this combined with the cheerful comradeship of the men and the general atmosphere of good-will and helpfulness tend to make the work pleasant and interesting.

**1918: Miss Lovekin has not been absent from the office for one single day excepting, of course, the regular vacations which have usually been taken in the Winter months so that her work would not be interfered with.**

We wish Miss Lovekin health to continue her splendid record.

---

**Hail and Farewell**

By Miss E. Eareson

VICTORIA, B.C., being a branch office, and I the only woman employee, there was little opportunity for co-operative organization at play. At work, however, in looking back over my long experience, the ever-reverent fraternal feeling which permeated all ranks in our branch in the betterment of working conditions, and in matters material to the Company's local and general progress and advantage, reflects a loyalty, which will always form most agreeable and gratifying retrospect.

The scenic environment of Victoria office, located at McLaughlin Point, is wonderful and inspiring; the Breakwater, the splendid Esquimalt Harbour, the Sooke Hills and Olympic Range, forming an incomparable picture to linger in one's memory. Even this, to me, was not more beautiful than the admirable quality of loyalty I refer to above, and before I realized this virtue in fellow-workers from the choicest "Good Morning" to thoughtful "Good Night," the day always seemed to have been worth while.

These reflections naturally impel me to humbly importune all our employees to give at all times kindly help to new ones coming into our organisation. We see them struggling with tasks that are no doubt simple to us, and our long experience will enable us to portray the easy measure and process in them. The due time, in the twilight of our service we shall reap that harvest of gratitude which comes to all true helpers.
Having a Helpful Finger in the Pie
A Message to Imperial Oil Wives
From One of Them.

THE lady who lives next door to me is the wife of the advertising manager of a local department store. I often think that she is the best "customer" he has in his advertising game, as she is always boosting the store, talking about its excellent policy with its employees, telling about the bargains they have, and the fine hours from which they buy their goods. I have never yet heard her say a resentful or derogatory word about the store, although she probably has as much cause as the average business man's wife.

I often think of what kind of loyalty means to a big business, and in this connection, to what it means to Imperial Oil, Limited. My grocer came to my door one day, and tried to persuade me to buy some furniture polish. I told him I liked the kind I was using. He began to brag about his wares, telling me that it was the finest and most economical oil in use and finally he said:

"Anyhow, as the wife of a man who works for Imperial Oil, you shouldn't use any other," and he drew from his pocket and displayed a small tin of IOCO GLOSS. So I went into the pantry and showed him my big tin of IOCO Liquid Gloss, and he was satisfied. But I couldn't help thinking afterwards how shamed I would have been if he had caught me using and defending any other polish.

"Goodwill" is one of the most valuable and desirable assets a business and the wives of the employees of Imperial Oil, Limited can do more than any other group in building up good will for the firm throughout the Dominion.

We have two young friends, the husband in a branch office of an implement house; and the wife is very discontented. She does not think her husband earns as much as he would with some other company. She thinks he has not had the promotion he deserves. She wants him to leave the firm and go to the United States. She is always harping on it—how badly Tom is dealt with at the office, and how stupid and unfair the management is. I am afraid she is putting any money away. She says they can't afford it. Tom must have a raise first. I asked her if her husband was studying outside of business, and she said:

"No, we can't spare the money for that. If they want him to study they should pay him enough to make it possible. Anyhow, he wouldn't study if you gave him a course. He is only interested in baseball." I felt like telling her that then he should be employed in some connection with a ball team.

How can that young man ever give really valuable service to his company with such a mental atmosphere back of him? It would be better for his employer as well as for the young man himself if he were in some other employment. His wife does not know that he is doing direct injury to the source of their supply. She is hindering herself, her husband, and the company by her ungrateful and too critical attitude.

It seems to me that every dollar we put into the Imperial Oil, Limited, is money put into our own business. When a woman's husband, like mine, is involved in every money envelope in the Co-operative Trust, and is taking expensive and hard-paid-for courses in extension work, then the welfare of the Company is vitally my welfare. Our income, our future, our hope of prosperity, is bound up in the development and success of I. O. L.

I would not use any furniture polish but Ioco Gloss. When I have the five-gallon can for my kerosene stove refilled, I make sure that the man who fills it deals in Royalite. If I buy Christmas or Birthday candies, I look at the label on the box and insist on having Imperial Oil Products. When I am preserving, I cover my jams and jellies with Parowax. It is years since I have used anything on my sewing machine or carpet sweeper but Householder Lubricant. Whenever and wherever we can buy it we use it, and speak a good word for Imperial Oil Products. There are so many, and they are so useful.

Buying Imperial Oil, Limited products as a part of my household supplies is not merely a selfish wish to increase the sales of these products, but it is a chance for me to express and demonstrate my very real faith in the firm. I know that Imperial Oil, Limited treats its employees fairly. I know that, if my husband died tomorrow, I would be provided for by the Company until I could get on my feet. I know that the Company looks after and markets them economically, and that no other manufacturer of similar products compares with them. I have no desire to buy anything elsewhere, and it is doubtful if I ever will.

If all the wives of Imperial Oil employees and their daughters and sisters, and housekeepers, could be as loyal to the firm as we are to our individual men, what a boom it would mean in sales and in good will and progress. It would be worth millions of dollars spent in publicity advertising.

"ALL READY?" LET HER GO!

THE  END  OF  A  TWO-MILE  HIKE  TO  THE  SLIDE

At Play With the Girls of the Edmonton Division

By Miss E. A. Brohm

WHILE still filled with enthusiasm over the various sports entered into by Edmonton citizens—young and old alike, during our first Winter Carnival, held January 24-27, the feminine Imperialites of Edmonton Division got their heads together and decided to try advantage of the fine weather by some sort of outing of their own. In a very short space of time the decision unanimously pointed to a two hours' errand at the toboggan slide.

The appointed day arrived—a perfect one—sunny and mild, with just enough frost to make it invigorating. The fleet was arranged to meet at the office, and everyone arrived sharp on time (force of habit). It was a happy, care free group and it was here we had our first bit of fun, in the effect our garb of sweaters and tams'shanties had on our friends the elevator man—he was wholly amazed and exclaimed "Hello! Imperial Oil—what are you celebrating?" We left him happy, by satisfying his bump of curiosity, which is of some proportion. At two miles' hike to the Slide we were all in a frolic mood and it was decided our time was limited, so we headed a street car and arrived in quick order just five minutes' walk from our destination. Arrangements had previously been made to have sufficient toboggans reserved for a certain hour, and everything was in readiness for our enjoyment.

"EVERYBODY ready?" yelled. "Yell! Yell! Yell! We are the girls of the J.O.L. Royalty, Premier, Palatine and Tur! Kersoon, Kersoon, Raib! Raib! Raib! Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Polar Lee Machtes More Miles per Gallon with Premier Gasonite.

It took the first slide to initiate some of us in thrills as we slid—slid—dropped and soared along with voices cheering.


It was while walking back (the toboggans ascended by pulley) that side play came in by way of snow bailing, racing, etc. When the summit was reached it was a scramble to get on the toboggans, and yet we took time to admire the glorious sight that met the eye—the hills and valleys resplendent in snow and sunshine like myriads of gems.

While our party has been referred to as twelve in number, in reality there were thrice as much and the odd one was by so means a "Iohn," for apart from a few commonplace smiles, the usual brush or two, which went with the game, there were no casualties. Two of the girls had the forethought to bring a camera, and it is entirely due to the kindness of our mutual "dark horse" that we obtained such a variety, snap shots of souvenirs of the day's outing.

"Did time pass more quickly or merrily?" The ending is left to the imagination of reader.
Taking a Tropical Pulse

By Miss M. G. Turner
First Nurse of the Tropical Oil Company

ASKING anyone not acquainted with Colombia what relation is between Graduate Nurses and Oil Wells is to the average person as predictable a pastime as going into a native village inquiring for a water closet. And anyone in an oil camp who had had any need of medical or nursing attention could make the within ring with reasons for a very close relationship.

In Colombia the need was great and promptly met. Two years ago the first woman employee of the Tropical Oil Company journeyed up the Magdalena River. In the tropics white costumes are the usual order of affairs, but the white costume of the nurse was an unknown thing to Colombians and meant more to the boys at the journey's end than anyone within phoning distance of an ambulance can begin to realize.

The native village of Barranca Bermeja, situated on the banks of the Magdalena River, was then the headquarters of the Tropical Oil Company. Only a very few buildings, mostly tanks situated on a high bluff overlooking Barranca, marked the location of what is now one of the most promising oil camps in South America—about four hundred and fifty miles from the coast and an eight days' journey by boat. It was here two years ago that the boys welcomed the first nurse who came to care for the sick and to try to give them some of the comfort that they would receive were they in their own country.

At that time the Company was just starting to build a small hospital and the quickest way out of this difficulty was to open a Convalescent Home in Medellin. Here the boys were sent just as soon as they could the journey, which meant five days by boat and rail, but when they arrived at their destination they were indeed repaid for all the discomforts they had experienc ed while traveling in Colombia. Medellin is one of the prettiest cities one can imagine—truly Spanish in style and completely surrounded with high mountains. The climate is delightful inasmuch as it is spring throughout the year. It might be likened to some of the favored spots in California, though Medellin has never been known to suffer a frost. The Casa Tropical was open for some thirteen months, during which time there were many convalescents cared for and many others, recovering from the effects of work in the jungles, had their health restored in this wonderful climate.

In the meantime two more nurses, following closely on the arrival of the first, reached Barranca Bermeja and the Staff and Colonial Hospitals were opened. Here the work of the nurses was indeed great, for, besides the nursing care of the boys, they did their best to amuse and entertain them. The work in the Colonial Hospital was still greater; instructing the patients in the first rules of health and cleanliness, and

THE NURSE ON DUTY

An interior view of one of the Hospitals of the Tropical Oil Company, where a staff of five doctors and four nurses cares for the needs of the sick.

Medellin, the hospitals were enlarged and a staff of five doctors and four nurses was barely sufficient to attend to the needs of a camp showing such rapid and steady growth.

Do not joke with machinery, air, fire or electricity. These things have no sense of humour.

It is not the men who know the most who talk the most.

An auto driver who looked at the scenery instead of the road is now a part of both.

SARNA'S BIG HAPPY FAMILY

Sunshine From Sarna

By Della Gilman

I' a stranger to the City of Sarna were out for his morning stroll, he would wonder where all the girls, also boys, but as they are of no consequence in this issue, we will not mention them again, were bound for, hurrying from this way and that, seemingly all bent on the same errand, and if he would follow he would eventually see the Office Building of the Imperial Oil Limited, into which the girls were gradually disappearing.

Approximately sixty girls are employed in the Main Office, comprising Stenographers, Counter Operators, Bookkeepers and Clerks. The work is carried on in bright sunny rooms and modern working equipment is provided to aid in effecting efficiency.

There is a Dining Room in connection with the building where dinner is provided by a competent cook and her assistants at a reasonable price.

Then there is the Rest Room, provided with easy chairs and soft couches. This Room is supervised by four of the girls, appointed yearly.

After lunch, there is a social time until one o'clock; busy hands are sewing, and knitting, others reading, and many a stitch is lost when to the music of the Victrola some fair damsel practices a new Rudolph Valentino step.

Should it be the springtime, one could not help being impressed with the beautiful sight of the greenery and half of hundreds of hyacinths and tulips bloom in their vivid colors, and shrubbery and flowers add to the gay environment.

These pleasant surroundings should be an incentive to all to do their very best for a Company which has the welfare of its employees at heart.

(Concluded on page 27)

A Delightful

Relax Room is a Luxury

Which the Girls at

Sarna Enjoy.
Regina Rejoices in a Community Hall

There is every opportunity for social activities among the members of the Imperial Oil Limited, Regina Division, as we are particularly favored, having a spacious Community Hall, equipped with every convenience for indoor sports, also one of the best dance floors in Canada. The girls of the Marketing Department have taken advantage of the basket ball equipment, and a very capable team, the Kerosene Wonders, is formed, under the captaincy of Miss Norma McInnes. The regulars are as follows, the Misses E. Barker, M. McNiven, N. McNiven, L. Mahon, M. Pettingell, M. McInnes, and K. M. Seitz, the spares being E. Lynne, R. McInnes, L. Ross, and B. Shields.

In order to prove that we had a team worthy of the name of Kerosene Wonders, we challenged the Regina Commercial Xites, who are the champions of the City Basket Ball League. The game was played in our gymnasium, on Wednesday evening, March 7th, the final score being 14-12 in our favor.

The game was followed by a Turkey Supper which was given by the I.O.L. girls in honor of the visiting team. A short program was given, consisting of a reading by Miss Laura Rose, a song by Miss N. McInnes, and a saxophone solo by Mr. E. Novos. This was followed by dancing and everyone was of the opinion that the evening could not have been spent more enjoyably.

A Killing Story

The following is an authentic copy of a Veterinary Surgeon’s Certificate just received from a western Division.

"I certify that I killed this day strictly examined a bay mare, named 'Digger,' that died on the road by request of the Imperial Oil Company, from Pembina (Heart Lake)." This certificate is given after careful examination, to the best of my belief, but I do not hold myself peculiarly responsible in any way.

This seems to be an interesting illustration of the term "home-sense."

To Our Friend Miss Milly Pettingell

We are sorry you are leaving, but we wish you lots of luck.
Your job will not be easy, so we sure admire your pluck.
You will find a sudden contrast, when you settle down to train.
And quit the office filing, for the job of soothing pain.
You proved your skill at totalling of packages and legs.
A trust you will be as clever at repairing broken legs.
You won’t use the comptometer in the way you have on hand.
But counting up the pulse beats you soon will understand.
Though temperature of gasoline won’t worry you again.

Recreation at Montreal East Refinery

By Gertrude Chaplin

The girls on the staff at Montreal East, though not many in number, join in the sports of the Athletic Association and enjoy its social activities, and I will endeavour to show the different moods of amusement at that Office.

During the cold season outdoor sports are most popular and the Company has provided facilities for the enjoyment of both sliding and skating to the fullest extent. They have a splendid slide built so near the office that during noon hour the girls are able to have a fine period of recreation. Also the skating rink is quite close and affords many an hour’s amusement. The Hockey Team, too, which ranks second in the Industrial League, contributes very much to their enjoyment for naturally the games interest them as much as the players, and usually on Friday nights, when the Imperial Team is playing in the Mount Royal Arena, we girls take our good numbers to encourage them in the game.

The Social nights given by the Athletic Association are very much enjoyed, not only by the employees, but by all our friends in Montreal East. On these nights dancing is usually carried on till midnight, then refreshments are served by the Association.

In the Summer the girls are not so anxious for Sports, but spend the noon hour in the Club Room, where there is a piano which adds greatly to their enjoyment, or take walks to the water’s edge to contemplate the beautiful St. Lawrence and observe the numerous ships sailing in and out.

They also have a Baseball Team in the Manufacturer’s League, and it is never too warm to take an interest in the game.

In conclusion, the girls take this opportunity of expressing their thanks for the very generous treatment accorded them, as employees and in return for which our best effort will be used in forwarding the interests of our great Organization.

The use of the thermometer will certainly remain.
And even though you’re changing the nature of your toil.
We guess you still will handle our old friend “Castor Oil.”
He’s a friend of all the nurses and follows very close.
But it isn’t “Eldorado” to the one who gets the dose.
Remember we shall watch your step is the slogan from us all,
And when we’re sick and want a nurse, we’ll wire to Montreal.
The Gang.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED, Regina.
March 23rd.
Toronto Division Makes Its Bow
By Theresa Xavier

It may be of interest to note that the Toronto Division shows on its payroll three-time women employees. With the exception of three, they are located at Toronto, occupying positions in the various Departments. Many of these girls have quite a long association with the Company, having put in years of service. One lady employee has served twenty-five years. What a wonderful record! Surely no other proof of loyalty is necessary than this! She is our "gold star" service employee, but in addition we have several who, on account of length of service, may well be considered the big sisters of our organization.

It was hence, when the war was first starting to send back its wounded soldiers, that a band of girls met to suggest means of alleviating the sufferings of the returned boys. In line with this suggestion the Ioco Good Cheer Club was formed. To perpetuate the success achieved by this Club was not an easy one, by hard work and many sacrifices on the part of the members, the work of looking after "our heroes" was carried on for five years. Each week girls visited the two wards named after our Club at Daviessville Hospital and their visits were so much appreciated that there was much rivalry on the part of the boys to become "Imperial Ward Pets." Although the Club is discontinued, the boys, who were former inmates of Daviessville Hospital, still speak of the work done by the Ioco Good Cheer Club.

The girls at Toronto are also splendid hostesses, having arranged and carried out successfully several at homes, at which the guests numbered always between four or five hundred. To some

this might appear a stupendous undertaking but with them it seems "the bigger the job, the better they like it."

Included in the personnel of Imperial Oil, Limited, there are many athletes. Toronto being a city of many sports, the girls are able to avail themselves of all opportunities for keeping fit. As a matter of fact our girls are always ready to learn something new. We are fortunate in having located here the Toronto Technical School. Many have completed courses offered by this institution, consisting of pottery, dressmaking, millinery and, with a foresight into the future, they also learn the art of cooking.

Toronto Office even bestows a poetical in the person of Miss Gertrude Wright, who has made the following contribution to our first "Women's Number" of the Review:

HATS off to the girls of the Toronto Division!
Always the first ones to make a decision,
They're sure the leaders at work or at play.
If the sun shines or they're not still making the hay.
Their work thru the year gives a golden reflection.
Any day in the week we invite your inspection;
Just to show what the Toronto Division can do,
This polite invitation is open to you.

So come, if you can, you will surely be pleased
And glad you have this opportunity seized,
We extend the glad hand, both employer and clerk,
And help give a boost to Imperial Work.

GIRLS OF THE QUEEN CITY DIVISION, TORONTO

The Imperial Oil Review

Observations From the Crow's Nest
By "Lookout" of the Marine Department, Toronto

"MARINES" who are doing their bit toward "keeling the I.O. Fleet, 1924" are efficiency — "Admiral" A. B. Read—on "active service" since August, 1915, and has seen the Marine Department grow from a crew of two to the present personnel of 32.
"Redhead" L. Lightbourn—allied with the International Petroleum Co. fleet in August, 1920, and promoted to her present rank in August, 1921.
"Commander" E. O'Brien—Captain of the Mounted Marines. Signed on the Articles of the International Petroleum Co. in July 5th, 1921 and due to her ability to keep the crew alive in a happy and peaceful mood, was promoted in rank in August, 1922.
"Chief Engineer" B. D. Moore—Joined the fleet in April, 1922, and keeps the "Daily Movements of the Ships" in perfect running order.
"Chief Steward" G. Hardy—Signed on the ship's Articles in October, 1922, and is Chief Steward of the "Larder," always keeping the fleet supplied with the necessary Stores.
"Wireless Officer" A. Warren—Appointed in November, 1922 and is now capable operator of the "Toke", and keeps the books of the fleet in order.

A (Bed) Spring Song
Sung by Miss O'Brien

In winter when I rise at six,
The sun gets up at eight,
I wake at intervals to limp
The clock, lest I be late.

I should be up and prancing,
But I cannot leave my bed,
I'll cancel all my dates and things
And do it tonight instead (?)

But I do love the spring, because
When early Sun has rise
I do not have to light the light
To see what time it is.

The New Stenographer

I have a new stenographer—she came to work
She told me she wrote the latest system—
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her,
she seemed so confident and sure.

And word for word at that—she never missed 'em!

I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man—
And this is what she remembered it was the better run—
"Dear Sir,—"

Today I have your favor, and in reply would state,
That I accept your offer in years of recent date.
I wish to say, however, that under no condition
Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition.
I shall begin tomorrow to turn the matter out;
the copy will be ready by April next.

Material of this nature should not be rushed
unduly. Thanking you for your favor, I am,
"Yours very truly."

She took it down in shorthand, with apparent ease and grace,
She didn't call me back all in a flurry,
Thought "At last I have a girl worth keeping around the house."
Then said: "Now write it out—you needn't hurry."

The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key,
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:
"Dear Sir! I have the Feever, and in a Pile
I sit, and I except to Offer as you have recued me.
I wish to see however That under no condition
Can I for to think of a free lunch Preposi-
tion? I shall be in tomorrow To turn the mother out.
In the early evening with red and Will cost 10.
Materiial of this nature should not rust
To N. Dooly. Thinking you have the Feever I am
"Yours very trooby."

The Marine Department is pleased to state
That they have not had this experience with their
"New Stenographers."

Diction
By Miss M. D. Black

TEll us not in scornful accents,
"Diction" is a thing of naught;
That our bosses when dictating
Speak just as their teachers taught.
Not to matter, not to spatter,
Is our plea from day to day;
And to speak without a stutter,
Giving words the right of way.

In the business field of battle,
In the 1, O. I. of Life,
Be not like the poor mate cattle,
Bring your Diction to the strife.

Those of careful speech can help us
Make more likeable each word:
And departing leave behind them,
English 'as she should be wrote'.
Cables—To a Novice

By Ada Innis

SOME time ago it was my good fortune to become a member of the large and ever increasing Imperial Oil family. I say, "family," because I feel that one word must convey the feeling of loyalty and good comradeship existing among the employees, and which today is so often lacking in the staffs of many large firms and institutions.

My introduction was—cables. Of my first three months I have a very confused idea, although my first day will never be forgotten. Putting on what I thought was a brave exterior, although inwardly all treble, I turned the corner at King and Church Streets, Toronto, determined to enter the premises in a business-like manner. But pretty soon the world was gone, my courage was very short lived and I decided to walk round the block to try to remember what I wanted to say when I actually got inside. After some half dozen detours, however, I still seemed at sea, and on looking up from the artistic scenery of the sidewalk I saw a squad of very tall and determined looking policemen coming out of Cour Street, going right towards me. With no alternative but a two-block dash to the bay, I hurried round the corner and turned in the moving doorway of 56 Church Street. Now that old trick of the cireeling door, made famous by Charles Chaplin, absolutely failed me and the person behind shoved me on in. How the preliminaries were gotten through I can still remember a bit hazy to me, but I certainly remember more clearly that "all alone" feeling when I was finally seated at my desk.

One of my fellow workers immediately, like some curious Parisienne bearing a large and omenous looking book, a half dozen envelopes, and told me I was to "help on the cables. Of course this conveyed very little to me, because my conception of cables was of a great heavy iron cable running from pole to pole supplying wires, or used on ships, or something of similar nature, and for the life of me I could not see their connection with the oil business. However, apparently, I was expected to open the envelopes and give them to the first person who dropped in. "BENJAMIN BREWSTER" I judged something very terrible had happened to him from the looks of the envelope. But the telegraphy words that followed, they being complicated of his disease, and I sincerely feared he would ask me to convey the terrible news to Mrs. Brewster. Putting that message aside I took up the next one which contained no strange names or new diseases, but advised that the "PRINCE" had arrived at Purana badly crippled in an accident with the "Service." I was so much in a blush to think I had blundered in on a private affair of the Prince (?) and Sybil and decided to tear up the telegram and say nothing about it, but was prevented by the Nemesis whom I felt divined my intentions, and relieved me of cables, giving me some ordinary copying to do and thereby making me much more comfortable.

Later on, when I began to get some conception of what cables actually were, I would be handed a message which I knew was destined for someone down the junior of the staff.

Something that was deepest in the spirits arranged a very delightful sleighing party for the Department. For two hours they drove gently over the potholed roads, swept by two fleet-footed Arab steeds. All the popular songs were sung with great gusto, accompanied by the strains of a ukulele. The spirits of the crowd waxed even higher when they repaired to the alleys in an endeavor to acquire the art of rolling the bull without making a dent in the highly polished wood, to the delight of the two different terms characteristic to bowling, such as "bow" instead of "to puff" as one youthful darper expressed herself. Here is wishing the spirits all success in their venture.

The Girls at Work and Play in Ottawa

By an Onlooker

"I can think of lots of things we do in the office and out of the office, but when I try to make a story out of it, my thoughts fly to the winds, and I simply can't. Won't you please Mr. Man in the future—If I only dietate it, I'll take it down and write it."'

Now if you, dear reader, will look at the Snap Shot below, this will find six perfectly good reasons why such a request could not be cooly cast aside. Just imagine being surrounded by women who with their most bewitching smiles fixated on you, and you will know what chances I had of saying, "No!"

Having capitulated, I had to get some colour for my story, and calling in the reasons, I asked them more as a question than an answer. I am not just sure as I was rather overpowered, -classified as it were,—but that is as far as I can say, I put the question:—"What excuse have you for being on the Pay Roll; you may answer one at a time starting from the left."

"Oh I write letters, you know, to Mr. Wolfe and Mr. McNiel, Mr. Hogan and Mr. Caldwell, and lots of other people." "Do their wives know about this?" says I; "No-o I don't think so." "Well keep it dark, there are some things you write that are very confidential."

Next the girl said, "I am the voice at the end of the 'phone; and when anyone calls I answer promptly and sweetly. I try to make them think I love to have them ring up. I also keep records and file letters."

"I am the strong arm girl, and run the Service Station. I am the original Gasoline grinder, and can fill cases of Gas faster than any girl I know. I, fasten the cover and I am the most satisfied I.

"I write letters, lots of them—I keep up the courage of the Agents—praise the good ones, and help the new ones."

And now?" "Oh I am the villain of the plot,—I write the dunnets, my one idea is to collect money and more money, I'll never be satisfied till all the past due accounts are paid."

Last of all, said the last one, "What have you got to say?

"I take the money when it comes, I put it in the Bank, and tell Mr. Cummings, I help out with other things, in fact I am always on my toes."
Some Impressions of Colombia

By Kate R. Britton, Toronto.

As this is Colombia! I leaned over the liner's rail as we warped slowly into Puerto Co-
lojito, below sprawling Bogota, the town, white and dirty, in the sweltering sun, its straggling buildings shimmering under the heat waves, its natives wrangling and shrieking on the street.

So this is Colombia! I galloped down my last iced lemonade and mentally bidding ice cream a fond farewell, tipped the deck steward, staggered down the gangway, and bounded the fast train for Bar-
ranquilla. Once aboard I reassured myself, by the process of elimination, that I had taken the right train, and looked about me. Much to my surprise, the five or six foreign liners were still loading the charging cargo just as if nothing unusual had happened, though outside on the wharf, even the little boys were speaking in Spanish.

Six liners! All foreign ones! I thought, mustn't it? Colombia must be close to the Panama Canal. My Goodness! Wouldn't all those bananas make a lot of banana salsa? We moved slowly—being charged third class passengers piled aboard at the last moment but not having sufficient space to move their arms, conversation languished. We rattled out of the yards and ran screeching through the coun-
tryside, not even the engine whistle passed us. In a short three hours we were in Bar-
ranquilla.

I met the steamer to Puerto Berrio and watched, fearfully, a little copper-eyed native calmly shouldered my wardrobe trunk, picked up my suitcase and bag and clambered safely up the steep gangplank. Apparently this was my lucky day, for I gave his money and he apologized me to returning to shore by the same route, safety. Anyways the Magdalena was dirty enough and the Caribbean indeed quite dirty.

We sailed early up the broad Magdalena, and on once motion seemed to gain a breath of air and to cool off. All the congestion Colombians showed me my first alligator—a tremendous ugly thing of eighteen or twenty feet—reeling forcibly to my mind was the prayer of a believer in the transmigration of souls who said he was. I thought I had to return as an alligator and lie on the banks of the Mag-
 dalena, with his mouth open, for three hundred years. It was quite different thing to see ten, or fifteen alligators on one sandbar and the men amused each other by shooting at them.

And so, with this thing and that, we passed on up river, and after a few minutes at El Ban-
er and one or two other places, where hammocks, fruit and wonderful aligrettes were offered for sale—and who 경우는 바다에 집어던져 버린다. kt. 친구를 지키는 말. While there we launched ducks loaded other freight, nearly all of which was ad-
dressed to up-river points.

Braving the weather, I am as being quite the most bustling town in Colombia. It is situated on a low, red bluff and is visible for some miles. The galvanized iron quarters, shining in the sun, the tall chimneys and big warehouses especially, are very noticeable. There were motor trucks and trailers and crowns of men ashore and steamed on the river. The jungle had cleared for a good dis-
tance and one hardly realized that the trees were over a hundred feet in height, and the long "grase" some fifteen feet tall. The whole town had an almost homelike air, although at the time I didn't notice any maps.

My husband came on and we continued up the Magdalena for the "Mar de Arenas," the Colombians were now calling it. Just below Puerto Berrio the airplane mail passed us but of course we did not expect to make as much speed here as on one of the fast Barranquilla trains.

At the Hotel Magdalena at Puerto Berrio, I was sweltering until I had had an ice drink and a look at the tabledine. Soon the engine whistled and we hurried to our seats on the train. Our accommodations were good and the countryside improved hourly. We climbed steadily, twisted through the narrow passes, bought fruit at the little huts, gazed at the terracotta afflicted and hideous beggars and eventually arrived at Linon—thank goodness protected by the beggars than by the numerous land slides.

We crossed La Quebrada and again entwined at Santiago. We were now in the beautiful Medellin valley which was discovered in 1541. The mountains and deep valleys, sunset and cool airs were delightful and as we twisted down the valley on the narrow gauge, with brakes screaming and whoist shunting, the sunlight gleamed in the bright sunlight and afterwards in the silvery moonlight. I closed my eyes and saw the old Spanish in green and yellow, and armed suits as "lance points aplitter" they marched down the valley so long ago. Colombia seemed far away.

COLOMBIA apparently has no middle class. All this, I say, is very fine. We have to return as miserable beings on the banks of the Mag-
dalen, with his mouth open, for three hundred years. It was quite different thing to see ten, or fifteen alligators on one sandbar and the men amused each other by shooting at them.

The stations along the railroad have rose gardens, a feature of the greatest profusion of flowers. Gladioli are shipped in like firewood and sold by the armful. Violets and pansies in the bunches are brought in by basketfuls and practically given away. One family has fifty-, two varieties of orchids (not pickles). Some of them are imported from Japan, China and India but maize, yellow, orange and white, oranges, are locally in great profusion and often on the tiles of the roofs. Blue hydrangeas grow almost in hedgerows.

At Envigado and others of the numerous villages hand-made lace of excellent quality and original patterns may be had very reasonably and the nuns of the convents do embroidery and drawn work for next to nothing.

The cathedral as well as several other churches. Among the many monu-
ments "El Salvador" is a fine piece of Italian work. It was introduced here some time before it was erected and erected on its present site overlooking the city. At night it is lighted by electricity and visible for miles.

At Providencia, I spent two weeks at a gold mine, made a wonderful collection of butterflies, which are very copper colored, discovered the differences between "palpa," "pit-
guala," and "pulp," and saw gold mining carried on by hydraulic power and also gold washing by hand. These mines, manned by slaves, used to supply gold to Cartagena and others of the Spanish plate fleet. Even now it is not an unusual thing to turn up a slave's earring.

In August we left Medellin for the outside and after an unexpected trip reached home in time to see the maple leaves color and visit the Canadian National Exhibition and succeeded in becoming acclimatized to the cold weather.

Brandon Enjoys the Winter Season

THE ladies of the Brandon Division have good reason to be proud of the splendid facilities offered them by the Imperial Oil, Limited, to indulge in their favorite leisure hours, the year round.

Shortly after the Brandon Division came into being early in 1921, a Soc-


cial and Athlet-

ic Association was estab-
lished by the staff of the M u s i c a l

and Recre-

ation Room, set aside for the

use of the members and their friends. The opening of this place has been the scene of many enjoyable evenings and the gatherings have engender-

ated a splendid spirit of goodwill amongst the members.

Those of our readers who have lived in the W.W. sector will know what a thrill it is to see the fact that our tastes are not the same. Even at Christmas we shall enjoy the advantages of having such a meeting place, since the registration forms 30 or 40 below zero, outdoor sport is entirely out of the question and the acquisition of such a room is a benefit indeed. As a further attraction, the Association have decided to install a Radiophone for the use of the members.

Skating, Tobogganing, Snowshoeing parties and enjoyable dances are regularly held, proving that Brandon is a live Division in play as well as in work.

Vancouver Voices the "Imperial" Spirit

(Continued from page 5)

of mirth floating upward from the lunch room seem to indicate that it can some day be done! Near by the Outdoor sports find some followers from among our number; in summertime we have an office Tennis Club to which a number of the girls belong. We have one member of our staff who is an ardent mountaineer, and who could tell of some thrilling experiences among the British Columbian "Alps." There are some who know all about the white corsets and church-going opportu-

nity of displaying their skill on the occasions of our Annual Picnic to some seaside resort.

There are a few among the staff who apparently do not find their expenses expended at the end of the day's work, and who seek health and recreation in a gymnastic class. In a large City like Vancouver, it is inevitable that each should have its own interest and belong to her own circle. But however divergent be these interests, we here in Vancouver, even at Christmas, find that each has its own club house to see to the comfort and pleasure of the others.

The Girls of the Brandon Staff Enjoy a Teahouse Party.

In a large City like Vancouver, it is inevitable that each should have its own interest and belong to her own circle. But however divergent be these interests, we here in Vancouver, even at Christmas, find that each has its own club house to see to the comfort and pleasure of the others.

In a large City like Vancouver, it is inevitable that each should have its own interest and belong to her own circle. But however divergent be these interests, we here in Vancouver, even at Christmas, find that each has its own club house to see to the comfort and pleasure of the others.

In a large City like Vancouver, it is inevitable that each should have its own interest and belong to her own circle. But however divergent be these interests, we here in Vancouver, even at Christmas, find that each has its own club house to see to the comfort and pleasure of the others.
The Rejuvenation of the Candle
By Sarah Abram

This history of the wax candle from the time it emerges from the earth in the form of crude oil until it graces the table at an afternoon tea or becomes a part of a religious ceremony, has already been well told in the Review, notably by Mr. W. J. Gilchrist and Mr. Roy Roy Woolsley, both of the Sarnia plant.

The process has an especial interest for women generally because there is probably no other manufacturing phase of the company's activities in which a larger percentage of women are engaged, and also because a large proportion of the buyers of commercial candles are women.

The use of candles for decorative purposes is becoming more and more in vogue. For years past, kerosene, gas, and finally electricity gradually drove the humble candle from remote settlements where the newer methods of illumination were not available, but now it is coming into favor again, and it is regarded in many homes as necessary to the well-ordered dinner table. The reason for this is not only the soft, mellow light which the candle affords, but the great improvement which has taken place in its quality and beauty. Progress in both these directions has been due in no small degree to the efforts of women, and in the matter of decoration particularly, abundant scope has been given to the artistic sense of feminine Imperial Oil employees.

About 1895 the Imperial Oil, Limited, obtained a charter for refining Crude Oil and purchased the Woodward and Company Oil Refinery, together with other small refineries in Petrolia. At approximately the same time the present refinery site was purchased. Located here was a small refinery which had not been in operation for some time. This was rebuilt and operated for approximately one year, under the name of the Bushnell Oil Company, in conjunction with the one in Petrolia, on the end of which time the Petrolia Plant was moved to Sarnia.

Our first Candle Factory was located on the second floor of a building which was used as an office and banquetting hall. The Bushnell Company also had their office on this floor and as the candle business increased the office moved to the old Tunnel House Hotel. In 1913 we moved into a new building, which was built for a candle factory. In 1915 the company found it necessary to move to larger quarters in continued increased demand for...
The packing must be done carefully and attractively so the product may reach its destination in the same condition as it leaves the factory. To accomplish this from fifteen to twenty girls are kept constantly busy.

Mr. F. B. Burns, who came from Petrolia with the company and who is still with us, holds the distinction of being the first candy molded for candies received at Swarbrick, justly claims the credit of being the first lady employee of the Company in the Candy Factory and also of having packed the first candies under the instruction of Mr. W. H. French. Mr. W. H. French joined the ranks of the Candy Department in 1888.

Imperial Oil Scholarship

(Continued from page 1)

undoubtedly produce a broadening effect upon our own seat of learning.

For the Imperial Oil scholarship provided by Imperial Oil Limited was awarded to Miss Thelma Butchart, a graduate in mathematics of the University of Alberta. Miss Butchart is related to Mr. G. I. Hambly, late chief of the Toronto marketing division, and is also a niece of Mr. William J. Butchart of sales department, St. Thomas, and a niece of Mr. Alexander Butchart, now at Burlington, Ontario, and formerly chairman of the Edmonton High School Board.

It is very gratifying to Imperial Oil Limited to hear of the progress made by Miss Butchart, expressed in a note from Professor Alfred T. De Lury to Sir Robert Falconer, the president of Toronto University, who wrote:

"My colleagues share with me the conviction that the work of Miss Butchart has fully justified her nomination."

The company is providing a scholarship for another western student this year.

Feminine Effort

ONE of the original ideas in connection with the first "Woman's Number" of the Review, was that it should be entirely the accomplishment of women, both by women, about women, its cover drawn by a woman, and under the editorship of women. Almost without exception the idea has been adhered to. A letter sent far and wide to the Divisions of the company, asking for contributions being the response, and in due time manuscript and photographs flooded the editorial desk, many of which have found their way into these pages of the Review.

Such co-operation was gratifying. Let it here be said that if any contribution submitted for publication in this number has been omitted, it was through necessity and not with a spirit of ingratitude.

The signatures which illustrate the covers of this number of the Review, are the work of a Toronto artist, Miss Estelle Kerr.

A Pioneer of the Peruvian Fields

A more than ordinarily interesting personality among Imperial Oil women is Mrs. Burns, wife of Mr. A. E. Burns, a director of the International Petroleum Company, with jurisdiction over operations in South America. Mrs. Burns left her home in Scotland in 1908 and made the journey to Peru around the Horn. Mr. Burns, at that time employed by the old Lagunitos Company, met her in Callao, and they were married in Lima, afterwards proceeding to Talar in one of the company's tank steamers. She was the first foreign lady at Lagunitos, where at that time there was but one house, and Mrs. Burns was a real pioneer of the Peruvian fields. Life in Peru then was very different from now, and Mrs. Burns shared the hardships of the pioneers with her husband and all the more appreciated the comforts of Canadian schools, Canadian hospitals, movies, clubs, company stores, etc., when they came. She was a great influence in the camp and tidied many new arrivals over the hard spots. Since 1921, when she left Peru, she has resided in Toronto, and the severance of her old relationship in the south is greatly regretted by all there.

Since coming to Toronto Mrs. Burns has served as a sort of ex officio adviser of the purchasing department. Her knowledge of the needs of Toronto members of the company's colonies in the South American republics is so comprehensive, and her taste has proved so excellent, that her advice is greatly valued. In addition to this Mrs. Burns carries out numberless commissions for her old friends in these colonies, and numerous birthday and Christmas gifts are selected by her.

Girls of the Edmonton Division

(Continued from page 9)

and everyone was bath to leave the slide; however, enough is as good as a feast, and with a final farewell, Imperial Oil YELL, we went "shuffling" along the streetcar line.

While homeward bound and generally expressing our satisfaction with the outing, it was decided that at the first opportune moment we would have a repetition of it, before the sun played too much havoc with the rather scant supply of snow. Although Edmonton is the most city to live in on the American continent, we are still considerably distant from the Polar Pole with its ice and snow—"the fact is that we have less snow fall than most of our sister cities in the other provinces of the Dominion, with the exception of British Columbia."

EPILOGUE

For a thorough relaxation from the grind of every day routine, we, the girls of the Edmonton Division, highly recommend tobogganing as a winter sport; it fills you with thrills and your pulse beats high—carees are gone (if you have any) and all the world seems smiling. With all due respects to Casol and his "Every day in every way, etc." you will find need of his theory, unless perchance you apply a little the day following your first attempt at this kind of sport.

Sunshine From Sarnia

(Continued from Page 11)

The girls are not only interested in the office end of the business, but you'll quite frequently see a number of them exploring the yard during their spare moments at noon, in the endeavor to satisfy their curiosity as to how each product is made and the men in charge of the various Departments are always willing to answer the many questions which are asked.

With our days composed of work and play, we feel grateful and proud that we are members of the Staff of the Imperial Oil Limited, of Sarnia, Ontario.

A rich man in his years of toil
Burned barrels and barrels of midnight oil:
His son now keeps his memory green,
By burning midnight oil.

"You say he's a success as a salesman."
"Success! Why he could sell war histories at a peace conference."
Winter Sports at Saskatoon
By Thelma Glennenhan.

Winter Sports have by no means been neglected by the Ladies of the Saskatoon Division. Skating has, of course, received first consideration by most of the staff, while the Imperial Oil Limited, has been well represented at the various hockey matches held this Winter. House whispering among the ladies has further proved that yelping for the Saskatoon Crescents was by no means confined to the gentlemen present.

A smaller group includes the enthusiastic snow-shoers. This past winter an abundance of snow made it possible for many long hikes to be enjoyed, and some of the girls are quite proficient on snow-shoes. A toboggan slide on the river also proved a great attraction for the younger element. Several toboggan parties were held and "the best time ever" reported by the youngsters.

Something new in the way of sports was enjoyed also, when Saskatoon witnessed its first Dog Derby. The race was held Saturday afternoon, March 10, and the ladies of the staff attended en masse. It proved an exciting afternoon. The dogs were much admired by everyone, and Karl Beydges, the 15 year old boy musher from The Pas, driving the winning team, was a favorite from the first.

Altogether, the ladies of the Saskatoon Division have enjoyed their Winter Sports very much, and now with Spring here, they are looking forward most enthusiastically to the Summer recreations.

Miss Bessie Coffey, who has been nearly six years with the company in Toronto is leaving on the first of June and is to be married shortly after that date. She is being succeeded as secretary to Mr. Victor Ross by Miss Mabel Young, formerly with the Manufacturing Department, Toronto. The good wishes of her associates for future happiness are extended to the bride-to-be.

Miss Bessie Smith, formerly with the International Petroleum Company at Toronto, who has been for the past three years fulfilling the duties of schoolteacher at Tidara, Peru, is returning to Toronto early in July.

A Character Poem

In the Marketing Department of Regina I.O.L.
We've a galaxy of beauty—girls, of course.
To describe them individually would take up too much space.
And maybe cause the writer much remorse.
We have quiet ones and noisy ones, with curly hair and straight,
Duties and shyness and athletes as well.
Fair and dark and auburn, short and tall and slim.
And maidsens of a weight they never tell.
Their ability as workers at their individual jobs
Is good, without a question of a doubt.
One balances a ledger, another writes up sales,
And another takes the barrel tickets out.
Some rattle the comptometers and speedily reduce Problems mathematical to facts.
They type the correspondence and they file it all away.
And several other jobs between the acts.
At athletics also they undoubtedly excel,
You should see them on the floor for Basket-Ball.
The "Kerosene Wonder's" expect to hold the field.
And challenge opposition one and all.
We have a fine comedienne, we must not state her name.
She really should perform upon the stage.
We boast an electrician who rations her art.
And with the "Listeners In" is all the rage.
Irish, Scotch and English are represented too.
No office is complete if they should part.
Students of accountancy, philosophy and law.
And experts at the Terpsichorean art.
We anticipate their pictures will appear within this book.
Miss Donaldson, Miss Barker and Miss Lyne,
McNees girls a trio, Miss Mahon and Miss Meyer,
Miss Pettigell, who this month will resign,
Miss Ross, Miss Seitz, Miss Besie Shields are also in the bunch.
We hope they all can readily decide
The character that suits them in the lines inscribed above.
But kindly give the writer time to hide.

—P.H.
TWO thousand years ago Seven Wise Virgins dedicated their lives to the tending of a Sacred flame. They sacrificed sunny hours of leisure to keep ever shining and filled with oil their chased bronze lamps, considering their vigilance and infinite care rewarded by admittance to the temple.

In our ultra-modern times we call this doctrine “Preparedness” and to the business woman it is alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. To follow it, demands mental alertness and strictest attention to physical fitness. It calls for loyalty and willingness, observance of detail and painstaking labor—for these are the foundations of whole-hearted service.

Life has but few moments of heroic opportunities, but is made up of a succession of days of patient application to what may be humdrum routine and toil, and it is only by a long apprenticeship of faithfulness that we trim the lamp whose light will lead us along the path to the summit we all desire—SUCCESS.

—Ada Irwin