The Imperial Oil Review

In this number

Following Pizarro's Trail
JOINT COUNCILS
Imperial Oil Limited
Elected and Selected Representatives for the Year

MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT

DELEGATES
Elected
Selected
Elected
Selected

Loco Refinery
A. Palmer
F. W. McDonald
E. T. Davis
R. C. Whitwell
C. R. Eldridge
E. J. Fraser
W. E. Bourns
A. L. Tremadou
G. M. Cook
P. Jackson
J. E. B. Sidders
Regina Refinery
J. T. Warner
L. L. O'Bell
A. Chambers
E. C. Pemberton
H. Matthews
W. T. Gale
E. Flettner
J. E. Topham
J. Evans
George Leach

Sarnia Refinery
H. B. Bacley
David Napper
H. J. Cronin
N. A. Power
A. H. McLeish
R. B. Dempsey
T. J. Redmond
W. J. Burgess
I. D. White
I. B. Houghton
J. M. McKee
E. A. Galloway
W. E. Edwards
J. P. Topp
F. G. Waddick

Montreal Refinery
A. Shelley
C. M. Rankin
D. J. McCarr
D. L. Power
G. Archibald
J. McCulley
F. Perreault
S. Whittaker
C. Lafortune
E. Thursby
E. Vining
G. Chalmers
U. Rees
O. Turnthwaite
G. Armstrong
D. J. Spooner
W. Edwards
E. J. Stewart
F. C. Neils

Regina Refinery
J. T. Warner
L. L. O'Bell
A. Chambers
E. C. Pemberton
H. Matthews
W. T. Gale
E. Flettner
J. E. Topham
J. Evans
George Leach

Calgary
M. Hanna
T. J. Sharpe
H. E. Tingle
E. A. Thompson
M. C. Gross

Edmonton
W. M. Burleigh
J. J. Johnson
R. D. Jones
A. H.跑道
C. M. Rolston

Vancouver
J. Chauffet
M. A. McDowell
Geo. B. Mort
R. B. Keyes
G. Wagstaff
R. Braddock

Toronto (Prince St.)
J. Warburton
R. H. M. Powell
W. H. Farnham
R. H. Trollope
P. W. Gordon
W. E. MacEachen

Montreal
E. L. E. Louis
E. F. Sherlock
J. F. Prentice
W. Sawyer
L. B. Lane
R. F. McCall
F. H. White

Winnipeg
Geo. Clayton
J. A. D. Webb
Bruce Tulloch
F. T. Norris
J. James
J. Blackwell
C. R. Griffith

Queens
Henry Forreth
T. Lachance
Theodore Cartel David Kerr

Annuities and Benefits Committee
Toronto
P. F. McNeice (Chairman)
G. C. I. Hamilton
C. D. Dean
L. McCleary
D. T. Cumming
W. R. Elsworth
G. L. Thompson (Secretary)

Following Pizarro’s Trail
By William Macdonald

This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Macdonald on the life of the pike and walleye in the waters of Imperial Oil Limited, and International Petroleum Limited. They are hard to make history. These previously published were entitled “Among the Men of Upholding” and “Havana, the Dream City.”

Stretching like a ribbon along the west coast of South America is a strip of territory forty to one hundred miles wide by two thousand and the champions of this story of unmeasured rain ever seen. The folk lore of the country says that it was much wetter one summer thirty-two years ago, and the present of precipitation will show you evidence to support the contention. Near Le Bruza, there are rows of cotton stump stumps. Three decades ago, the soil was an old country company trying with poor financial success to work the field for petroleum. But when the rains of 1904 came, they planted cotton, and so generous were the showers that although it rained no more for very many moons, there was moisture enough to bring on the cotton crop (for more than two years, and from this source the English company pulled itself out of the hole.

It should be explained that the cotton of Peru grows on a tree, not on a plant as it does in the U.S.A., and that the tree, with deep-seaking roots, gathers every available drop of moisture from the soil, and bears three or four years in succession before it expires. The tree, too, to all appearances, might be a Malagasy maple, and cotton plants look for all the world like the two rows of seedlings that characterize the praise
it drops completely out of sight. What probably happens is that an impervious shale bedrock, which has brought the water thus far, at this point dips sharply and deeply, leaving a cushion

movement of its little legs is distinct. And then, to bring us back to airdel realities, the muleteer is a bootlegger and his route of travel is Pizarro's trail.

The Peruvian cotton, it is claimed, exceeds in fineness the famous Sea Island product and commands a better price. But it must have water—irrigation or rain. And rain in the

THE ALGAROBBA TREE
Desert vegetation which thrives on almost no rain at all and grows horse
foot on its branches.

Coast belt is too occasional. Farther up the Chena River, from where Talara and the Negritos fields draw their water supply, there are cotton plantations which, during the wet season, were genuine bonanzas.
none more weird than the Peruvian bootedlegger when Pizarro's predatory cohorts made their descent upon the Incas, they landed at Tumbes, near the northernmost point of Peru. There is a touch of irony in the fact that one of the Spaniards' first acts was to build a church, and that the church is in use even to this day. Pizarro's purpose in landing there was to conquer the country, not to ask for it, one wonders what he expected to encounter en route. For a thousand miles he trudged through desert sand. His men threatened to quit. The leader drew a line across the sand with the heel of his boot and invited his men who were prepared to go with him to step across to the south side; those who would turn back to stay north. All promptly decided to go, and they finally reached Cajamarca, the Inca treasure city. Here it was that Pizarro offered the Inca chief his life if the Incas would fill the council room to the ceiling with vessels of gold. They did, but Pizarro killed the Inca chief notwithstanding. As a robber he was magnificent; but as a sport he was a shine.

And incidentally, he passed by a greater wealth than the Inca's gold. At La Braya a hill trail passes within sight of the ancient Inca oil workings, and from the ruins of the refinery, where the Incas made their pitch, has been taken a brass cannon, with no date on it but manifestly of Spanish origin and contemporary with the invasion.

Undoubtedly, Pizarro was the first white man to see the oil fields of Peru and contemptuously he took possession. He met his end at the hands of his ownmetics, and his body lies in the cathedral at Lima. But he never sensed the potentialities of the oil fields nor knew how to turn this latent wealth to account. It took the Canadians to do that.
in one corner of the new playing field where all the children of the community may gather. Ioco has its own newspaper, the "Ioco Times," ably edited by P. M. Boyd. In this community paper the best interests of the district are always fought for. Ioco is in Dewdney Electoral District and the several hundreds of ratepayers who reside there show a keen interest in public works development in that part of the riding. Through their newspaper and otherwise they are bound to make their influence felt in the management of public affairs where their town is vitally interested.

The administration of the public offices of the community is well taken care of by a commission, acting voluntarily, elected annually by the residents, a male and female vote being allowed from each house. Mr. D. McKenzie, the first chairman elected, has been returned every year and on account of the interest and study he has made of municipal affairs, he is a very valuable man to the Ioco community. He is well supported by the other commissioners, all men of experience and good judgment.

Since the opening of the new townsite there has grown up an institution which has won Ioco many compliments from near and far. This is the annual May Day Festival staged by the children.

**Calgary Division Wins First Prize in Float Contest**

The Review has published photographs from time to time of Imperial Oil floats entered in parades by various Divisions throughout the Dominion. Below is pictured a prize-winning float of the Calgary Refinery, which took the first honors at the recent opening of the Stampede and Fair held in the Western City.

**An Equine Curiosity**

An Imperial Oil, Limited, official at Sarnia sends The Review the following curiosity, apparently a veterinary surgeon's report on a patient. He disclaims all responsibility for it by adding a note to the effect that "It came to hand from one of our stations in the Montreal field."

"I, undersigned, veterinary surgeon, residing and practising at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, certify that on May 2nd, at night, I have been called by Mr. Vandal for a horse with red hair who had been sick for a few days. I found the said horse in a complete delirious state, with dislike for food and very thirsty. After an examination, I found that the horse had a liver congestion well pronounced, with a great sensitiveness of the right hypochondrium, a very hard and intermittent pulse indicating that the heart was also interested. I then tried to make the liver act properly and the horse has now a little more taste for food."

"Tonight, May 28th, I noticed that the trouble had also involved the kidneys, so that I will be obliged to apply a treatment according to symptoms shown."
Imperial Oil Footballers Take Regina Championship

By J. A. W. McInnis

The Imperial Oil Football Club have again won the City League, First Division, but by a much larger margin than last year, their nearest opponents being four points behind.

With two old footballers as trainers, the team at the commencement of the season were put on the field in perfect condition and got away to a good start by defeating the Royals by 3 goals to 0. They also went so far as to play 8 games in the Connaught Cup Competition, and as H. F. A. champions of Saskatchewan were defeated in Winnipeg by Fort Kongs, Rangers, Jack Ward, the centre forward, scoring 12 goals in the Connaught Cup Series and 18 in the Regina City League, a feat that no other center forward in Regina has ever accomplished before. Frank Hickey, the veteran goal keeper, has had less goals scored against him this season than any other goal keeper in town (2 being the quota in 14 league games). The team therefore takes all honors. They are also contenders in the Charity Cup Competition and are determined to win that also, having attained, at the time of writing, the semi-final stage.

Harmony has been the keynote of success. An ever enthusiastic executive are already laying plans for next season, and are determined to raise a team in 1924 that will lift the banner of Football in Western Canada. "Soccer." Their efforts will be met with full encouragement from all quarters.

Round Cape Horn on an Imperial Tanker

Down the West Coast En Route to Buenos Aires, Mountainous Seas, Hungry Rocks and a Passage too Hard to Find.

The S.S. "Vancolite" of 15,000 deadweight tons is a sister ship to the S.S. "Victolite" and was built at New York, N. Y., in 1921, being one of the most recent and largest additions to the Imperial Oil fleet of tankers. Under the command of Capt. E. W. Smeltzer she has made three voyages carrying cargo from San Pedro, Cal. (port for Los Angeles) to Callao, Argentina. This voyage will take the Rio Plata from Buenos Aires.

This voyage extends down the West Coast of South America, around Cape Horn and up the Atlantic coast to Buenos Aires. It may surprise some to learn that this route is 946 miles shorter than going via Panama Canal and down around the Brazilian coast to Buenos Aires. Before the opening of the Panama Canal, Cape Horn provided the only passage from Atlantic to Pacific and many ships in old "windy-bag" days have rounded the Horn, but always with misgivings, for it has the deserved reputation of being the stormiest spot on the seven seas. The Panama Canal has diverted practically all the shipping from this corner of the earth and it is now a bleak, hungry land with few ships to feed its hungry rocks.

The Cape is formed by the tattering southern extremity of South America; and is an island known as "Tierra del Fuego." The island is separated from the mainland by the Straits of Magellan—a narrow, tortuous channel of water. Due to heavy weather and insufficient navigational aids, it is generally impossible to make the straits from the Pacific approach, and ships must go around the Horn. On the return trip it is frequently possible to transit the Straits of Magellan and this lessens the distance by approximately 980 miles.

The San Pedro-Campana run is known as a "hard" run, and as modern voyages go, it is really all of that. Perhaps twelve hours are occupied at San Pedro loading cargo, and then the "Vancolite" is off for a 33-day run to Campana, where she is cleared from the port in about 30 hours and is soon back on another 35-day leg to San Pedro. Captain Smeltzer has ample food for thought on these trips and what with bad weather, diffi-
Oiled Sand Golf Courses

By Sidney P. Tucker

In a country such as Southern Alberta and Western Saskatchewan where there is plenty of grass but no natural sod, and where the climate fluctuates from year changes from wet to dry to such a degree that the whole nature of the country is changed, it is the despair of the golfer to find something near enough regular. Golf has taken a great run on the prairies. About five years ago some clubs were already in action and almost every small town has a nucleus around which there is developing a golf club. In the larger towns, the same is the same – to make the green consistent.

In Southern Alberta this year, for instance, with an abundant rainfall, the grass is knee high and requires to be manicured by the ground-man with a mowing machine. Last year or the year before, or any year for the past four or five years, would have shown the same ground a waste of drifting sand. When the rain does not come there is no grass. One year the golfer plays on a hay meadow, the next on a sand lot.

Something new by way of an answer to this problem is found in the “Oiled Sand Golf Course.” Properly laid it will last almost indefinitely with a very small cost.

To prepare a prairie ground for the oil sand treatment the simplest way is to drive a long spike through one end of a railway rail, hilt a team onto the other end, and drive round and round until all the grass roots have been carried out of the soil. The grass roots must be raked out thoroughly and the sand carefully screened. Then about twenty gallons of 16 gravity California Fuel Oil will be used to mix with about two cubic yards of sand to make a green of forty feet diameter about two inches deep. The oil and sand must be heated so as to mix well. The easiest way is to have the sand to light a fire in an old culvert pipe and roll it over. It is then raked backwards and forwards over the pipe till it becomes sufficiently hot. In the meantime and which several of the engine and deck staff were attending. Mr. Glibbe possesses real ability in this direction, having at one time been an instructor in engineering in the old country and now holding an Extra Chief Engineer’s B.O.T. certificate.

As we mentioned to Capt. Smetzer when he asked how long the trip was going to be on that run, “Cheer up, it can’t last forever.” The officers and engineers are: Capt. W. R. Smetzer; Chief Mate, L. H. Dicko; Second Mate, T. J. Morrison; Third Mate, T. V. Cannon, and he will be remembered for his article “The Passing of the Prince” which appeared some months ago in the Review. The writer had a short visit with Mr. Glibbe when that ship last touched at Talun in June, and it was to discover that his room had been converted into a classroom where a night school was being run

Drifting the Golden Spike

The Consecration of the golden spike at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869, to mark the completion of the transcontinental railroad, was an event of historic importance. The golden spike was driven into the rails to mark the completion of the railroad, symbolizing the unification of the country.

DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE
Consecration of the golden spike at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869, to mark the completion of the transcontinental railroad, was an event of historic importance. The golden spike was driven into the rails to mark the completion of the railroad, symbolizing the unification of the country.

Steamboats Days on the Magdalen

River Route by the Disabled Fifty-Miles from Whitecourt to Oil Fields, Brings up of Material used in Roadway Construction.

Living Quarters in Barranca

Type of Dwelling Occupied by Staff at Headquarters, Native Architecture. Section of Native Village where Laborers Employed by Company Live.
CLEARING THE RIGHT OF WAY
Section of the line under Construction between Barranca and Innisfallen.

One of the reasons, of course, is that there is great difficulty and much capital expense involved in penetrating the jungle, and the other is that the settlements, as a general rule, hang close to steamboat navigation along the river. Only in special cases, such as the present, where the discovery of an oil field created the necessity, is there justification for the outlay necessitated by the construction of a railway into the back country.

The Infantas oil field, on the Tropical Company’s concession, is situated at a point 350 miles up the Magdalena river from its mouth at Barranquilla on the Caribean, and is 24 miles back from the river. At the river landing is a refinery, built at large expense of cash and worry and some loss of life, and round about it the Canadian version of what village life should be in the tropics of South America. The village is Barranca. Back through the jungle a wagon-road had been chipped and graded to the oil fields. Across a country where the rich red mud that forms the soil is plastic as putty and where every rainfall rips ravines across the right of way, the construction of this wagon-road was not easy and its maintenance has been a constant aggravation and expense. Connecting the refinery at Barranca with the Infantas oil field is a pipe line twenty-five miles in length. Its construction was one of the accomplishments of the country. The pipe line was completed two years ago and following very closely thereon came the completion of the line.

At Rewor to M. B. Green

WITh the wish that he may "make as good a fist at his holiday as he did at his work," the Calgary office staff, salesmen and a number of agents from district points bid him a short vacation on July 21st to Mr. M. B. Green and by way of remembrance Mr. E. H. Teague, acting as spokesman for the assembled employees, presented him with a handsome diamond stick pin.

The Royal Canadian Oil Company has been known for many years by all employees in the Calgary district, and by the entire business community of Calgary, is off on his vacation accompanied by Mrs. Green, to be spent among the orange groves of California. "M. B."
has been a pioneer of the company for many years. He assisted in the building of the railway in the north country at all. He came to Calgary when the metropolis of the plains was a one street town, headquarters for cowboys and Indians. The good health which he built up for himself in his boyhood outdoor life never failed him. Early in the history of the company’s affairs in the west he joined the staff of the Imperial Oil and in the business life of Calgary for several decades he has been the Imperial Oil — the original and the foundation thereof.

According to the members of the Rotary and Kiwanis and the various other community organizations "M. B."
stood for more business. He was "More Business" Green. He brought a laugh, an energy, a cheerfulness and brightness to his work which was spontaneous and unaffected, and made for him a host of friends. In the estimation of the staff he was always a "square shooter." There was no danger of getting away with anything that was not true. He could slip through with his opinions if it were clear and quickly and expressed no one ever was in any doubt as to where he was at. He was paternal in his charitable toward any shortcomings accompanied by good intent.

anything known in the north. The "camino" wood is the most sought and must generally used in the construction of railway woodwork unless a peculiar grain which radiates from the heart of the tree like a fibre in a palm leaf fan. The natives themselves are the cutting ties where they get a convenient stand of timber.

The timber for the new gauges, which is three feet, three and three-eighths inches in our measurement, as compared with the 4 feet 8 1/2 inches it specified for use in Canada and United States.

Transportation to the site is now officially started and construction is well underway. The day of its completion is as yet indeterminate, but it is certain. Troubles among the native laborers held back work at the start, as it always does with every enterprise in the south, but this appears now to be behind. All hands are material and are in the swing. Most of these are purchased from some part of United States or Canada, and if being the main supply of fuel for the railway itself, are cut or skidded to the river, where they are sawed and bundled. The sawmill is now in full operation.

BARRANCA
The Capital of the Colombian oilfield on the Magdalena River — Photo Taken from the Air.

are numerous heavy cats and long tills. Corrugated iron pipe is put in at all small streams or stream beds pass on both bank and arch type at the larger water courses. The size of the culverts required to carry off the flood water depends on the size of the water body. The ties are of native timber cut in the field on a piece work basis by the railway employees. Some of the varieties are very much better for the purpose than short, he had so many of the characteristics which make a man popular. He was noted not only that the sons of the office and district staffs had come to look upon him as a friendly leader and adviser rather than a boss. Nevertheless, he was always on the job. Calendar on his desk was not more punctual nor the clock more accurate. And when the hour finally arrived that he could take a holiday for himself and with Mrs. Green drive his auto on a leisurely manner as he found fit through hundreds of miles of country that were familiar to him when there were few people in it besides himself, his fellow employees gathered to wish him an enjoyment that would be a consistent reward for years of hard and persistent application. Good luck to "M. B."
and to Mrs. Green, the lady who has seen it through
Gullible's Travels
By Carlston L. Dyer
Book Three—In Which I Perspire During the Homeward Voyage

A CHIEF Engineer's sense of humor usually finds expression in sarcasm and the Chief of the Victoline in one of these merry moods had dubbed me “Senior Sixth Engineer.” In explanation, the “Senior Sixth Engineer” of an oil refinery was in a sense parallel with the “foreman” of an electric dishwasher in a bachelor's establishment. The title persisted throughout the trip, but any one with “engineer” on it suited me right down to the ground. The Third Engineer, a genial Hollander of great physical breadth, had at the instigation of the Chief, taken me in tow and each day he set me to work at a new task, usually to mutual anxiety as to truth, and outwitted the job. It was wasting space to enumerate the things he and the Chief set me to, and I was just getting into the swing of things when we reached Montreal again, when I was loath to break up the associations I had formed. There is no equal to the sensation of coming off a hot job with sweet-savored jubilee, and I thoroughly acquired an engineer's viewpoint of the mates when climbing up on deck from the engine room to look forward and see a mate jauntily pacing the bridge in a cool breeze and from all indications with nothing more to worry about than whether his tobacco would give out before reaching port.

Those in contact with Mexican Crude have had ample demonstration of its disagreeable, sulphurous odor, and they can realize how unpleasant it must be for the men on a ship carrying a cargo of it, when the fumes permeate the quarters. In the midship housing of the Victoline it was remarkably strong and to prevent possible suffocation in one's room, thorough ventilation was necessary. The work of the gas is destructive; all the white paint on the rails and in the quarters turned a dark black and peeled off; the boys' work of fans, portholes, fittings, turned black, including some silver coins and a gold watch in my pockets. This involved chipping and repainting each voyage. Very few cruises from other countries have so great a sulphurous content and do not affect the paint to this extent.

The second day out we ran into a moderate gale which endured two days. I mention this not because of its interest value, but to give an opportunity to record that I was not sick in any shape or form. It was fascinating to see the bow of the boat plunge down, and great wheeling would smash up against the housing, to swing and tumble along the deck and break with a mighty impact over the quarterdeck down aft.

I am reminded here of two green messmen who decided to have a salt water bath that night and work their way overboard. The platform of the pumproom, devoid of all clothing and expectant of the thrill of a wave breaking over them. They had not long to wait, a mountainous wave poured a few tons of water over them and they were swept with violence against a tank trunk, they were considered fortunate in being able to claw to shelter and safety. One sustained an injured knee and the other a bruised spine, but they were lucky indeed not to have been swept over the ship's side.

Hours off duty were spent variously: listening to music of doubtful purity; developing pictures; reading; conversing with the elect; playing cards; playing pranks upon one another, such as putting mustard in the good-nights cup of coffee. The debates were usually heated and I am convinced that the “Victoline Oratorical Society” would still be flourishing had not the subject “Resolved that all bachelors should be subject to a benevolent introduction one evening” by Speaker Langdon from New Zealand. He was the only married man in the room and although the opening remarks of his address were courteously received, his later viewpoints were intolerable and the orderly conduct which had so marked the evening was destroyed and the other members engaged with him in chaotic struggle.

After the violent death of this society, we turned to athletics for legitimate pampering of one another, and formed the “Victoline Athletic Club.” The central activity consisted in throwing a cement-limed canvas ball weighing 15 pounds at each other and landed three times. On the fourth, the ball could not be found, and in the Mate's opinion the Chief must have thrown it overboard during the night, as his loss of the “old team spirit” had been very marked on the last work-out.

Whether a man goes to sea on a tank steamer, general cargo vessel or a passenger ship, he finds the same “system” governing the distribution of labor. There are three distinct divisions of men on board, each custom of many years has combined with the nature of their work to define the scope of each department's activities that one does not overlap the other. The natural outcome of such policy is individual pride in one's own department, and it is generally found that each man possesses a keen sensitiveness to encroachment of another department.

These divisions are quite easy to explain. The Captain is in command of the vessel and in land language he might fittingly be termed the “General Manager” of the ship. Responsible to him at the head of each department are the Chief Engineer, the Chief Mate, and the Chief Steward. The Captain directly supervises the navigation of the ship and the deck end, but the Engine and Steward's Departments are usually operated at the discretion of the Chief Engineer and the Chief Steward, for if the navigator and as a rule is not technically versed in the engineering or virtualing of a ship. Upon the Captain and a consequent “piling up on the responsibility for the safety and efficient operation of the vessel.

It is so easy to describe him simply as a navigator and many people (particularly engineers) would be inclined to underestimate the number of conditions he must make in the course of operation—laying out the course; figuring currents of doubtful set and drift; wind strength; submerge, uncharted, or lighted obstructions; fog, faulty wireless bearings; extraordinary error in compasses; ships' business, including the observance of governmental regulations and the keeping of log books; and the like. In short, the preservation of strict discipline and sanitation amongst the crew and quarters and a host of other things that render his profession uncertain and perplexing. One great difficulty in navigation is that similar conditions are rarely encountered twice, and that the preceding observations must always be taken with a grain of salt.

The Chief Mate, along with the other two or three mates, assists the Captain in every walk of navigation. He is also responsible for the physical upkeep of the deck department and under his direction the sailors ship the steel decks and keep the ship properly painted and trim in appearance. The mates and engineers, fast friends as they may be, is invariably come to grief on the subject of their respective professions. This is caused by the diversity of their work, and when the hard-foiling, hard-thinking engineer claims that the mates never work because all they ever seem to do is pace up and down the bridge and gaze out on the horizon, or keep their hands on the wheel control just to disturb the Chief's siesta during fog, the mates respond lightly that they are paid for what they know and what they do. That starts an argument good for hours, and usually at the end of it, as Omar wrote, "They leave by the same door wherein they entered.”

That claim of the mates in a measure appears facetious, but it contains some grain of truth, and only the men on deck can readily appreciate the precision required in taking and working sights, in plotting courses, bearings and soundings. The conscientious navigator who feels the weight of the ship entrusted to his direction calculates with exactitude to bring his charge safely into harbor; failure to do so and a consequent "piling up on the beach" usually rings down the curtain on his sea career and leaves him high and dry on the shore, like the ship.

On the other side of the fence, we discover the engineers with as many arguments in their favor. The Engineer is daily becoming a more important
factor in the ship to keep step with the increased part that machinery is playing in the operation of a ship. Pogging away in the engine room where temperatures register up to 120° is, to quote J. W. M. Smith, "no bed of roses." A marine engineer is of necessity self-reliant. When the engine breaks down at sea a thousand miles from land, they must be put back into running order on the double quick and in the absence of shore facilities, the most equipped of the ship's machinery must be compensated for by the ingenuity of the engineers. Amongst other things, it is not an easy task to turn out an emergency lathe job on a heavily buckling ship.

The Chief Steward and his staff of cooks and messmen keep the stomachs full and the quarters clean. This department is equipped with every modern aid, including a refrigerating system which eliminates the old evil of bad food that was not so long ago a sailor's regular fare. Prevention of food waste is the principal goal and through their efforts our vessels are feeding 20% better than the average ship in the Canadian Merchant Marine.

**Yarmouth, N. S., Has Fine Gasoline Station**

The manager of the Halifax Division sends the accompanying photograph, with the comment that it shows the largest garage and gasoline station east of Montreal and that the floor space occupied is probably greater than that of any garage even in Montreal itself.

The garage is located at Yarmouth, N. S., and Mr. J. H. Trefry, the proprietor, is an enthusiastic concern Imperial Oil Limited, products, for which he has a large sale. The Review has received photographs of a number of attractive filling stations located at various centres throughout the Dominion, and plans to publish these from time to time.

**Boy Scouts at Sarnia**

By M. E. Phillips, Sarnia.

The photograph shows the Boy Scouts of the First Troop, Sarnia, safely ensconced one of the big Imperial Oil, Limited, trucks, which had been put at their disposal to enable them to attend district rally and to cater for the occasion. The boys were enthusiastic in the extreme concerning "Imperial Service."

Several members of the staff of the Sarnia Office are taking active part in the management of this Troop. G. H. Galher is President of the Troop Committee, W. E. Phillips is Scoutmaster, and W. N. Boyee, Assistant Cubmaster, while several other members of the staff act as instructors in badge work or as examiners. Through the efforts of these the Troop has reached a high state of efficiency, all the boys having qualified for several proficiency badges, while several have their King Scout and Second Grade Cord.

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**THE PAVED HIGHWAY**

A Producer of Traffic

N August of this year the British Columbia Government completed the paving work on the various sections of the Vancouver-Seattle Highway by this completion there is now open for traffic a motor highway from Vancouver, B.C., to Los Angeles, Cal., which, with the exception of 150 miles, is paved all the way, and the hundred-and-fifty-mile section is as finished a highway as can be made short of actually paving the road. Auto tourists may now leave Vancouver for Los Angeles, or vice versa, with no danger whatever of encountering as much as one mile of bad road en route and make the run through a country that is lavish with scenic splendours and has been equipped with every facility for the motorists' convenience—camping parks, roadside inns, service stations. There are more than one million automobiles in California alone and British Columbia expects that next year they will have from this source and from other Coast States between one quarter and one half million autos visiting the province during the season. Already, notwithstanding that the season for rambling was almost over before the new link in the highway was opened up, there has been shown a great gain in tourist travel. Vancouver reports that only on one day from the first to the fifteenth of September has the number of American motor cars crossing the Border at Blaine, Wash., which is the part of entry into Canada, dropped below one hundred, and the average for the fortnight has been 327. These off-season figures, which, carried out for the year, would present a total of 86,505 cars compiled by the Vancouver Automobile Club and its agents.

Illustrating the influence of paved highways on travel it is pointed out that the total number of American cars entering into the province by Blaine, which is practically the only gateway to B.C., during the first fifteen days of September, after the highway was opened, was more than double the number for the first fifteen days of August, before the highway was opened but at the height of the tourist season. Vancouver automobile club officials are convinced that as a consequence of the completion of the pavement between Vancouver and Seattle the present average of traffic will be maintained all winter.

The paved highway is the real producer of traffic.
ONE THING YOU CANNOT AFFORD

There is as much satisfaction in a thought which will fit comfortably into the mind as in a pair of shoes which will fit comfortably onto the feet.

The satisfaction which follows a realization that your last piece of work, whether immense or insignificant, was done as well as you could have done it, is of itself a valuable asset.

When you have done the job right it is complete and you can carry its memory with the same comfort that you would wear an old shoe. But when you have done the job only half right the spectre of your slovenliness will haunt you in spite of yourself and obtrude upon your thoughts at inopportune moments to shatter your relaxation.

If you consider your mental poise has any value at all—and after all the mental is the only equation which really counts—you cannot afford to do any job anywhere at any time any worse than your very best.