BRITISH COLUMBIA NUMBER

THE HALIBUT HUNTERS
By C. A. Woodland.

SUNNY OKANAGAN
By M. A. McDowell

SWINGING WIDE, THE SUNSET DOOR AND OTHER B. C. FEATURES
British Columbia

BRITISH COLUMBIA is the third largest province of Canada and covers one-fourth of the area in the Dominion. It has within its borders about 2,350,000 square miles of the most varied topography in Canada of which only a minor fraction has been explored and of which thousands of square miles have never been visited by humans, so far as has been recorded. It has higher mountains, longer rivers and deeper lakes than any other section of the North American continent, except Alaska, and its glaciers shed waters that find their ways to Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic and Gulf. It has climatic variations ranging from the conservatory atmosphere of Victoria, where on the shores of the year round, to the desolate wastes at the peaks of the Rockies, where no man has wintered and survived to tell the tale. It has a rainfall of ten to fifteen inches a year at Kamloops and to fifteen inches in single months at Vancouver, two hundred miles away. Its mountain ranges are set at right angles to the prevailing ocean winds, to shoot the vapor laden chinook skideways in a pattern that reaches half the continent and carries moisture in summer and accumulation in winter to the heart of the Prairies Province. From the 46t to the 60th parallel it has a coast line outrivaling Norway in majestic beauty and Normality and the softness of its filtered sunshine. Along its banks for five hundred miles still stands the largest unbroken block of original timber on the continent. Beyond that continuous history of the country is recorded.

In 1788 Captain John Meares established a fort at Nootka Sound, on the west coast of

The Imperial Oil Review
A Magazine published in the interests of Employees of
Imperial Oil Limited

Vol. 8
March 22, 1924
No. 3

British Columbia
The Pacific Province of Canada, with the Highest Mountains, the Longest Rivers and the Depest Lakes, and all that is Left of the Old Lost West.
Vancouver Island, first known as New Caledonia, came under the sway of the West Company, later the Hudson Bay. In 1843 a fort was built at Victoria, which became the centre of authority. In 1849 the island was made a Crown Colony, with Sir James Douglas as its chief factor. In 1856 gold was discovered in the gravels of Fraser River, and the colony entered a new era, which was to last for little more than a generation. In that year the first assembly was held in Victoria. In 1863 the mainland was constituted a separate Colony, with Sir James Douglas, a rampant gold-diggers' rendezvous at the head of Vancouver Bay was to become the southern gateway to the Pacific. In the old days the business of taking halibut from the sea was carried on by use of coal burning steamers, with crews of fifty or sixty men, who, when the steamer had reached the banks westward in dories, two men to the dory, and their business was to set out long strings of baited lines, to harvest the fish when caught, into the still, untrammelled, water. As in many of the times, craft and subsequently row boats to the boat when a load had been secured. As halibut became scarce, the waters immediately adjacent to the steamer ports the steamers called upon to increase their range, with coal or with fuel, there was a very definite limit to the possible length of the trip and the operating company was reined from the possible pursuit of finding it physically impossible to make the necessary distance to the banks and back on the amount of coal or fuel that could be carried.

The oil fuel came in and the steamers were given an active factor in B.C. The first oil tankers were built in Great Britain, and the steel has not yet reached Fort George. This Imperial Oil was early in the field with headquarters at Vancouver, and has been an active factor in B.C. The most important of these was the Great Northern Oil Company, Mr. C. M. Rolston, already in the merchantile business in the terminal city, became an agent for the company, and it has seen its business grow from very small beginnings to its present proportions. In 1914 the company built the present magnificent refinery at Ioco, on Burrard Inlet, where two hundred and fifty employees, mostly recruited from the old mines, are supplemented by one of the most efficient industrial units of the coast, and has built a community that is now a centre of commerce and artistry to see in no case of the continent.
HOODING THE GRAD

Keen to the Bnaks—Getting the lines ready for work.

small loops are put in the line. These loops are called "becketts," and are made thirteen feet apart on the foot line, which the fishermen call a "ganion." To each "ganion" a hook is fastened. These hooks are made from the very steel best of a certain temper.

With gear properly rigged, the boat arrives at the fishing ground. The hooks are then baited, the hook being placed through the centre of the fish. These hooks are often set in strings, and run out over the chutes at the stern of the boat. Each string consists of four skates and generally three strings are set out at a time.

Each end of a string is attached to a twenty-five pound anchor, which latter is attached to a buoy or simply detached. Attached to this buoy by a twelve-foot rope is a bamboo pole twelve feet long and about one inch and a half in diameter. Around the centre of the pole are twelve corks to float it; and at one end there is an eight pound weight to hold it to the ocean floor. On the top of the pole is a flag which is placed there so that the fisherman may readily find where his gear is set. At night time a small electric light takes the place of the flag. It is connected by wire to a small battery fastened at the centre or bottom of the pole. This battery is waterproofed by immersion in Imperial Parowax. After the set is made the boat "lays to" for about three hours during which time the crew rest and have a nap or refreshment or as the fisherman call it—a "mug-up." It is now time to hoist the first catch of the day from the water. The catch is then auctioned and bid for by the various fishing companies and concerns and prices ranging from 7 cents to 20-1/2 cents are bid for No. 1 fish and from 5 cents to 14 cents for No. 2.

The fish is knocked down to the highest bidder and immediately unloaded, packed in ice in 200 pound boxes, placed on express refrigerators, or cars and forwarded on the day that it is caught to the nearest market. At such times it is a great life; a life for full-muscled men with something in their veins and in their souls. But it is no place for any but the physically fit. The hours of work and the physical exertion required call for prodigies of labour which are simply unbelievable to the man who has never seen this grand championship of all the toilers of the sea in his own environment. When the halibut season is located the work is as nearly continual as human endurance will permit until the ship is loaded or the school is hot—which seldom happens. Two days would be twenty-four hours at a stretch is by no means unusual. With the full sweep of the Pacific to open to them, the halibut fisherman, whether fisherman's fine writer, or merchant or, indeed, any man, terrifying to a landsman, and even to the deep sea sailorman who views the face of the ocean from the bridge of a modern steamer, the diminutive halibut craft looks like a bad risk in rough weather. In bad weather it is worse than that—far worse. Many's the tale of tragedy that has been added to the folio of lore. But they do not talk about it. Much before strangers, these fishermen, probably for the same reason that the man from the trenches is silent in the presence of the stay-at-homes: because they realize that such an audience would not understand. But the wrecks and losses are a matter of record and some day the chroniclers of this craft will come along who will put to words the epic of the halibut-hunter's life, and the Dominion of Canada will therupon awake to the realization that they have a race of men whose heroism and exploits entitle them to a niche of honor in the nation's hall of fame. There is the case of the "Thelma" for instance. Incidentally, the name betrays the national mind the fact that a very large proportion of the men who follow the halibut fisherman's life saw the light in King Haakon's land, or in the neighbouring kingdom of Sweden. They are the greatest of all sea animals and the most feared in the human race. To them the tempestuous weather and the tumultuous seas of the halibut banks offer scope for the peculiar genius of the race and it will be readily admitted in Rupert that Canada owes a tremendous debt to the Scandinavians for the service they have rendered in making common place the hazards and labour of the halibut industry. But all that is aside from the story of the "Thelma" which I started to tell.

The "Thelma" is a diminutive schooner which works in a tenth of a halibut fishing with the variations of things to come, is an indisputable fact. In the game until November last, that is, in 1923. With a crew of five men abeam of the "Thelma" set out for the Yukon, to the world, off the coast of Alaska. To realize what that means it is necessary to understand that the Yukon is a wide river open to the full sweep of the Pacific in its widest latitudes and that the water is colder there than there is nothing for it but to ride out the storm when storm comes. The "Thelma" was caught in the teeth of a storm which was making a game of fight of it when a gigantic wave broke over her carrying everything away; gear, mast and all. When the wave broke, the "Thelma" was in the act of hoisting the halibut and it was the usual practice to lay and hoist the halibut and rigging to dry out the total catch.

WITH A SNAP OF THE LINE

The fisherman flicks the halibut off the hook to dry and rigging to dry out the total catch.

Two of them, in some miraculous manner, managed to get back out of the sea and onto the deck. The others were never seen again. The capriciousness of fate is nowhere more in evidence than in the sagas of the halibut industry. But although aboard the outlook for the three survivors looked scarcely better than that of the two who were ready lost. There were four feet of water in the bower line, the engine stalled, and the engine stalled, and the engine stalled.

HOMeward Bound

With a hold filled with the burden of the deep and a winch against cutters.

a better price than the No. 2b, are the fish weighing from ten to fifteen pounds which are called "ganion" or "garuy" which is geared to the engine, coils down the gear as it comes in, another attendant to the gear as it comes over a roller at the side of

DEEP-SEA BEAVER

Referring to the sea buck to the fish, although the men are all right at that.

WHY THE HALIBUT漑
elements raging with the fury that only the North Pacific knows.

After twenty-four hours of heart-breaking labour the three managed to get their little boat five free of water and the engine running again. Eventually they made harbour in safety and had their story added to the annals of the deep.

"Do these men go back after an experience like that?" I hear someone ask. Sure they do. They know the risk and realize the danger. But there is a lure to it, as there is to every calling that revolves around a battle with the elements. It is an obsession, but one to which, although prosaic, is intensely human and readily understandable, which is that the halibut fisherman is among the highest of the highly paid workingmen of the world—sometimes.

The halibut fisherman is not paid by the day nor by the hour. He gets a guarantee, which means that he will have a little something, no matter whether the ship brings home any fish or not. But that is merely in the nature of what might be called an accident insurance, a sort of protection that in any event the kiddies at home will eat. Whereas the main part of his pay is according to the fish that are caught. The whole thing is on the basis of a day.

There is a certain allowance, first of all for the grub, bait, distillate and gear, which is calculated to save the shipowner harmless out of the first fish that are caught. Then after that it is all on a percentage. The owner takes a certain per cent, the captain a certain other per cent, and the crew a definite per cent which is, of course, regular in all similar cases and known to all. There is no specific duration to a trip; just whenever a catch can be completed and as quickly as the engines can drive the craft back to port. With good luck it may be a week or ten days. But that is the limit of the distillate and grub and then, perhaps, no fish. So that no fisherman ever knows this month what his earnings are going to be next, and this very uncertainty, the element of gamble, is one of the allurements of this hazardous trade, for sometimes Lady Luck sits in the rigging and then the fisherman get a regular young fortune out of a few hours work, earned on a voyage that has been completed within a few days elapsed time. The cases of $250 payoffs are too common to arouse comment any longer in Rupert, and the $400 to $500 payoffs, although not common, are by no means unknown. That will be, usually, for a ten-to-twelve-day trip, meaning that the fisherman who has had luck has been earning $25 to $50 a day.

Looks attractive, does it not? But, gentle reader, do not take your feet from the tender so suddenly to declare that you are going to quit this humdrum old fireside to go out to Rupert to hunt halibut. For one of the best reasons, it would not be wise. And that reason is that probably nine out of ten who have had this story just simply couldn't stand the gaff. And that is by no means knocking my readers, because I know that the personnel of the Imperial Oil staff, taken as a whole, average very high both physically and mentally. But the halibut-hunter's life calls for something that is quite different to that. It calls for a nerve that absolutely will not crumble though its owner be called upon to gaze into the face of death for hours on end. And work for hours on end has been liberated for peace time use, the situation very quickly changed.

In 1920 a little trickle of wheat, about half a million bushels, flowed through this government elevator. In 1921 the flow increased to seven million bushels. From the 1922 crop nineteen million bushels found its way westward. From the 1923 crop, the greatest ever harvested in Canada, to be handled through Vancouver will be limited only by the facilities available. The best estimates name 50 to 60 million bushels as the probable maximum that can be handled. With adequate facilities this might have been four or five times that amount.

Vancouverites now claim to be able to see the clay in the not distant future when 500 million bushels of wheat per annum will flow through this port, making it the greatest wheat city on this or any continent at any time.

Canada's great crop is the wheat crop and upon this, more than any other one item of our national production, does prosperity in this country depend. By what seems to have resolved itself into a law, the wheat area on the North American Continent moves steadily toward the North and West. Already the eastern half of the Prairie Provinces, the region nearest to market by way of the Lakes, has dropped into second place. In 1908 the peak of wheat production was on a line through Brandon, Manitoba, one half of the ninety odd million bushels of that year being grown east of that line and one half to the west.

In 1915, with a production of two hundred million and odd, the peak line had moved westward into the Province of Saskatchewan to a point within 100 miles of Regina. In 1917 it had moved westward to Moose Jaw, and in 1922, with 500 million bushels, the peak line had moved westward to the Saskatchewan-Alberta border line. What the 1923 crop of the Prairie Provinces is no one is in a position even yet to accurately estimate. Manitoba has dropped back from the high of 63 million bushels in 1920 to 40 million on a percentage basis in 1923, but the gains in Saskatchewan, particularly western Saskatchewan, and in Alberta have been so great as to offset the loss in any other time.

The Saskatchewan crop is probably somewhere about 275 million bushels, possibly more. Since
harvesting commenced in Alberta the estimates of wheat production for that province have been several times revised upwards. The pre-threshing estimate was 350 million bushels. Early threshing returns brought that up to 165 or 175 millions. Later, as returns came pouring in from all sections showing threshing outputs of from 35 to 70 bushels of wheat to an acre, all previous estimates were set aside and 200 million bushels conceded to be more probably correct. The peak of the wheat production is now, for this year at least, within the Province of Alberta. The total crop of all three Provinces will aggregate close to 500 million bushels.

North American railroading has herefore been predicated upon the theory of the transcontinental haul. All railroads have been built upon that basis. There was an east and a west, and all traffic between the two was by rail across the continent. The Panama Canal has changed all that. When this greatest of all creations of human hands was opened in 1914, the Continent was given two front doors. The exigencies of war made impossible—through ship shortage—the complete realization of the advantages of this new water route, but with peace and a plentitude of shipping we now commence to see what the Panama Canal means in world trade and to realize how completely all previous theories of continental distribution have been changed. There is now a watershed of trade, to the east of which line all traffic is due to find its natural outlet by the easiest grades to the Atlantic and all to the west by the Pacific.

In the Prairie Provinces, this watershed is variable. In winter, when the lakes are closed, it is in the neighbourhood of a line drawn north and south through Brandon, Manitoba. In the summer time when navigation on the lakes shortens the rail haul, it is somewhere in the neighbourhood of a line drawn through Regina and Saskatoon. The railroading of the future will be predicted upon the necessity of hauling both ways from this water shed to tide water. The exact dividing line is something that yet remains to be located by practices of trade, considerations of return haul, accessibility of fuel, meteorological conditions and other factors component to the final answer. But the existence of the water shed is already an actuality and is rapidly becoming a very potent factor in the traffic and business of Western Canada. It is now cheaper to ship goods from Toronto or Montreal by way of the Canal and Vancouver to Calgary and Edmonton, than by rail across the continent.

Topographically the continent of North America is built with a ridge up the left hand side which walls off the central plains from the Pacific. Through this—the Rocky Mountain barrier—there are no feasible passes for commodity freight south of the Canadian line. And as though Mother Nature had chosen Canada for her choicest favour, the most prolific grain fields of the world are placed opposite the Canadian passes, thence to pour their golden tide down the easy grades to the Pacific and into the markets of the world.

The railway grade from Edmonton to the Pacific Coast via the Yellowhead Pass is less difficult than from the same point to the Great Lakes, and as the wheat area moves to the north and west, the importance of this avenue to the Pacific will relatively increase. The grades by the Pine Pass and the Peace Pass through which Grande Prairie and Peace coupe in the Peace River country will eventually be connected with the Coast—promise even better railway grades than the Yellowhead. Albertans will tell you, and will show convincing evidence from government reports, that the Peace River country alone is capable of a greater production of wheat than the present aggregate of the entire Prairie Provinces. At present the Peace River country is being depopulated for lack of cheap transportation. It is 1,450 miles from Grande Prairie to Fort William and the products of the country at present prices in the World's markets do not leave the farmer enough, after paying freight, to permit him to make a living on the farm. But the distance from Grande Prairie to Vancouver by the Pine Pass is only 750 miles and with the construction of a connecting railway, which must come sooner or later, the Alberta wheat production will quickly more than double.

With the water shed of traffic at Regina and the peak of present wheat production somewhere between Swift Current and Medicine Hat, it is manifest that at least 250 million bushels of this year's 700 million bushel crop belongs naturally to the western outlet, and would go that way were the facilities available.

Assuming that these facilities will come as a matter of economic necessity, and making reasonable allowance for the potentials of the Peace River when that country is given proper rail connection with the Coast, it is easy to see how Vancouverites arrive at five hundred million bushels of wheat as their probable grain traffic within the present decade.

Five hundred million bushels of wheat through the Pacific port means a population of more than a million in Vancouver alone. With the consequent economies that will come through the handling of commodities in great bulk, the cheapening of freight rates for the same reason, the improvement of facilities of all kinds and the general improvement of methods which will come with higher organization and a larger trade, the advantages of the western doorway will become increasingly greater as the years go by. And as a 365-day port the capitalization of these advantages will be spread over the year, cutting the overhead in two as compared with eastern routes.

Greater Vancouver has a present population of a quarter of a million. It already has more tons of shipping per annum than Montreal. It is handling goods from Britain, the continent and the eastern states as far eastward as Regina and Saskatoon. Eastern Canada is only now beginning to take advantage of the new route, but it is clear that the natural route of import for the country to the west of the water shed of traffic at Regina and Saskatoon is by way of the Panama Canal, the Pacific Coast and inland by rail. Shipping goods to Peace River Country from Montreal by the overland route is about to become as obsolete as the use of the ox-cart.

Vancouverites will assure you that we are about to see the greatest grain port in the world established at our Pacific doorway and as a complement to this railfaring trade, Vancouver hopes to become the greatest port of entry on the Pacific Coast, which would make Vancouver the greatest City in Canada.
The Rejuvenation of the Steamer "Imperial"

At One Time Queen of the Lakes, Our Smallest Ship is Now an Important Factor in the Distribution of Petroleum Products to British Columbian Ports.

By J. E. Sidoren

Many readers of the REVIEW can recall the victory which appeared in this magazine when the "Imperial" cleared from Sarnia, Ontario, for the last time in June of 1922. Now her well-built ex-riviera, she steamed oceanward and in the lower St. Lawrence salt water licked along her hull for the first time in many years.

At the port of New York a cargo of gasoline was loaded and the diminutive "Imperial" proceeded to the Panama Canal in tow of the SS "Alberteitie," a recent addition to the fleet of tankers with ten times the deadweight carrying capacity of the "Imperial." At Panama the two vessels parted company temporarily, the "Alberteitie" going eight hundred miles south

Prince Rupert and intermediate ports. Practically every Imperial Oil station in that district which can be served by water route is supplied with its bulk and packaging requirements by the "Imperial." Built at Newcastle, England, in 1898, and to a length of 200 feet, the "Imperial," although modest in size, is certainly not small in achievement and, in the course of a varied career, has operated in many waters.

On January first of this year he was sent to repair yards for general overhaul, including conversion from coal burning to the fuel oil system. This alteration in the boiler room marks the breaking of our only tie with coal as a fuel on Imperial Oil tankers. It is estimated that over a season the effective turn around of this vessel will be about 13 days, better due mainly to the elimination of calls at bunker ports for coal, as fuel oil can be taken aboard at the same time as cargo is loaded.

The work completed and the ship painted from stem to stern, the "Imperial" looked her best as she rounded our dock with the grace of a swan to load the first cargo of the year. Lockett Morrison, the veteran captain who sailed her for years on the Great Lakes would be proud if he could see her today.

Captain F. F. Foote commands the "Imperial" and Chief Engineer D. J. Dow is in charge of the Engine Department. Considerable money has been expended in repairs and new installations since coming to this coast and we hope that with the reconditioning of the oil system she will take a new lease on life and live through as long and as interesting a career here as she enjoyed on the Great Lakes.

Joco's Tenth Birthday

By F. M. Bogdan

It is fitting that the all British Columbia, the Imperial Oil Review should coincide with the Joco Refinery's tenth anniversary of its construction. The Joco Refinery was built under a contract and occupied the first few months of 1915.

The first work these early pioneers had to tackle was the clearing of land, and this was done by contract and occupied the first few months. July, of the same year, saw the arrival of the construction men hailed by Mr. Tom Monegoy, and then things began to hum. In January, 1915, the refining operations started under the guidance of certain "wise men from the East," who made the pilgrimage from "Burry" to the wild and woolly.

Mr. J. E. Sidoren, our Superintelligent, arrived to ward the end of 1915, succeeding Mr. W. H. Hunt, who had been in charge until then. I don't think Mr. Sidoren, the Joco Refinery's first impressions of the place were too favorable. By today standards you couldn't call him loose with a crew. Mesas, C. Lamason, C. V. Humphreys and Roy W Polícia have all been assistants to Mr. Sidoren, and Mr. E. M. Salter acts in that capacity today.

From this distance the old bunkhouse days seem very pleasant to look back upon, and are especially hard to boast about to new comers, but whether they were really so romantic is doubtful. I know that towards the end I was "itching" to get into more peaceful and brilliant operations. During construction days about 500 men were employed, and as there was then no regular boat service to Vancouver, ten miles away, they lived in the Bank Houses and Port Moody. Gradually, however, many of the married men built themselves shacks by the railroad track and the shore, and many families lived more or less comfortably until they moved onto the townsite a couple of years ago.

Looking back over the last ten years, perhaps the pleasantest memories are of the days when we had the cottages, Club, which still stands there, and Hall on the Refinery grounds, and many were the jolly hardtimes dances and enter tainments to raise funds for the Red Cross during war times. Then, too, we had an Annual Fair which was heartily supported, and made a very favorable showing with other shows in the district, and was highly favorably spoken of by the local press.

Townsite, situated a few minutes walk from the plant gates, has everything up-to-date and...
Delivering the Goods on the Pacific Coast

In a Seasonal Country Where the Seagulls Swim on Schedules, the Miners Dodge the Snow and the Lumbermen Reverse the Usual Order by Doing Their Logging in Summer Time

THE coast of British Columbia is a mountain range sunk too deep in the Pacific Ocean. Round the breaches of the mountains are mantles of fir and cedar and spruce; their summits wear caps of snow, but their bases are hidden deep below the water line. Somewhere out beyond is a great plain, to correspond with the prairie lands to the east of the range, but the plain lies beneath hundreds of fathoms of green sea. Vancouver Island and Queen Charlotte Islands are the detached sections of the range, separated by great valleys, the floors of which are below the water line. Between the spurs of the range, stretching inland for miles, are other lesser valleys, water-filled to tide level, whose sinuosities give access to the sea; try lying completely behind the outlying psalides of the coast range. These, connect up, constitute the labyrinthian inside passage, threading which the coasters sail through several hundred miles of placid water to Alaska. At the head of every inlet, where it reaches its inland extremity, is invariably located a settlement which is the nucleus of some industry. In such locations the greater part of the productive industry of British Columbia is carried on, the mining, the lumbering, the fishing and the canning business. The mineral wealth is found, for the most part, on the coast batholith, along the contact between the granite core of the mountains and the cretaceous formations, which lie up against the inside shoulders of the range. The lumbering consists of cutting from the hillsides a crop of fir that has taken ten thousand years to reach its present luxurious maturity, and skidding the logs into the salt chuck to be towed to saw-mills or paper plant. The basin of the canning industry is the salmon which come up from the sea in millions every summer to spawn in the rivers of their spawning grounds. The deep sea fishermen, in pursuit of the halibut, the spring salmon and the famous black cod of the Pacific, operate from a base located at some port or cove near the head of some inlet on the mainland or Vancouver Island. Everywhere, it is from some hamlet on the still waters of a mountain-fringed inlet, that the activity radiates.

In steadily increasing proportion these industries turn more and more to petroleum as their source of heat and power.

In the mining industry they find that power can be conveyed to the difficult places in most compact form by the use of gasoline or fuel oil. British Columbia has some very fine mines, many of which might never have reached success had it not been for the convenient power, made available by the use of petroleum products.

In the logging industry, fuel oil, burned under the boilers of donkey engines and logging locomotives, has saved millions of dollars worth of timber from destruction by eliminating the sparks which set the forests ablaze, and loggers now-a-days recognize that, no matter what the cost in transportation, taxes and purchase price, oil fuel is nevertheless cheaper than the woof fuel which lies all about them, and may be had at no cost at all.

In the paper mills, the drying rooms, one of the principal features of the plants, Here a quick, reliable and adaptable heat is required to dry the endless web of paper as it comes from the rolls, and oil has proven to be the only satisfactory fuel to generate the heat.

In the deep sea fisheries oil has increased the radius of the whale hunters, the halibut craft and the spring salmon...
boats over coal by three to one and thereby made possible the phenomenal growth of production, that has been one of the outstanding features of coast development during the past twenty years.

So it may be said that in a very large measure all the productive industry along the Pacific Coast is contingent upon oil — another western front which must have oil. And the business of the oil companies is to get the oil to them in inadequate and seasonable quantities.

Bell’s oil for the Imperial is hauled on railroads that run alone in the field, Tidewater ports are, naturally, open to the world, and with the great productive fields of California nearby there is plenty of Korea's Vitality even for the smallest item of demand. It is a picturesque business, one with a thrill in it, which appeals to the imagination, although at the same time it calls for a very thorough knowledge of the ever-changing phases of a number of varied industries, without which knowledge the caterer of oil would probably fail to accommodate the requirements of the trade.

The salmon cannery business is an instance to illustrate the point. In the fishing business there is an all-year-round demand for oil, yet for no two weeks of the year is the peak of the demand in the same station. The cannery branch is a seasonal business in the most complete sense of the word. Months of preparation for the ever-varying catches result in the feverish activity of a few days. The sockeye — the prime factor of the canning business from which British Columbia derives annual millions — has a life of four years. It is spawned in the streams, near the sources of the great mountain rivers. In due course the fry drift down the streams and out to the ocean. Where they go from there nobody knows — but four years later they return to the same aerie of river mouths and die, their gannet run and their mission of propagation fulfilled. Their deep-sea voyages take them thousands of miles around the complete circuit of the North Pacific Ocean, but the fishermen know that every year, within a few certain days, the sockeye of that year will appear at known points to fulfill their destiny. In June the countless millions come up from the deep sea off the west coast of Vancouver Island. Here these饼 fishermen working out of Ucluelet, Alberni, Bamfield Bay and other West Coast ports, spread their oil nets in the path of the migrating sockeye, and the canneries commence to clank and the season is on. Day by day the fisherman is aware with it the activity at the canneries. During those few days in which the migration reaches its peak there is no day nor night; no sleep. Months of preparation and organization make for orderliness in what seems a riot of activity, but is work in the steadfast degree. Then the catches lessen, the canneries slow down and come to a preparatory standstill. The sockeye have passed that given point. The fishermen lie back to catch their breath and get ready for the next great rush. Following the sockeye come the cohoes, the humpbacks and the dog salmon, each of successively less value per pound. The migration calls for a seasonality as it passes the canneries.

**IN THE SUNSET GLOW**

Oil station at Victoria is the outpost of Empire in this Dominion and the first to be seen by the incoming traveler from the Great Lakes.

Down the coast they sweep and up the straits into the islands of the gulf. In July they are circling off the river mouths awaiting the day when, by the process of nature, they are prepared for the ascent of the streams. And when the time comes, for their own survival, they are the fishermen with their nets spread in the path of the fish, the peak of activity moving from point to point to keep pace with the surging horde. In August they ascend the rivers and here the greatest harvest of all is taken. For its particular six weeks of every year The Naa, Port Kenson, Rivers Inlet, Steveston, and everywhere along the coast towns at the mouth of the river is a hive of industry. Indians, Chinamen, Japs and whites come from all parts of the country to join in the harvest.

The peak is here one week, there the next, as the salmon make their migration so that a brief peak demand that the oil companies must make the preparations which ever the whole year.

The salmon constitute the basis of the most exciting seasonal of British Columbia industries, but all activities on the B. C. coast are seasonal. There is the herring run, a season of greatest activity on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands and the outer islands. Loggers reach its maximum in early spring, and late fall, the fire haze of early summer making it expedient to chose many of the camps during the dry season. The surface work of mining, which constitutes the important features of prospecting and development, can be carried forward only from midsummer to early fall when the snow is off the hills.

It is to accommodate this unique and periodic demand that Imperial Oil has established distributing stations all up and down the mainland and island coast of B. C.

On the outside of Vancouver Island the Imperial has its main distributing stations at Alberni, where the island is more than half cut in two by the Alberni Canal, at Bamfield, where the Pacific station is located, and at Ucluelet. On the inside of the island are stations at Alert Bay, Nainaimo, Pender Harbour and Royston, providing a strategic location in serving the trade of the Gulf of Georgia and the islands. By the main land, besides the stations at Vancouver, New Westminster and Rupert, which are all city as well as marine stations — there are main distributing stations at Bella Bella, Hothol and Powell River. There are other minor stations besides these, and there, of course, are being added to from time to time. The idea is to have a number of these stations so that fabricate a reserve supply sufficient so that at no time is there any danger of shipment pendency upon it ever being short of fuel oil, distillate or gas in the rush season.

To these stations the oil products are delivered by the company's tank steamers, which are engaged almost exclusively in this activity.

From the main stations the products radiate to minor stations within their radius, so that the fishermen and lumbermen are always within a few hours of their base of supplies.

...looked at from a financial point of view it would appear that this equipment constitutes a very large investment to accommodate a business that, in the nature of things, can be profitable for only a few weeks each year. The fishermen, for instance, to run short in the height of the season would be to thrust the institution into bankruptcy. Without distillate the fishermen could not get the fish, and the fish will not wait. They have unyielding miles to go, up toward the head of a fast running mountain stream and they are on their way. If the fishermen are to get the fish the sheriff would get the cannery.

So the Imperial conditions itself to the inevitable and delivers the goods.

**Sunny Okanagan Valley**

By M. A. McDowell

Much has been written about the possibilities of this Province and the wonderful assets it contains — the principal ones being the lumber industries, its fisheries and mining and the development of the Port of Vancouver which is destined to become the seaport of the Pacific, but up to this year only too little is known yet of our fruit industry which is principally centered in the Okanagan Valley.

This Valley commences at Sicamous on the mainline of the Canadian Railway and extends south to the imaginary line separating the two countries. Proceeding south one passes through, the principal and flourishing towns of Enderby, Armstrong, Vernon, Kelowna and Penticton and on to the Okanagan Lake.

The name and fame of the Okanagan has not yet travelled far enough. There is nowhere in the world in natural conditions offer such compatible opportunities to those who want to "get back" to the old-time, old-time, those same fruit lands of the bordering the shores of the beautiful Okanagan Lake.

Settlement is going on fast — new residents are entering the valley rapidly. There is lots more ground in the new state awaiting the spade and tractor. The market for its fruit is so steadily growing and it is estimated in a very few years that the production of 60 cans each will be needed to move the crop and the towns of Vernon, Kelowna and Duncan will double their size.

It was not until 1917 that there was much development in fruit growing. In that year the crop amounted to 150000 pounds. The fruit was peaches, apricots, nectarines, strawberies and small bush fruits which a total of 300000 but it was not until 1922 that the growing in proportion since.

In 1922 there was difficulty in moving the crops. Last year about 80% of the growers clubbed together and formed the big co-operative organization and business a thousand dollars, resulting in a much wider distribution. The market for the fruit is Great Britain, South Africa, New Zealand, Canada, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Eastern Canada.
Looking to the Future

IMPERIAL Oil looks to the future of British Columbia from the viewpoint of an optimist.

There has been disappointment in the past. Taxes have been high, the cost of doing business excessive and the business to be done scant. By the characteristics of the country and the nature of its products, the Pacific Province was hard-hit by the war and by its aftermath, thereby limiting the possibility of satisfactory returns in any industrial endeavor and the oil business, in this respect, probably suffered no worse than any other.

But the unrivalled resources of the province constitute a magnet which was bound to attract capital, energy and enterprise and the trade barometer of the past few months shows that the country is working back to its old position of intense activity.

Imperial Oil has been in British Columbia since the commencement of the present industrial era and in these years have never had cause for greater confidence in the future than at the present time.
Many a man fails to become a thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good.

—Nietzsche.