Wishing You All...

YEARS ago, the man or men operating a business were responsible pretty much to no one but themselves and they knew personally each and every employee. To-day, those who are charged with administering the affairs of a large industry occupy a different and more difficult position. Their responsibility is to many thousands of owners—shareholders—and to thousands of employees, few of whom they ever meet and with whom it is manifestly impossible to maintain personal contact. None the less, the interests of the owners and the well-being and happiness of the employees are in most cases jealously safeguarded. In the interests of employees, some large industries have introduced various devices such as industrial representation, pensions, death benefits, co-operative investment trusts, etc. These reflect the attitude of enlightened management towards the worker. They are an honest effort to provide as generously for him as conditions will permit. They express a sincere desire to give him a voice in the conduct of his company's affairs, a benefit proportionate to the benefit which his company may derive from its operations and, in the full sense of the phrase, "a square deal".

Perhaps these measures are not perfect substitutes for the old personal relations between employer and employee. Perhaps some old-timers would prefer again to see the "big boss" walking through the yard commending Bill's industry with a sledge hammer or enquiring concernedly for Tom's son who broke his wrist when he fell out of an apple tree. But they are the best substitutes that have been found so far and they express the spirit of a real and common interest and an obvious mutual interdependence.

Particularly in this holiday season, old-timers may long for the closer contacts of less busy days in smaller enterprise; but while the actual contacts are not so readily made, the spirit of close co-operation and goodwill prevails and good wishes and kind thoughts shuttle back and forth from every office and every shop and every yard—from the men who carry the full burden of responsibility of all the Company's affairs to the newest recruit in a service station operators' school; from the men standing watch in engine rooms at sea to operators of comptometers in divisional offices; from the crew on a drilling rig near the equator to the caretaker maintaining his long winter vigil over the ice-bound refinery at Fort Norman.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!
With the 16th and 17th centuries, signs really came into their own in England. By this time civilization was on a comparatively high level. Tradesmen and inn keepers, being more numerous, wished to individualize their places of business as much as possible. What better way to do it than with an original sign to catch the eye of every passer-by? It was still too much to expect the public to read a sign—this was an accomplishment reserved for the few—but anyone could understand a picture. Fortunately was the man whose name could be illustrated by a rebus: a hare and a bottle you had. Harbottle; a hat and a tun and you had Harston. Those who could not by the greatest stretch of the imagination advertise their name in this way fell back upon nature, and ransacked heaven and earth for a sign—the more outlandish the better. And so flying pigs and hogs in Armour were displayed with abandon, and one durn-founded contemporary wrote to the British Apollo:

"I'm amazed at the Signs As I pass through the Town, To see the odd mixture: A Magpie and Crown, The Whale and the Crow, The Razer and Hin, The Leg and Seen Stars, The Axe and the Battle, The Tun and the Lute, The Sow and the Boot." Their names loudly proclaimed.

As civilization spread north from the Mediterranean, signs began to be used in England and France also. The inn signs were the first to feel the need for some method of identification, their earliest attempts being quite simple. Then coats-of-arms became the vogue. The origin of this custom is interesting and rather devious. It appears that during the Middle Ages the nobility were more generous than they are today and often permitted their residences to be used as hostels when they themselves were away. Thus, a coat-of-arms became synonymous with good food and lodging, which seems to have been one of the chief reasons for its wide use by inn keepers of the period. And as the average traveller of that day was no more familiar with the language of heraldry than his modern counterpart, he called the inn by the most easily recognizable feature of the signboard's design, and scores of Red Lions, Boar's Heads, etc., sprang up in every part of the land.

Naturally, each tradesman tried to outdo the sign of his neighbour, and this rivalry had a ridiculous result. The standards from which the signboards hung became more and more ornamental, and the signs themselves became larger and larger, each new addition projecting farther into the street. If thoroughfares then had been as wide as they are to-day it would not have mattered, but they were narrow and tortuous and these monstrous creations shut out light and air. No weather prophet was needed in those days, for at the first puff of wind the ponderous boards started creaking and groaning their warning of what was to come, and caused everyone who passed under them to experience vividly the emotions of a Damocles. Finally, Charles II put an end to the nonsense by ordering that "in all the streets no signboards shall hang across, but that the sign shall be fixed against the balconies, or some convenient part of the side of the house." Even after this edict it is recorded that a huge sign in Fleet Street, London, by its sheer weight, pulled down the whole side of the house to which it was affixed, causing the deaths of four persons.

Signboards probably reached their zenith of fame in the England of that period in 1762. A practical joker by the name of Bonnall Thornton conceived the brilliant idea of staging an Exhibition of Signboards after the manner of the artists of the time who he considered took themselves far too seriously. A large building was obtained, invitations and notices were sent out, and a "hanging committee" solemnly appointed. Some of the wealthiest signs in the kingdom were collected and although the sensitive feelings of the artists were very much mortified, great crowds attended, chiefly out of curiosity. An idea of the subjects may be gained from the following title:

An Heroe's Head, unknown. By Moses White. With the least alteration may serve for an Heroe, past, present, or to come.

Nobody, alias Somebody. A Character. (The Figure of an Officer, all Head, Arms, Legs and Thor. This Piece has a very odd effect, being so drolly executed that you don't miss the Body.)

A Man in his Element. A Sign for an Eating-House. (A Cook roasted upon a Spit at the Kitchen-Fire and hasted by the Devil.)

Abasal Hanging. A Peuke Maker's Sign. By Scalter. (Underneath is written)—If Abasal had not worn his own Hair Abasal had not been hanging there.

A Man Struggling Through the World. (A pasteboard terrestrial globe, with a man creeping through it, his head out at one end and his heels at the other.)

A few years after this hilarious Exhibition, signs began to lose popularity. Most people by this time could read well enough to make out a man's name and there was no longer any need for such elaborate boards. Besides, the numbering of houses and places of business was being experimented with, and, to the great surprise of many, seemed to work very well. People were learning to read figures as well as letters. And so a period of comparative inactivity in signs ensued which lasted until the beginning of this century.

Since then the popularity of signs has been growing steadily, particularly in the last decade. An Englishman of the 17th century would marvel exceedingly if he could travel down the main streets of London Town, or of our own Canadian cities such as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver, and view the elaborate and colorful displays that we moderns take for granted. Accustomed as we are to large and expensive signs, the size and variety of ours would amaze him; and if he made his tour of inspection after
dark he would surely think himself in fairyland. He would probably notice the clear, piercing light of noon that can be seen so far away, and yet does not dazzle the eyes at the closest range. And if he could question someone who knew the history of noon, he would hear one of the most interesting tales of modern science. But this is a story in itself.

Some of the largest and most striking noon "spectaculars" in Canada exist in the Imperial Oil Limited offices in Toronto. For instance, there is the 3-Star "spectacular" on Fleet Street at Bathurst in Toronto. The thousands of motorists who drive eastward nightly along Toronto's waterfront first catch a glimpse of this sign as they pass through the Canadian National Exhibition grounds. Rounding a slight turn in the road, the turret-like tops of the Royal York Hotel and Bank of Commerce Building are floodlighted against the black horizon. Seconds later three red-orange rockets streak out of nothing, disappear, and leave in their place a trio of small five-pointed stars that expand quickly as thought, followed by the words IMPERIAL and GASOLINE, the whole display then vanishing as though wiped out by some ghostly hand. Three electrical engineers were required to perfect this intricate lighting arrangement and although such a cycle of movements seems complicated in description, it takes only eight seconds to complete. The name IMPERIAL in this design is 60 feet long and a six-foot standee beside any one of the letters would not reach half-way to the top. The building of the frame work was under the supervision of a construction engineer and all the paint used was specially prepared from a formula specified by an expert on paints. Over a quarter of a mile of neon tubing was used and the complete installation weighed approximately twenty tons. An electric time clock automatically starts the sign flashing at dusk and is adjusted periodically to take care of seasonal changes.

But all the signs are not noon, as the Company's latest program shows. The need for uniformity in identifying the Imperial Oil stations from coast to coast was effectively met this year by the erection of the distinctive red, white and blue porcelain-enamelled signs now seen on every highway in the Dominion. Standing out clearly against any background, these oval signs beckon the passing motorist to "a good and safe place to buy".

Ten thousand of them were installed and the contract is said to have been the largest single order ever placed for porcelain-enamelled signs in Canada. The materials used in the manufacture of this huge order can only be reckoned in terms of carloads—eighteen carloads of enamelling iron, seven carloads of tee irons for the frames and hangers, five carloads of chemicals for finishing work—and the signs alone when crated made fifty carloads! Then there are the ornamental iron standards from which the signs are suspended. Every pole is set in concrete approximately two tons of material for each setting. Twenty miles of galvanized pipe for mast arms and braces were necessary, tons of galvanized chain, millons of screws, nuts, bolts and other hardware, and approximately 16,000 porcelain-finished reflectors. The hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory were subdivided into regions and contracts for the erection and wiring of the signs sublet to local firms. Thus, thousands of persons throughout the Dominion shared in the work, and every cent of the thousands of dollars involved went to Canadians.

Lighthouses—An Aid to Navigation

By M. I. Newberry

Nine Mile Point light's extra clear are not the only benefits of this new lighthouse. The light was so clear that it could be seen over the water-sail as I lay in my cot. I pondered the subject of lighthouses until the rhythmic flashing of the distant beacon soothed me to sleep. Why were they placed? What made them wink? Why were all those we passed in the picnic boat painted with different kinds of stripes? Did people live in them? Who lit the lamps? Daylight always brought its own interests and I usually forgot to put these questions to the ever-busy grow-ups, but my dormant curiosity about lighthouses was always quickly aroused.

The light is a legacy of the centuries. It is probably an old as navigation. The Pharos of Alexandria, a lighthouse built on the island of that name in 285 B.C., still exists in the term. The first lighthouse on the Great Lakes was built by the French at Louisbourg, N.S. There is a drawing of it in the National Library in Paris, on which it states: "The lighthouse lantern was kindled on the first of April, 1734. It was perfectly visible for six leagues out to sea." The first lighthouse on the Great Lakes is reported to have been erected at Gibraltar Point, Toronto, in 1808, while the Dominion's first lighthouses on the Pacific coast were those established in

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1861 at Race Rocks and Lighthouse. From the time of the Conquest until 1900, the Province built and maintained a large number of maritime countries in the world which do not have lighthouse tolls.

There is no record of the type of illuminant used in the first Canadian lighthouses, but in 1869, in its second annual report the Department of Marine gives this information:

"Sperm or seal oil was used in several of the French lighthouses until 1870, but arrangements were made to use these lamps instead of pour their own. The work is of a small proportion compared with sperm or seal oil. No sperm or seal oil is now used in any of the lights of the Dominion except in the lighthouse in the South Channel in the River St. Lawrence where it is deemed advisable to use it on account of the wetness of the vessel and consequent risk of coal oil seeping through the masts.

Petroleum products are still in use in Canada's lighthouse service: thousands of gallons of illuminating oil and gasoline are supplied annually by Imperial Oil Limited.

The service to-day covers over 20,000 miles of coast, lake and river. Its 2,000 lights are shown on marine charts as tiny yellow spots. Looking at these charts one has the feeling of being suspended high above our country and seeing its marine boundaries outlined by a glowing, revolving, or fixed light, each conveying to mariners its individual message (interpreted through lists published by the Department of Marine). Your ship is now intercepting the light at ——— ——, a lighthouse or an anchored vessel, or some other peril. But the lights are not always warning — some direct the navigator to a safe anchorage. Thus, on clear nights the signal beacons give the navigator's bearings, and on foggy days by their various styles of architecture and painting designs, the towers perform the same office. But what about foghorns which absorb the rays of the most powerful lights, rendering them not only useless but dangerous?

Up until the middle of the 19th century no one seemed able to cope with the fog situation. But with international commerce on the increase serious efforts were made to improve the safety of shipping. Bells and gongs as fog alarms were tried but proved to be a sound strong enough to be an adequate warning. Sirens were better, but the powerful diaphragm "

The tower of one of the Great Lakes lighthouses after the ice melted.

Left to right:
1. Flashing or 'flares' in position.
2. Large foghorns blast away above the noise of the surf. (Capt. Stanley barnes. In the Great Lakes. In the Great Lakes. In the Great Lakes.
3. A large signal tower that is lit up by the tower's bright. Light in fog. Light in fog. Light in fog.
4. The tower is lit up with a magnificent array of lights, making it visible even in foggy weather.
The first aid remedies kept there. The wound, however, grew rapidly worse. Two days later they patched up the skiff and rowed out to half a passing steamer. Their distress signals were heard, and they were thoroughly convinced that the local legend about evil spirits was true. About an hour after their return, they were startled by a knock at the door. The ship's captain had observed the distress signals, reported "trouble" to the nearest Department representative, and had been told to put back and see what was wrong. Prompt action saved the young fellow's arm and probably his life.

During a terrific storm on the Great Lakes late one autumn, the entire light-station became encased in ice. There was the keeper, imprisoned like the princess in a fairy tale, until the relief steamer, on the lookout for such happenings, sent a gang of men to chop him out! Thanks to the vigilance of that lookout, his captivity was a short one.

Most of the lightkeepers are men, but sometimes a woman in put in charge, as in the case where a keeper's wife, on the death of her husband, asked to be retained in the service until she could make other arrangements for the support of her little children.

Most of these loyal and earnest people are deeply religious. Their duty is always before them, and all around is the continual warning of the elements; the ocean fretting and raging at the stubborn land; the swirling of wind and waves. The finest efforts of marine engineer and shipwright, the cunning of the navigator, seem so futile in the face of this ceaseless struggle. It is a little wonder that those in the outposts of the light-house service look to things spiritual for that sense of peace and security lacking in their temporal environment.

Have We Forgotten Its Meaning?

CHRISTMAS, in its original conception, was a living, pulsating, joyous state of mind, not merely a day on the calendar—not merely a time for eating and drinking. In the giving of presents it was not the original idea that the full flavor of the holiday season should be enjoyed only by the recipients of gifts or the guests who enjoyed the hospitality of friends but that there should come to the giver of good things a sense of happiness in the realization that he was able to entertain, even in a slight degree, the spirit typified in the life of Him after whom the celebration was named.

But in the present state of world-wide unrest, there has crept in a current of cynicism that manifests itself in a spirit of impatience with the old-time idea of self-forgetfulness and an entire disregard of the sentimental side of the celebration, any consideration of its true meaning being almost forgotten in the stress of social as well as commercial activities. This is probably only a natural outcome of the highly artificial age in which we are living and one wonders at times if the younger generation has not been unfortunate in not having had the experience of an old-fashioned Christmas.

This creates the thought that perhaps it should be the aim of everyone to do his or her part toward restoring the old-time spirit. It is not a matter of monetary importance, it is only the inner realization of what Christmas originally meant to the whole world and an appreciation of the sense of happiness that may be attained by a simple remembrance of its origin and the message of Good Will that may be extended to and enjoyed by one's intimates in every-day life.

It is true of the Christmas spirit that it cannot be monopolized by the great in State or Church, government or business—it expresses itself most strongly in the humblest homes. The merchant in his store, the clerk in the office, the attendant at any public service station, any one in his or her daily life can give to all with whom he comes in contact a word of cheer that may open a current of friendliness spreading in many directions.

Would it not be worth while just to make an effort to send out the invisible, joyous message of Good Will that the Season typifies and at least evidence to all the fact that there is a real meaning behind the hackneyed phrase, 'Merry Christmas'.

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THE DOMINION SENIOR RUGBY CHAMPIONS

By Ted Reeve, Sport Columnist and Coach of Queen's University Inter-Collegiate Champions

The rumbling "Whiskey Wee-ee, whiskey Waa-waa, Tigers eat 'em raw" boomed over the Hamilton gridiron. And with that throaty roar to lift them on its famous Buttoning Bengals came charging down the field behind their kick-off and the Imperials of Sarnia braced themselves for the first crashing impact.

On that November afternoon when the football supremacy of Canada was decided.

Down came the Sarnia half carrier with a thud and the two teams, entangling, lined up quickly for Imperial's first move. Two wing lines of heavy, fast men faced each other, two powerful speedy backs holding up their hands and pranced expectantly while a wild, excited yell from the loyal thousands who had followed the Imperials into Tiger-town for this long-anticipated combat sent fluttering back at the home team's要用.

The Tigers were confident. Winners of the strong Big Four league, conquerors of the Argonauts who had been champions in 1933, and playing on their own historic field, where the Big Cats are seldom humbled, they presented a formidable front. But they were facing a grim, determined band of foesmen from the little city that had become an even greater hotbed of football than Hamilton itself.

For the fifth time in six years the Sarnians were in the football playoffs. Each time they had fallen short in their championship drive. Just twelve months back they had missed their objective by one scant point. Some of the men had been in all or almost all of those heart-breaking efforts and to these veterans it must have seemed a case of now or never. Perhaps that was why those first few plays went with a drive that swept the husky Hamiltons right off their feet. Perhaps that was why Norm Perry's first slash at the line carried the old reliable twisting and spinning through for nine yards. Or why Alex Hayes called for a surprise kick on the second down with but a few feet to go or why Hugh Stirling's first punt went spinning high and fair and the Sarnia wings, tearing down beneath it, flew so savagely into Boles Jeffers that the hurried Tiger halfback dropped the ball and it was first down for Sarnia on the Hamilton thirty-yard line.

NOTE: Cliff Parsons
Jackie Baker
Harry Smith

Those setbacks of other seasons must have had something to do with the venge, dash and decision of the next move that found a perfect pass swinging through the air from Hugh Stirling to Norm Perry for a twenty-nine yard gain. And there was no guard line stand that could hold back the driving interference that ripped open a hole for Stirling as he smashed across for five points, the biggest five points, by the way, ever scored by a Sarnia football team.

Alex Hayes converted in business-like fashion and still playing inspired football with a wind behind them the Imperials forced the Bengals back again. One of Stirling's punts sailed over the line, a Tiger back was dragged down but an official ruled that no yards had been given the catcher. A bad break and yet a good break, for when the Tigers brought the ball out to the fifteen yard line.

NOTE: Ground Bench
John McLean

Timmis dropped it on a plunge. There was another opening! And once again the big Oil machine made the most of it. Moving out in front of the posts they held solidly while their calm and dapper quarterback took aim and sent a beautiful field goal spinning over the bar.

Nine points in the opening minutes of the game! Nine points scored with a punch and precision that stamped them as a great team. And nine points that made them champions of Canada.

Yes, the final score was 11-4 and Regina had to be beaten the next week but the Sarnia players knew that Tigers were the big threats in their path. Twice before their march had been halted in the city of the mountain.

So it was that first period of perfect football against the besluder'd Bengals that finally carried the Imperials into the list of Grey Cup winners.

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Hughie and Harry and other veterans. Doggedly they dug themselves in and let the Tigers carry the attack to them and again and again when the fighting Bengals threatened they turned them back and the full. Stirling’s kicking drove the Rough Riders back until the first point was notched. Then came a Regina fumble and Alex Hayes’ educated toe sent a three-point drop sailing through the bar. Working steadily with passes mixed with plunges they moved once more to a scoring position and a Perry-to-Patterson sweep around the end caught the bound-up Riders off their guard and put that point the championship banner in the old kit bag.

It was back on September 23, that the Imperials started their most successful season by swamping Western University 21-0 in an exhibition game. This was played in Sarnia and gave the home guard a chance to welcome their famous newcomer Ormond Beach to the stump hungry. He wasted no time in showing the faithful that he was a fine plunger and one of the greatest secondary defenders ever to step on a Canadian gridiron. Rockey Pursaica filled the air with passes, the rest of the seasoned troops indicated that they were still in possession of all their pep and power and the campaign was on.

It was the following Saturday on a rain-soaked field in Montreal, that the Sarnians, against sterner opposition, served notice to the rugby fans of the land that they were due for their strongest titanic bid. With Hugh Stirling outkicking the celebrated Hugh Welch with a muddy ball the Imperials won a gruelling exhibition by a score of 20-0 to set back the famed Forsun Legion for the second time in their two-year rivalry.

These preliminaries over, the squad moved into the regular schedule and on a hot, summery afternoon gave their one bad display of the autumn. Against a young Balmy Beach team they played druggy football but still managed to win out 19-3 scoring in the approved fashion of recovering a fumble close to the opposing line and at once turning on the pressure to count a touchdown.

Coach Art Massese must have dropped his usual friendly and rather taciturn manner during the following week. And it was the misfortune of the Hamilton Cubs to meet an aroused band of giants on the Saturday of October 13. The final count was 43-0.

Then came their most important league match, their trip to Toronto to meet the fast-moving and clever St. Michael’s who were proving to be something of a sensation in senior circles. The contest, played at Maple Leaf stadium, was probably the most open and thrilling that the Imperials engaged in all year. Certain it was the one that did them the most good from a standpoint of improving their general play. For while they won 18-12 they were harassed continually by an amazing forward passing attack that Marks, Peck and the other Irish threw at them. At times their defence looked bad against these reckless tactics of the Toronto Collegians but they once more steadied away in the
pinches and on each occasion when an Irish play went astray the Imperials went to work and smashed through for a major score. A touchdown, plunge by Beach, a forty yard gallop by Perry and two field goals by Hayes were a few of the features of their ground attack in a game that really clinched them the group championship.

A good team will improve as it goes and by the next Saturday when the St. Michael’s came to Sarnia, the Imperials had worked out the answers to that aerial attack. In that return engagement, with Harry Smith leading a charging line, they smashed up the Irish passing offensive and played some of their finest football of the year to win by a score of 19-1.

From then on they were, it seemed, a fifty per cent stronger team. They won easily from Beaches 17-3 and from Caledon 20-0. They had picked up the right sort of confidence and dropped all the other kind. They knew they had a good defence then to go with that power attack. At the same time there was more truth than poetry in the remark of the fan who said the City of Sarnia might send Maria and Connelly a bill for their banquet for the champions learned a valuable lesson from the Irish stars and their ball-tossing act. Witness the defence they put up against Ferrante’s aerial efforts in that Hamilton match and also against Regina’s best weapon in the final.

It was a hard season. It was not without casualty. Harry Smith, Ted Moore, and George Clark were three of the star players lost by injuries. But it was Sarnia’s year and nothing could stand in the way of Massucci’s machine. Playing clean, capable and clever football they marched at last to a championship and the genuine satisfaction with which their success was hailed by football fans in every part of the country is a fitting tribute to the stalwarts who played under the Three Star banner.

Harry Barrows, seated at the left of the Imperial Oil Trophy, and William Campbell, at the right, are joint winners of the Dominion Model Aircraft Championship for 1931. The models made by these boys were so well designed and constructed that the judges, unable to choose between them, declared the championship a tie.

Both boys are members of the Model Aerialplane League of Ontario and have won a number of prizes. Harry Barrows hoping to win sixty two this credit. Harry also holds the British Empire record for endurance with an aeroplane he constructed.

The Imperial Trophy and miniature medals were presented to the boys by D. S. Bell, Manager of Toronto Marketing Division.

Sarnia is a small town. Even Sarnians will admit it. For instance, two years ago, when Sarnia Imperials played their first exhibition football game with the mighty Montrealers a rabid Sarnian boasted of the fact. The Imperials came out at the right end of a very close score, and this Sarnia rooter turned to a section of the stand which seemed to contain Montrealers exclusively and said, "Think of that, just a little town of 18,000 !" and the Montreal crowd very generously gave him—and little Sarnia—a hearty cheer.

Elsewhere in this issue Ted Reeve has his say about the Sarnia spirit which contributed very nearly as much to Sarnia’s winning the Canadian Rugby Championship as did the fine efforts of the players themselves. Some people declare that Sarnia is football mad, and there are plenty of Sarnians who will not deny the charge. When more than 700 of them will journey from Sarnia to Hamilton to see their team play in the Eastern finals and a thousand will go from Sarnia to Toronto, it has been admitted that the town is at least enthusiastic. The pity of it was that more could not make these journeys for the Sarnia team represents 1,500 members of the Imperial Oil Social and Athletic Association, each of whom pays his annual dues of $2.00. This makes up a fund which is expended in maintaining the team, for a football team is an expensive thing to maintain. Patently these supporters accepted the decision of the Canadian Rugby Union that the playoff would be in Toronto. Those who could not make it to Toronto to see the finals; those who could not stay at home and spend anxious hours awaiting the result.

The Sarnians came to Hamilton and Toronto cheering and unworried. It wasn’t a case of over-confidence. For five years they had knocked at the door of the championship and had been turned away under fairly heartbreaking circumstances. They were ready to accept disappointment with a good grace.

What must have impressed most thoughtful people who saw the Sarnians parade from the railway stations in Hamilton and Toronto to the respective football stands was that here was a crowd of good substantial and happy Canadians. They probably felt that they were fortunate Canadians too. Steady operation of a large industry in their town, maintenance of fair working conditions, and payment of fair wages have contributed very largely to the existence of a well-doing town and district. Some of the exhilaration which the fans worked off in their parades and cheering was an expression of that contentment and well-being.

One could not watch them without feeling pleased to be part of an industrial organization which the people of Sarnia have done so much to build up and which in its turn has done so much for Sarnia.
Northern Messages

RECENTLY the Canadian Radio Commission inaugurated another season of its “Northern Messenger” Service and T. M. “Pat” Reid, of Imperial Oil’s Aviation Department was invited to be the principal speaker on a broadcast that went out over a chain of thirty-one long-wave and four short-wave transmitters. Choice of Pat Reid was logical, for he knows the Canadian Arctic and sub-Arctic and the people who live there. He knows, too, how they look forward to receipt of news and greetings from their relatives and friends away down south at Hudson Bay, Pat Reid flew the first plane around the shores of Hudson Bay; made the first air passage along the Canadian Arctic Coast and over Great Bear Lake. He has lived in the North—at fur-trading posts, at mounted police stations and at Eskimo villages. He has talked to the pioneers in the barren lands. He knows what it means for them to go for a year without word from home, without letters or newspapers, as they used to do when they were entirely dependent upon the annual visit of the supply boat for their contact with the outside world.

Mr. Reid tells the story of a sergeant at one of the remote police posts who for years before he went into the North had never eaten a breakfast without a morning paper propped up against the marmalade jar before him. For a whole year after his arrival at the distant outpost, he ate his breakfast in misery. Then the supply boat came in on its annual visit and from it there were unloaded for the sergeant several large and heavy barrels containing a year’s issues of a morning newspaper and of a weekly paper. Tenderly the sergeant unwrapped the precious freight and he spent a great part of the night arranging the papers in their proper sequences of publication dates and setting them up in twelve neat piles, each of which contained issues for a month. Beside the breakfast table he placed the pile containing the oldest papers with the most aged of all on the top of the pile. Then he retired for the night, well satisfied with his work. In the morning he lifted the paper from the top of the pile nearest his table. It was a little more than a year old but he scanned it from front to back and relished its contents more than his food. Each morning he read a succeeding issue and on Sundays he had the more voluminous weekly paper to while away a more leisurely day. He never “hashed” it. No matter how mysterious a crime, no matter how engrossing a trial or how intriguing a sexual story might be, he never picked up the following issue to see what the developments were until time came for the next day’s breakfast. He kept in touch with the news almost exactly one year after the event.

The advent of radio communication was one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the people of the far north. With the inauguration of weekly newspapers and messenger services directed to these people a great part of the burden of loneliness was lifted from their shoulders. Saturday night was favoured most by the broadcasters for their Northern News and Messenger Services and so in the remote Arctic, Friday nights would usually be devoted to talking over the radio receiver, seeing that all was in order.

Aurora Borealis is one of the most engaging of natural phenomena. Its beauty inspires the poet, its origin challenges and puzzles the scientist, but to a group of kindly pioneers gathered around a radio

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Esksio lads, and after three stormy days at sea drop in at Richmond Gulf. If there are two things I'll always marvel at about those Eskimo lads, one was their ability to deivour half-cooked elder ducks, and the other the remarkable skill they displayed in navigating that boat in rough weather and pitch dark.

To all my good friends at Great Whale River, East Main, and friends in the Country— I hope you were able to knock off some game this fall. Now I'll say hello to the folks at Rupert House, and I'll never forget how good that poot looked to me after being hazzard bound in an airplane for forty-five hours out on the sea ice about five miles from shore. Moose Factory is another place I was always mighty glad to see. Particularly once after drifting all night on the open water of James Bay in a seaplane with a damaged wing... and again when southward bound after encountering a lot of dirty, winter weather on a trip to Richmond Gulf to bring out a party of marooned prospectors. Oh, the way, now that you've got a railway and hotel, and telephones and electric light and everything up there I hope you won't mind me including you in a message to far away places.

"Heading north again.... I'm sorry I didn't have an opportunity of getting aboard to greet you people at Waskish River one day when you were kind enough to send me aboard a steamboat as a sort of guide for the Indians. You people at Churchill have a regular sewen now, with big elevators, docks, railway terminals, and no doubt real estate agents. Well, good luck to you and to the hardy pioneers I know and saw at work building your town out of the rocks, driving out your harbor, building your docks, and pushing your railway across the barrenlands."

"Moving up to Esksio Point.... I hope you have improved your cabbage game in the last few years, and would like nothing better than to be able to go up and lay a few sounds with you. I'll try to reach Tasiapinnik on the off chance that there's someone still up there and listening."

"Hello, Chesterfield Inlet, what I spent many happy weeks. On any of you remember one day we rowed out from the edge of the ice floe to Fairway Island to get some duck eggs, and the others we sent rowing back against the current only to discover that the eggs we'd collected were already half-hatched. My very best regards to all my good Eskio friends up there, and may the caribou always be plentiful.

"I'm going over to Wager Inlet to say hello to the boys over there, and hope that the white fox will come to their door this winter in sufficient numbers to keep the wolf off for many weeks. The same to all you boys at Cape Chidley. I'm leaving over on the Arctic Coast and many north of the..."
Arctic Circle. It ever I was glad to see signs of human habitation it was when I sighted your post after wandering around in the air for many hours over that stretch of the barren lands between Baker Lake and your place. I hope the shadow of my friend, the Medicine Man is none the less since I saw him.

"I'm going over to Fort Hearne at the mouth of the Coppermine River now to say hello to the boys there, and to tell them that I was sorry to hear of the death of my good friend Hoot, the flying Eskimo.

"As I'm getting a long way from home now I guess I'd better start heading south, so I'll push off across Great Bear Lake over to Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River and get back in the timber country. Some day I'm hoping to get up to Bear Lake again and see how all you hardy pioneers have civilised the place in the last few years, as I've never had an opportunity of revisiting it since the start of your mining developments. While I'm at Fort Norman saying hello I'll send a greeting across the international border to my many good friends at Fairbanks, Unalakleet, Nome and

Teller in Alaska on the off chance that some of them may be listening in. And then I'll shoot up the river to Fort Simpson, Fort Fitzgerald, over to Stoney Rapids and down to Fort McMurray. As soon as is following close I'd better start getting back to my base, so with a hearty greeting to my friends at Lac la Ronge, Lac du Brocher, Island Falls, Nelson House, Norway House, Island Lake, God's Lake, Red Lake, Gold Pines, Pickle Lake, Sturgeon River, I'll come back to the studio here in Toronto.

"I know how much the 'Northern Messenger' Service is appreciated by you all, and I trust the reception this year will be good all winter so that your messages will come through clearly and distinctly.

"And now, just in closing I would say to all you people up north, may your dogs never falter on the trail, may you always have lots of dog food, good hunting or good prospecting, and may all your messages this winter be brought to you nothing but good news from your friends and dear ones.

"Au revoir and best of luck to you all."

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This map shows some of Mr. Reid's aerial journeys.

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LOUIS CHARLES LAJOIE, head of the technical research laboratory of Imperial Oil's Montreal East Refinery, is a French-Canadian, which means that first of all that he is enthusiastic and industrious. The earliest record we have of him, outside of the fact that he was born at Montreal, is his passion for finding out things. School was his hobby. He took a commercial course at Laval College, a classical course at St. Laurent College, and a service course at Ecole Polytechnic. Then he spent five years at the University of Montreal from which he graduated, at the age of 20 years, with the degrees of B.Sc. and C.E. By this time the Great War had started and Charlie, like so many other young men of the Province of Quebec, volunteered for service. He entered as a private, was transferred to the Cadet Corps, finally receiving a commission in the Canadian Engineers. After his discharge from the army, his "sati- able curiosity" led him to a job in the engineering department of Montreal East Refinery. It wasn't very long before he gravitated to the chemical laboratory and within four years he had become chief chemist.

Mr. Lajoie is one of a number of young technicians, graduates of the French-Canadian Universities, who have found in the Company's laboratories at Montreal a profitable outlet for the specialized knowledge acquired during their college years. In fact, more than 70 per cent. of employees today in the Montreal East Refinery are French-Canadian, and the efficient operation of this refinery, one of the largest asphalt plants in the world, is a tribute to the ability of that race to acquire skill in industrial work.

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IMPERIAL PERSONALITIES

When the construction of Montreal East Refinery was begun, in 1916, there was not a qualified refinery operator available in the Province of Quebec. Now, Imperial Oil, one of the largest single employers of French-Canadians, has on its payroll nearly one thousand French-Canadians.

The operations of this refinery, where Mr. Lajoie has been chief chemist since 1923, have helped to make possible the splendid highway system for which the Province of Quebec is noted. In fact, Montreal, in the centre of the most thickly populated part of the Dominion, is the ideal location for an asphalt plant serving the highways of the Dominion.

The road problem in Canada, a country still under development, is a continuous one. City streets with their heavy and incessant traffic need one type of pavement. The main highways require another. The question of expenditure comes into it. Township councils in a sandy district abounding in rich taxpayers demand "the best roads that money can buy." Others, in a rocky district, with very little money to spend, want "the best you can do for us." There are new roads to build and old ones to rebuild. The manufacturing department was quick to realize the value of Mr. Lajoie's talents in asphalt research. It has become his specialty. Nine major types of roads have been developed, with variations to suit every geographical or financial situation.

The waterproofing qualities of asphalt which made it from time immemorial such excellent road building material, have also made it a valuable roofing substance. Sheet and shingles of which it is a

(Concluded on Page Thirty-Five)
WHOLESALE PRICE INDEXES
1913 - 1934

The charts on these pages compare price trends of gasoline and other important commodities on the 1913 price basis. All data are based on figures published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa.

Left: Food, beverages and tobacco prices rose steadily from the 1913 level until 1920, declined until 1928 and recovered slightly until 1929. In 1932, in company with farm products and gasoline prices they fell below the 1913 level, but gasoline fell lowest of all. They made a recovery of about ten points to 113.4 during the first eight months of 1934. Gasoline recovered only 1.3.

Right: All commodities reached their peak prices of 243.5 in 1920 in which year gasoline stood at 154.4 of its 1913 level, the highest it ever attained. By 1925 all commodities were 160.3 of the 1913 mark and gasoline 94.7. In 1926 gasoline recovered a few points but the next year fell below the 1913 mark and has stayed there ever since, but all commodities are still higher in price than in 1913.

Below: Household equipment and supplies prices dropped in 1914-1916, but rose slowly, gasoline, on the 1913 basis, in 1918 and have remained ever since above it. Their prices peaked in 1920 at 185.0. Last year they stood at 124.1 against 71.6 for gasoline.

Above: In 1920, fibres, textiles and textile products prices rose to three times their 1913 level. Gasoline was then a little more than half again as costly as in 1913. Fibres, textiles, etc. dropped drastically in price in 1921 but recovered somewhat thereafter. They declined steadily until 1933 and recovered somewhat in 1934.
THE CAMARADERIE
OF THE SEA

STRONG-handed
and stout-hearted, sea-farers are
a lucky lot but withal they combine a geniality
and courtesy that have given added col-
tor to many a story of the sea. Perhaps it
is because the close comradeship of the fo’c’sle
breed a rare camaraderie, or perhaps it is
because each man feels himself to be an
integral part of a ship, that when hardships confront one sailor,
his mate, not only of his own crew, but
everywhere within range, will unite in an
effort to ease his lot. Sometimes the effort
involves danger and even disaster to the
helping hands. Happily it is more often of
the character of a recent episode in
which the Imperial Oil tankship, Cana-
dale, figured.

The Canadale was northbound in the North
Atlantic when Malcolm Wilson, an able seaman,
fractured his shoulder. Commanders of tankships are
necessarily versatile but the injury was beyond Captain
Calvin’s ability to cure, so radio appeal was made for
advice which came immediately from the C.N.R. liner,
Lady Drake, on route from Bermuda to St. Kitts.
Several messages were exchanged by the two ships as
Wilson continued in acute pain the Canadale and the
Lady Drake altered their courses to meet. After
some hours they hove to within a short distance of each
other and the Lady Drake’s doctor was lowered in a
boat and transferred to the tanker where the injured
man was attended to. The operation completed, the
doctor carrying the thanks not alone of the patient but
of all his mates, returned to the passenger liner and the
incident closed when, to quote Captain H. O. Griffin
of the Lady Drake in his report, “both ships exchanged
greetings and proceeded on their courses.”

On shipboard safety precautions are such that
injuries to sailors at sea are uncommon. However,
mishaps do occur, as recently when the Montevideo,
turned from her course to land a junior engineer at
Bermuda. The young man had suffered a painful injury
to the eye and the skipper took steps to get him relief
from his suffering as quickly as possible.

Sometimes sickness necessitates an appeal for help,
though sickness, too, is rare because seamen are a fit lot
and are subject to medical examination before they are
signed on. In the extensive files of Imperial Oil’s Marine
Department there are relatively few documents relating
to sickness or injury but there is one file which contains
material for a story of unusual pathos. It concerns a
young lad who was signed on as a mess boy on the M. S.
Vanocite. That he was the only support of a widowed
mother was in part the reason for his being
hired and it was his first job. He was subject-
ted to the usual medical examination but
the need of death was in him, though undetect-
able. When the Vanocite was only a few days

at sea the lad complained of a sore throat. The
next day he was in a high fever and the Captain of
the Vanocite who had previously secured radio advice
from shore hospitals and nearby passenger ships turned
her from her course to intercept the S. S. Francis, which
was picked up the same evening. The doctor of the
Francis came aboard and diagnosed—diphtheria! Anti-toxin was given and the Vanocite made all
speed for Charleston, S.C., the nearest port, where the
boy was hospitalized.

The Company’s representative at Charleston was
instructed to send daily reports on the boy’s condition
to the Executive Offices in Toronto and the Marine
Superintendent at Halifax was wired for information
relating to the boy’s home and circumstances. For
seven days cheering news came from Charleston to
Toronto and was relayed to the mother at Halifax.
On the eighth day came disturbing news. Anemia had
set in and the boy was losing ground. Accordingly the
mother at Halifax was given the funds necessary to
take her to Charleston. Imperial’s agent at that port
met her at the train and established her in a room
opposite the hospital where she lived for nearly a fort-
night as the boy fought his losing fight. When he died
arrangements were made for the burial of the remains
at Halifax and for his mother’s return to Halifax, where,
complying with wired instructions from the Board of
Directors, the Company’s Marine Superintendent
rendered her “all possible assistance” in the full
sense of the phrase.

There the sad story ends except for the evidence of
that courtesy and interest characteristic of seamen.
Shortly after the boy died the Marine Department of

Imperial Oil received a letter from Dr. Thomas Coffey,
F.R.C.S., of the Booth Steamship Company in Liver-
pool. Dr. Coffey was the Medical Officer of the Francis
who gave the boy his first treatment. He wanted to
know how the patient had got on.

When N. Goble, of the Company’s Marine Department,
was exercised aboard one of the tankers, he managed to
photograph some of the hearty men who served out in the
North Atlantic. The happy faces here are in all but a small
majority kindly related to the naval photographer.
PRESENTATION AT SARNIA REFINERY

THE Sarnia Observer reports an interesting ceremony which took place at the Sarnia Refinery on October 4th.

"Before an assembly of more than 1,000 employees from the various departments and offices of Imperial Oil Refineries Limited, George L. Stewart, former superintendent who has been promoted to the Toronto office, was presented with a gold watch and chain, on behalf of the employees, by Thomas H. Montgomery, chief engineer. The presentation was made late Thursday afternoon at the change of shifts. During the ceremony, C. E. Carson, new general superintendent, was introduced to the assembly.

"In a brief speech Mr. Montgomery referred to the honor which has been conferred upon Mr. Stewart in his promotion to a higher office. Mention was also made of Mr. Stewart's 11 years of service in the Sarnia refinery. Addressing the guest of honor, Mr. Montgomery said: "During your years of service here you have made friends with every employee and they cannot let you depart without recognition of their friendship and loyalty to you. On their behalf, I present you with this watch to remind you of your friends in Sarnia and the happy hours they spent with you."

"In reply Mr. Stewart thanked the employees for their gift and said that his service at the Sarnia plant had been enjoyable.

"Any measure of success which I might have achieved is due to the co-operation and support of the employees," Mr. Stewart said. "It is difficult for me to express my appreciation of your kindness but I take with me the thought of our friendship during the past years. I leave the Sarnia refinery with the idea that my first thought will always be the employees of this plant and if there is anything I can do for you I will do my best."

"Mr. Stewart bespoke for Mr. Bradley and Mr. Carson the hearty support given him.

"Mr. Montgomery introduced Mr. Carson, who came to Sarnia from the Regina refinery. Mr. Carson spoke briefly, after which Mr. Bradley led three cheers for Mr. Stewart."

APPOINTMENTS AT REFINERIES


Left to right: George L. Stewart, Thomas Montgomery, C. E. Carson, F. E. Hallbrook, J. Dean Bradley.
PIONEER FLYING IN THE CANADIAN SUBARCTIC

By Flight-Lieutenant Elmer G. Fullerton, Royal Canadian Air Force

IN the winter of 1920-21 Imperial Oil Limited purchased two Junkers all-metal monoplanes for operations from Edmonton, Alta., to their experimental oil field about 60 miles north of Fort Norman on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. The only transportation facilities then existing from Edmonton to the North were 225 miles of railway to McMurray, the end of steel, thence by summer by steamboat via the Athabasca River, Lake Athabasca, Slave River, Great Slave Lake and Mackenzie River—a total distance of roughly 1,200 miles. After freeze-up, dog-team was used over this route, the winter journey usually taking from a month to six weeks.

It was only natural that Imperial Oil Limited should look for a quicker method of transportation, and aviation seemed to offer a solution to the problem.

The town of Peace River was chosen as the base. George Gorman and myself were engaged as pilots, William Hill and Peter Derbishire as mechanics. The monoplanes were officially christened the Rene and Vic—Gorman flying the former and I the latter. Our party was subsequently joined by Mr. W. Waddell, a Dominion Land Surveyor, employed by the Company.

The route decided upon was north along the Peace River to within 40 miles of Fort Vermilion, northwards across country to the Upper Hay River; along the Hay River to Great Slave Lake; across the south-western portion of Great Slave Lake to the mouth of the Mackenzie; thence along the Mackenzie River to Fort Simpson and Fort Norman—a total air distance of a little over 800 miles.

No advance arrangements were possible for the establishment of fuel bases but we had fairly reliable information that a sufficient supply of motor-boat gasoline and oil would be obtainable at most of the trading-post. The only part of the route about which doubt existed concerning the available fuel supply was the first part as far as Great Slave Lake. We therefore established a fuel cache about midway along this portion of the route on the Upper Hay River.

At this time our party was augmented by a guest-passerenger, Sergeant Thorne, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who arrived with a request from our Head Office to take him with us as far as Fort Simpson. Sergeant Thorne had recently "mushed" out by dog-team with an Eskimo prisoner. At nine o'clock on a bright, promising morning, (March 24) the Rene and Vic took off from the aerodrome at Peace River for "points North". The weather held good for about the first 100 miles, but by the time we had reached the point where our course led across country to Upper Hay River, the clouds had become so low and the visibility so poor that we considered it advisable to turn east and continue along the Peace River to Fort Vermilion. Half an hour later, both aeroplanes landed successfully in a field near the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post. As a blizzard was commencing we hustled to the shelter of a barn and moored the aeroplanes securely to wait out the storm. The storm showed no signs of abating, however, so we were obliged to stay the night at the trading-post. Sufficient ordinary gasoline was available to completely fill our tanks and thus dispense with the necessity for an intermediate landing at our fuel-base on Upper Hay River.

Two days later we took off for Great Slave Lake (200 miles straight across rather featureless country—according to the maps of that time). After two hours and forty minutes of flying, we landed at the mouth of Hay River on Great Slave Lake, parking the aeroplanes near the Hudson's Bay trading-post.

Once more we were able to obtain sufficient fuel, but it was too late in the day to continue our journey so we accepted the proffered hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company's Factor.

The following morning we took off for Fort Providence. Our course was now directly towards the mouth of the Mackenzie. The weather was fairly good except for a head-wind of about 20 m.p.h., but by the time we reached the mouth of the Mackenzie, the head-wind had developed into a blizzard. To conserve our fuel we landed on the ice here and waited for half an hour until the blizzard had passed.

Taking off from Fort Providence we encountered a new difficulty. The snow was so deep that we could not get up enough speed to get the aeroplane into the air. After two unsuccessful attempts, we turned back to the starting point and five of us, assisted by some of the inhabitants, on snowshoes, walked up and down until we had packed the snow down to a surface that would support the aeroplane skis. After this we were able to take off successfully and we headed directly towards Fort Simpson. We reached Fort Simpson one hour and forty-five minutes later in a light snow-storm. Here real trouble was encountered. A landing on the Mackenzie was out of the question owing to the hummocky state of the ice. However, a field on the edge of the settlement looked suitable so we headed for it. The Vic landed satisfactorily but as the Rene was landing one of her skis suddenly broke through the heavy crust of snow resulting in the skis breaking the propeller. None of the occupants of the aeroplane was injured. We learned that about a mile south, on a small subsidiary channel, or "stray", of the Mackenzie, the ice was free from hummocks and would likely afford us better landing facilities. Inspection of the stray confirmed this and the Vic was flown there.

The Rene was now out of commission so it was decided that the Vic should fly to Fort Norman alone. But on the flight from the pasture field to the stray, the engine of the Vic had developed a severe intermittent knock. This meant that her engine would have to be done over and required a total overhaul before the aeroplane could be flown again.

The obvious and logical plan of action now was to transfer the propeller and a ski from the Vic to the Rene and continue the journey in the Rene to Fort Norman without further delay. The change-over was made, the machine loaded and the take-off commenced. But when the Rene had reached an altitude of hardly more than 50 feet, she stalled and crashed onto the ice. Fortunately no one was injured beyond a severe shaking up. The damage to the aeroplane consisted of a broken propeller, a slightly damaged wing and a wrecked undercarriage. By an amazing bit of luck the Vic's ski was found to be the only bit of the undercarriage which was practically undamaged. This good fortune meant that the Vic could have her ski back again, which would then make her minus only a propeller. In civilization a new propeller can be supplied in a very short time; but when the aeroplane happens to be hundreds of miles from civilization, the difficulty becomes almost insurmountable because an aeroplane propeller is an
Extremely technical piece of equipment designed by specially-qualified engineers and made in special factories by specialists in craftsmanship. Someone suggested that perhaps we could make a propeller but this suggestion was immediately pooh-poohed. The only alternative was to wait until navigated commenced and send out for our base for a new propeller. In the meantime, the five of us would have to work on the boat. Fort Simpson was not more fully discussed and we found that the boat was not in a good shape. For one thing, there was enough of the broken propellers available to form a pattern. The Cachalot Mission had a few oak sails burning 10 feet long and 7 inches wide. This was about an inch too narrow, but the difficulty was solved by "fanning" the boards. Mooshe hide glue was to be had at the Mission, also a number of suitable clamps. Father Deity, in charge of the Mission, very kindly permitted us to use the Mission workshop; in fact we received every possible assistance from the Mission staff, as well as from all the people of Fort Simpson. Incidentally, we were fortunate in securing the services of a Mr. Johnson, a skilled carpenter, but unfortunately, the mechanic, Bill Hill, the boat's share of the credit for the manufacture of the propeller. Let me briefly describe how the process was done. The first step was to collect the pieces of the two broken propellers. The next was to make templates. Then the "pattern" was placed on a smooth plane and the hinged templates placed about 4 inches apart along the entire length of each blade forming a "jig" into which the new propeller would have to fit perfectly. The next step was to plane both sides of the slices of oak. In the meantime, the mooshe hide glue was being prepared. The next thing was to prepare the boards for gluing by scratching the surfaces with a special tool. It was necessary to have the glue in a warm environment to allow the glue to flow easily and set properly. The stove was therefore kept well stoked to maintain a temperature of about 80°. The seven slices of oak were glued together, placed in a securely clamped and left undisturbed for about 36 hours in the warm workshop. When the clamps were removed, a few surplus sections were sawed off and tested for strength by standing them on the ground, trying to separate them by means of a hammer and chisel. The laminations proved to be as strong as we could possibly wish, so that we could go ahead with the most difficult part of the job—shaping the pile of laminated boards into a practical propeller. A new drive was used for the preliminary shaping, then a draw-knife followed by a spoke-shave. The work had to be constantly checked with the templates, and as the propeller approached the finished state, the spoke-shave was discarded for a large coarse file, and, finally, sandpaper. The result was a perfectly fit the metal hub and balanced propeller. Luck was with us, for the balance was not out more than a few degrees. This was corrected by further filing. It was necessary to protect the surface against the weather, and for this purpose we succeeded in finding a small quantity of old red paint. It was now the evening of the 8th day since the manufacture of the propeller had begun. We could hardly wait for an air test. By the next day at noon the paint was dry enough to fit the propeller to the engine. Then it was tested for "track" which was found to be a little less than a quarter of an inch out—even better than what we had dared to hope. Mechanic Derbyshire and the writer had given the engine a top-overhaul while the propeller was being manufactured. Nothing remained but to pour heated oil into the engine, boil water into the radiator, prime the engine and start up. The engine started at once. After it had been warmed up the throttle was slowly opened up to its fullest extent. This was the crucial test for our homemade propeller. Would it stand the strain of full engine revolutions? I held my breath, and I am sure the others did, as the engine roared. The propeller behaved perfectly, and in fact functioned just like a factory propeller. We stopped the engine and examined the propeller for any signs of cracking, splitting or strain. None! How would it behave in the air? The test from the sky was made without the least difficulty and the aeroplane climbed in a perfectly normal manner. Various manoeuvres were carried out and the aeroplane flown at full speed. Throughout all tests the behaviour was normal in every respect. Hill and Johnson were acclaimed the heroes of the hour. Their skill, perseverance and resourcefulness had enabled them to produce a piece of highly technical equipment that will for many years remain a monument to them and an inspiration, if not a challenge, to future pioneers of the Northern air trails.

To continue our flight to Fort Norman under the circumstances would be folly. It was now April 23rd, and a general break-up of the ice was due almost any day. Arrangements accordingly were made for an early start the following morning on a return flight to Peace River.

Mechanic Derbyshire was to remain at Fort Samp-son in charge of the Rene, while the writer, Gorman, Waddell and Hill were to proceed in the Vic to Peace River. On our outward flight to Fort Simpson we had followed a rather circuitous route in order to obtain supplies of gasoline and oil at the various trading posts. On our return flight, it was advisable to fly straight across country because landing facilities for skis along the railroad route were uncertain. The Vic to Peace River would be very uncertain. Then, too, the cross-country route—a little over 500 miles—was practically within our flying range. We had fuel capacity for six continuous hours flying, our refueling was done on the way in the absence of a head-wind we could cover a total distance of approximately 450 miles. This was not leaving us much of a margin, and only very careful and accurate navigation would enable us to reach our destination within the fuel endurance of the aeroplane. Everything was finally in readiness for an early take-off the following morning. We all were in high spirits and retired with contented minds, little suspecting what was to await us next morning.

About 5 a.m., we were awakened by an Eskimo, who, with commendable initiative, had come to tell us that the Vic to Peace River route was too dangerous to attempt. Hill and Johnson were out of the plane but the seaplane was in a perfectly normal condition. The writer never thought that this stage was too discouraging for words. The ice on the snow was also breaking up but there still remained some 400 yards of solid ice ahead of the aeroplane from which a take-off could be effected. Even at this extent of the runway was being used every minute. Fortunately, the evening before, we had laid the fire in readiness to burn a hole in the ice. Even at this extent of the take-off ice that would be left by the time the engine was ready to be opened up, a full throttle might be too short for a full load. The writer therefore decided to take the aeroplane off light and fly to a small lake some five miles south where the ice was still solid. Gorman, Hill and Waddell could then walk out to this lake carrying the equipment.

The fire was lit, tarpaulins covered off the cockpit and engine, motor and control handling unfinished. An accelerated fire had the water and oil hot in a very short time, but in the meantime our take-off run-way had diminished to the alarming size of 200 yards. The speed of the motor and the pre-heated engine was started without difficulty. Jack Cameron, a trapper who lived at Fort Simpson, had wandered onto the scene to watch and to inquire whether he could help. As he knew the surrounding country exceptionally well and had several times expressed a desire to fly, he was invited to accompany the writer. He jumped into the cabin, snowshoed across, and, after a moment, I opened the throttle to its fullest extent. We reversed down the snow-covered ice run-way which by now had dwindled to 100 yards. The snow on the ice naturally retarded the rate at which we gained speed and I was none too sure that flying speed was going to be attained before reaching open water. However, I kept the throttle wide open and the tail well up until we had reached the end of the ice. As we shot off over the water I eased the control column back. She staggered along just above the surface of the water. The porch of the skis actually made one or two gentle contacts with the surface—but gradually she gathered sufficient speed and I gained height at a gratifying rate. It was a close call and decidedly thrilling while it lasted.

Our destination, the small nameless lake, could be seen on our left. We turned towards it in a few minutes were gliding down onto its smooth, snow-cover- ed ice. Our next move was to "trek" back to Fort Simpson, to assist in bringing out the equipment and to guide the others to where the Vic was now parked. As there was still some three feet of snow on the ground, we had to wear our snowshoes. Owing to the
The famous propeller mentioned in this article has been mislaid. If any of our readers have information concerning its whereabouts they please advise the Editor.
to these sections on-carts carried most of the products sold through Winnipeg Division.

The Company's first Winnipeg plant was established about two miles from the centre of the city, across Louise Bridge, in the bush. The only approach to it was an ungraded trail where the mud in spring and fall was impassable. The only three barrels to the load. On one occasion a team struggling along this trail became obstreperous, frightened by two bears who had come to visit the plant and were proceeding

to a bank building on Main Street. If there wasn't much diversion available in the Winnipeg of that day it didn't greatly matter because, granting Mr. Harris again, "As elaborate reports and forms were the order of the times, we just about lived at the office. We would leave at five, have our supper at George's, an Italian restaurant a few doors away, and then go back to the office until midnight or after. However, an excellent spirit prevailed. We were more like one big family." An early recruit to the sales staff was P. W. Gordon, now manager of Hamilton Division. He was sent out as a salesman. For him the trip over his territory meant travelling west from Maple Creek to Sicamous and north from Calgary to Edmonton. Then he had to take in the West Kootenay and make his way along the Crow's Nest Pass Road in East Kootenay. The Calgary-McLeod branch and the branch from Leitchford to Raymond and Cardston were also on his beat. The trip required about three months. In the Kootenay district with its extensive mining and lumbering trade, the business was largely industrial. The only means of illuminating mine workings in those days was by candle. There was keen competition for candle business at the mines and tests of Imperial candles and competitive brands were frequently made by setting the lighted candles in a strong current of air. The candle most reluctant to blow out was the candle most desirable for use in the draughty subterranean passages of the mines. One day Mr. Gordon sent in an order for a carload of candles, all to be delivered to one mine. Head office was sure there had been a mistake, but it was not long before carload orders lost their novelty.

In 1902, there were only five bulk or storage stations in all that vast country which is the Canadian West. They were located at Fort William, Winnipeg, Prince Albert, Calgary and Vancouver. There was no branch office at Edmonton then and when it was decided to open an agency at Saskatoon, one of the young clerks in Winnipeg office said to the manager, "Where is this Saskatoon anyway?" But heavy shipments to Saskatoon soon made it a familiar name and before long Saskatoon had surpassed Prince Albert which up to that time had been considered a splendid location from a commission agent's viewpoint. Then, as now, there was trouble about barrels and one of the duties of young Harris was to check the empties for the semi-annual inventory. One day as he was scrambling over the barrels jotting down numbers he fell into a wasps' nest. This was not the last time that the oil industry was to be in an uncomfortable spot.

By 1906, the West was a boom. Golden wheat waved its alluring hand. Settlers rushed in from the world over. In 1908, the Winnipeg staff of Imperial Oil numbered a hundred and was housed in adequate quarters in the Somerset Block on Portage Avenue. By the following year there were 40 distributing stations on the Prairies and in British Columbia. In 1911, these had increased to 120. Storage tanks and tank wagons were becoming familiar sights.

As the boom boomed along it became obvious that the territory was too large to manage from one office, so in 1911, Vancouver Division was established. The following year divisional offices were set up at Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary. The nuclei of staffs for these new divisions were drawn from Winnipeg. The training received there admirably equipped the men for larger responsibilities.
IMPRESSIVE OIL REVIEW

The entire list of graduates from Winnipeg office is too long for publication but some of those whose service began in Winnipeg prior to 1912, and who are now holding important positions in the organization may be mentioned. Foremost among them is John McN. Vice-President in charge of Marketing, whose career with the Company began in 1896. Five of the present Divisional Managers saw early service at Winnipeg: P. W. Gordon, Manager at Hamilton since 1919; received his first Winnipeg when he was appointed sub-station manager at Calgary, R. M. Polgeon, now Manager at Vancouver, went to Winnipeg in 1909, and was transferred to Vancouver in 1909. Subsequently he served at various points in the East and this year went back to Vancouver as Manager succeeding C. M. Robson. J. A. Boyd, Manager at San Francisco, N. B., since 1924, was a salesman at Winnipeg in 1908, and was appointed manager at Edmonton in 1911. I. H. Griffiths, now Manager of Winnipeg Division, joined the Company in 1908, as a warehouse clerk at Vancouver, which was then a sub-station under Winnipeg’s direction. This Mr. Griffiths believes, qualifies him as a Winnipeg alumna. D. J. Avison, Regina Manager, entered the Company’s employ in Winnipeg in 1912, and after a few months was transferred to Edmonton.

H. R. Knowles, who went to Winnipeg in 1909, subsequently served in Saskatchewan territory as a salesman and is now General Superintendent of Service Stations, with offices in Toronto.

T. J. Miller, who joined the Winnipeg staff in 1907, was appointed chief clerk at Calgary in 1912, and later became chief clerk at Montreal. He is now manager of the Marketing Accounting Department and has as chief assistant Isaac Dawson, who was engaged as ledger keeper by S. B. Blackbold in 1909, and later served as chief clerk.

V. E. Green, Sales Manager at Hamilton, M. A. MacDowell, Sales Manager at Vancouver, W. J. Campbell, Assistant Manager at Regina, and H. D. Young, Assistant Sales Manager at Vancouver, are all of the Winnipeg alumni as are also a host of chief clerks including D. T. Curnings of Saint John, N.B. G. A. Ferguson of Edmonton; S. T. MacGee of Montreal; J. W. Mahon of Halifax; J. Lockhart of Saskatoon; J. A. D. Webb of Calgary, E. T. Ruane of Regina, R. C. McKee, assistant chief clerk at Hamilton, and N. L. Edwards, assistant chief clerk at Regina, both served in Winnipeg in 1912.

Others are serving the Company in various capacities. At Vancouver, W. Liehn is cashier and S. M. Blakely his assistant. T. J. B. McDowell is chief stock clerk, David Reid, clerk, and R. Braide, warehouse superintendent.

At the Calgary office are H. A. Campbell, head credit clerk, George McKenna, construction and sundry material clerk, F. G. Parker, cashier, and J. T. Johnston, warehouse superintendent. On the sales staff are W. D. Downey, city salesmen and James Rankin. Miss Stella G. Burgess, who came from Winnipeg to Calgary in 1913, is secretary to the manager and has charge of the stenographic department. J. R. Millard is shipping clerk at Calgary refinery.

At Edmonton, R. J. Jamieson is assistant chief clerk, W. P. Laurier is supervisor of No. 2 Plant, and P. F. Taylor, warehouse manager. At Saskatoon, Edward Pigotti is in charge of the order desk and Harry Willis is a salesman.

At the Regina office are J. M. Borden, construction clerk and W. P. Harrison, journal and general ledger clerk.

Mention must also be made of J. W. Lonne, C. B. Richardson, G. H. Campbell, J. A. Wheeler, and J. B. Mustell, who have been the Company’s agents on the Prairies for over 20 years.

Several of the “originals” are still attached to the Winnipeg staff: T. G. Gough, assistant chief clerk; H. E. Kinsman, pricing clerk; Charles Hay, order clerk; J. F. Neal, payroll clerk; R. Augent, salesman; Mabel Loesch, stenographer; Isabel Barnett, in the clerical department, and John Blackwood, superintendent of equipment.

W. J. Harris, who was sent from Winnipeg to Fort William, has been in charge of the Company’s affairs there since 1908.

H. O. Treadwell and C. Laird are at Treasurer’s Office, Regina.

John Reid, superintendent of the Company’s plant at Cote St. Paul, Quebec, began his career at the Winnipeg plant in 1905, as a box maker.

Winnipeg names also appear among those of the Company’s missionaries. First comes that of S. B. Blackbold who is the only living representative of the Winnipeg office staff in the 1890’s. Although he is retired from active service, he maintains a keen interest in the progress of the “youngsters” he trained during his many years as office manager. C. M. Polgeon retired from the management of Vancouver Division in 1913. The story of his 40 years on the frontier is epic.

Other Winnipeg assistants are: John F. Donoghue, who became Assistant Manager at Montreal, H. D. Averill of Vancouver, J. McVicar of Saskatoon, and H. J. Smith and P. Kison, both of Winnipeg.

PRIMITIVE BOAT BUILDING

V. W. HOLLAND of the Augusta shipyard recently captured a picture of a party of Imperial Oil men inspecting a tugboat under the course of construction near Courtsey on Vancouver Island. The party was accompanied by R. M. Polgeon, Vancouver Division Manager, who is behind the tugboat, on a trip of inspection. Turning off the highway near Courtsey, they drove inland on a narrow road that ended abruptly on the shores of Comox Lake. It was a Sunday, and the ringing stones of an axe broke the salubrity calm. Investigation disclosed an axeman hewing happily at a good cedar log. The Imperial men whose business interest in the new modern forms of transportation were greatly intrigued by the primitive hull under construction and fascinatedly watched the chips fly as the double-edged axe heaved to the line. The axeman demonstrated his technique and explained that after the dugout had been roughly shaped it would be finished off with a drawknife. Then the sides would be spread to give it greater beam and shallower draft. The manner of spreading the hull impressed the visitors as particularly interesting. It is partially filled with water and a number of large stones are brought to red heat in a fire. The stones are then dropped into the half-filled dugout, and cause the water to boil. The steam penetrates the wood, making it pliable, and the sides are forced out and held in position by the stones. When the water cools, the hull, which retains its new shape, is emptied and dried, ready for the final operations of fitting thwarts and painting.

IMPERIAL PERSONALITIES

(Concluded from Page Nineteen)

authority on these products has been well-earned. In the capacity of technical service representative, he has also rendered invaluable service to the Marketing Department. Many industrial establishments in Quebec have brought to Mr. La Joie their problems involving the use of asphalt, and the sound judgment he displays in solving them has resulted in a widespread and high regard for his opinion. His services in this line have become so valuable that he has been relieved of some of his responsibilities as a chemist in order that he may assist in dealing with the technical aspects of modern refinery practice, and the application of Imperial products in other industries. His reputation as a clever chemist and a man of sound judgment is well-known outside the industry for he is a member of the Board of Examiners of the University of Montreal.

Although his enthusiasm is centered in his work, he has plenty of it to spare for the preservation of golf clubs. But even his lighter moments reflect his analytical faculties; he is a bridge fan and ranks among the outstanding players of Eastern Canada.
Our Reindeer have vanished, and this is the Night That all Children long for. Oh, please do not pause. Remember your Childhood and help Santa Claus. The good Saint, discouraged, came wearily in. But if he could see, there arose such a Din That he rushed to the Window and what did he see, But a big cabin Aeroplane. "Oh, goodness me!" He exclaimed in amaze, as the Pilot climbed out. "Quick, load up the Bins!" was the Airman's loud Shout. The Elves rushed to help. Mrs. S. got his Wraps, And Santa embarked without any Mahongs. More swiftly than his Reindeer the great Plane arose First up to the Dipper it pointed its Nose, And then, humming happily, straightened its Course. Obeying the "Steer" like a well-brought-up Horse. Relieved of the Worrors of driving, Saint Nick, Found Chimneys were very much simpler to pick. He'd signal the Pilot who'd bank with a Grim And pause at each Home while the Saint hurried in. And thus when a Chimney was found to be small The Pilot helped out, he was slender and tall. They were finished in Half of the Regular Time. And what Santa said of those Deer was a Crime!  

Flying back to the Pole, Santa questioned his Guide, "How much would it cost for an annual Ride?" "Do you always make such a marvellous Flight?" "What does this Thing eat when you stop for a Bite?" They made a smooth Landing at Santa's front Door Where Mrs. Claus waited, around by the Roar. She gave them hot Cocoa and cinnamon Toast And lovingly smiled at her Husband's proud boast. "I've beaten my Record! This Bum is a Treat, And only needs I.O.L. Products to eat! All Journeys in Future I'll make in this Way; But, how did you happen to come, did you say?" Mrs. S. dropped a Wink, and the young Pilot smiled. "Well, Santa, 'most everyone loves a young Child And I had to think of one missing a Gift When a little Bird told me you needed a Lift," He pulled on his Helmet and said "Au revoir." While the Reindeer, ashamed, stood around the back Door. The Saint stroked their Noses, his Anger had cooled; After all, they were really the only ones fooled. For, as Santa remarked, while he led them their Hay, He had put them on Pensions that very same Day.

ON THE Night before Christmas 'way up in the North Old Santa was calling his eight Reindeer forth. 'Come Dancer, come Dancer, where are you all hiding? In less than an Hour I'll have to be ruling. You know I can't let all the little Folks down!' (Poor Santa's round Face was convulsed in a Frown.) Those eight naughty Reindeer considered it Fun To tease the old Saint, and stay hidden each one. And while the dear Man was in search of his Steeds His Wife scanned the Lists in the Book of Good Deeds; When all of a sudden she thought of a Plan To outwit the bad Deer and to help her good Man. She'd been reading of Airmen who flew to the Aid Of Folks in the Northland. Their Hearts unafraid Of Storm, Cold or Distance, their Wings swift and sure. Why not try to get one—a wonderful Cure For Troubles that threatened to wreck Childhood Joys. (Imagine the Grief of the wee Girls and Boys!) She phoned to the Wireless, Dials were twisted, Her S.O.S. flashed out across the wide World. "An Aeroplane needed for great mercy Flight,  

ON September 1st, J. H. Franks, salesman and agent at Kitchener, retired on pension after thirty-four years' service with the Company. Mr. Franks started with the Company in Toronto. He was later transferred to Kitchener and for the last twenty years has been located in that city, covering a large portion of Waterloo County, and was one of the most faithful workers in the Company's employ. Mr. Franks will be greatly missed by all those associated with him. Not only as a salesman, but as a credit man when he was outstanding and for years he held the record in that district of never having lost a cent by bad debts. Employees of Kitchener and Elmira plants, with their wives, called on Mr. and Mrs. Franks shortly after Mr. Franks' retirement and had a good time at his retirement party.
ALYMER W. STONEHAM

A tribute by W. A. Connor

ALYMER W. STONEHAM, an outstanding salesman with Imperial Oil Limited since May, 1915, passed away on September 2nd, at his 54th year, after an illness of only a few days.

ROBERT CLARKE

Word comes of the death, on September 27, at his home in Toronto, of Robert Clarke. Born in England 75 years ago, Robert Clarke came to Canada in 1890. Two years later he obtained employment in the Royal Oil Company's offices at the foot of Shearburne Street, Toronto, under George Anderson. The Royal Oil Company was taken over by Imperial Oil, and Robert Clarke became a leaguerkeeper on the Imperial Oil executive and continued in that capacity for some years and when the necessity arose for someone to take charge of the stationary department, issuing supplies to the office and sales force, Mr. Clarke was given the post. In 1926, after 35 years of service, he joined the ranks of the Company's annuitants, retiring under the provisions of the pensions plan.

MONTREAL DIVISION GOLF TOURNAMENT

By A. H. Ellis

"PATIENCE is a virtue" is an old adage which might very well be applied to the perseverance efforts made to successfully launch two golf tournaments in this City during the fall of 1934.

These two outings were made possible through the untiring efforts of C. S. Griffith, J. H. Montgomery, H. T. Palmer and D. McIntosh. At each event, the early part of October, about 40 players turned out and some remarkably fine scores were recorded. It was quite evident that the winter had to extend itself to the utmost to

ANNEX the beautiful cup presented by C. S. Griffith and won by E. J. Penney of Montreal East Refinery.

After lunch at the distribution of the many fine prizes, Mr. Griffith in a few well-chosen words emphasized the fact that this September 2nd was the first of many such tournaments planned for the season of 1935 and dwelt on the friendly nature of the outings so thoroughly and enthusiastically enjoyed by all those participating.

An even greater number of players turned out for the second tournament held one week later. The chief feature of this event was a magnificent cup presented by Mr. Medlin, which was won by Harry Beale, Jr., also of Montreal East Refinery.

Another feature of this second tournament was the atmosphere, by special invitation, of several customers in the city, for whom a special prize was donated.

Judging by the enthusiasm aroused by these tournaments they will be well patronized next season and the introduction of a systematic method of handicap making it possible to grade the chances to win one of the many valuable prizes.

The condition of the fairways and greens at Mount Royal and the Municipal Golf Club reflected the highest credit on the professionals and greensmen, and it is with the latter gentlemen that we all look forward to a renewal of our tournaments at least once more in the year.

WINNIPEG

THOMAS SAMPLE

EVER since September, 1939, Thomas Sample has been the Imperial Oil agent at Rapid City, Manitoba. His record is a fine one. He has an enviable reputation for honesty and integrity, and has looked after the business of his agency in such a way as to command the approval of his superiors and the respect of his customers.

Mr. Sample has now retired and the agency goes to his son who has been his father's assistant ever since he took over the business 25 years ago, and who will carry on in the tradition established by his father.
were Miss M. Pennington, Toronto Division; Miss M. Robinson, General Sales; Miss M. Kriegsmill, International Petroleum; Miss L. Wickett, Toronto Division; Miss J. Norris, Toronto Division and Miss A. Hamilton, Manufacturing Department.

The men were also striving for a new trophy presented by Mr. G. H. Smith to replace the original trophy won outright by Mr. J. A. Pope. The final of the Presidential trophy was played over the Cedarbrook course and after a close and exciting finish the silverware passed into the custody of Mr. Frank Russell of the Toronto Division. Chesty has in past years repeatedly been within striking distance of the major award and this year saw his ambitions fulfilled. The minor prizes were won by Messrs. F. Gilgess and J. Campbell, Service Stations, Mr. J. Walker, Toronto Division and Mr. G. C. Britton, Geological Department.

The C. McNair trophy for inter-departmental competition also found a resting place in the Toronto Division. The fight for this cup was very close as the winners were only five strokes ahead of the 4th Floor representatives with the Service Stations and Hamilton being close on the heels of the runners-up.

The final tournament for the season was played for the custody of the J. A. Pope trophy over the Uplands course when Mr. J. Ness showed a return to the form which in each of their morning tournaments which were uniformly well attended and provided an opportunity for the golfers of playing over a number of the courses close to the city, which courtesy was much appreciated.

The Victor Ross trophy, emblematic of the championship of the softball league, returns to the Service Stations after a brief sojourn at Princess Street. "Chubby" Ferriman attended the annual meeting and received the trophy at the hands of Mr. Leslie.

The winter activities are already under way, the badminton section having made a start at the Metropolitan Church House with many new members added to their strength. It is the intention of the Club to again foster the sciences by conducting a contract bridge section, and the more manly arts in conjunction with the Y.M.C.A. Apparently the alley bowlers are still hibernating but an endeavour will be made to arouse their enthusiasm sufficiently to compete for the trophies as in past years.

The social functions sponsored by the Club last winter were so successful that plans are being made for something more pretentious in the near future and one would not be surprised if the Imperial Oil dance of 1935 was the outstanding social event of the season.