The Rising Tide of Taxation

When gasoline tax statistics for 1934 are complete, they will show that the average tax for each gallon consumed in Canada was between 3½ and 6 cents. For 1933 the average tax, for all quantities consumed, was 3.465 cents. As the Maritime Provinces advanced their rates to 8 cents during the past year a slight increase in the average rate per gallon seems certain.

During the current year the average tax collected per gallon consumed will advance to more than 6 cents. This is to be expected because the 8-cent rate will have been in effect in the Maritimes during the full period; because Saskatchewan has advanced its rate to 7 cents, because Alberta is following suit, and because an increase seems to be impending in Quebec.

Notwithstanding the weight of the gasoline tax which was first imposed in Canada in 1924, and which has steadily increased ever since, the consumer is paying less for gasoline than when it was tax free. The average price of gasoline to the retailer has decreased by more than eight cents since 1923. This reduction is accounted for only in part by reduced cost of crude oil. It is principally the result of economies in manufacturing and distribution based in part upon larger consumption and in part upon more efficient operation.

The accompanying table shows consumption of gasoline in Canada, average tax per gallon, average price to retailers without tax and with tax, since 1924. It will be noted that during the past three years the mounting tax has advanced the cost to the consumer because it has more than offset reductions in wholesale price. This fact will again be evident in 1935.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Total Consumption of Gasoline</th>
<th>Average Price to Retailer</th>
<th>Average Tax per Gallon</th>
<th>Average Price including Tax to Retailer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>210,877,940 gals.</td>
<td>26.6c</td>
<td>.265c</td>
<td>26.865c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1925</td>
<td>248,472,328 &quot;</td>
<td>24.0c</td>
<td>1.41c</td>
<td>26.410c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>298,149,626 &quot;</td>
<td>26.6c</td>
<td>2.048c</td>
<td>28.448c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>353,473,408 &quot;</td>
<td>23.0c</td>
<td>2.155c</td>
<td>25.155c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>468,174,549 &quot;</td>
<td>21.6c</td>
<td>2.608c</td>
<td>24.208c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929</td>
<td>601,325,227 &quot;</td>
<td>21.7c</td>
<td>3.118c</td>
<td>24.818c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>630,518,996 &quot;</td>
<td>21.0c</td>
<td>3.594c</td>
<td>24.594c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1931</td>
<td>555,998,474 &quot;</td>
<td>18.5c</td>
<td>4.056c</td>
<td>22.506c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>503,700,299 &quot;</td>
<td>19.4c</td>
<td>5.376c</td>
<td>24.776c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>484,323,000 &quot;</td>
<td>18.8c</td>
<td>5.465c</td>
<td>24.265c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1934</td>
<td>not available</td>
<td>18.8c</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Motor Car Mentality

By Wellington Jeffers

RECENTLY I visited the village I was born in and where I lived through the '90s. The small, frame house that resounded to my first thrill protests against existence looks much the same to me now as it did then, so does the larger brick cottage in which I lived my fourth year. A new church and a new school are grander and better than the old. Otherwise a superficial view might consider the village to be much the same village that the first year of the twentieth century found; but it is not and it differs profoundly from that village of one-third of a century ago just as most civilized parts of the Dominion have.

When I say that the village is very far from the village it was 34 years ago, I am thinking of the people in it. It is not that they are different people; choose to every part of the world those young fellows and girls who lived in it in the '90s as I did and the same change will be found. It is a change in the way our gray matter works. Time and space, those great twin foundations of existence, do not mean what they used to.

Our demands of life, our ideas about government, religion, foreigners, our neighbors, amusements, clothes, books, marriage, women voting and working, etiquette, ethics, sport, disease, have all "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange."

And why? The clue lies in that village in the ribbon of pavement that runs through it. Along it flows on a summer's day hundreds of automobiles from various parts of Canada and the United States. Back in the '90s we always knew who was driving the horse and buggy we saw passing our house, or the team and wagon. We could guess what he had been doing and where he was going. Now the villagers seldom know or care; he himself goes along that road frequently and is speedily in places where the inhabitants know him not and pay no sort of attention to him. It is now one of the accepted facts of life that anyone at a moment's notice may speed away from anywhere bound to anywhere within reason.

The county town is eight miles away from that village. If you asked me or any villager back in the '90s how we traveled to the county town, he or I would reply: "Go straight east until you come to the stone house about four mile away; then jog to the right for half a mile and then straight east for another four mile. It is a good gravel road most of the way. About half a mile out the road is covered by water; the creek's in flood as it is every spring. You can drive through all right; put your feet up on the dash-board and you will come through dry. With that horse you ought to get there in an hour. The road goes through swamp for half a mile and it is a little heavy going there, but it is a pretty good road." Now the villagers say, pointing to the splendid paved road which is the beginning of a new era. Every man who bought a car contributed his bit; every man who was dissatisfied with his car for any reason helped to bring better cars because the industry's research men have always been working continuously to improve the product. Governments soon found that there were so many cars, and so many owners voting them, that they had to build good roads or prove themselves inadequate. Now that there is one car for every six persons in the United States and about one car for every ten persons in Canada, provincial and municipal governments realized that for good or ill roads must be kept adequate for all time to come.

And virtually the best that human ingenuity can devise has been placed at the call of the mechanic and the workers for wages and salaries as well as of the executive classes. Compare the fortunes of the wealthy man with the smaller car of the comparatively poor man. The small new car will travel almost as fast as the big car; the difference in comfort is not enough to change that fact. That a good part of the world lies at the feet of the average man as well as at the feet of the exceptionally wealthy man. The millionaire can strike at large hotels when he wishes, and can belong to fishing clubs. The poorer man may have to travel with a tent if he wishes to take his family. But even he is he can travel to the same places. He may even have more interesting experiences in tourist camps or by the side of lakes, rivers or the ocean. He can get to the snowline on mountains. The city man can sweep through the countryside when he so wishes and visit the city. They meet and see each other at the ends of trips; rough corners are worn off; prejudices wear away; lines of demarcation disappear. The control over time and space has been given back to people for the last 20 years especially, that most people would now feel silly trying to highbat anybody else. High-hatting still occur but awakens amusement rather than the resentment it once did. The mighty and the lowly are all one to the speed cop, and all must obey the same signals. Every car can go as fast as the law allows and faster.

The added sense of power given to the owner of a motor car and his family by the knowledge that they can go anywhere they want to at a moment's notice has made the average Canadian less open than the European or the American to new ideas and conditions. He has had experience in his own life that the oldest minds of the time are continuously employed in invention, research, industry and distribution, trying to bring some of the most attractive concrete things of life within the means of every industrious earner. He knows that all the best things of his generation have come as a result of the constructive,strivings of thousands of men who believed for greater and greater excellence in their respective sphere. If censured and regimented by socialistic or communist governments, he feels that the majority of these things would not have arisen. Or, if they did arise, he cannot see how the tempo of spreading the benefits among the masses could have been so swift.

But in a time of severe depression, such as has swept the world in the last few years, this awareness of the efficiency with which mechanical forces work, and the familiarity of all adult Canadians with the marvels worked in the mechanical field, have had enough effect to influence the rich man. But it is not so happy for governments. There is an impatience with dilly-dallying and even with the necessarily slow processes of securing legislative or constitutional reform. Governors of the rich man's hand are rich men's hand, and are required to be rich men's hand, and are required to consider the rights and interests of the rich man. But the poor man's hand is able to consider the rights and interests of the poor man. The poor man's hand will judge by the "situation" rather than by the 'effort' to correct it. Governments are thus put on their mettle but it is also driving them along strange and uncharted roads of currency, financial and social reform.

But really all that the average Canadian asks is no more than to be given a fair field and no favor. He wants crooks high or low in finance or business brought to book and he wants every earner to have a fair share of the wealth. He wants to see idle man at work. With his temperament strung up to the tempo of the modern motor car he does think that Governments should be doing things and the "strong" talk of Government leaders in the shadow of a 1935 Federal election is therefore a demand just as strong as the talk. In buying new models of motor cars during the depression attractive features have been but not increased riding comfort, speed, control, safety, but also decreased cost, greater economy in utilization of gasoline and lubricating oil and longer life and freedom from mechanical trouble. Governments are apt to find that promise of great reforms will bring votes, but that there will be a growing disposition to count the cost and to refuse anything that delays recovery.

This generation has seen the motor car and good roads change the whole method of merchandising in settled parts of Canada. It has seen lively stables disappear and blacksmith shops grow few and far between. It is not strange that the tendency to become the pet rather than the drudge of man though it will have a field of usefulness for a long time to come. The cabman is replaced by the taxi, and trucks, buses and passenger cars are intensifying the railway problem. The tractor has invaded the farm. The production per man has gone up steadily and as less man-power was needed new outlets for his activities have grown. The changes until 1930 were merely great dislocation. The men dispossessed of jobs in city or country rapidly found other avenues of employment.

The overcoming of the depression is occurring in the same way. Governments can provide relief or start necessary public works for the unemployed. Until each man not doing well thinks out his own problem and finds a successful way to make a living by his own efforts these governments will stoppage. Merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and business men generally, are trying to re-fashion their affairs so as to lessen wind resistance, alleviate the bumps, increase the speed at greater economy and to serve more customers. The automobile as passenger car, truck or bus is having a large share in these changes. In business speed, reliability and economy are the qualities by which recovery is being sought, and after all does that not show a motor-minded generation? Every worker gets employment by displaying those qualities and in the ultimate analysis it is the writer's feeling he will demand it of governments.

Our Outside Covers

The photograph on the front cover shows Imperial Oil "empties" being loaded on a Hudson's Bay Company's barge for shipment back to Fort Norman, N.W.T. On the back cover is reproduced a photograph of the still at Fort Norman, Imperial Oil's refinery in the Canadian sub-Arctic. Frank Wilcock, one of the refinery employees, is taking a sample of gasoline for testing purposes.
A VISIT TO FORT NORMAN

By Richard Finnie, F.R.G.S.

THE Great Bear River flows swiftly westward 90 miles from Great Bear Lake, and empties its chill, crystal waters into the muddy Mackenzie. At its mouth, on the northern side, rises the rugged 1,300-foot promontory of Bear Rock, while on the southern side is the settlement of Fort Norman, which dates back to 1810.

Now it was summer of 1914 and in the shadow of Bear Rock more than a dozen schooners and barges were scattered. A clattering and grinding of winches announced that along the very fringe of the Arctic Circle the wheels of industry were turning. Many hundreds of tons of freight were en route to Great Bear Lake. This is all part of one of the greatest miracles of modern pioneering—a campaign to conquer Canada's last frontier, coincident with the eager search for precious metals. By air, land and water, civilization is pushing back its borders into the Polar Rim.

It is being done in a business-like, unostentatious manner, so unostentatious that the public at large has heard little of the struggle, continuing to visualize the sub-Arctic as a dreary waste almost perpetually ice-bound and too inaccessible ever to be productive.

From the first of June until the middle of July, more than 150 men toiled at Fort Smith, the gateway to the Northwest Territories, to bring to completion the fleet of power and auxiliary barges and schooners in the world's largest Far-North shipping, until finally the last of these craft—and not one weighed less than sixty tons—was dragged down a precipitous road to the shore of the Slave River which connects with the mighty Mackenzie flowing more than a thousand miles to the Polar Sea.

Other similar craft, built elsewhere during this or a previous season, had already been plying northern waters. Practically all of them are formidable links in the chain holding the key to the resources of the Great Bear Lake country.

An Edmonton man recently passed in awe at a warehouse full of massive machinery crated for shipment to Great Bear Lake.

"Surely," he said, "it will cost a fortune to have all of that flung to its destination!"

He was surprised to learn that, while much freight had been and could be done by aeroplane, especially in emergencies, this machinery would be taken all of the way from Fort Smith to Great Bear Lake by boat—and pretty much on schedule, too. It is hard for outsiders to realize that the Mackenzie River system, which interlaces Canada's western Arctic and sub-Arctic, is one of the largest on the continent and, with proper craft, is just as navigable as the Mississippi.

Formerly trade goods for outposts strong along the western and central Arctic coast line were shipped from Vancouver round Bering Strait and Alaska. The expense was high, the ice hazards were great. The sea route is being superseded by the river route.

Wood used to be the exclusive fuel of freight and passenger boats on the Mackenzie, and though plentiful it took up much valuable cargo space and its cost was considerable. But all of the large boats being built today for northern river and lake navigation are powered by diesel engines, which are cheaper, more compact and more efficient than the wood-burners. And just as the Mackenzie has supplied wood for the wood-burners, so can it supply oil for the diesels. Likewise, will it supply oil and gasoline for the innumerable engines at sub-Arctic mining camps.

About 125 miles south of the Arctic Circle, right on the banks of the Mackenzie, is located the present source of supply—Imperial Oil's Discovery Well, the most northerly on the continent. Its discovery in 1921 created a minor furor. Few people had heard of Great Bear Lake then. Ten years later, a small but well-trained and energetic group of workers under the direction of Ronald W. MacKinnon backed down the weeds that had grown unchecked round the oil well camp, and settled down to business. Now a suitably equipped plant, efficiently run, can turn out more than a thousand gallons per day of gasoline and fuel oil of competent quality at prices impressively lower than those of imported fuel.

Many of the Indians were quick to realize the convenience of the new fuel, and soon were going the rounds of their fish nets in canoes propelled by outboard motors.

It is sometimes said that Northerners generally are kindly, helpful and sympathetic in their social relations but callous in business. One trader will gloss over the failure of another, yet he may feed and clothe the unfortunate rascal till he gets on his feet again. Here is a little story of my experience with one of them.

A number of the Northern Transportation Company's schooners and barges had recently been plying to and from the well, 52 miles north of Fort Norman, accumulating fuel for delivery to the camps of mining companies at the eastern end of Great Bear Lake, but now none was scheduled to go there for several days. Anxious to make a quick trip I inquired locally about transportation. No information was immediately forthcoming, but the "moccasin telegraph" began to work. I chanced to meet a woodcutter named Jack Browning who said, "I've heard you want to go to the oil well. Now, I've got a good outboard motor you are welcome to if you can borrow a boat from somebody." I thanked him, then soon met John A. McCleod, carpenter, who said, "So you need a boat to take you to the oil well. I've got a skill here that I just finished." He pointed...
occupied the season following my first visit, and now all was changed. The old buildings had been repaired or demolished or had been replaced, and up-to-date machinery and equipment were everywhere in evidence.

Strolling towards a cluster of tents where the dozen or so workers slept, we passed by a garden in which lettuce, onions, radishes and other vegetables struggled bravely to thrive in oil-impregnated earth. One of the tents was set slightly apart from the rest. Assuming it to belong to Ronald W. MacKinnon, the manager, I entered and called his name. It was he all right, and despite having his slumbers interrupted at a quarter to four he sat up and greeted me cordially, exposing a suit of purple pyjamas that would have been out in a Park Avenue penthouse than in a tent near the Arctic Circle. He suggested that I and my comrades get some sleep in an adjoining tent, and there amid recumbent forms we stretched out on the floor beside a newly-developed non-mechanical oil heating plant.

At eight o'clock a sumptuous breakfast was served in a cheery dining-room that was part of a comfortably furnished log cabin equipped with running water and electric lights.

The cook and housekeeper was Mrs. Joe (Christina) Plante, a jovial Latvian lady of Amazonian proportions. While employed as a waitress at an Edmonton hotel some years ago, Christina caught the fancy of one of the guests, Joe Plante, who had come "outside" to enjoy a respite from cutting cord wood for the Mackenzie River steamers. They were married and Joe retired from the wood-cutting business after having cut, by hand, about a thousand cords. Now he is chief factor at the oil well while Mrs. Plante looks after the house. In the winter, when the well is closed down, the couple live there in solitary state as caretakers. Joe hunts and traps in his spare time. So does his wife, and she freely admits that she is far superior to his superior as a pot-hunter.

As it was Sunday, and as there was a momentary shortage of empty gasoline barrels pending the return of a couple of thousand from Great Bear Lake camps, the well was inactive. After a week of strenuous toil, most of the men just relaxed, and some of them played poker with members of my party. A few, however, accompanied Mr. MacKinnon and me on a round of the camp, explaining how this or that process was accomplished.

"It seems strange that nothing around the camp had been disturbed by passersby," I remarked to Mr. MacKinnon, referring to the abandoned, unlocked fully-equipped work-shop I had seen here in 1930.

"Oh, there's a good reason for that," he responded. (Concluded on Page Thirty-One)
In Great Britain a Committee of the Privy Council on Research had been appointed. Sir George Foster advocated a similar appointment in Canada, and in 1916 the appointment was made. An Advisory Council was formed and its Administrative Chairman was Dr. A. B. MacCallum, who brought to the office the prestige and learning which were his as professor of biochemistry at the University of Toronto.

The first subjects of research were mining, metallurgy, chemistry and forestry, but the scope of the Council's activities soon widened. A plan of assisted researches was inaugurated. Scholarships were established to procure desirable recruits for advance research work. Before long it was apparent that national research laboratories incorporating a Dominion Bureau of Standards were necessary. Accordingly, in 1928 the Government voted $750,000 to build a laboratory and arranged with Dr. H. M. Tory, President of the University of Alberta, and who since 1913 had been honorary chairman of the Research Council, to give up his university post and become full time President of the Council. Temporary quarters were taken and laboratory research was begun. Approximately four years later the new laboratories were opened by the Earl of Bessborough.

Visitors to the National Research Laboratories are piloted along many corridors, bright, airy but seemingly endless, with doors opening off both sides. The upper panel of each door is of glass with a neat placard in one corner. The wording is terse—"Rust", "Screenings", "Lubricating Oil", "Wood", "Gasoline" and so on, down the line. The transparent doors are more communicative. Some rooms seem to be occupied only by shelves of bottles of ranging shapes, fullness and contents. In some rooms, groups of men are gathered around tables, so intent on their work that the visitor peering in at them is not even noticed. There are rooms where just one man is hungrily engaged at a strange looking machine, and surrounded by benches full of what looks like junk, but which is the progressive story of some very thorough series of experiments. There is even a tiny fractionating plant, a sort of miniature oil refinery, in one room and an investigation of Canadian clays as oil refining agents goes on somewhere else.

To test the "stretchability" of rubber, they use a huge hydraulic machine, which slowly and with Procrustean force stretches little strips of rubber to their utmost endurance, at the same time registering the progress of the test. The synthetic rubber samples look just like real rubber, and seem to meet all the tests; but the odor of them is far from pleasing. Perhaps it is making the punishment fit the crime, for the maker of the synthetic rubber also supervises the work carried out in connection with smelter furnaces.

Behind one of those many doors, carefully roped off, is the X-ray equipment. And there is a room that looks like the inside of a roll of cotton batting, where microphones are to be calibrated. As well as its use in broadcasting, the microphone is an important part of the "audiometer", an apparatus for determining the amount of noise emanating from a factory machine, piece of ventilating equipment or other laboratory equipment, and turning sees the motion picture phonograph once more.

Then comes the library, with its stack room clear to the roof--four stories. It is quite easy to believe what the guide says about space for 400,000 books.

Upstairs, down stairs, past conference rooms and rooms with strange and elaborate scientific equipment. The glass panel in one reveals many types of balances in glass cases. Another holds a huge black globe on a stand, flanked by a camera-like apparatus.

Another room contains the apparently simple, but extremely sensitive apparatus for measuring radium rays.

(Concluded on page 18)
BIG JOE CORGE stood before the camp fire, alternately facing and turning his back to the flames. He was soaking in bodily warmth after a long day on the Northern Alberta trail. He did not require mental heat. In fact he was all steamed up.

"I lashed a couple of poles in the tree," he repeated. "I cached a sack of flour and some beans and bacon up there, and got a tarp over them. When I returned two weeks ago, the flour was half gone. Some was spilled on the ground. The rest of the grub was gone. I'm not mentioning any names. Wait 'til I get him!"

Big Joe didn't need to mention any names. We knew whom he meant. It was his former canoeman, a mixture of two races, white and red, and carrying the cognomen of Patrick Angus Buck.

Patrick Angus had broken one of the first rules of the forest by breaking into another's cache. And he had added insult to injury by wasting the precious flour.

The Oxford dictionary describes a cache as a hiding place for treasure, provisions, ammunition, etc., especially as used by explorers.

All men in the Far Places, whether freighters, guides, trappers, hunters, fishermen or scientists, may be grouped as explorers, for they are frequently covering new ground, and are ever alert for discoveries.

In these regions where transportation is heart-breaking, it is necessary to move supplies forward and leave them at strategic positions against a time of need.

The man who makes a cache is depending on every ounce of that material for some future occasion. To deplete it may leave him facing disaster.

The case of Patrick Angus is an exceptional one. Men of the North seldom disturb supplies unless forced by emergency. Then they usually take food or powder sparingly, and later replace the goods or pay in cash at the earliest opportunity.

I know of a barrel of gasoline standing on the bleak west coast of Hudson Bay, which has been there since 1930. Many white trappers, as well as Indians and Eskimos, have passed it, but they have never laid a hand on it.

Two years ago, while on a journey into the interior near the Oui river, our canoe was empty. We lost our supply of tea. The next day we ran across the cabin of Jack Henry, trapper of the Barron Lands. From appearances, we judged that he had been away a month or more. We untied the rope fastenings on the door, went in and cooked a meal, and then took enough tea to insuff our trip. We left a note on the table, thanking him.

Last summer I met Jack at a trading post on the Hudson Bay Railway, about 100 miles from his headquarters. He was more concerned about our losing our supplies than he was about his own. He would take nothing for the tea.

"Some day I'll barge in on you in the same way," he said.

Across the great silent stretches of the sub-Arctic, are untold gallons of Imperial gasoline and oil, distributed by Transport Limited, agents at The Pas, Manitoba. These supplies are out in the open. They have been delivered at specified points, according to instructions, for persons who will some day arrive on the ground and use them.

Far away, in the cities, are offices where records are kept of a cache here and another there. The men of the North know that some individual or corporation owns that fuel and those lubricants; that they were placed there for a purpose, and therefore must be left intact.

Some of the caches belong to airlines companies. Others are the property of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Some have been planted by forestry departments. Prospectors often keep emergency supplies at halfway points. Occasionally, in bad weather, freight contractors have to dump parts of their loads and cache them while they push on with perishable goods.

Caches take different forms according to the materials and the terrain. One method of caching meat in winter is to swing it into a tree, beyond the reach of animals. On the Barrens, north of the timberline, the traveller places his freshly-killed deer in the moss and piles stones upon the carcass.

Poles are sometimes used to secure provisions against the depredations of wild beasts. A couple of dozen young trees are felled. Four are used for upright posts. Cross bars are lashed at the base and near the top to strengthen the structure. A platform of poles is fitted on top where the meat finds a natural refrigerator, high and dry and out of the reach of prowlers.

The sign "Hands Off" seldom appears in Limestone Land, but the Royal Canadian Air Force tugs put one in this cache at Churchill.
remnants of the two Canadian squadrions referred to previously formed the nucleus around which the permanent Air Force was to grow.

During the next two years it became apparent that aviation was not developing along the expected lines. The mushroom growth of commercial aviation quickly died and before long it was decided that there was to be a sound aviation business in the country it could not be based upon wartime aircraft. While some aircraft had been partially trained at Camp Borden, it was realized that this system of training was impracticable as business men could not take so much time away from their work.

On the other hand, the Air Board’s investigations into the possibility of giving air assistance to various government civil departments promised very much more fruitful results. Air stations had been established in Alberta, first at Medicine Hat and then at High River; at Jericho Beach, Vancouver; at Victoria Beach near Winnipeg; at Sioux Lookout and Ottawa; at Rockcliffe and Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. The following activities of the aircraft from these stations during the year 1921 are an indication of the extent of this investigation:

For the Department of the Interior, Forestry Branch, forest protection; for the Agriculture Department, fishery protection and photography; for the Geodetic Survey Branch, transportation and primary reconnaissance work; for the Veterinary Branch, reconnaissance flights; for the Department of Customs, patrols for the prevention of drug smuggling; for the Department of Fisheries, transportation and fishery protection work; for the Department of Agriculture, Entomological Branch, photographic survey of mosquito breeding areas; for the Department of Militia and Defence, transportation; for the Public Works Department a photographic survey of the sand bars in the Fraser Delta; for the Department of Land and Forest Protection, reconnaissance and photography; for the Vancouver Harbor Commissioners, a photographic survey of Vancouver Harbor.

In 1921 the Government decided to reorganize and centralize the Dominion’s defense services to be administered by a minister of the Crown. On June 28th, 1922, the act bringing into effect the Department of National Defence became law.

The first permanent organization of the Air Service was the consolidation of the Civil Operations Branch of the Air Board with the Canadian Air Force.

Under the Air Board practically all civil air operations had been controlled by this branch and all stations except Camp Borden were under its direction. Its staff were members of the Canadian Air Force and civil servants as well.

Up until this time the Air Board had been responsible only for Air Force training. This dual system had obvious disadvantages which were especially outstanding at Camp Borden, where the shops and stores were on a civil basis, while the general administration and training were under Air Force discipline and direction.

In addition to clearing away these and other difficulties it was desired to establish a permanent nucleus for the C.A.F. around which a non-permanent organization could be built.

The whole organization was placed under the Director of the Canadian Air Force who was made responsible to the Chief of the General Staff for the control of aeronautics in all its phases, both civil and military. This new organization took as its model the Royal Air Force in Great Britain, adapting it to Canadian conditions. Its flying instructions and methods, its drill, its uniform and even its titles of rank have become identical with the R.A.F., (At 15 feet no one can tell a Canadian officer or airman from an Englishman, except the R.A.F. brevet—the only difference being four little letters “R.C.A.F.” under the eagle on the buttons of the Canadian's uniform.)

In 1923 the King conferred the distinction “Royal” upon the Canadian Air Force which was henceforth to be known officially as “The Royal Canadian Air Force”. At this time the Air Board ceased to exist as a separate department of the Government and the headquarters of the Air Force moved to Ottawa.

The Canadian Air Force was something new in defense organizations. Essentially it was a fighting service just as are the Army and Navy, but from its very earliest days it had been utilized to a great extent in the civil needs of the country. The Civil Departments of the Government had not been slow to avail themselves of the aid of the country’s new servant. In 1924, the Survey General of Canada had published a method of utilizing photographs taken from the air as an aid to surveying. Both business and engineering firms were coming to realize the value of air photographs. The Imperial Forestry Conference which convened in Ottawa in 1923 was greatly impressed by the services of the Air Force, putting on record that “the use of aircraft is fundamental to fire protection” in the unhabited north.

Looking back on the picture presented by the Air Force at that time, we find its activities extending from coast to coast and from the United States boundary to the limits of settlement northwards.

The organization at headquarters has varied from time to time and in the past comprised three major divisions. Part of the staff has been concerned with the building of a force to play its role with the other defence services. Another section of the staff has been largely responsible for the purely civil government operations. The Equipment Staff, under the Chief Aeronautical
The flying activities of the Air Force were conducted from a number of air stations reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At Dartmouth was the air station which had been built in 1918 by the Navy. This was essentially a flying-boat base and because of the great water routes of Eastern Canada, flying-boats from as far west as Winnipeg could be flown to Halifax.

At Roberval, P.Q., on Lake St. John, a station had been established at the request of the Province of Quebec as an experiment to show the value of aircraft in forest patrol and air survey. This station, however, was handed over to the Provincial Government in 1923, when the Province of Quebec decided to form its own flying service.

At Rockcliffe, near Ottawa, an air station had been temporarily established in 1920. For a period the aerodrome was too small for efficient work, and the seaplane activities were moved to a site on Lac du Chene until additional ground was acquired and a permanent air station at Rockcliffe constructed.

Some 50 miles north of Toronto is Camp Borden. Built as a training station in 1916, a training station it has remained. Here each member of the Air Force learns the multitudinous things that go into his training. If he is an officer there is elementary flying to commence with, and before he is many years older he has probably taken courses in armament, anti-aircraft, army co-operation, air-piloting, photography, night flying, instrument flying and the rest. If an air-craftman, on coming from one of the technical schools he learns how to repair, overhaul, and test engines, how to rig and repair aircraft, all the various things necessary to keep an aeroplane in good condition. Later, if selected for flying duties as an airman pilot, he takes his flying training there. Also, at Camp Borden everyone entering the Air Force gets his first acquaintance with its discipline.

From Winnipeg the flying-boats were flying north to Hudson’s Bay, and eventually the sub-stations and caches of this important station spread north down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean.

High River Air Station, 40 miles south of Calgary, had two main duties to perform. Its aircraft were patrolling the forested areas of the Rockies from the United States boundary to east of the Red Deer, and opportunities for air photography seemed endless in the clear sunshine of the western summer.

The air station at Jericho Beach in Vancouver sent its aircraft on various missions all over the inland waters between the Straits of Juan de Fuca and Prince Rupert.

At the end of 1924, the duties of the three western stations as reported by the Minister of National Defence included the following:

- Forest fire protection, aerial surveys, photographic work for water power development, transportation for officials of the Department of Indian Affairs, Mines, Mooned Police and others, fishery protection, customs preventive patrols, operations with Naval and Military forces.

Winnipeg Air Station was forced to send its patrol and photographic aircraft north of Lake Winnipeg beyond Norway House and The Pas.
attention was given to questions and problems relating to the air defence of Canada.

It investigated the possibility of organizing squadrons in Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Montreal on the lines of the Auxiliary Air Force of Great Britain, and somewhat similar to the Non-Permanent Militia. At Camp Borden it organized schools for Army Co-operation, Air Armament and Bombing. It ordered that in future its officers would have to study the methods and means of aerial warfare before they could hope for promotion.

Although it had once more turned to its duties as a defence force, this does not mean that there was no flying for civil needs. One civil operation during this time which stands out was the Belle Isle-Montreal Air Mail. In the year of the Ottawa Conference, 1932, the government decided that in order to speed communica-
tion between London and the British delegates in Ottawa, mail should be taken by air from Belle Isle to Ottawa. The Air Force had discussed the possibilities of such a service in the early part of the year, but the ice and fog in the Gulf of St. Lawrence did not permit of any reconnaissance of the route. Even so, it was decided that the effort should be made. Arrangements were made with the Navy and the Royal Canadian Signals for a wireless service. Of the weather conditions, the amount of ice on the coast and all the thousand and one details which make all the difference between success and failure, the Air Force knew practically nothing. Still, it had undertaken too many operations at a moment's notice to be completely dismayed at the task—and so the aircraft went up to the bleak North shore of the gulf.

It would not be true to say that this operation was a complete success, for there were fog and high winds to contend with, and when some of the Signals' men returned to Ottawa they were so disfigured by black-fly and mosquito bites that they were almost unrecognizable, but the Air Force received recognition in the form of a letter (which is framed on the walls of the Officers' Mess at Rockcliffe) in which the Governor General of Canada said that he would bring the work it had done to the personal notice of His Majesty the King.

In 1932 also, the carrying of the air mail between Kincardine and Montreal was given to the Air Force. Its officers had done some experimental work on its route in 1928. It is a route where fogs are prevalent and facilities of the scantiest. There are no radio beacons to guide the pilot. An extract from an officer's reports throws a little light on the difficulties which had to be overcome.

There had been fog all the way, the pilot had flown under the Quebec Bridge in order to see where he was, and when his gasoline was running low he pushed the aircraft's nose down into the first hole he had seen in the amother of fog and landed, to find himself only a mile or two from his destination. "The fact that this flight terminated successfully," he remarks philosophically, "can be mainly attributed to the pilot's good fortune in finding a break in the weather." He is still young but his hair is gray at the temples.

About the only time the public hours of the R.C.A.F. is when some of its members are taking part in an air display or when engaged on operations for the civil

(Concluded on Page Twenty-Eight)

S. B. Scott

S. B. Scott is one of the friendliest of mortals. A total stranger, after a few minutes' conversation with him, feels like an old and valued acquaintance. He has none of the austerity usually ascribed to chartered accountants. Perhaps some of this friendliness comes from Mr. Scott's unusual training and the broadening experience acquired in the number of jobs he held before he finally found his niche.

His first efforts at earning a livelihood were at the age of 16 when he came from England to Regina, where he joined the staff of the Bank of Montreal, and three years later was transferred to Nelson, B.C. The work was more to his liking, but he was still not satisfied and left the bank to work for the Hydro Electric System. After a short time there he returned to Regina and became Deputy City Treasurer. This was in 1914 the year the war began and Mr. Scott's patriotism found expression in organizing the office work in Military District No. 12, in which he was soon demonstrating his remarkable executive ability.

In 1916 by dint of close application he passed the examinations that made him a chartered accountant, and in this capacity was employed by the Munitions Board at Ottawa. In the same year he was asked to take charge of the British Government's National War Plants in Canada. Two years later this part of his career was brought to an end by the Armistice.
President in charge of manufacturing, that promising young men should have a broad knowledge of the Company’s work, not confining themselves during their training period to the special department for which they are best fitted. So in 1932, Mr. Scott donned a blue denin shirt and his oldest clothes and went out into the yard at Sarnia Refinery, where he worked side by side with the lads in the plant, not angrily, but with energy and conviction. That and his natural affability soon made him “one of the boys.”

Sarnia being the home of Canadian football fans and Mr. Scott having come from Blackheath, the English football centre, it was inevitable that he should be interested in the Sarnia Imperials. He joined the Employees’ Social and Athletic Association of which he was soon made secretary. His enthusiasm carried him forward in this as well as in his work and in 1933 he was almost unanimously elected manager of the team. He knew all about every member of the team, how many pairs of football shoes each goes through in a season, how many pairs of socks, what each individual best likes to eat when he comes off training. He fights their battles with hotel managers, makes everything from drill bits to intricate scientific apparatus.

If the visitor is interested in oil burners he will be sure to visit the room where they are tested for fire risk and among others he will see one of the Imperial G & B burners which has passed the examination with flying colors.

The Annex is not laid out in the orderly fashion of the main laboratories, but there one can see what is happening because it takes place in the open, not in jars and flasks and tubes or under microscopes. There is no imagination required to watch a model airplane suspended, in the wind tunnel battling with a manufactured gale of appreciable velocity while a machine in the room above records every detail of its behavior in the storm.

A day spent in going through the National Research Laboratories gives the visitor much to think about. He is somewhat awed by what he has seen and his mind speculates on what discoveries might be made could he stay for a week or a month, or perhaps study the doings of one division. And the more he ponder the more he ponders, and the more he ponders the more he is to leave to the National Research Council and its competent workers the solution of the yesterday gone and what is tomorrow doing now?

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Building Superintendents Meet at 56 Church Street

In the course of your career, you were given charge of one of Toronto’s skyscrapers or large office buildings, how would you go about it? Even though you knew all about steam boilers and heating plants, what would you do if the elevators went out of commission, or the air conditioning system refused to function, or someone wanted the partitions of an entire floor remodelled and new buzzer and interphone systems installed, or someone on the cleaning staff reported that the powder used washing the tiled floors was causing them to deteriorate? These are just a few of the conundrums propounded to the average superintendent of any large building.

Some structures, such as hospitals, buildings occupied by a single concern and those where manufacturing is carried on, present special problems. Usually the superintendent is an electrical, mining or marine engineer, or a man who has been a building contractor, or very few men, unless they have grown up with the job, have the all-round experience necessary to take over and run the maintenance department of even a comparatively modern skyscraper without too many hitches at first.

It is difficult to say exactly when Toronto began to have a ‘skyline’, but in 1917 there were several big buildings and, on account of the war, a scarcity of men to take care of them. Two or three of the superintendents got into the habit of meeting periodically to discuss their worries. Others heard about these helpful discussions and wished to benefit by them. The result was the founding of the Toronto Building Superintendents’ Association in 1928, with six members. The first meeting was held in the old Imperial Life Building, J. C. Sudahl, of the Excelsior Life Building, was the first president, and Percy Long, who has been in charge of the Imperial Oil Building at 56 Church Street since 1916, was one of the charter members. Now there are nearly 30 members (representing the largest building and supervising millions of dollars worth of property in the city) who meet twice a month. They visit each other’s buildings and at nearly every meeting there is a guest speaker who deals with such subjects as “Emergency Lighting”, “Acoustics”, “Locks and Keys” (there are thousands of locks in some buildings), “Fire Hazards”. One especially interesting talk was given by H. M. Hunt, of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, who told his experiences in “Operating the Highest Building in the British Empire”. Discussion follows, and frequently there is an open meeting when any member may take the floor.

This organization has a library in charge of the secretary, A. H. Norton, who has several buildings under his supervision. This library is made up of books on building maintenance and kindred subjects as well as other educational material. Each member
buys the book, he is most interested in, advises Mr. Norton, who catalogues it, advises the other members that it is available and keeps track of its perations. Although the books are not kept in a central file, but are returned to their individual owners, Mr. Norton has a stock of up-to-date maintenance periodicals and other literature of interest to the association.

At the first February meeting of this year, Percy Long was host. On that evening his guests assembled in the Board Room at 56 Church Street, where A. E. Burns, retired Director of the International Petroleum Company, showed them several reels of moving pictures depicting that company's operations in South America. Then followed a talk by J. H. Schofield, one of the Gilbert and Barker combustion engineers, on Imperial Fuel Oil "C" for steam boilers a resume of which is given below:

Most people are of the opinion that to burn oil for steam generation is more easily than coal. More comparisons of the two fuels are based on oil versus coal, without attempting to differentiate between the kind of oil used or the kind of coal used. Often an executive when approached to consider the burning of oil in his plant immediately states that he couldn't consider it, as it is too expensive. His comparison is usually based on his experience of the cost of heating his home, which he knows is higher than with hard coal, and his mind is made up on that assumption.

On a straight fuel for fuel comparison, my figures for Toronto show that, assuming 11,500 BTU's coal at an efficiency of 70%, and 198,000 BTU's per gallon of fuel oil at an efficiency of 75%, and at a cost of $0.050 per gallon, oil will compete with coal delivered in the bin at $0.78 per ton.

If you buy your coal for less, oil loses out on a fuel for fuel basis only. If your coal costs more, then you are losing money by not burning oil. If your plant happens to be located where oil could be delivered by tank car, instead of tank wagon, then you will have to buy your coal for $1.40 per ton to compete with heavy oil costs, on a fuel for fuel basis only.

Labor costs, furnace brickwork repairs, ash removal, stoker repairs, electric power costs, cleaning of the building (both inside and out) smoke nuisance, etc., are all items that cause your annual costs to remain high over a period of years, and must be taken into consideration in counting your costs of heating the building.

Our experience with the heating plant in this building may interest you. The boilers are Heine Waterube type, longitudinal drum, straight tube, 190 H.P. each, setting height, 5' 6", furnace volume 299 cubic feet per boiler. These boilers supply steam to more than 1,000 radiators. In the 1933-34 heating season, by the substitution of G & B Enterprise Oil Burners suitable for the burning of Imperial Fuel Oil "C," our consumption amounted to 29,000 gallons of this grade of oil as against an average annual consumption for the previous years of 89,000 of light fuel oil, thus effecting a reduction in volume of 60,000 gallons per annum—a yearly saving of $4,240. This reduction was achieved during a winter which, you will agree with me, was one of the coldest this city has experienced for many years. Another interesting point is that the average quantity of oil burned per hour was 27 gallons of light oil, compared with 22 gallons per hour of heavy oil.

A recent noteworthy development in the burning of heavy oil is the bunner manufacturers in cooperation with the electrical control people have perfected a bunner that will successfully burn heavy oil, automatically. It will make possible the comfort and cleanliness of oil burning, with the economy of coal burning, in the smaller buildings, such as apartment houses and office buildings, and at the same time give the generally over-worked janitor or engineer an opportunity for leisure that he does not now enjoy.

After the conclusion of Mr. Schofield's talk, Mr. Long conducted his guests to the engine room, where they watched the oil burners in operation. Then they retired to one of the conference rooms, where the evening's events were discussed over well-spread supper tables.
THE GREAT SURVEY

By H.M. Blake

THE OPENING OF THE NORTH-WEST

It was a romantic West. The buffalo had not yet disappeared from the plains—their pasture grounds from time immemorial. Indian warfare was still being waged just across the border. And our own Red River Rebellion was kept fresh in men’s minds by the wandering bands of aborigines that crossed the Canadian prairies, slowly drifting into the reservations prepared for their accommodation.

Into this country, but recently taken over from the Hudson’s Bay Company, surveyors were sent by the able and energetic government of Sir John A. Macdonald to lay out a domain, imperial in extent, for settlement and colonization. It was a stupendous task, but there were giants in the land in those days—men who, a few years before, had envisioned and achieved Confederation.

Taking the 49th parallel of latitude—the boundary between Canada and the United States—as a base, the North-West was divided into four great blocks by the projection northward of meridians. The primary meridian was run north from a point about twelve miles west of Emerson, Manitoba. The second was projected about 210 miles west of the primary, the third about 180 miles west of the second, and the fourth the same distance west of the third. There was a fifth meridian in British Columbia where subsequent surveying was conducted along somewhat different lines to those followed in the North-West.

It is interesting to note that these meridians roughly correspond to the provincial boundaries existing to-day. Between the first and second meridians lies nearly all the country west of Winnipeg now included in Manitoba. Most of the country between the second and fourth meridians now forms part of Saskatchewan, while west of the fourth meridian is Alberta. The running of these meridians made it possible to begin surveying from many points simultaneously. Base lines from any stations on any of the meridians could be run parallel to the primary base. Indeed, the whole survey of the North-West was undertaken in the most precise and methodical manner, and reflects the greatest credit upon the government of the day.

The first surveyors sent out to the North-West by the government were engaged in running base lines and laying out the country into blocks of townships which were sub-divided later on. One of the earliest a-field was the late T. R. Hewson of Cobourg, who, during his survey in Assiniboia, witnessed what was probably the last great migration of the buffalo. A great dun cloud appeared upon the northern horizon. The half-breeds with the party became excited at once! It was the time of year when the herds were accustomed to travel south and the buffalo had evidently been frightened by hunters and were in stampede. They were headed straight for the surveyors! To be caught was certain death. The crazed brutes, galloping...
plodding men. But we would do well to remember that it is largely due to the work of these early surveyors and the pioneers in construction that the surface of our country is in shape for us to enjoy the discoveries and inventions of the automotive age.

The Dominion Land Act, passed at Ottawa in 1871—supplemented and elaborated from time to time, but in principle scarcely changed—provided for an astronomical survey of the whole North-West. The country was to be laid off in quadrangular townships northward from the American boundary. These townships were to be six miles square, each containing 36 sections of as nearly one mile square as the convergence of the meridians (towards the pole) permitted. Ample provision was to be made for road allowances between sections, certain specified sections were to be set aside for school purposes, while certain others, under the agreement, were reserved for the Hudson's Bay Company. The survey, requiring no little ingenuity to ensure townships of practically uniform dimensions throughout the various ranges, was carried out almost exactly as planned.

Surveys were invariably begun from definite locations. If the original monuments were lost or obliterated it was necessary to establish their position by precise observations. In good sections of prairie, when surveyors were engaged in running lines for blocks of townships, it was possible to speed up the work by spacing the instrument stations at quite considerable distances apart. This was often facilitated by the picket man wearing a black aron against which the picket stood in relief. Every day or two astronomical observations were taken to ensure accuracy.

Monuments of various kinds were set up to indicate township and section corners, limits of proposed highways, river and lake traverses, settlement lots, and grain elevators in Indian reserves. If "town sites" were selected, all townships and section corners, in addition to the placing of posts or iron tubes, mounds of a specified dimension were built and pits dug in stipulated positions about them.

As a young man, my father, Frank L. Blake, D.I.S., later astronomer to the Meteorological Service, was engaged upon several of these surveys and took part in laying out the lands now occupied by Moose Jaw, Regina, Saskatoon and other prairie cities. On one of these surveys he had an interesting experience which recalls the old days of Indian warfare.

It was a fine summer evening—the party was working in southern Assiniboia—the tents had been set up and dinner was preparing. A large band of Indians in feathers and war paint suddenly appeared at the top of a bluff overlooking the camp. They were on horseback and many carried rifles. War whoops were heard: "They're Siouxs!" the two Cree guides scrambled under the Red River carts drawn up close to the fire. It seemed impossible that there should be any Siouxs in the country for this warlike tribe had been driven out of the Canadian West years before by a coalition of the harassed Sauteaux, Creees and Assinboines. Yet a Cree would never be mistaken about his ancient enemies. Here they were circling the camp, brandishing their weapons, uttering bloodthirsty war whoops—all in the most approved Buffalo Bill style!

As the warriors drew closer it could be seen that the blankets they were riding on were stamped with the initials "U.S." At once it occurred to my father that they were one of the bands that, after participating in the Custer massacre in Montana in 1876, had fled into Canada and had been living peaceably near the border ever since. However, their appearance did not
IMPERIAL OIL REVIEW

imagine much confidence and, when finally they dismount and seated themselves on the slopes of the bluff, like the spectators in a Roman amphitheatre, it was only too apparent from their grunts and gestures that they expected to be invited to dinner. The cook had a repast momentous. Provision was growing scarce, and these warriors would have cleaned up the whole supply, with the Shaganapee ponies and the two Crees thrown in. No invitations were issued, however, and after a while the unwelcome visitors moved off, hurling at the surveyors a selection of choice epithets to remember them by.

It afterwards turned out that the Canadian authorities had grown tired of the presence of these "foreign" Indians, and that they were on their way back to the United States to surrender. From their equipment and appearance they evidently expected to be accorded the honors of war.

Most of the settlements existing on the prairies at the time these surveys began were on the great rivers, such as the Saskatchewan, the Qu'Appelle, the Sours and the Assiniboine; and generally in the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay posts. The people who lived in these places were nearly always Métis or half-breeds. Some of them were the descendants of the old French voyageurs. Others had Scotch or English blood in their veins, for the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company and the "Nor'westers" had intermarried freely with the natives. The government intended that these original squatters should be confirmed in their property rights to the extent of their actual occupancy and the land which they had put to tillage, or which they showed some real intention of cultivating. Accordingly, surveyors, when making traverses, were instructed to lay out river lots for them. This proved to be a fruitful source of trouble. The appearance of substantial boundary marks, some of them stamped with a crown, on properties they had so long regarded as their own, was not calculated to allay the suspicions of the half-breeds that they were about to be dispossessed. They looked upon the government's plan first to take over all the territory of the North-West and then to restore to the settlers their lots by the orderly method of issuing patents, as a scheme to get them off their lands. It needed only the reappearance of Louis Riel of Red River insurrection fame to fan the smouldering embers of discontent into the very serious troubles which marked the North-West Rebellion of 1885.

The climate of the North-West is generally excellent, but a very real hardship was imposed upon the early surveyors by the scarcity of good water. Over large tracts of prairie the water met with is alkaline, and drinking it, even when boiled, frequently produces severe attacks of sickness, sometimes resulting in death. There was hardly a survey in those early days without one or two sick men on its hands, until finally the equipment was augmented by a stout barrel, to be filled whenever a straying or other source of pure water was encountered.

Storms on the prairies then as now were often of great violence. It was not at all unusual for surveyors to have their observations stripped from over their heads. There the entire contents of their camp scattered far and wide by winds of cyclonic force. Thunderstorms were often appalling and destructive, and accompanied by deluges of rain. During one of these storms another of my father's friends, a fervently religious man, who was engaged in a survey on the Saskatchewan, was awakened by a blinding flash of lightning, and an almost instantaneous clap of thunder. Hastening outside to see if any damage had befallen the camp he was gratified to find the cook on his knees before his tent in an acceptable attitude of prayer. Next day, however, the man's customary tardy language showed no signs of improvement.

The prairie in many districts is not an absolutely flat plain, but undulating with great grassy rolls and ridges alternating with well-marked valleys and depressions where getting lost was the easiest thing in the world. Men, supposed to have become accustomed to the country, when sent to look for water sometimes failed to return. A veritable man-hunt was indeed resorted to scour the prairie until they were found. Even with a compass it was easy to become lost because one rarely observed a direct course but followed the old, winding buffalo trails leading to the streams and unless one was careful to observe every deviation in direction and hit upon just the right trails coming back, it meant another search party. With the Indians and half-breeds, of course, it was a different matter.

Horses put to graze at night had a bad habit of straying. They seemed to be always searching for those far-off hills that looked green. The coyotes, which roamed the prairies in countless bands, appear to have left them unmolested. They were much too fleet for these small wolves to run down. But even with their fore-feet nibbled, as sometimes the practice, they could look like a mule, and their hooves were as sharp as those of a moose.

The last post has sounded for most of those who took part in the Great Survey. But the West to-day is witness that this intrepid band performed their duties faithfully and well, according to the ethics and traditions of an honorable profession.

when the office staffs have departed for the day, the big building at 56 Church Street, Toronto, is invaded by another staff whose duty it is to empty ash trays, wash linoleum and marble, polish nickel and porcelain, vacuum rugs, polish desks and woodwork, and so restore order and cleanliness to the building. This process is seldom witnessed by the office staffs, all this restoration to them (when they think of it) has something of the quality of magic. But who among those occasionally in the office to lend work, and who may occasionally see the cleaner, can say that he is doing a bad job? And on the other hand, who, seeing the office staffs with their faces clean and their clothes shining, and hearing them say "Good morning", can say that he is doing a good job? For a cleaner is good or bad only in his relation to his job and the manner in which he performs it.

Retiring Office Cleaners

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though, that she isn’t going to sit and do nothing, not Mrs. Bailey. ‘One of her sons has been ill and needing her motherly care; now she is free to go and look after him.

All at once she came back to the present. ‘There’s three other women leaving today, too! There’s Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Foster, and anyway I must get on with my work. It seems strange not to be coming back after all these years. They were good to me. They let me have time off to go and see my sick boy.”

Mrs. Bailey is a little bit of a woman with tired brown eyes. Even at that they twinkle. When her husband returned from the World War he was in poor health and not always able to work, so his wife took up the burden of supporting them. In 1921 she answered an advertisement for a woman to clean the Imperial Oil offices and became a member of the Maintenance staff. She saved a bit from her wages from time to time and put it into the Company’s Investment Trust, and is very proud of being a shareholder. Although Mrs. Bailey has reached the retiring age, her length of service does not entitle her to a pension. “But,” says Mrs. Bailey, ‘they’ve given me an allowance. It was such a surprise! And now I’m going to have a rest. I’ve had a contented life here; the bosses have been kind and didn’t make me work harder than I could; still I think I’d like a rest and not have to worry about money.”

Mrs. Foster had worked on the “Eighth Floor”—

THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

(Concluded from Page Sixteen)

government. The steady work that always goes on in the attempt to build up a defensive force is seldom noticed. Nothing is known of the steady grind on the different courses of instruction such as armament, night flying, photography, army co-operation, all so essential to the fighting flying man.

Civil operations show results plainly. When it is stated that the Air Force has photographed some 100,000 square miles in ten years it conveys a clear picture to the mind; but to say that twelve officers and forty N.C.O’s have passed a course of instruction on some subject means little to anyone not acquainted with the technicalities involved.

Another effort on the part of the Royal Canadian Air Force should not pass unnoticed. It is doing its share in the relief scheme of the Department of National Defence to alleviate the plight of the unemployed. The stations at Ottawa, Camp Borden and Trenton have each gathered large numbers of the single home-less unemployed, the human bloat of the depression, and are keeping them fed and clothed and occupied until better times come again in Canada.

Considerable progress has been made in developing an air service worthy of Canada, but much has yet to be done before we have an Air Force equal to our needs. The Air Force, being a government service, merely does what it is permitted to do, and does the best it can with the tools it has.
E. A. CALLIGHEN RETIRES

January 11, 1935, opened a new chapter in the life of E. A. Callighen. After nearly 40 years of service with Imperial Oil, he is retiring under the provisions of the Company’s Pensions Plan. Mr. Callighen, who is just 61 today and looks not a day over 50, intends to make himself at home (a plan long cherished) and do the travelling hither-to prohibited by his devotion to duty. He is in excellent health and although the Company is generous in the matter of sickness benefits, he has never found it necessary to avail himself of this privilege.

He was born in Toronto, went to Doullith School, and at 16, when he was looking for a job, an uncle Ben Townsend came to visit and took a hand in the lad’s destiny. Mr. Townsend was an oil driller, working for F. A. Fitzgerald, first president of Imperial Oil. Mr. Townsend took the lad up to London for an interview with Mr. Fitzgerald, whom he was rather non-committal.

A few days later, however, Mr. Fitzgerald called at the Callighen home in Toronto, and in due course young Ernie was installed as office boy for the Royal Oil Company at the corner of Sherbourne and Esplanade Streets, Toronto, where George Anderson was manager.

Ernie was a worker, and before long he was made stock clerk. The oil business was growing. The Royal Oil Company and the Queen City amalgamated. The offices were moved to the corner of King and Yonge Streets, where the Canadian National Railway offices now are. A. S. Rogers was manager of the combined concerns. Young Callighen had gained a reputation for accurate and neat work on stock sheets, so he was promoted to the position of ledger keeper. There were some 100 customers in all Ontario in those days, and the accounts were kept in two ledgers, one for the country and one for the city of Toronto. Coal oil, kerosene, was the chief product sold and the largest consumers were the lumber camps in the forests of Northern Ontario. Plumbers were the only ones who used gasoline and a gallon supplied fuel for a blowtorch for quite a while. One very flourishing concern used to buy a barrel of gasoline every month. Peddlers and grocers bought kerosene 10 gallons at a time, and sold it by the quart to housewives. A big month’s business was 1,700 barrels. Everything came in barrels—kerosene, lubricants, candles and benzine for the painters. Gasoline was imported from the United States in 5-barrel lots.

Everything was inspected by the Government and the inspector had to put his name in red paint on the head of each barrel before the contents could be sold. As soon as the barrel was emptied, the name had to be crossed off. Ten cents a barrel was the fee for the signature.

Mr. Callighen says that those famous blue barrels with white ends were quite a care to clean; the beetle must be made leak-proof with glue before painting, and the same process had to be gone through each time before they were refilled. When Mr. Callighen was stock clerk at the Princess Street plant he whiled away any idle moments watching one particular man who was an expert. Splashed—into a barrel would go a gallon or so of glue; swish—it would reach every cranny; splashed—into the next barrel, and so on. Then with his white paint the man went down the line of barrels painting one end of each back again, reversing them; then with a wide brush of blue paint in one hand he would begin at the top of a barrel, twirling it with the other, completely covering the barrel with one brushful—50 or 60 an hour.

Then one day the Company decided to use the new-fangled tank wagon to speed up deliveries. The accounts had increased all over the province. New products came into use, more salesmen were engaged and the bookkeeping became more complicated. Mr. Callighen had helpers. The whole structure grew too large to be handled from one divisional office, so the province was divided. Hamilton having jurisdiction over the western half. The accounts had to be scrutinized by some one who knew the territory and the going and coming of actual and potential customers. Thus Mr. Callighen became head credit man for his division. His senior officers claim that he has more information in his head than could be contained in many files. His memory is remarkable. He has never forgotten the history of an account, although thousands of names have passed before his eyes. He recalls with pleasure the name of one customer who was on his first ledger and is still alive and doing business with the Company in his old name today—D. W. Clark, of Toronto. Many firms are still on his books but the personnel has changed through the years.

A credit man’s task is a difficult one for he must protect the Company’s interests and at the same time co-operate with the sales staff and, most important of all, avoid offending customers. Fairness, a retentive memory, and a flair for right-time walking are characteristics of a good credit man, and Mr. Callighen displayed all three in his work and he has trained many another in the difficult art. He is a director of the Canadian Credit Men’s Association.

He has been with the Company so long that he is regarded as a father by nearly every one in the big accounting department at 56 Church Street—in fact he is known as "Pop" to the rural folks. He has always been there as far back as any of his associates can remember, and it will be hard for them to imagine the place without him. He is one of the charter members of the 56 Church Street Club. His chief hobby is golf, either as a participant or a spectator. His enthusiasm for all manly exercises is second only to his attachment to his job. It was his practice on working days to arrive at least 15 minutes ahead of time and on Saturday afternoon he was first at the ball park. His son ‘‘Tatt’’ is the incarnation of his father’s love of sport—a noted professional hockey player.

Mr. Callighen is one of thirty persons entitled to wear the service button with three diamonds—a distinguished group who have spent their entire working life in the Company’s service, and whose minds hold a picture of the oil industry as it grew by dint of the work of their hands and brains.

A VISIT TO FORT NORMAN (Concluded from Page Six)

"You see, there aren’t many white men in the vicinity who would fish among the ice-yaks, but for the Indians they have always been suspicious of the oil well, giving it a wide berth because it smacks too much of big medicine or black magic. Fort Norman dressed in the warm sun, bees buzzed laboriously among the fireweed that flushed the pathways with color. A priest in overalls was working in a potato patch alongside the Catholic mission. Two miles and two hundred feet of tall grass, swishing their tails at pernicious bulldog flies. The only representatives of their respective genera within hundreds of miles, these animals were used to haul miscellaneous freight about the Fort. Near a tent squatted an ancient squash, a pipe wedged between her toothless gums, tending a caldron that hung over a fire.

At the foot of the embankment along the river front there were several scores, about forty feet in length, in various stages of construction; and around each hovered two or three men, sawing, hammering, chuckling. Most of these men were planning to essay free-lance freighting among the snows, taking supplies through the six turbulent miles of rapid dividing the upper and lower reaches of the Great Bear River. The season for water transportation in the North is comparatively short; the freighers would have to make hay while the sun shines; but for several weeks, being granted enough luck, they might earn fifty to one hundred dollars a day. As many as four round trips a day might be made; as much as two tons of freight might be carried on each; and the rate was three-quarters of a cent a pound.

A curious craft, a towing a variety of row-boats and canoes, came chugging down the Mackenzie and drew in towards the settlement. It was a commodious sloop, above which an awning was suspended by crossed poles, giving the effect of a sort of Chinese junk, and from it the whole boatmen, yells and whoops. As soon as the sloop was beached a group of youths swarmed over the side, and armed with guns and
MEDALS FOR TRUCK DRIVERS
By J. R. Simpson

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Safety League, in Toronto, on February 27, 155 silver medals and 83 bronze medals were awarded to Imperial Oil truck drivers. The silver medals were for drivers who had had no accidents for a period of two years; the bronze medals were for one year’s safe driving.

Imperial Oil trucks cover approximately 6,000,000 miles a year, nearly 3,000,000 of which are travelled in Ontario where motor traffic is heavier than in any other part of Canada. The fact that 238, or more than two-thirds, of the drivers covering this 3,000,000 miles have been awarded the medal of the Ontario Safety League for keeping clear of all accidents of every type is a record of which the Company is proud. While still short of absolute perfection (which would be impossible due to the fact that it sometimes takes two vehicles to cause an accident and the fault may lie with either), this result has not been accomplished without effort.

Every type of accident is required to be reported to headquarters in Toronto, whether the driver is involved in a serious crash or whether he just has a fender scratched by a side-swiping joy-rider.

Investigation of these accidents shows that the causes fall into three classifications: carelessness on the part of the driver; mechanical failure of his equipment; carelessness of an outside party. In other words, accidents are caused by any or all of three types of carelessness. Imperial Oil motor trucks are warned against such carelessness. They are taught that the courteous driver is usually the careful one. He feels responsible for the equipment in his charge and for the products he distributes. Repair garages have been established at easily accessible points in the province, so that these garages are convenient to drivers. An inspector with a service car is constantly on his rounds checking the Company’s motor equipment to guard against mechanical failure. The tires are renewed at proper intervals, oil and gasoline are carefully checked. In fact, each piece of Imperial Oil equipment is better cared for than the average privately owned motor car. As for carelessness on the part of others, Imperial Oil drivers are rigorously instructed in traffic laws, they are warned not to pass on hills, cut in, hog the centre of the road or insist on the right of way, and in that way allow a margin to take care of unforeseen happenings. Glaring headlights and poorly focused headlights are not allowed on Imperial equipment and drivers are instructed to slow up when children, boys on bicycles and other irresponsible persons are on the road.

It is impressed upon these drivers that the few minutes saved by hasty, discourteous, and therefore dangerous, driving are often saved at the cost of expensive and irreparable accidents.

We hope that when medals are given out next year by the Ontario Safety League our percentage of medal winners will have increased because our careful drivers are fully alert to the responsibility of keeping the Company’s trucks in first-class condition and their tires, brakes, lights and other accessories in good working order, and scrupulously observe traffic laws and the rules of road courtesy.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BENEFITS COMMITTEE
By J. R. Simpson

At the close of this my first year as Chairman of the Benefits Department, I feel that a few words about the work we have done together during that time for the mutual benefit of all of us in the Imperial Oil organization will not be amiss.

A happy citizen is, generally speaking, a useful citizen, and he is helpful to all those with whom he comes into contact, whether it be socially or in a business way. It has been the endeavor of Imperial Oil to contribute to the welfare of all communities where the Company is active, through giving thought and care to the welfare of its employees. This has been accomplished by looking after employees during sickness; by permitting them through the Co-operative Investment Trust to participate in the Company’s earnings; by enabling them to provide for their dependents through insurance policies at the group rate; by providing pensions for them when they have reached retiring age or when their length of service warrants it, and furnishing through the Joint Councils a medium of exchange of ideas between the different departments of our organization for the welfare of all of us. It has been the endeavor of the Benefits Committee to carry on in the established traditions this work which was inaugurated several 16 years ago.

While it would take too long to tell the complete story of the work done in 1934, one of the more important happenings was the inclusion of the employees of the Imperial Pipe Line Company among those entitled to receive the aforementioned benefits and the formation of a Joint Council to represent them. As Chairman of the Committee, I should like to comment on the splendid co-operation we have received. May I take this opportunity to thank the members of the Joint Councils who have given so generously of their time and effort and who have co-operated with the Committee in every possible way. May I also thank the heads of departments who have assisted the Committee by interpreting to their staffs the decisions of the Board of Directors.

Carrying on the work of a Company so large as ours is too great a task for one small group, but through the co-operation of our many members the burden for each is lessened, thus proving the truth of the old saying, “He who helps another helps himself.”

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Joint Councils
Joint Councils

EDMONTON MARKETING DIVISION
Standing—F. T. Norris (Chairman), G. A. Ferguson, S. Pettigrew, J. E. Taylor, J. E. Akitt, S. L. Kauferman.

OTTAWA
(Left to right)—A. W. Blake, G. M. Thomas (Chairman), D. R. Devon, Walter H. E. Suvester.

QUEBEC
(Left to right)—Seated—A. Lanquette, D. Kerr (Chairman), I. J. Shanahan. Standing—R. J. Forrester, E. Paquet.
Joint Councils

WINNIPEG MARKETING DIVISION

TORONTO MARKETING DIVISION
(Left to right)—J. Whitehead, W. Street, T. H. Hanks, W. Devall, F. B. White, D. S. Bell (Chairman), H. Atkinson, A. Thomson, L. Wilson, T. Patten, W. Troscian.

PROGRESS IN FIRST AID AT SARNIA REFINERY

ALTHOUGH a fully equipped first aid room and a qualified attendant have always held a recognized place in refinery organization there has been an increasing tendency in recent years to obtain greater benefit from this department in relieving minor illnesses as well as caring for injuries.

Formerly, the number of employees with first aid training in most industries was very limited, and in many cases confined to a few key men, perhaps one to each major department or shift. Now, this training has become an important feature, and in some industries a compulsory part, of every workman’s qualifications.

The increased interest in and attention to first aid are due to the realization of the reduced severity of injuries when each and every cut or scratch receives prompt treatment, and to the fact that men who understand the various injuries that may occur seem to develop a "safety-mindedness", remembering the various hazards that exist and therefore avoiding them.

In 1933, after a survey which showed approximately thirty employees in Sarnia Refinery with some first aid training, it was decided to extend this work with the ultimate objective of having every man on process work with at least a first aid certificate, and as many qualified men as possible in the mechanical department. Process workmen are frequently alone or working at isolated jobs and the importance to them of knowing what to do in case of injury is greater than would at first appear. The maintenance men are not so frequently alone, and there is usually a first aid attendant on duty during their working day, but if one of their number is seriously injured improper handling at the time of the accident may mean the difference between recovery and permanent disability.

A new member of our first aid staff, Louis Crockett, had several years’ experience as instructor. Teams he had trained (Canadian National Railways, Sarnia Collegiate, the Boy Scouts, etc.) had all given good accounts of themselves, the Collegiate teams having won both Junior and Senior Military District No. 1 First Aid Trophies and Ontario Provincial Championships in their respective classes every year from 1929 to 1932 inclusive and the Senior Dominion Championship in 1911.

For the fall of 1933, Mr. Crockett organized a series of classes designed to give every man an opportunity to obtain first aid training. These classes, with a total membership of over one hundred, were held on Monday and Wednesday evenings and at 1:20 and 3:10 o’clock on Wednesday afternoons. As the same lesson was given to each class, each man regardless of what shift he was on or what his evening appointments might be, could drop in at one or other of the classes and keep up with his work.
It was intended that enrollment should be entirely voluntary but while the response was very gratifying it was found that some parts of the refinery were not adequately represented and it was necessary to request a few of the process men to take the course.

Similar classes were held in the spring of 1934 with an enrollment of about seventy-five. Followed by three men's classes and a ladies' class for the fall of 1934, the total enrollment being over sixty.

Supplementing Mr. Crockett's instruction, several of the local doctors have been kind enough to talk to the classes on subjects related to their work. These lectures have been greatly appreciated.

An occasional social evening, with cards and refreshments, has also proved a popular feature.

Interest in the first aid work was manifested by the formation of several teams in the fall of 1933. The fact that many of the men are repeating the course to obtain greater proficiency and higher standing indicates that this interest continues.

The teams started intensive training, practising night after night at their homes or at the plant, and in February three of them were examined by Major Geo. J. Delaney, M.S.M., Field Secretary of the St. John Ambulance Association, in the elimination contests for the Provincial and Dominion Championships. The winning team was examined on March 17th by Col. J. N. Clarke, C.B.E., M.C.M.D., in these Provincial and Dominion competitions, in which the examiner instead of the competitors does the travelling. As it was each member of the first effort our team was eligible for the Tyro Trophy, and if they had won the Ontario Provincial Trophy they would have become candidates for the Dominion Trophy. Although they did not win they may well be proud of their showing in both contests.

The Directors of Imperial Oil presented a splendid trophy for annual competition between first aid teams in Sarnia Refinery and provided for individual prizes for the members of the winning team each year. Major Delaney very kindly came from Toronto to conduct the 1934 competition in which four teams participated and he congratulated all the men on the showing they made.

Members of the active teams are given a few days practical work in the first aid room at Plant No. 3 that will make them familiar with the equipment available and with the kind of injuries we encounter and the treatment each requires. They are provided with metal badges for the sleeves of their working clothes and enameled buttons for their dress clothes, and in any case of fire or emergency in the plant they report for first aid duty. The value of this assistance was amply demonstrated in an unforgettable accident last April. All but one of the injured men were cared for before the doctors arrived.

Another phase of first aid training is that used by the electricians. Every two weeks a half hour of practice in the Schneider method of artificial respiration is conducted by the foreman, James Walterhouse, who sees to it that every member of his staff is proficient in this work.

The distribution of certificates, vouchers, and medallions to members of the 1933 classes by G. L. Stewart in May, and to the members of the early 1934 classes in December, when Mr. Rutherford presented the certificates and Mr. Bradley presented the Imperial Oil Trophy and the individual prizes to the winning team, were enjoyable evenings which must have been gratifying to all concerned.

Our present standing with approximately one hundred and forty trained men and nearly fifty more in training is a real beginning in first aid work, but it is only a beginning. As the benefit to each individual is more fully appreciated our progress will be more rapid.


dr.

James E. Leach

By L. R. V.

James E. Leach, of the Traffic Department, Imperial Oil Limited, died on January 26th after an illness of one month. He had been with the Imperial Oil organization for over 18 years and was well known throughout all the departments at 56 Church Street.
accepted. He was at Sedan when the French surrendered, and was honorably discharged on account of having lost one good eye, and because his parents protested that he had enlisted without their permission.

He no sooner got back from the war when his love of adventure took him to sea. He sailed before the mast on several English vessels, one of them being the old Cedric of the White Star Line. In 1876 he landed in New Orleans, and decided to quit the sea. About this time he married, which may have had something to do with his decision to live ashore. In 1883 he took his family to Texas. Texas at this time was a desert and an outlaw country, and Mr. Rameo rode many times as a member of the vigilante committee. The difficulties had a strenuous time maintaining law and order in that wild country, and often when riding in search of wrongdoers they took no time to cook food, but lived on parched corn and smoked beef.

Oklahoma was his next stopping place, but after three years he decided to move to Canada, where he was in 1907. He and his five sons went in for stock raising, and got along well, but suffered considerable financial losses in the petroleum slump in cattle prices. Just about this time he became Imperial Oil agent at Rochfort Bridge. In this work his early training in prompt and orderly dealing has been a valuable asset. His standing in the community is such that he has been made Justice of the Peace, and been given other responsible appointments.

CALGARY

By S. P. TUCKER

THROUGH the transfer of H. A. Campbell to Toronto, Calgary's Sales Division has once more had to endure one of those separations so disturbing to the emotions. Although friendship remains, it lacks the warmth of daily renewals.

Mr. Campbell is one of the old guard. He joined the Company in 1911 in Winnipeg, was transferred to Calgary Division in 1913, shortly after the formation of that Division. He has served in several capacities, holding the position of credit man for the last few years. His recent promotion is to the Marketing Accounting Department, under Mr. T. J. Miller, in charge of credits.

His consistent interest in the welfare of the Company, his orderly and methodical work, has earned him this recognition. He carries with him to Toronto the respect and liking of his fellow workers and his good wishes for his continued success. Prior to his departure for his new duties, on behalf of the staff, E. H. Teagle, Manager of Calgary Marketing Division, in a affectionately known to his associates) a gold pocket watch was presented. Mr. Teagle expressed regret at the departure of one who had become an integral part of the Calgary organization, and the hope that Mr. Campbell would have a long and distinguished career.

J. R. Rameo

TOORONTO

BANQUET TO E. A. CALLIGHEN

By G. THOMSON

A BANQUET was held in honor of E. A. Callighen at the King Edward Hotel on Friday evening, February 1st, at which time an attendance of some 70 persons, representing all departments of the Company.

The dinner commenced at 6.30 p.m., followed by remarks from the chairman, D. S. Bell, who referred to Mr. Callighen's many sterling qualities. On behalf of them all, F. A. Hogan, in his usual witty style, presented a case of pipes to Mr. Callighen. This was followed by a speech from J. R. Simpson, Gen. E. A. Oliver, retired manager of Toronto Division, then spoke, referring to his long association with Mr. Callighen and remarking that his tenure of office was one of the happiest periods of his life. Commemorative singing was next on the program, but space will not permit mention of the many really fine soloists in our organization, whose qualities in this respect were such a surprise.

PRESENTATION TO E. A. CALLIGHEN

By G. THOMSON

ON THURSDAY, January 31st, a large gathering of employees assembled in the Accounting Department, at 53 Church Street, Toronto, to witness the presentation of a cabinet of silverware to E. A. (Pip) Callighen on the occasion of his retirement after a period of 45 years with the Company.

D. S. Bell, Manager of Toronto Marketing Division, made this presentation, referred to Mr. Callighen's long and faithful service, and his dedication to the Company. Mr. Callighen's work was highly appreciated, and his dedication to the Company was recognized by all. No words were more appropriate than those spoken by Mr. Bell, who expressed the hope that Mr. Callighen would enjoy his retirement and continue to be an active member of the Community.

J. W. SUTTON PROMOTED

By A. L.

AN INTERESTING news item is the announcement of the appointment of J. W. (Bob) Sutton, as an Assistant Chief of the Toronto Marketing Division Accounting Department.

Mr. Sutton commenced his career with the Company in 1916, as a stock clerk in the Saskatchewan office. In 1918 he was transferred to Toronto Division, where he remained until 1921, when he was again transferred to Hamilton Office. Returning to Toronto in 1926 he considerably furthered his accounting knowledge, and for the past year had been attached to the staff of Treasurer's office at Sarnia.

His many friends will receive with pleasure the news of his recent promotion, and join in wishing him success.

56 CHURCH STREET CLUB

By John Knox

WHEN Mr. A. E. Burns, Director in charge of the Company's South American operations retired, the staff at the office prepared a moving picture illustrative of every phase of oil field activity in that
as a token of the esteem in which
she and "Alie" are held by their former
associates. The hope was also ex-
pressed that at a later date Mr.
Barnes would again entertain with
his pictures of Peru.

The 56 Church Street Club rep-
resentatives have captured the burn-
cers in the City Intermediate B
Basketball Championship. Our
Three Star Quarter, champions of
the Toronto Central YMCA
League, defeated the strong
YMHA aggregation by the nar-
rowest possible margin in the home
and home games.

In the first encounter Y.M.H.A
won by the score of 14-11, but on
the return fixture the Three Star
overcame this handicap and won
the round 60 to 51.

A great deal of credit is due to
our boys as they played throughout
the season without adequate re-
serve strength and their narrow
defeat by the Hechres in the final
of the play-offs was the only
occasion on which their colours were
lowered throughout the year. The
team was under the leadership of
Gord Neill, of Argus fame, and
consisted of McFarlane, Lint, Collins,
Glenie, Jackson, Polson and Grant.

The arrangements of the Club
are hereby tendered.

In the Toronto Hockey League,
our Club team has reached the
play-off stage, being linked with
Assistant Masters, last year's
champions of their group, in the
"canalish" series. Some of the old
favorites have donned their skates
again to assist the Three Stars, and
Kenny Kane, Johnnie Macpherson
and Freddie Burnett were to be
the least of it, active in upholding
the reputations they gained in the
old Ravina days. The team is
under the management of Jack
Collins and we hope to see them
playing this season with the "Spark-plugs"
of this group.

The Badminton group continue
their usual activities on the
Metropolitan courts and have
reached the final stages in their
various competitions. The rep-
resentatives from this group are
taking part in the Toronto Com-
mercial Badminton League, and at
present are in proud possession of

the top rung of the ladder. New-
spaper reports of their activities
affectionately refer to our team as the "Chibers".

The Contract Bridge controversy
is being carried on at the Toronto
White Club in weekly sprints.

The events of the social year
promise to be the Annual Dance
of the 56 Church Street Club, which
is being held in the Crystal Ball-
room of the Royal York Hotel, on
Friday, March 2nd. Music is to
be supplied by Stan St. John's
Orchestra and, as it is some con-
siderable time since the boys and
girls stepped out, a great deal of
interest is being taken in this fun-
ction. A strong committee is hand-
ling the arrangements and tickets
will soon be at a premium.

Which reminds us! On the coldest
day of the winter, when the
thermometer was somewhere around
27 degrees below zero at Port
Norman, the Secretary was busi-
engaged making reservation for the
Annual Picnic to be held on
July 19th.

This concludes our broadcast
and we will next be on the air with
March 2nd.

MONTREAL

Mr. McMech, superintendent of
Imperial Oil's Montreal
East Refinery recently received
the following letter from John Howard :

This is the first opportunity that I
have had to give a written expression of
graditude on behalf of my parents, sister
and myself for your part in rescuing the
body of my brother Edward and for your
generosity in meeting the expenses
involved. Especially your abnegation of the
situation for my parents, who are both in
poor health. And your attitude in Montreal
was the best possible consolation to me--a
stranger in the city under those circumstances.

You should be congratulated on your
kindness and efficiency in getting the
search parties under way as soon as
requested by us. It did seem urgent
for us to complete the search before the
foul of more fresh snow. And it is heartily
great that our party was the one to
accomplish its end after the police had
been hunting in vain for a week.

When I now reflect on these events
and the numerous small favors shown
me by yourself and the Imperial Oil
employees, I wonder a little that your
firm gave me assistance to the extent
that it did. However, I am assured
that it is deeply appreciated, and when
I tell Montreal it was with the conviction
that had been dealing with "white men".

Edward Howard was a part
employee at the refinery. He
disappeared while on a hunting
trip. His family fearing some mishap
had occurred, reported his
unusual absence to Mr. McMech.
A search party was organized, and
the lad's body located. He had
been accidentally shot. The lad
had been alone in Montreal, his
family living in an Ontario city.
His brother, who had gone to
Montreal, to help find him, was
given every assistance by Mr. McMech.

DON'T BLAME GASOLINE

Not many days ago one of our
newspapers carried an item
concerning an accident wherein a
woman narrowly escaped being
burned to death. She was using
gasoline to clean woodwork. Such
accidents are regrettably frequent,
but what made this one stand out
was the headline: "Gasoline Blamed."

Who blame gasoline? In this
enlightened age everybody knows
that gasoline is a dangerous ex-
plosive and that it is the ability of
this fluid to suddenly release its
terrific energy not the combustion
chamber of an automobile engine
that enables us to travel so swiftly
and inexpensively along our high-
ways. But a vast difference be-
tween carefully timed explosions
in a retractorically designed to
be received and dispensed of from
and removing Providence by scratching
of hardwood floors and other interior
workplaces with gasoline and steel
wire.

Gasoline should be handled only
by those who understand its
peculiarities, and are trained to
use it safely. The next time you
are tempted to use it to clean
floors or rime out the old garter,
remember that if anything happens
it is your fault. Don't blame gasoline.