WATER BABIES IN PERU

Meet the members of the Negritos Juvenile Swimming Club who are about to bathe in the green waters of the pool built and maintained by the International Petroleum Company. These children of the Company’s employees at Negritos have had a fine instruction training under the guidance of “Tony” Murray. Every one of them, from three-year olds to “teen-agers,” is a fearless swimmer.

WHAT PRICE KEROSENE?

He that would please all and himself too,

Undertakes what he cannot do.

(Scottish Proverb)

SOME years ago an oil company faced a problem fraught with unusual possibilities for trouble. It had in stock in a certain town a sufficient quantity of kerosene to supply the needs of that community for a period of one week. Storms disorganized transport services and it became apparent that this stock could not be replenished in less than approximately one month. Immediately the manager of this company received a bid for the stock on hand at a premium price and this was followed by successive bids from other parties at continuously advancing prices. What was the value of the stock of kerosene under these circumstances? It was not the price which had prevailed up to the time the transport services had been disrupted because people were clearly willing to pay more.

What was the manager to do? Was he to sell it to the first bidder at the price offered or at the price that had prevailed under normal circumstances? If he did this he would be open to criticism on two grounds, one that he favored a certain bidder, second that no reasonable business man could be expected to sell his product in anything but the best market.

On the other hand, if he disposed of the stock to the highest bidder he would be castigated as a profiteer, for the highest price would unquestionably entail an abnormal margin of profit.

Had the business not been dependent for its continued welfare on the goodwill of the community he might have sold to the highest bidder. Certainly there were no moral or business reasons to restrain him from doing so. Obviously the true value of the kerosene at that time was the price set upon it by the highest bidder.

After a few hours of great perplexity the manager made a discreet move. He went to the mayor of the community, outlined the situation and offered to turn the stock over to the municipal authorities at the price which had prevailed before the threat of scarcity had appreciated its value. In an unguarded moment the municipal authorities accepted his offer. They undertook to ration the supply, but this of course could not be done in a way that would please anybody. They had first contemplated rationing the product at a reasonable premium which would have added a little unexpected revenue to the coffers of the municipality, but the very thought of this was hateful to the majority of the citizens. Finally they disposed of the stock at the normal price and on a basis of allocating a certain proportion to each consumer. But conscientious as their efforts were they earned them no thanks. Instead they incurred ill-will to such a degree that many of the city officers failed to survive the next election.
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE GREEN POST CARD

By John Hughes

Illustration by J. W. McLaren

The green post card brings you an Imperial Oil Road Map

MY FULL name is "Imperial Touring Service Postcard" and although I'm not as beautiful as a picture postcard, I'm much more useful than most picture post cards could ever be, ever hope to be. All they're good for, usually, is to look sweet and pretty and have "Wish you were here" scribbled on their backs and be mailed postally to envious cousins back home. But we little green post cards have a real mission in life. We are charged with the responsibility of obtaining the finest reliable road information for some travelers or travelers—perhaps a whole family! We are the means of bringing them a set of Imperial Oil road maps with the route of their proposed trip clearly marked! We are the means of keeping them on the right road, helping them avoid detours, showing them points of interest, and doing ever so many other things that make all the difference between a wonder-fully enjoyable motor-trip and mere locomotion between two given geographical points.

I'd better start at the beginning because every proper autobiography starts that way. Several thousand of us were born almost simultaneously in a big printing plant in Toronto. I have learned that our introduction to the touring world was the result of much thought and careful planning, so that we could help as many people as possible in their travels along our highways. When I was only three days old, I left my noisy home to begin my career (post cards, you know, grow up more quickly than humans do). With several hundred of my brothers I was wrapped in heavy paper and almost before I was accustomed to the dark and quiet of these confined quarters, we were hustled roughly onto something that roared and moved rapidly. More rough handling, and then began a steady clackety-clack! We wondered what could be happening, when all at once we were tossed through the air and I heard a man say, "This parcel is for that little town up near Winnipeg." Of course, we were all terribly curious and thrilled with the feeling of adventure! Finally, we arrived at the little town and after more thumping and roaring our wrapper was torn off and we found ourselves taking up residence in an Imperial Oil Service Station. We all knew what our job was, for we heard Bob, the service station manager, telling his assistant that whenever a motorist drove in for gasoline, oil, or one of the many other Imperial services, the post card should be taken off and given to him. I was pretty far down in the pile and I used to watch the boys hurry out to attend to the needs of the customers, and was just interested in the expressions on the faces of those who received one of us. I used to imagine the conversation and wonder what happened after my green brothers after they left me. I used to wonder too, what sort of person would get me. There was one regular customer I liked especially. Every time his thirty car pulled into the driveway, I used to hope that I would work for him. Sure enough, one day, just as I reached the top of the pile, Doctor Jones (the owner of the thirty car) came in. My heart dropped almost as quickly as the 3-Star gasoline in the pump for I was afraid somebody else might come in and carry me off before Bob could give me to Doctor Jones. Just then I heard the Doctor remark that he was thinking of taking a trip out to the Pacific coast and he was wondering if there was any place where he could get up-to-date information about the roads and which road would be the quickest because he was a very busy man and couldn't afford to spend too long on the trip. And Bob (good fellow) said, "Doctor, here is just the thing you need," lifting me from the top of the pile. How my black ink shone with pride and the desire to impress the Doctor! He read me over (both sides) very carefully, muttering absent-mindedly, "Yes, do take a look at the oil," and then, quite impressed, "Say, I am going to send this card in to your Touring Service right away. A splendid idea! I didn't know Imperial Oil gave this service. You thank you very much, Bob." Things happened quickly after that. The Doctor took me home and introduced me to his charming wife and children who were going to take the trip too. After they had exclaimed over me and praised me to the skies, the Doctor filled in my blanks (provided for just that purpose) with questions about roads and routines. Why are doctors such atrocious writers? Then he affixed to one of my corners a handsome reproduction of a Graham-Greenhalgh map and said, "Who wants to take this down to the mail box at the corner?" The children were all eager, but a boy who looked very much like his father, was given the task. Eagerly seizing me, he ran gaily out of the house, followed by an excited dog who nearly bit me in two.

Next thing I knew, I was thrust through an aperture and fell headlong into darkness, landing on what felt like a heap of paper. I had hardly regained my breath, when with a rattle the box was opened and along with a lot of other cards and envelopes I was gathered into a big bag which my nose told me was destined for the post office. Once you've smelt a mail bag you never forget it. At the post office we were run through a stamping machine—a painful process I must confess—which quite ruined the beautiful picture of King George. Then I was tossed into another mail bag on which I saw in my flight the label "Toronto." The bag was closed, thrown about rather rudely, and again I heard the unmistakable rhythm of train wheels. This time they led me to a little song, "Imperial—Imperial—Imperial—Touring—Service." It was great to be going back to my home town with my precious message and I'm afraid I was a bit bountiful in my manner towards the other post cards and letters in the bag. Still, some of them were pretty snooty too, and even a post card has its pride.

There was great deal of bustle at Toronto and I went through the post office this time as first class mail instead of parcel post and was tied up with a whole raft of letters of all sizes addressed to 56 Church Street. My, I was excited! My destination was soon reached. I knew it immediately because as the postman opened the door I saw "Imperial Touring Service" lettered very distinctly on the glass. The bundle of letters was handed to a pleasant young fellow in a suit. He untied the cord and, to my pleasant surprise, several of my brothers were in the same bundle and we joined ever so many more on the broad corridor. Some of them were rather distinct relatives but we all have a marked family resemblance.

Before we were taken in hand by the Touring Service staff, I noticed that the card immediately above had come from Florida and was asking for a route from Halifax to Edmonton. The one below me came from North Bay and asked how far it was to California and what would be the shortest route. Those men in the Imperial Touring Service didn't allow us cards to engage in conversation just then for they read our messages, got out maps, compared routes, mileages, information about detours, ferry rates and all that a motor tourist wishes to know. Then they marked out the best routes in green pencil (because green allows the motorist to read through it). Extra maps were added as well as descriptive booklets. Then a note was written to the inquirer, and the speedy way those letters were turned out certainly kept the stenographers busy.

As my Dr. Jones' message was answered early that morning I slipped under a file basket on the head Touring Service man's desk where I could remain hidden and watch all that went on.

Maps! They publish the Imperial Oil Road Maps of Canada which have been developed to a high state of efficiency. Then, there are maps of every state in the American Union, strip maps giving details of special sections, maps of Mexican roads—practically every passable road in North America is represented in that collection. There was a big file of ferry time tables, and stacks and stacks of the beautiful booklets our Provincial Governments publish setting forth the delights of touring in Canada. Booklets, too, from...
many other sources. They all seemed so inviteing that I couldn't see how a motorist would be able to make a choice. I had more than one glimpse of the detour bulletin, telling which roads were closed or in poor condition, and the grading or paving was being carried on or likely to start, and how to get around these difficult spots.

From my hiding place I had many surreptitious conversations with my brother cards as their messages were looked after. One of them came from a disillusioned person whose inquiry read, "Are the roads fair or just rotten?" There was the prospective moun
tain touriste (I must have been a professional strong man) who asked "As I am pulling a cabin trailer, I am wondering if you could tell me if these mountains are hard to climb?" There were several cards from furi
cious folks who asked for routes "that do not take us through big cities." There was a letter from a little girl in South Africa who wanted pictures of Canada. One person wanted to know how long the journey would take in her particular car. Others asked for approxi
mate costs of oil and gasoline for their proposed trips. Some wanted the shortest way, others the most pic
turesque. A Scottish gentleman, who had visited Cana
da when the Imperial Touring Service was a mere infant service, wrote recently for maps for several friends who were desirous of making the most of their contemplated visit to Canada. The staff are always pleased to hear from their annual correspondents, and have a file of "thank you's".

People kept coming in, too. Employees in the Imperial Oil building on vacation; seasonal city dwellers trying to escape the heat or learn something about the great world outside of Toronto; visitors passing through, wanting to get a reliable route, or further travels.

Requests from across the border are many; there are several from across the Atlantic and I heard the boys say that they have even been asked to suggest motor tours of the British Isles.

Anxious mothers ask if it will be all right to take the baby on long trips; people with delicate constitu
tions request routes compatible with their doctors' advice, holiday-makers want to go to places where rain will not be likely to ruin their longed-for two weeks off. But the most astounding request of all, the one that almost shattered the nerves-fare of those lads who cater to tourist whims, was the gentle inquiry for a route along dirt roads! I heard them say that this person must be a discerning man who would be a marvellous fellow traveller, and they carefully green
carded as many dirt roads—not gravel, mind you—
as they could discover on his itinerary. I believe they are still shaking their heads over this refreshingly out
of-the-way request.

I was having the time of my life when the pleasant young man's brown-eyed stenographer pounced on me and attached me to the copy of his letter to Dr. Jones. Then I was sucked away in a folder and cooped up in a steel cabinet until the other day when the brown-eyed girl took me out and fastened me to another letter from Dr. Jones. Was he pleased with his journey? Well, I'll say! And he used Imperial Oil Products all the way. Oh, dear, I suppose I'll have to go back into that cabinet again, and leave the good work to the next generation of little green Imperial Touring Service Post cards!!

The port works at Cartagena, Colombia.
IMPERIAL OIL REVIEW

Listened to the siren songs of money-lenders and promoters of precious minerals, instead of investing some of its earnings in expansion and development and paying its way as it went, its situation would not be the happy one that it is to-day, and the shareholders would have suffered.

There has been submitted to your auditors a statement showing the invested capital of the Company in British Columbia. It is hoped that this statement will establish to the satisfaction of the Commission the absence of any inflation in the Company's figures; for, as you know, every dollar is carried on the Company's books for good-will. Any depreciation charges do not exceed the rates in the Federal Government schedules. It is our submission that Imperial Oil Limited has been reasonable successful in the operation of its business because its labor policies have promoted efficiency and insured dependability of supply, because it has continuously engaged in research to improve its products and to develop new markets, and because it has continued to invest, and because in the sunny days it did not wander off into the shadier pastures of high finance.

In British Columbia, as elsewhere in the world, coal is in competition with other fuels. This may be regrettable, but it is unavoidable. In our opinion the coal industry is now in almost exactly the same position as the industrial steel industry some years ago when electric light ousted the kerosene lamp. The petroleum industry then was faced with a rapidly diminishing market for its major product, kerosene. The crisis was averted by the evolution of the internal combustion engine. In this the petroleum industry played an important part by developing fuels that increased the efficiency, service and value of the internal combustion engine, thus extending its use and enabling the market for petroleum products to expand.

Because the livery stable has given place to the garage, it is not suggested that the horse is entirely displaced in our scheme of things. The horse has its uses, but it cannot and never could hold the place of the internal combustion engine. Likewise there are many uses of the usefulness of coal, in so far as its application has until now been developed by the coal industry. It is not in line with modern thought that inventive genius should be hobbled so as to preserve the old order. Rather, it should be stimulated to accelerate the development of new and better ways of doing things. The evolution of the modern passenger and cargo vessels, the development of the Diesel engine, and the greater efficiency and higher performance required by industry and transport, all have been irresistible forces that have worked against the interests of coal.

Reference has been made before this Commission and before the Tariff Board to an alleged monopolistic character aczer of the petroleum industry, and to some monopolistic agencies which interfere with sources of supply for so-called independent marketers. Anyone who will drive for a few minutes around Vancouver or Victoria or any other city in Canada, will perceive how1 such suggestions of monopoly are. Instead of monopoly, there is excessive competition resulting in an extravagant and unnecessary duplication of sales outlets. Imperial Oil Limited has in its origin pioneered the petroleum industry in this Province in 1918, not only as to provide continuous employment at fair wages for a number of people, and to afford a sufficient and dependable service to all consumers. There is not one point in this Province where motorists, miners, fishermen or lumbermen may require petroleum products and at which they are unable to procure them from Imperial Oil Limited. Now the Company is paying numerous penalties for its pioneering effort. Numerous regulations which applied when it established its services at various points have been abrogated or revised to the advantage of newcomers who, in this Company's opinion, provide no necessary service.

With regard to suggestions that some mysterious influence impedes the flow of petroleum products to so-called independents, that is pure fiction. Anyone who has the money can buy cargo lots of gasoline or other products at Pacific Coast points. There are plenty of refiners and marketers who are not only willing but eager to sell.

Recently when the Tariff Board sat in Vancouver, one of the Council discussed the "Sales Realization" method of accounting, and probably made a case that would seem plausible to those who are not acquainted with its application and with the conditions governing the operation of the petroleum industry. The Sales Realization system is a recognized system which Imperial Oil Limited has always used in computing profits and determining inventory values. To the knowledge of the Company there is no better system to give a true picture of costs and values and, as with any system, temporary technical irregularities of markets cannot be accepted as a principle by which to condemn it. Our Company's business is that of buying crude oil and processing and selling the products of that crude oil in more than 700 different forms. When it buys crude oil it pays for it on the basis of what the crude contains. A crude oil that is rich in gasoline commands a higher price than a crude oil which contains a small quantity of gasoline. A crude oil having a large fuel oil content brings a lower price to the producer than a crude oil which has a small fuel oil content.

What the refiner must do is to buy the crude oil that will most readily meet the needs of the territory served by the refinery in which that crude oil can be processed.

In all the principal crude oil producing fields in the Western Hemisphere the price of crude oil increases as the gravity becomes lighter or, in other words, as the gasoline content increases; and, conversely, the price declines as the fuel oil content increases. This is a condition not peculiar to the American fields but to other oil fields throughout the world.

If we buy our raw materials on the basis of the value they contain it is only reasonable that we should account for them on the same basis by apportioning costs to marketable products in the same proportion as the raw material is determined by its content of various products.

A CREDITABLE RECORD

O F LATE, Big Business has begun to talk more freely about itself in the columns of the newspapers, and the story it has to tell is one entirely to its credit. Instead of being the pernicious monster of popular fancy, it is heartening even to hear it called itself as humane, fair to labor, solicitous for the welfare of its employees and their dependents, and making, for the most, not more than a modest return on its huge investment.

Imperial Oil recently stated that last year it earned slightly more than three million dollars from Canadian manufacturing and marketing operations. Such profits might strike the average person as being pretty frisky for these times. But to earn that sum, Imperial Oil had to manufacture and market goods worth $823 million dollars, or, in other words, for every dollar of gross turnover, its profit was less than four cents. The storekeeper, it was pointed out, who sold goods worth $8,280 in the course of a year, and made a profit of only $30, would not be regarded as enjoying fat profits, would he?

Yet that is the ratio of Imperial Oil's business for 1934.

It is well that wage-earners should get these facts into their minds. There has been far too much wild and wholly misleading talk about Big Business and its alleged heartless towards its workers. But the rest-room, the plant canteens, the sick benefits, the nursing services, pension plans, vacations with pay, softball and hockey teams—and the small profits—go far to brand it as a slander on honest industry.

The Hamilton Review, July 12, 1935.

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FOURTH CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST TERMINATED

Participants in the Fourth Co-Operative Investment Trust of Imperial Oil Limited received their stock certificates early in August and the books of one of the most successful of the trusts were finally closed.

Shares distributed at the termination of the Trust totalled 208,228 and their market value at the time of distribution was in excess of $4,000,000, although participants in the Trust actually paid in only about $1,500,000. The discrepancy was made up by appreciation in the market value of the stock over the period, by the Company's contribution of nearly $800,000 and by accumulations of dividends and accrued account.

There were 3,557 participants in the Fourth Trust. Each of these made a profitable investment. Probably in many cases contributions were made at the expense of some hardship or privation but the faith of the participant has been amply justified and it is urged now that the fruit of this thrift has come into his hands he will retain it and give no heed to suggestions which may be made to exchange it for other assets or interest. After a period of years experience has proved that those who retained their stock in the Company exercised the best judgment and profited most.

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MERCY FLIGHT

By FLIGHT LIEUT. C. R. DUNLAP, R.C.A.F.

The aircraft illustrated above took part in the Mercy Flight described in the following article.

ON THE high unsettled plateau south-east of the town of Vernon, B.C., a party of men was engaged in constructing a dam for an irrigation system. One Sunday the resident engineer, a keen fisherman, had gone fishing alone at a lake a mile from the camp. He failed to return at the appointed time, so a search party was organized without delay. By careful tracking it was ascertained that the missing man had found the lake but instead of arriving at the west side he had skirted it and approached from the east. It was evident he had used a raft found at the water’s edge, but no tracks leading away from the lake could be discovered. It was known definitely that the engineer had in his possession a box of matches, but nowhere was a smoke signal to be seen.

For three days the search continued. The thick timber and the underbrush made travel slow and difficult. No clue other than the raft could be found. Even bloodhounds were unable to pick up the scent and get on the trail. The natural conclusion was that the fisherman had met his death by drowning.

There were some, however, who refused to believe this and asked the aid of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Headquarters consented and a machine from the Salmon Arm base was despatched immediately. At Vernon, an observer familiar with the country and the details of the search was taken on board and the party proceeded to the plateau.

What seemed hopeless and futile to those upon the ground seemed even more so to the crew of the aircraft. It would be practically impossible to sight a man in such thick timber. The only hope was a smoke signal but there was none to be seen. From low altitudes the shore of all the lakes were scanned in vain.

On the following day every inch of the likely ground was covered systematically. Then, almost in despair, the pilot landed to confer with members of the ground party seen by a lake. What a miserable place to land—a tiny lake, 4,000 feet above sea level, filled with drift and surrounded by high trees! That landing however, led to a hunch which turned out to be correct.

Working on the assumption that the engineer would strike out at right angles to the lake, the crew of the aircraft decided to fly in a similar direction. Ten minutes by air would be equivalent to a couple of days wandering on foot. Abiding strictly by the hunch, the course was flown as if the objective were directly ahead. The clock ticked off nine minutes, then ten, then eleven minutes; the tendency to turn back was almost irresistible, for surely it was impossible that such a distance had been covered by the lost man.

The height of the plateau was here almost 6,000 feet. The timber coverage was less dense and with renewed hope the crew peered intently towards the treeless spaces. Suddenly something in the centre of a clearing caught their attention! Apparently motionless, it stood out in contrast to the gagny background. The aircraft descended in a glide, three pairs of eyes glued on this object which appeared to change position and on a clorer view leaped as if in joy. The joyful feeling was mutual, for in another instant the figure of a man was distinctly visible. The happiness however, was short lived.

The pilot divined until the observer was easily able to identify his friend. The observer waved his hand in recognition as the aircraft circled round and circled back for the final dive. The pilot raised his arm to signal for the release of the sack of food and the message box containing instructions, but slowly withdrew it. "There was no longer anyone in the clearing! I had flown across the wrong clearing! Utterly impossible, but to make sure all clearances were examined with the greatest care.

Why would a person, lost and starving, dash away from salvation? There must be a reason, but could the rational mind attempt to cope with one apparently charged by privation? The only reasonable deduction was that a mad dash for a lake was being made—the first thought of a lost man being of a landing area. Unfortunately the closest lake upon which the machine could alight was fifteen miles away! Gratefully, desperately, the party resumed the search, skirting the vacated clearing in ever-widening circles. Another enemy, time, was making rapid headway against them and defeat for that day seemed imminent. It was cruel to be compelled to turn back at this stage. It seemed as if food and shelter were being snatched from the very grasp of a starving man!

Sufficient daylight remained for making contact with the ground party and flying the leader to the scene of the mysterious disappearance. This meant two more landings in that wretched little lake.

A scene of profound and amazing simplicity arose. The leader of the ground party refused to fly! He had often remarked that under no circumstances would he ever enter an aircraft and suddenly confronted with the necessity he refused pointblank. Of those present he was the only one who had ever been in the district whence the man had vanished. Forceful argument and persuasion ensued until he reluctantly yielded and entered the machine somewhat nervously. Once in the air, however, he settled down like an old-timer. Furthermore, he experienced no difficulty in packing up his bearings which is more than can be said for most people on their initial flight. Throughout the whole trip he established his position. He stated that there would be no great difficulty in reaching the designated place. The cloud base would be low, possibly seven or eight hours, for the trail was not direct.

There still being no sign of the missing engineer, the aircraft returned. Arrangements for the following day were quickly made. A ground party of eight was to be set out at daybreak. Smoke signals would convey information from ground to air. Details were settled, and with the assurance of a meeting at “Mystery Clearing” at 1:30 p.m. next day, the machine was beached for its base.

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There was a brief chance that the message bag had followed the boat and that we might in some way be in search of it. Another message was dropped. There was no doubt this time about the reply and a sickening feeling possessed the crew of the aircraft. For a moment they were tempted to give up in despair. It had taken fully ten hours to find the missing men in the first instance. Even then the discovery was merely a stroke of luck.

The crew looked down at the party in the clearing. These men were waiting, depending on the aircraft for direction. And somewhere within a radius of three or four miles, perhaps within hearing distance of the noise of the engine, a man was surely approaching death by starvation. Twenty miles away, on the lake shore at Vernon, his wife and family, hopeful after the previous day's good news, anxiously awaited the final word.

There would be no help here and that helped to bring on the recurrence of the story of the search. Determination was nothing new. Thrice the search was resumed. The ground was carefully combed by flying back and forth in close lines, just as a farmer ploughs a field. At first a check the aircraft started the first leg of this tedious patrolled. Twenty, thirty, forty minutes passed. Not the slightest encouragement. A high line passed over them in "Mystery Clearing." They seemed to look amazingly to those luôn there.

At five o'clock there was still no sign. At five-fifteen hope was steadily on the wane. The aircraft was now so much to the westward that for a man to have travelled the distance on foot since the previous afternoon seemed almost impossible.

A report and instructions to the ground party should proceed further action. So the pilot commenced to think. As the aircraft banked, the eyes of the crew swept across a clearing already patrolled. Something was there which had not been seen before. With a burst of speed the machine approached for closer investigation. There was the missing man.

Concise instructions to the elosing one were quickly written. Under no circumstances was he to obstruct the clearing; a party of men would be brought to his assistance; food would be dropped from the aircraft on the next dive. Down soared the aircraft. The message bag landed within a few yards of its objective. The pilot ordered part of the emergency men to be released. Completing the circuit in a very tight turn, the machine soared down again and the food went tumbling along almost to the feet of the starving engineer.

With full power, the aircraft turned to carry the good news and to issue final instructions to the ground party. Little more than two miles from the missing man. Several small clearings lay along the most direct route, and it looked as though the inter-

VERNON, British Columbia. The country in the background is typical of that over which the search was made for the missing engineer.
T. C. McCobb ADVANCES AGAIN

Solely spoken, with keen kindly eyes that suggest both friendliness and ability, is T. C. McCobb, whose recent election to the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (N. J.), was welcome news to thousands in the employ of Imperial Oil. Mr. McCobb is well known and well liked in each of the Imperial refineries and marketing offices and also in the producing fields and refineries in Peru. Seven years ago he left the Imperial Oil organization, reluctantly enough from the standpoint of many personal considerations, such as numerous last friendships, to become Assistant Controller of Standard Oil (N. J.). His office with Imperial was that of Secretary-Treasurer to which he rose by dint of great application and rare ability over a period of quarter century. His first job in the oil industry was as a freight clerk and thereafter he filled various capacities in which he demonstrated a genius for the development of improved accounting systems. In 1914, when International Petroleum Company, Limited, took over the London and Pacific Petroleum Company’s holdings in Peru, Mr. McCobb

was sent south to install new accounting systems in the Producing and Marketing Departments and his excellent work there won recognition in the form of his appointment as Chief Accountant of International Petroleum. In January, 1917, he was drafted by Imperial Oil to take charge of refinery accounting. Six months later he became Assistant Secretary and Treasurer and removed from Toronto to Sarnia. He became Secretary and Treasurer in 1926.

He has in the past seven years been an occasional visitor to Toronto, and it is hoped that he will continue to be at least such, for when he enters the Executive Building at 56 Church Street, the word flies swiftly from office to office that “Mac” is in town and his many friends wait anxiously for an opportunity to shake hands and to chat over other days when he and they worked together on the numerous problems that confronted Imperial Oil as it expanded to meet the needs for petroleum products of a young, growing and sparsely-settled country.

It is a noisy place, that Drum Plant, with a score of huge machines cutting, bending, and otherwise manipulating endless sheets of steel. But it is roomy, lots of close space between machines, a splendid safety factor in a manufacturing plant, and the many large windows are kept as clean and shining as any housewife would keep those in her home. Metal guards and screens protect the workers from the hazards of belts and shafts; masks and goggles are worn during such operations as welding, metallizing and painting, gloves are provided for handling rough-edged metal, and the use of these safety devices is compulsory. The walls are bright with paint, the machines glossy with grooming, the floors free of obstacles that might impede freedom of movement and perhaps cause accidents.

It takes many thousands of dollars and legs to carry Imperial products to every corner of Canada, but the men who have turned their talents to making them have proved their ability to supply the demand with drums that for strength and durability promise to rival the once famous wooden barrels.

The plant has a daily capacity of approximately 1,000 drums per day, 500 asphalt drums, or 750 lubricating oil drums, and other containers in proportion to their size and type. Fifteen styles of package are being made at the present time. Returnable containers, such as those used for gasoline and certain kinds of lubricants, have a life expectancy of from five to fifteen years—according to the distance they must travel and the conditions they have to meet—and the process of making them involves the use of the heaviest machinery and the strongest steel. It is perhaps one of the most interesting of the plant’s operations and in the next two pages, by means of the photographic art of “Joy” of Saturday Night and Diary of Sarnia, our readers may make a flying journey through this plant in the wake of an Imperial Three-Star Gasoline drum being prepared for its life work.
At the left is shown the first operation in making steel drums—cutting the short ends to the required size. The man in the illustration below operates the machine which rolls the steel into cylindrical form.

The cylinders go to the welding machines (shown below) where the side seams are fused by the heat of acetylene torches.

At the right is shown the metallizing apparatus by which a coating of zinc is sprayed over the wrinkled seam, making it imperious to rust. The drum next goes to the expander (below) where two heavy corrugations, known as rolling hoops, are produced in its hateful smooth surface.

In the meantime heads are being cut and flanged on the machine at the left. In the illustration above you will see the steel cylinder going into the heading machine which presses the heads into place and fastens them by turning over a neck, watertight seam.

Right: The drum complete with head rolls out of the heading machine. Below: Each drum is tested for air-tightness. It is covered with soap water and filled with compressed air. If bubbles appear, it must be re-welded.

Right: A drum in the paint machine where the man behind the gun sprays on the color.
ALEXANDER FLEMING

WHEN a boy in his teens reviews his talents and, balancing them against his opportunities, makes a logical plan for his future, that boy is bound to become a successful man. This unusual perspicacity is inherent in the nature of Alexander Fleming. He was born and educated in Edinburgh, and at the age of 17, decided on a career in the oil business. He served his apprenticeship with a shale oil company in Scotland, where oil is mined instead of drilled as in the Americas. No detail of the industry was too insignificant to attract his interest and he quietly fitted himself for promotion, even to mastering the Spanish language.

His foresight was justified when, in 1908, the London and Pacific Petroleum Company invited him to go to their Peruvian field under contract as junior general assistant, with headquarters at Negritos. Two years later he was made cashier and in the following year found himself at Talara in complete charge of the office and all shipping. These were strenuous days in the Peruvian field. It was a period of expansion. The antiquated refinery at Talara was scrapped and replaced by modern equipment. There were many adjustments to be made on account of the increasing staff of both Peruvian and foreign employees and also the usual difficulties encountered by a company operating in foreign territory. Mr. Fleming's knowledge of human nature, combined with his fluent Spanish, made him a valued ambassador for his company. His first outstanding commission was in 1917, when he went on a special mission to Lima in connection with the Brea y Parinas title question. By this time the holdings of the London and Pacific in Peru had been taken over by the International Petroleum Company, Limited, and Mr. Fleming's diplomatic talents continued to be appreciated, for he had the faculty of not only getting the other man's viewpoint but of amicably presenting his own side. His never-failing courtesy and tact made his services acceptable to high officials and workmen alike.

In February, 1919, Mr. Fleming came to Toronto, as executive secretary to the late W. J. Hanna, then President of Imperial Oil, and in this capacity gained a wider knowledge of the Company's ramifications. In 1921, he returned to Peru and was stationed at Lima as executive representative of International Petroleum. This was followed in 1923, by his appointment as executive representative of the Tropical Oil Company in Colombia. His duties kept him in close touch with the governments of both countries.

In 1927, Mr. Fleming came back to Canada as an executive of International Petroleum in Peru and Colombian matters. He has twice acted as general manager at Talara and Negritos, for 3 months in 1922, and for 8 months in 1930. There are very few details of the oil industry with which Mr. Fleming is not conversant and his counsel will be greatly missed, as he has retired from the Company's service and returned to his native land.

Shortly before Mr. Fleming's departure, Mr. R. V. LeSueur, Vice-President of Imperial Oil, International Petroleum and the Andian National Corporation, tendered a dinner in his honor at the Lambton Golf and Country Club, the guests including directors and officials of these Companies. Mr. Fleming was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain on behalf of those present.

NEAR the offices of the Andian National Corporation in Cartagena is the church of San Pedro Claver. This church, among the oldest in Cartagena, is named in honor of one of Colombia's ecclesiastical heroes who is noted for his humanitarian labors in behalf of the oppressed. The saint's name is emblazoned here and every year thousands of persons come to gaze reverently upon him.

In making groundwood pulp, the four-foot logs literally have their names held to the grindstone. Under this treatment they rapidly disintegrate and the resulting pulp is washed, screened and then transferred to the "beater", and eventually become coarse-textured paper such as newspaper, where a fine surface and keeping qualities are not essential. The sulphite pulp process is entirely different. The barked logs are cut into tiny chips and fed into "digesters". These are upright steel tanks lined with acid-resistant tile. When a digester has its full load—
about 30 lbs. of dry chips—i.e., it is closed, bisulphate acid is pumped in and the mixture is cooked by injecting steam. It is an exacting process, for the closest control must be maintained over the moisture content of the wood, strength of the acid, heat and steam pressures and the length of "cook." It is "done" when the white, fragrant chips have been reduced to grey slush. The acid is washed out and the pulp is screened to eliminate dirt, undigested wood and other substances which might lower the quality of the paper.

For coated stock, such as that used in the Revue, the sulphite pulp is bleached and pressed into bales weighing approximately 200 pounds. These bales are shipped to the paper mill which in some instances is on the same property but usually is in a location nearer to the market.

Thinking that our readers might be interested in the story of producing the paper used in the Revue, the writer visited the paper and coating mills where some of it is made. There the stacked layers of creamy sulphite are beaten to something resembling gruel, swished, washed, steved, pressed, rolled, unrolled, coated, brushed, rolled, unrolled and bunched and finally emerge as logs, not of spicy spruce but of shining, spotless paper to be cut, counted, packed and shipped to the printer.

Incidentally, the stone building which houses the beaters and paper machines of this branch mill is situated by a river in a charming Ontario valley. It was originally a woolen mill and the river poured its waters on a overshot water wheel to furnish the power. In 1854, it was transformed into a paper mill, one of the oldest in Ontario. At the time of our visit the perfume of the apple orchards and lime hedges amid which the mill is set vied so successfully with the mill odors that the imaginative reader should be able to

about 400,000 gallons a day from that clear river to the settling tanks. After it has settled it is filtered twice. When you consider that the proportion of water added to the sulphite fibre in the beaters is 17 to 1, increased nearly to 100 to 1 before going on the paper machine, you can see the importance of purity. They are fluffy about other things too, the resin used for sizing (so the paper will not absorb too much ink), the alum to set the size, the color (if a colored paper is required) and the chips clay used as filler. The clay must be so finely ground that if blown into the air in a 100-foot tunnel it remains in suspension; particles that fall to the floor are discarded. The canes, colors and chemicals that go into the coating, and the lubricating oils that keep the hundreds of wheels and bearings turning without friction are carefully selected for it takes fine products and fine equipment to make fine paper. This is probably why they rely on Imperial Oil lubricants.

Into the beaters go all the materials for the particular grade of paper required. These beaters are large elliptical tubs, partially divided in the center to form a channel along which the ingredients are propelled by the beater roll whose blades working against plates in the bottom of the tubs thoroughly blend the mixture and gently reduce the wood fibres to almost microscopic slivers. This process completed—it takes from one to

hours, according to the grade of paper—more water is added and the "stuff" goes to the stock chest, an upright tilted tank, where a slow-motion shaft with wide arms keeps it from settling. From this chest or agitator it goes through the pumps to the Jordan.

The Jordan bears no relation to the famous river in Palestine: it is a machine like a glorified coffee mill, not very complicated in appearance but most important in function. Not only is the "stuff" refined by it, but it is the "head-box," an unconscious affair measuring about 30 inches each way, the weight and thickness of the paper to be determined. The refining process and weight regulation used to be done in the beaters and the results were anything but accurate until Mr. Jordan invented his machine and revolutionized paper making.

From the head box the "stuff" travels through the Jordan to the flow box on the paper machine. As the "stuff" is over 90 per cent. water, the chief function of the paper machine is to eliminate most of it. The machine is really in two parts: the wet end and the dry end. At the wet end the "stuff" flows onto a belt of woven bronze as wide as the machine and 60 feet or more in length. Much of the water falls through this and the process is helped by suction devices on the under side. As the cloth of bronze carries the "stuff" along towards the dryers, a constant sideways motion of the web distributes the fibres still in solution so that they "weave" together and form the sheet. About half way along the bed of the machine the "stuff" passes through the first roller, a wire one, and begins to look less like porridge and more like paper. Here, too, is where the watermark is put in, as the "clumsy" sets its unmistakable signature in the soft damp sheet.

The wire cloth gives place to a continuous wooden blanket which not only absorbs excess moisture but serves as a support to the fragile sheet as it goes through a series of brans and rubber rolls, emerges able to support its own weight and disappears into the "dry end." Every roll in this series has its "doctor"—a flexible steel blade which wipes it clear of loose fibres.

The dry end consists of steam-heated rolls in a series of from 13 to 18, depending on weight of paper and speed of drying required. These rolls also are "doctor"ed, for "fuzz" on paper would complicate matters for the printer. The paper goes through the steam rolls at from 160 to 1,000 feet a minute. From these it runs to the calender rolls whose smooth surface polishes out the tiny crevices in the sheet and gives it a finish,
The coating is mixed accurately, and each is cut off into large rolls. The machine, cut to desired widths and rewound, or cut into sheets, for shipping. The sheets are counted by hand and the girls who flip them gracefully and

is reeled off into one large roll the full width of the machine, cut into desired widths and rewound, or cut into sheets, for shipping. The sheets are counted by hand and the girls who flip them gracefully and

Milk in the form of casein comes onto the scene at the coating mill. From the basement where it is stored in bags, sufficient casein for each batch of coated paper is taken to a sort of mezzanine floor in the mixing room.

There it is measured into large metal tanks equipped with choppers. Water is added, and the mixture is churned for several hours until it attains a silky smoothness. Then it is run off into one of a battery of tanks standing below. Other chemicals are added, and color if desired. For

the raw end, of course, it is uncolored. Another mixing and the coating is practically ready. An electric sieve runs along a trolley, passes over a tub before the tank. A tap is turned, a switch is closed and the sieve gets the jitters. You'd never believe all the dirt that's strained out of that apparently clean coating mixture.

The tubful is taken to the coating machine and poured into a trough at one end of it. The roll of calendered paper is attached, the machine gets into action. The paper passes over the trough where a long bristled revolving brush, as wide as the paper, throws the coating mixture against it. The roll revolves, the sheet of paper passes up over the machine and under a set of seven brushes spaced several inches apart, successively finer, the last of badger hair. These distribute the coating so evenly as to give an appearance of uniform smoothness. On goes the sheet, a metal arm pushes a rod beneath it, the ends catch in a traveling belt, up to the ceiling goes the rod, another is thrust out, lifts the sheet and rises. It is a bewildering sight, that coating machine. There is so much motion, and one gasses, deeply fascinated, trying to "make sense" out of it all as the roll which and the coating brush splashes its load against the sheet which passes past at 200 feet a minute. The other brushes slide back and forth across the sheet; the rods catch the slack and rise with their load of white drapery and are carried to the end of the long drying room, until the whole roll, 500 pounds, is hanging in even loops above the steam pipes. As the temperature is about 125°F., the paper dries in half an hour. It is rewound and run through again for the other side and then calendered. The calender rolls for coated paper, heavier than those in the paper machine, run eight to a stack, four steel, four cotton. It is easy to identify the steel rolls but the cotton ones, of a tremendous number of ply, have the color and polish of old ivory. There is considerable friction which causes heat and helps to burnish the paper, and the rolls are carefully watched and adjusted to ensure an even finish. The paper is then cut into sheets 72" x 6", counted and during the count carefully scrutinized. The least defect and a sheet is discarded. We watched a capable young woman at her work—no haste, no waste motion, but steady, watchful handling. She had a proprietary air and we were told that she, like many of the others, takes a lively and intelligent interest in her job. In the coating mill, too, are the lumber storage, the machine and carpenter shops and the great, airy, dustless rooms where the paper is matured before shipping. The lumber is carefully dried, but not too much so or when made into packing cases it would absorb the moisture from the paper, leaving it brittle and unresponsive to the printer's efforts in which case both editor and readers of the Review would feel very badly indeed, not to mention the printer.

Through the courtesy of C. McVicar, Manager of Imperial Oil's Fuel Oil and Railway Sales Department, a visit to Sarnia Refinery on June 13 was arranged for some 10 apprentices of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railway Shops. The excursions were entertained at luncheon at the Sarnia Golf Club and then proceeded to the refinery where they were welcomed by J. Dean, superintendent. Then they were divided into groups, each in charge of a refinery official, and conducted through the plant. Although they were interested in all the processes, the manufacture of railway oils and greases claimed their closest attention.

The apprentices were accompanied by several railway officials among whom were A. E. McQuire, C. Wheeler, J. Forrest and J. Allen of the Canadian Pacific. and Mr. Davison of the Canadian National.
LONELY WATERS

By A. J. Dalrymple

ON THE northern horizon a great splash of orange-red dips into the sea, and the icy green water reflects the glowing hues. To the east and west the tints trail off into yellows and pale greens seemingly caught up from the deep. To the south, away below the Arctic Circle, the night is black, but right above are strangely brilliant lights, the Aurora Borealis, the grand scale color symphony and a light reserved for the few.

The creasing waves rise and fall, catching every fleeting dash of postcard shades, transforming them into a profusion of natural patterns. It would seem that with all this swift action in sky and sea there should be some noise. But this is movement without sound effects. It is uncanny.

There is some slight noise though, not born of color-play of the elements. It is the swish-swish of the long rollers as they meet the prow of the little trading ship. Trailling behind is the purr of the exhaust of internal combustion engines and the whisper of the rushing wake. These serve only to intensify the feeling of desolation.

Jim Curran, rover-sailor, is on deck. He is the lookout. He stands by the mast, half sheltered by a deck cargo of barrels and lumber. He stares straight ahead and dreams. Only once in a while does he alter his position, usually when small parcels of honeycombed ice bump the hull. He observes their size and considers their possible sources. He never looks back toward the Eskimo at the wheel. He too, peers ahead, ever northward.

Is the Eskimo missing too? Maybe. Okauluk, the Arctic hare—that's what they named him after—odd how those huskies name their children. They call them after the things around them.

Okauluk is probably thinking of that brand new and shiny gaslight he bought as a present for his wife. It is in the hold below. He hopes for a big hunting season and much fur to trade so he can keep it well filled. A gust of wind slaps the rigging. The mast shudders. The lookout pulls his parka over his head, and tries to get comfortable. That's what he was thinking about—comfort. But comfort is all behind him. He could look back. He could turn around now, and look out over it all. He is literally on top of the world. Behind and beyond is the panorama of the temperate zone. His thoughts move to and fro across the continent; now fast, now slow, according to the memory they touch upon.

This life is different to the first ships he knew when he used to play around the old stone hookers at the foot of Jarvis Street in Toronto. He used to pretend he was going to sea. But not this Polar stuff. In those days he gloried in adventure in the South Seas. Well, that's the way it goes.

All the world was wrapped up in that waterfront and its roving wharves. Then there was the old St. Lawrence Market—a world in itself—pigeons and rabbits in boxes with slatted tops; bantam roosters crowing from their crates; and an admixture of odors—fresh

son at smoked meats and country produce, pleasant smells; different from that fish market in New Orleans. But that was fish.

His thoughts go flying back again to the home town, Church Street near the market. St. James Cathedral... monuments in the churchyard... gray-green stones... 56 Church Street... just across the road. The Sarnia plant... Sarnia, pretty town in summer, with the boats going up and down... pretty girl worked in the library there... showing visitors a gallery of pictures. She had a fair complexion and a trim figure, not like those round, waddling brown women on the Barbarees, everlasting smell of seed fat.

They must ship a lot of gas out of Sarnia... how men do sweat and suffer to get it into the barren Lands! Got to have it though... It's a godsend at that. But why suffer? There are better places to live, the primitives for instance. Why not work in a civilized community? Or take that setting of the Imperial Oil on Burrard Inlet, just across from Vancouver in a clearing on the rim of the mountains. A beauty spot, just a few minutes from downtown—cabarets, dancing, shows, musical comedy, flesh and blood actors, and the sound of human voices. No sense in just going on existing in the God-forsaken North. Better get out. Best to make a start right after the vessel docks at the end of the southbound voyage.

The Northern Lights in a grand finale, a blaze of pinks and mauves, suddenly vanish from the heavens. A squall sweeps the cold expanse. A spatter of rain rattles on the oil drums. The wind whines through the net-lines. A shadow moves along the deck. It is Bill Hay, the trader. He edges nearer. The lookout speaks.

"The engines are runnin' good."

"They'd better," answers the trader.

"The barometer's falling."

"What's Okauluk think about it?"

"He says there's no immediate danger. But we don't want to get caught off Seab rain Foreland in a blow. Dawn should break in an hour. We ought to be able to make Walrus Inlet. We could run in there until the weather clears."

"Last time I was there was in the summer of '28," says the lookout. "George Mack was with me. We dropped anchor a quarter of a mile off shore, and the flies were so bad we couldn't stand still long enough to eat a sandwich, let alone boil the kettle and get dinner."

"Yeh, they're bad there. But it's the same all over," replies the trader. "And a lot of good fur has come out of there. Say, I was just thinking, while I was down in the bank a little while ago, if we could get an early start next year, right after the ice goes out, we might head farther north, right up to Tingeuluk. I don't think any free traders have ever been up there. If there happens to be a big run of white fox we might make some soup. How's that for an idea?"

"Yeh, it's a good idea. I was just thinking of it myself."

On the tidal flats of the remote coast of Hudson Bay.

Dreaming while drifting on the northern sea.

Cheops pyramid, Indiana lightship gas plant at Churchill.
BELIEVE it or not, the man whose portrait appears on this page began his career with Imperial Oil as a piano player. However, the days of piano players and piano players, so we will have to tell you about it.

The man's name is Jack McDonald. More than 1,500 workers at Sarnia Refinery could have told you so at first glance, although they are used to seeing Jack in overalls rather than in muffs. Back in 1897, Jack was no less Scotch but considerably younger than he is to-day, and in the course of a holiday jaunt was travelling through Sarnia. He dropped in at Sarnia Refinery to exchange pleasantries with Mike Shea, foreman of the boiler shop. It so happened that Mike at that very time was looking for a good man to work in the shop. Jack had a reputation as an expert iron-worker, for he had learned his trade in the old country where trades are well learned. Mike welcomed him in the spirit of both friendship and business and it wasn't long before Jack had agreed to sign on as a boiler maker.

In those days boiler making was a man's work. Then there were no efficient machines for cutting metal and bending it every way as easily as you could bend paper, like they have there now. There were no steam hoists to move the sheet steel about the yards or shop. If you wanted it moved you and some of the gang laid sturdy hands on it and moved it by main strength. If you wanted to cut a plate you didn't feed it to a cutting lathe and have it over with in a couple of minutes you put it across a rail, one of the rails on the siding for preference, and after an hour's hard labor with hammer and chisel the job was done, and nearly, too.

The steel plates for the bottom of the stills have to be rolled. Jack and his pals used to put a plate on a form and make a merry din with sledge-hammers. It was hard, slow work, but the boys enjoyed it and because of the ear-splitting notes struck from the plates called it "piano playing". Jack had the weight and strength required by an expert piano player of this kind. Nowadays this operation takes only a fraction of its former time, and pneumatic tools do not make such tremendous demands on a man's energy. Jack's face takes on a respectful look when he talks of the wonderful machinery which makes the work easier.

"We'd never have done all we've had to do if there hadn't been improvements in machinery," he says, the fabrication of the iron and steel work for most of Imperial Oil's seven refineries—the tanks, stills, agitators, condensers, fractionating towers, structural steel work and boiler repairs. Until the boiler shops at these refineries were in running order much of the fabricating was done at Sarnia under his supervision, and then men whom he had trained were put in charge.

At present there are four of his old crew employed as boiler shop foremen: Charlie Abram at Montreal, Fred Abram at Calgary, Tom (Lulu) Longley at Jozo, and James Brown at Halifex, while Tom Quinan had charge of the boiler shop at Talara Refinery for nine years.

Mr. McDonald has a quiet manner for one who confesses to a fondness for the strainic music of the sledge-hammer on protesting steel. Nevertheless his word is law in the boiler shop and what is more, his men have for Jack McDonald the same regard as he has for his former boss.

LUNA AT SARNIA REFINERY

SARNIA Refinery lies along the bright Saint Clair. And crude stills, cracking coils and bubble towers are there.

They flaunt fantastic outlines against the patient sky And lure the tourists at the motor cars whizz by.

The acres of equipment, of concrete, steel and brick Make little hydrocarbons do many a fancy trick, Mow pump them in as crude oil and by the time they're through There's really very little that a hydrocarbon can't do.

He'll lubricate, he'll fuel, he'll even pave the way, He'll cool his roof and make it light as day.

He flies men up beyond the clouds and recently we hear He's taken them much farther—right to the stratosphere! At Sarnia they have him trained in seven hundred ways And yet he must learn many more before he merits praise.

So back he goes into the lab. Where chemists put him through A hundred rather strenuous tests, as all good chemists do.

And now the little hydrocarbons yields soap and maybe dyes, And swift sepulchre for mosquitos, moths and flies.

At Sarnia Refinery, one evening in June A man found Lady Luna, the fairy of the moon. She was watching hydrocarbons trained for multi-fac- tious tasks And shuddered at the mention of insecticide in flask.

She sat upon a gas line and dropped her pale green wings To think that hydrocarbons could be such cruel things.
A DREAM OF CENTURIES REALIZED

ONE morning recently an air of subdued excitement prevailed in the Imperial Oil Marine Department at 56 Church Street. A brief, but portentous cablegram had been received. The Talaralite had crossed the bar at Barranquilla—the first ocean vessel to enter successfully the Magdalena River in over 400 years!

During four centuries ocean traffic has vainly endeavored to gain access to Colombia's main water highway, but the bar across the delta has until recently resisted the efforts of enterprising engineers alike. Now, this bar has been removed by a great feat of engineering, and the navigating of the Talaralite through the Magdalena and Bocas de Cenizas (Ashen Mouths, from the color of the silt) signaled another stride in Colombia's progress.

Formerly, shipments for the interior had to be landed at Puerto Colombia, hauled overland to Barranquilla and reloaded on river boats. Ability of the Talaralite to pick up her cargo at Barranquilla instead of at Puerto Colombia readjusted the entire marine schedule of Imperial Oil, from Fort William, at the head of the Great Lakes, to La Dorado, at the head of navigation on the Magdalena, and on the two oceans where these tankers ply.

But of this momentous event the citizens of Colombia shall speak for themselves, in the following extracts from La Prensa, Barranquilla's newspaper.

May 28th: As announced in our yesterday's edition, during the first trip of yesterday the tanker Talaralite arrived at Pto. Colombia and anchored in the bay. After complying with the official formalities the following gentlemen boarded the tanker: Mr. Thomas W. King, Manager of the Tropical Oil Co.; Mr. W. W. Johnson, local manager of the Tropical Oil Co., Mr. T. C. Throgmorton, Superintendent of Marine Department and Don Antonio Pedro Jaspe, who later on returned to shore accompanied by the master of the boat, Captain D. F. MacDonald. A few minutes later they came to the city, and after making certain investigations they proceeded to the jetty accompanied by Messrs. Don Gonzalo Corde Caldel, and E. Profat, Manager and Engineer respectively of the firm of Winston Brothers, contractors of the Bocas de Cenizas work. While on the jetty Captain MacDonald inspected very carefully the bar, and received an answer from the ship crossing the bar placed there by nature and conquered by the efforts of men and engineering.

The Talaralite continued, steady and serene up-river, drawing closer to the west jetty from which could be seen the waving handkerchiefs of the crowds stationed there.

Very cordial and enthusiastic was the scene at Las Flores, where the inhabitants had gone to see all the details of the trip of the Talaralite. The steamer Barranquilla approached the Talaralite in order to pick up the special guests among whom...
were Rev. Luis Calixto Levy Cherry, Archbishop of Barranquilla and his secretary Rev. Father Alfredo de Gucena, the Minister of Public Works, Dr. Cueli Alveret, the State Governor, Dr. Liliana Vega; the Vice-President of the Republic, Dr. Alberto Humbergo; the Mayor of the city, Sr. Inierza and his secretary, Colonel Javier V. Vivas, Commander of the Second Brigade; Lt. Colonel Ponce, the President of the Superior Tribunal, Dr. Julio C. Zuniga, Mr. Robert Parrott and Don Julio E. Cernier.

In the midst of the greatest enthusiasm of the guests on board the tanker, a toast was drunk to the success of the trip and to the future of Barranquilla.

A few moments later, amid cheers from Colombia and Barranquilla, the Talaracite lifted anchor and sailed for Barranquilla.

Piloted by the well-known pilot Hoffman, the Scutti plane, on the fly, had been loaned to the Federal Oil Company for the trip. It flew over the fields of Colombia in a journey of times as well as over the jetties and made dangerous loops until the Talaracite anchored at La Guajira.

At the moment the Talaracite was passing the Tropical Oil Company’s port, the whistles of all the factories, the whistles of the waterworks, and the newspaper stoves greeted her, and a great number of people approached the port, cheering for the city and for the works of the Bocas de Ceniza.

Another circumstance that caused much emotion was when the river boat Quinado passed near the tanker, anchored in front of the Tropical Station. Then a going and a river boat crossed the customary salutes.

The City Mayor, Senor Inierza, and all other special guests, took Captain MacDonald and the officers of the tanker to the Barranquilla Club where a “Copita de Champagne” was offered and toasts were proposed for the continued progress of the city and the Republic.

Captain MacDonald and the officers of the Talaracite were later taken for a ride around the city and through the principal streets and avenues, and they expressed themselves very pleased with the reception which was offered to them and gathered very favorable impressions of the city of Barranquilla.

At eight o’clock at night, the radio program started, organized by the “La Voz de Barranquilla,” whose owner, Sr. Pellet Buitrago, had been advising listeners during the morning of every detail of the trip made by the Talaracite.

The musical part of the program was very select. Don Carlos Martinez, Atrian driver of La Preza made (in part) the following speech:

"Being absent from my beloved country for a number of years, I was desirous of seeing my own land. One day while I was in San Cristobal, in the Puerta, I decided to take a guide and go on a day’s tour to the highest peak of the mountains. Once on the top of the peak, with the heart beating violently and with my soul in my eyes and lips, I gazed on the Colombian scenery. I felt drunk with the breezes that were blowing out of my native well.

Something akin to that emotion of eighteen years ago, I feel today when on board the Talaracite I could observe how this tanker was approaching that bar that is no longer...

The bar that, due to the efforts of the Barranquillers assisted by the knowledge of engineers whose work has been a constant fight against nature, is now forever opened to the messengers of progress.

Serves Luis Inierza, Captain MacDonald, Don Pedro Guedes Conscripto, Don Enrique Roa and Don Rafael Blanco Jumenes expressed themselves in similar vein.

June 1: The programme which started here at 10.30 p.m., Barranquilla time, commenced with the Colombian National Hymn. Immediately after this, Mr. Pellet Buitrago, in a few words presented Mr. J. P. Savage, of the International General Electric Co., advising that he was to give an interesting discourse entitled “The Maritime Port of Barranquilla a Reality.”

Mr. Savage then expressed himself (in part) as follows:

At an approximate distance of about 350 miles from the west coast of the Panama Canal, on the Spanish Main, the city of Barranquilla in Colombia, is celebrating its establishment as a maritime port, this due to the successful entry of the first shipping ships which today crossed through the mouth of the Magdalena River.

The opening of Barranquilla to the maritime traffic enables the South American Pacific Coast to be supplied with petroleum refined by the Tropical Oil Company in Barranquilla. About 150 miles in the interior, by way of the Magdalena River.

The project of the opening of the mouth of the Magdalena River and the establishment of the city of Barranquilla as a maritime port has been an ardent desire of the Colombian Government as well as of the city of Barranquilla. Its successful outcome entails the development of all the valley of the Magdalena River which is thereby placed in direct contact with the maritime traffic. The valley of this river can be compared in importance with the Mississippi and this can be more fully appreciated by imagining what would be the commercial importance of the Mississippi valley without a railway or any other communication with the ocean.

The progress of Colombia has always met with one major obstacle, the lack of means of transportation for its agricultural and other products, especially the magnificent coffee for which this country is famous. The means of transportation cannot be considered but of enormous importance to the progress of this nation. The Magdalena River, together with its principal branch the Cuca River, feeds the proximity of five million people, three-fourths of the population of the country which Old Spain considered held its principal and most valuable territory.

For many years Barranquilla has been the terminal of the traffic in the Magdalena River connected to the Caribbean Sea by means of 17 miles of waterway. In 1920 Colombia and this was the route through which a great part of the Colombian import and export traffic has been transported. The completion of this work connects the river with the sea, making Barranquilla a maritime as well as a river port, without doubt the most important industrial and distributing river centre on the north coast of South America.

The work itself consists of two parallel jetties which extend across the delta a mile and a half into the ocean. In this way the river’s outlet is confined to a small channel 100 meters wide. Thus the current forces the river to cut off the bar that has been the barrier at the mouth of the river for past centuries.
THE VISITORS' BOOK

On his way back to Negritos, Peru, after a three months' vacation, A. Norcott paid a visit to 56 Church Street.

Mr. Norcott joined the staff of the Tropical Oil Company in Colombia in 1932, and three years later was transferred to the staff of the International Petroleum Company in Peru, as assistant field manager. In 1931, he assumed his present duties as field manager under A. Iddings.


TORONTO

56 CHURCH STREET CLUB

By John Niess

Rome was not built in a day, and picnics do not merely grow like topsy. For weeks previous to the final day, committees have been calculating, estimating and manufacturing so that the maximum of pleasure may be derived from the minimum of expenditure. Prizes have to be selected, and it may interest the readers to know that each one is carefully chosen by the members of the prize committee with due thought given to the event for which it is designed and the sex, age and taste of the probable winner. Headaches are common as the sport committee tries to devise novelty events for their program. The appetite of the youngsters for ice cream has to be guessed at and the amount of milk, coffee and tea which will be required to wash down two meals has to be estimated. Amusement for the children is a matter for serious thought and the effort to think up some novelty guessing contest or competition leads the committee into a state of despair. When everything has been planned, checked and double-checked, the weather may step in and spoil for the whole day or he may be so generous that an unprecedented large attendance will knock the estimates of the committee into a cocked hat.

All these views and incidents seemed to gather themselves into one grand crescendo on the 18th of July, when the Annual Joint Picnic of the Toronto and Hamilton employees was held at Hanlan's Point. The weather was quite a few degrees from the truth that it was warm, instead of cool, and serious fears are entertained for the safety of some piecemeal, as it is reported that a set of false teeth was found on the grounds at the close of the festivities—the inference being that some one had absolutely melted away with that exception.

The actual attendance figure was 2,332, indicating that it was the largest picnic ever sponsored by the Club. Those whose unfortunate duty it was to hand out ice cream estimated the attendance at about 10,000 children alone, and those in charge of the sports reported that most of the races had to be run in boats owing to the number of entrants.

At the Hanlan's Point Tennis Club, through the renewed kindness of the members of that organization, a large number took part in a very interesting and enjoyable tournament, while the minstrel sports included baseball and horse-shoe pitching. Many novelty races added to the hilarity of the spectators and Barnacle Bill the Sailor proved a source of enjoyment to the youngsters as they did their best to reach the 3-Star sign which surrounded his twelve-foot mast.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Gilbert & Barker, dozens of balloons were distributed to the children, and the Atlas Supply Company contributed largely to the enjoyment and interest of the adults by sponsoring a guessing contest.

Three used Atlas tires were prominently displayed, and every employee was invited to make an estimate of the total mileage which had been covered by these cushions of comfort. That it was no easy task is indicated by the fact that one of the Atlas officials himself was away for 90,000 miles out, in his estimate and the guesses ranged all the way from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The winner of the two complete Atlas tires donated by the Atlas Supply Company is Mr. S. Field of the Service Station Department. The correct mileage was 112,619 miles and Mr. Field's guess was 113,056 or 437 miles from the correct figure. The consolation prizes of $5.00 offered by the club were won by Mr. Mary Smith, one of our office clerks, and Mr. N. C. Davies of the Traffic Department, whose estimates followed closely that of the winner. It might be salutary to record that one contestant guessed within 63 miles of the correct figure, but as he deposited three guesses in direct defiance of the rules of the competition he was, of course, disqualified. Honesty is still the best policy. The thanks of the committee are tendered to the Atlas Supply Company for their generosity, and congratulations are extended to the successful winner.

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Above: Young Atlantans in competition.

Below: Important Business.

Camera Impressions of the Prince, by Malcolm Wood of the Geological Department.

Above: The little girl who took first prize, feeling sorry for the ones who didn't. Left: This young man carried off the honors for the boys. Right: The Atlas Tires featured in the guessing contest.
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Whilst the baby parade did not bring out as many contestants as in former years, the task of the judges was, as usual, extremely difficult. The names of the winners have unfortunately been carried off by one of the judges who is on his vacation.

The dance in the evening bore all the earmarks of a hot time in the old town tonight, and those who patronized it in such large numbers were pretty limp when they reached the last ferry to the city.

In many respects it was a perfect day, but there were those who heaved a large sigh of relief when it was over and too great praise cannot be bestowed on the various members of the different committees who sacrificed their own enjoyment to cater to the enjoyment of others.

The following are prize winners of the various events:

Miss Dorothy Allen, W. D. Nossl and Miss M. Merrill; Miss I. McIntosh and Miss M. Macphail.

The following are the judges:

Mrs. J. E. McGinty and T. Russe.


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SARANIA

GEORGE H. GABLER, who since 1912 has been in charge of the Imperial Oil Marketing Accounting Department at Sarania, has been transferred to the Company’s Executive Offices at Toronto. Shortly before his departure from Sarania he was tendered a banquet at the Sarania Riding Club by his Imperial Oil associates and presented with a beautiful mounted clock.

In his after dinner speech, F. E. Holbrook, the Company’s Treasurer, reviewed Mr. Gabler’s long service at the Sarania Refinery and his devotion to the Company’s interests. He also commented on Mr. Gabler’s efforts on behalf of Sarania’s civic enterprises as a member of the Rotary Club and past president of the Chamber of Commerce.

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MOTHERLY LOVE

GRANT BROS. have a farm, a garage and a filling station at Forth, Manitoba—all three depend on Imperial Oil products. This is not at all unusual, but Grant Bros. have an extraordinary cat. She is a broad-stripe tabby with a mother complex. When her own kittens died she adopted two baby skunks whose own mother had been shot. So successful were her ministrations that the young ’wood passies’ are as content as if they were still in the bush with their natural mother.

Our snapshot shows one of them having his ears washed.

It is to be hoped that the kind mother cat will not be disillusioned by her adopted ‘kittens’ in a moment of iniquity.

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CREDIT LINE

The Editor regrets that a credit line was inadvertently omitted under the excellent photographs used to illustrate H. H. Wilson’s article “The Sixth Plague” which appeared in the April-May issue of the Review. These photographs were loaned to Mr. Wilson by the Entomological Branch of the Department of Agriculture for Manitoba by whose kind permission they were used.

THE LOGGER’S “SATURDAY NIGHT”

These lucky lads are not, as you might suppose, tourists lured to this beautiful spot by good roads and Imperial Oil Road Maps. They are British Columbia loggers and this idyllic pool is just around the corner from the scene of their daily toil.