The landsman follows many a road,
The sailor roams the sea,
The aviator cleaves the air
As far as eye can see.

Oh, may the road that lies ahead,
Whose ending none may guess,
Lead all of us to Christmas peace
And deeper happiness.

M. I. NEWBERRY

HOLIDAYS WITH PAY

Another step in the development of Imperial Oil's policy with regard to its employees was taken recently with the submission of a plan to the Joint Industrial Councils of refineries and marketing divisions whereby wage earners in the Company's employ will henceforth be entitled to holidays with pay.

The plan has been under consideration for some time and is another recognition of faithful service and of industry's responsibility to spread employment. It is fully outlined in the following letter addressed by G. Harrison Smith, President of Imperial Oil Limited, to the chairmen of Refinery and Marketing Industrial Councils and Managers of the Marketing Divisions:

"The Board of Directors have had under consideration for some time the matter of granting vacations, with pay, to wage earners. This is in line with the Company's view that economic progress requires good wages for labor and reasonable leisure to stimulate consumption of the products of industry.

In recognition of faithful service and in a further endeavor to spread employment and to maintain high standards of physical fitness, and to share with the employees economies which will be effected in operations, the following plan has been developed and is transmitted to the various Joint Industrial Councils. Subject to acceptance by them, it will become effective January 1st, 1937.

Eligibility and Length of Vacations

"All employees who have completed one year's continuous service are eligible for one week's vacation, with full pay in advance, and those who have completed three years continuous employment are eligible for two weeks' vacation, with full pay in advance.

Time of Vacation

"So far as possible, the preference of employees will be given consideration but vacations must be taken at such time as is required by the management for the efficient operation of business.

"When a holiday falls on an employee's normal working day during his vacation, in a department which closes down on that holiday, such holiday is not to be counted as part of the vacation. In other words, the vacation shall be lengthened to include another working day in order to complete a full vacation.

Vacation Pay

"One week's vacation pay shall be calculated by multiplying the established number of hours worked per week by the employee's normal hourly rate. Where the employee normally works on two or more rates of pay, excluding temporary substitutes (because of vacations) or in case of piece workers, the employee's average weekly earnings for the two immediately preceding weeks shall be used as the basis of vacation remuneration.

General Rulings

"It is not permissible to postpone vacations from one year to another or to waive vacations and draw double pay, and no party during his vacation shall be allowed to substitute for another employee. Likewise, vacations are not to be granted during a period or part period of regularly scheduled accumulated time off.

Periods of disability resulting from accident or illness (as determined under the Benefits Plan) shall be considered as part of the continuous employment in determining continuity of employment.

"We shall be pleased to have the Joint Industrial Councils give this matter early consideration and report their decision.

Yours very truly,

G. H. SMITH"

Allocation of holiday will rest with the local management which will have full authority in this connection. Obviously it will be impossible in all cases to grant holiday leave at a time suitable to the preference of every wage earner but this is a condition which exists in connection with allocation of holiday time to salaried workers in practically all organizations.
SANTA CLAUS AND THE LITTLE HYDROCARBONS

BEFORE Gordon Scott, one of the Imperial Oil Technical Service Engineers, started off on his latest trip "down North", we tackled him on the subject of an interview with Saint Nicholas. As a lead we suggested the poem which appeared in the November-December, 1934, Review, telling how an aviator had come to the good old Saint’s rescue during the Christmas rush. When he came back, he walked into our office, eyes a-twinkle.

"I've got your story," he said.

"Not really!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, I have.

This is his story and he sticks to it.

—

You see, it was like this. Bob Jenkins—you know Bob Jenkins, our Assistant Sales Manager who works out of Haylebury—well, he and I charted a plane to go visit a certain mine. We'd had to land on account of snowstorms and we made camp in a little wooded valley. After supper we were watching the Northern Lights before turning in when Bob noticed, quite close to us, an old-shaped lump silhouetted against the bright sky. We went closer to examine it and if it didn't turn out to be Santa Claus himself. I was so surprised I forgot all about your lead and blurted out, "Say, how about a story for the Review?"

"What Review?" asks Santa.

"The Imperial Oil Review?" I replied, wondering if he'd ever heard of it.

"Oh, you mean the magazine that wrote me up as a Personality away back in 1928. "What sort of a story do you want? Speak fast. Or, wait a minute, just step inside, it's warmer!"

We thought he was spoofing, but there he stood, holding open a door into the hillside. In we went and in no time at all we were very comfortable before a big fireplace with something hot to help along the conversation.

"About that story," I broke in after hearing all the old boy had to say about the modern child and not liking his remarks on modern parents. "The editor seems to be very fond of hydrocarbons and wants to know if they are any help to you in your business?"

"You mean those little fellows that McIntyre and McLaren are always raving about? Couldn't get along without them. Why, I was just telling Mrs. Claus—Have a refill, won't you..."

"As I was saying, those little oil molecules are about the best helpers I have. They're so versatile, fit in everywhere. The reindeer harness, for instance, they keep it soft and pliable. Yes, yes, I know I use an aeroplane for business, but for pleasure trips I still like my reindeer; a bit old-fashioned maybe, but I'm an old-fashioned institution and you can't deny it. Those little fellows keep the sleigh runners from rusting in the summer and do something to bring the gloss back to my buffalo robes and to the fur on my best parade suit. I see you looking hard at my hand—"
**CARGOES**

**OF THE**

**WEST MAIN**

*By A. J. Dalrymple*

**Page Four**

ALTHOUGH it was nearly mid-July there was plenty of ice in the upper reaches of Hudson Bay, and the motor ship *Theresa*, belonging to the mission, had difficulty in negotiating the narrow lanes off the west coast. It was tough sailing. A gleaming sun shining on the ice produced the dreaded glare that burned the eyes and scorched the temper. But although the sun was hot, the ice was cold and the crew were huddled uncomfortably in parkas as they went about the deck.

"It's not as bad as it will be soon," offered George, the trapper, who had shipped aboard as supercargo. "Wait till we hit Cape Eskimo. The flies will be unbearable.*

About five o'clock we worked into shallow water off the Cape, and dropped anchor a quarter of a mile off shore. Clouds of mosquitoes were there to meet us. They took possession of the little ship. They got into the cabin and into the food. They even got under our head-nets, and life was indeed unbearable.

But there was no time to lose. The vessel had to discharge cargo; and there was some compensation for our discomfort in witnessing the delight of the Eskimo, those little brown men of the tundra, as they swarmed into their canoes, overjoyed at the thought of unloading treasure for the mission.

They were happy. The Rev. Emmanuel Dalplin, navigator, had told them that the little ship, along with tons of freight, also carried a church organ. Of course they did not know much about organs, but it was explained to them that the organ would provide music, and when the big "surprise box" was hoisted on deck, their ecstasy knew no bounds.

It was a treat to watch them maneuver a skiff and a whaleboat, until they got the organ into the whaleboat. Then, when they were all set to go, one of the natives jerked the string of the outboard. The Eskimo in the whaleboat saluted and they were away. I watched them drive through the salt-spray and was reminded again of the part that Imperial oils and gasoline play in the delivering of strange cargoes along the West Main of Hudson Bay.

Only a few years before, the little brown men would have met the ship with their kayaks, the single-seater skin boat of the aboriginals, but now they had freighters capable of moving a church organ.

Then came the discharging of the coal. And while the *Theresa* rolled in the swells, with the canoes rising and falling alongside, the cargo was loaded to the gunwales with the precious fuel.

Those 19-foot freighters carried 1,000 pounds at a trip and every lump was worth money. When the sacks were passed from canoe to shore care was taken that the bags did not burst. And whenever a piece of food on the trail, or as emergency rations. Few of the supplies were met with in the grocery stores of the cities. There were tins of dehydrated potatoes and carrots, desiccated soups, and some tinned meats and dried fruits.

The little *Theresa* began to ride higher as the stores were delivered to the canoemen. A few minutes later a couple of men clambered out of the hold. They announced that everything had been cleaned out. They jumped forward. There was a battle of anchor chains. The engines turned. The *Theresa* drove for the open sea.

Downbound toward the port of Churchill we passed two traps belonging for the mouth of the Big River, enroute to their trap lines on the Barrens. Their outboards were driving them northward at a lively rate.

They too carried precious cargo. Those canoes held a year's supplies; and everything, therefore, had been carefully chosen. Flour, tea and sugar had been stowed where they would be protected from the spray. Then, amalts, gasoline, oil, candles and coal oil—motor fuel for the return trip in the spring; candles and coal oil for light during the long winter night.

It is surprising how, in a few short years, the outboard motor has speeded up life in the Far Away. At first the voyagers refused to lay down their paddles. They did not wish to trust themselves to anything mechanical so far from civilization. Then there were those who claimed that the put-put-put of the motor would drive the game away, and that food and fur would be lost forever. It seems however that the drone of the "kicker" as the outboards are called, has had little effect on the animals of the wilds. I have seen deer, moose and caribou standing on the shores of the lakes and the rivers, watching us go roaring on our way.

The outboard has increased travel to a great extent. Gasoline and oil have become important items in the stock of the wilderness trader. He now has Imperial products in convenient cases stored in his warehouse, all ready to help the traveller upon his way.

Many are the stories of the early experiences with outboards. Trail blazers will once and while point out a spot in a river or a lake where, in the depths, an outboard motor rests. Sometimes they fell off the
our线。In some instances squalls upset the craft and the machines were lost. There are instances recorded where a canoe man, weary of trying to coax a bulky motor into humming again, has seized it, and with words wait to the occasion, tossed it out of his life forever.

But they do not do that any more. They understand the machines now. The motors are groomed for their work. They are given every attention, so that they will not go on the trail. Gasolines and oils are carefully chosen from the standpoint of quality. For quality does count for a great deal when a man is a thousand miles from nowhere and still has a long way to go. The ports of the North are closed for the ice season and the voyages of the light craft of the West Main are now a matter of history. It is the kind of history, though, that we like to write about, because it was a successful season. More merchandise was transported than ever before. That means business for the factories and refineries of East and West, and more development in the Far North.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE ASKING

DEAR BILL:

We have received your welcome letter, and we are sorry we cannot send you all the things you want—not that we wouldn't like to, but it's not always possible. Remember sometimes when you have gone to the store with Dad, the storekeeper hadn't all the things Dad wanted because his stock had run low, very likely he had sold more of these things than he expected to sell. Remember?

It's the same with us Bill; sometimes our stock gets pretty low on books and maps and things. Lots of good people like you write and ask us for them. You see the little books we write to you about books and maps and all kinds of things that everyone wants one. That is why our stock gets low. Haven't you found them interesting? And don't you think they help the farmer? And the Road Maps two—aren't they a wonderful guide to the traveller?

We don't want you to think we're completely out of stock, because we are not going to disappoint you altogether. Today we are sending you a parcel for your birthday in it you will find a few maps of Canada and different parts of the United States. This was also the occasion when I sent you a letter for the booklet, at Nov. 12 so I am very sorry writing to you for another booklet. I am very thankful with the Farm Management booklet which I received. And if you will have the weed control booklet so please send it to me.

I would like to receive the map of the United States and the North West Territories but I would be very thankful if I would receive large and plain written maps. And please send me all kinds of flowers and all kinds of flowers and all kinds of plants and all kinds of birds, turkeys goose, ducks, chickens and all kinds of tame animals please send these things if you have them.

Winnipeg office, while unable to fill quite all of Bill's requirements, handled the situation thus:

Good luck Bill. Your old friend,

Imperial Oil Limited
The three production men have their own special duties. One devotes his whole attention to keeping track of the passing time. His job is to flash a signal to Foster Hewitt at every quarter hour indicating when station identification should be called for. He also takes each intermission and gives the signal when the interview with the visiting guest must be cut short, so as to avoid interruption by the unexpected appearance of the teams on the ice.

A second production man is located at the most southerly end of the gondola. His duty is to keep contact with the key station (CFRB), and with the line companies which transmit the broadcast by land-line to stations from coast to coast. A third production man acts as a "raver" or general contact—chasing down to ice level occasionally in search of additional guests who may be brought to the microphone and generally supervising the routine of the broadcast.

Approximately eight minutes before the end of the game, Perce Le Sueur, Dick Mansell, the guest commentator, Charles Jennings, and the "raver" production man leave the gondola to go down to the ice level studio which is located on the opposite side of the ice—under the bank of seats and immediately back of the players benches in the dressing-room corridor. On their way down they pick up a control operator from the control room. By this time all the stars of the game have usually been selected. While Perce Le Sueur and the guest commentator take their places in the ice level studio, Dick Mansell remains outside—on the control room floor by the stars as they come off the ice.

Meanwhile, Perce Le Sueur and the guest commentator are listening to Foster Hewitt’s broadcast on the radio head-phones in the studio. If there are any last-minute changes in the personnel of the three stars, this information is transmitted to Dick Mansell by the production man on the job.

As the game ends, players and crowd alike clash for the exits. Mansell skillfully nab the "wanted" men as they pass, and herds them down the dressing-room corridor to the ice level studio. While this is occurring, Foster Hewitt has handed over to Perce Le Sueur who, in turn, has introduced Charles Jennings for the closing commercial. The three stars of the game get grouped inside the door of the tiny studio by the time Charles Jennings finishes. One after another the guest commentator introduces them to the audience—and one after another they stamp awkwardly along on their skates to their dressing room. Then follows a brief introduction of the guests for the following week—and "Your Imperial Oil Hockey Broadcast bids you—Good-night."

The "pickup" from both the gondola and the ice level studio are "mixed" in the radio control room, located in the north-west corner of the Gardens on a level about half-way up from ice level to the gondola. From this point, the broadcast is fed direct to the key station from which, in turn, it is fed to the line companies, and thence out to the national network.

The land lines, which carry the broadcast, from coast to coast, are either telephone lines or telephone lines, and usually a combination of both. They are copper wire lines, and for more than an hour before the broadcast engineers have been busy "balancing" them for the correct transmission of all sound "frequencies" from the lowest base to the highest treble notes. Without such balancing, the voices of the announcers would be unrecognizable to the audience at distant points.

The roundabout route which the broadcast must take in reaching many of the stations on the network requires the use of approximately 5,000 miles of copper wire merely to carry the broadcast from station to station. But, as each line is a "pair", 10,000 miles of copper wire are actually involved. In addition, there must be a stand-by, in case of line failure at any point. This stand-by line involves another 10,000 miles of copper wire—all balanced and ready to take over the broadcast in case of failure of the original line. Over many parts of the network the stand-by line follows a completely different route from the original broadcast line so that in case a storm carried down all the wires in a locality, there would still be another route by which more distant stations could be reached. In addition to these lines, another 5,000 miles of line (single, in this case) act as a telegraph "finder wire", or control line, linking all stations on the network. Over a quarter of a million telegraph poles are necessary to carry all the broadcast wires—a veritable forest of high-grade timber.

This tremendous jigsaw-puzzle of land-lines requires the attention throughout the broadcast of between seventy-five and one hundred broadcast engineers who operate the various "booster points" on the network, at which the faint signal of the broadcast is boosted up, or amplified, for the next stage of its progress across the country.
One region of the Imperial Oil network is not reached by land-line, but by air. This is Newfoundland, which takes its hockey broadcast just as seriously as does Canada. In the Newfoundland station three modern pick-up units are in operation, taking the hockey broadcast signal throughout the game from various Canadian stations—both short-wave and long-wave. Wherever it is coming in most clearly at any given moment of the broadcast is the one which is reproduced by the Newfoundland station in its rebroadcast of the game. It is an experiment that is being watched with interest by radio technicians.

Although the object of Imperial Oil is primarily to cover Canada and Newfoundland with the broadcast, there is a tremendous coverage in the United States as well—an overflow coverage from the Canadian stations. In one of these stations alone, letters have been received from hockey broadcast fans located in some thirty-six of the forty-eight states of the Union. In addition, listeners have written in from the International Petroleum settlement in Peru, from California, from Great Britain and Ireland—and even from far off New Zealand.

The popularity of the Imperial Oil Hockey Broadcast—even with those who have never seen a hockey game—is undoubtedly due in large measure to its announcer, Foster Hewitt, and his talent for graphic description. This famous young man—he is in his early thirties—has a characteristic style that is unique in his profession. Style is perhaps the wrong word, for the essence of Foster Hewitt's broadcasting technique is simplicity and naturalness. His enthusiasm when a goal is scored or his delight at a pretty play is so genuine that it is contagious over the air. Foster Hewitt does not believe that flowery phrases have any part in a hockey broadcast but he does believe in using good English. Because he is not artificial, he does not "wise crack" at every opportunity and his listeners therefore do not tire of him.

Appreciation of Foster Hewitt's ability to give an accurate and interesting description of a fast-moving hockey game is best gained when one sits beside him in the grandola and listens to his commentary while watching the play at the same time. At that height the players all look alike to the novice in this art, and it is Foster's unerring command of their names and nick-names that provides the first surprise. Then, as the game progresses, and one notices how smoothly he follows the action, how little he leaves out, how easily he fills in with appropriate information as the play in the play, how shrewd are his prophecies of penalties and how fair are his comments—then it is that one senses the artistry and knowledge of the game that underlie his easy style.

Talking as he does to more than a million people every week, it is natural that Foster Hewitt should receive a share of fan mail. Letters and gifts from every place under the sun arrive at his unpretentious office in Maple Leaf Gardens. One of his most unusual gifts came after the broadcast of a Stanley Cup game between the Leafs and the Rangers. It happens that Foster has always been superstitious about broadcasting with his hat on and during this particular game he remarked that something seemed to be wrong with the Leafs only to realize suddenly that he was still wearing his hat. Knocking it flying, he went on with the broadcast. In the next mail he received a specially monogrammed hat-hanger from a thoughtful listener.

Foster Hewitt's is not the only well-known voice heard on the Imperial Oil Hockey Broadcast. Dick Mussell, who sits beside him and gives player gossip in the intermissions; Charles Jennings, the programme announcer; and Perce LeSueur the master of ceremonies, are all old favorites in Canadian radio. Perce, in particular, is widely known in sports circles, having been an outstanding goal tender for nine years with the famous Ottawa club. He has managed, coached and refereed in professional and amateur hockey leagues, and knows his way about in practically every other sport worth mentioning. During the past four years, Perce has been a sports commentator and his experience and personality qualify him unusually well to conduct the interviews with the celebrated Canadian and American announcers that are brought to the microphone during the intermissions of the broadcast.

In thousands of homes across Canada, Newfoundland and the United States Perce LeSueur, Foster Hewitt and their associates are welcome guests every Saturday night. Listening to the Hockey Broadcast is a high spot in entertainment for families everywhere. "Come on over on Saturday night—oh no, we're not going to hint—just listen to the hockey broadcast and play a little bridge. How many times is a similar invitation extended each winter week?" This season a kindly schedule-maker has allotted to the Maple Leaf twenty successive Saturday night home games—to hockey broadcast fans twenty successive Saturday nights of enjoyment beside the radio.

A REAL FLYING MODEL

AERIAL POW, like many another young Canadian, is keen on aviation. He'd like to be a pilot some day and to keep his hand in he began building model airplanes. Before long he was making them good enough to enter the National Model Competition with a real gasoline-engined monoplane. This model was planned with a miniature motor so that it would actually fly.

At its dress rehearsal it gave a fine exhibition but in a
AT HOME WITH OUR COLOMBIAN EMPLOYEES

How do they live, those employees of the Tropical Oil Company in Colombia? Very busily, healthily and happily, as can be seen by the accompanying pictures.

The skilled worker with the happy smile (upper left hand corner) has just been handed his pay envelope. Like his well-trained fellows in field and plant, he has the satisfaction of knowing that good work deserves and receives good pay. The company provides comfortable homes for his family. Schools are built and equipped for his children. He is encouraged to continue in his religious beliefs.

New babies are tenderly cared for by their mothers and as they grow older they attend the clinics which help them to become fine, strong Colombian citizens.

Modern hospital methods and equipment are available in case of sickness.

The boys are normal youngsters. They don't like to wash behind their ears, yell like wildcats when school is let out, and want to follow in the footsteps of their fathers. Their hobbies, in which they attain a high degree of skill, reflect the tradition of industry and efficiency in which they have been reared.
SARNIA IMPERIALS CANADIAN CHAMPIONS

Team Sponsored by Imperial Oil Employees Social and Athletic Association wins second Canadian Championship.

By Ted Reeves, Sports Columnist and Coach of Queen's University Football Team

IN THE most exciting football match of recent years the Sarnia Imperials fought their way across a frozen Toronto gridiron to a victory over the Ottawa Rough Riders to win the Eastern Canadian championship by the amazing score of 26 to 20.

In a frost-bitten throng went wild with excitement the champions of the O.R.F.U. onslaughted the gallant crew from the Capital in a thrilling, punishing struggle in which first one goal line and then the other was threatened by tremendous offensive drives.

It was a ball carrier's day. The treacherous footing sent the tacklers of both sides on the skids and powerful plungers or end-sweeping halfbacks tore off sensational gains. Yet it was typical of the Three Star machine that they had the extra bit of offensive punch that brought victory, for in practically all their games of a successful season it was the smooth-working power on the attack that featured their play.

In other words the Oilers of 1936 won the Eastern Canada title because no matter how many points might be rolled up against them, they always had that extra bit of speed, system and smash on the offensive to pile up the extra points. As a result, four of their games, the three league clashes with the Battling Balmy Beaches and the last spectacular struggle with Ottawa, could be numbered amongst the six best games of the season in the East for they supplied dashing, chance-taking football all the way.

It was regrettable that Regina's inability to conform with the C.R.U. residence rules ruined the East-West playoff this year. The Imperials regained the Grey Cup, emblematic of the Canadian championship, but they would have preferred to meet the best the West could field on the gridiron. Probably they will have that opportunity next autumn and if such a game takes place it should be a titanic tangle and the East will be well represented in the exchanges and on the scoreboard.

Like a jockey taking a peak at the odds-board in the way to the post, the Oilers, with Alex Hayes or Arnie McMatters calling the shots, appeared in their important games, to be playing with one eye on the scoreboard and toiling accordingly. Through the season Macassa's Marauders only enjoyed three romps, an exhibition game with Western College and their two league affairs with Hamilton Cubs. Otherwise the Three Star Machine had to work on all six and work hard to show the backs of their jerseys to the rest of the Eastern Pretenders to the rugby crown. And in all these 'money' games, but one, the Oilers showed that they could match pans with pans, plunge with plunge and run with run to say nothing of taking care of the tackling with much gusto and as good as the next man.

The only mark on the red side of their escutcheon for the year 1936 was placed there by their fiercest rivals in league games, yet their staunchest supporters in extra-mural battles. Balmy Beach, who played inspired football at Varsity Stadium on Thanksgiving Day to hand them a close 10-8 beating. And at that the Oilers, with Hedgwick, Parscara and Hayes three-starting for the Three Stars, came from behind an eight point deficit to pull off the game.

Kicked out of the running for the Dominion laurels they had captured in 1934 by a surprisingly powerful Hamilton Tiger team last year, Sarnia started off the final season with a victory over Argus in an exhibition game, just to even matters with the Big Four.

The score was 5-1 and the play not very strenuous but the Oilers gave the fans and fans an inkling of what to expect should they meet again in the future. It was in this game that Mike Hedgwick, young and on the outside line fresh from a Windsor High School, and making his first appearance with the Three Star machine, gave warning to all and sundry and especially to Balmy Beach that it would take much more than a pinch of salt to stop him once he was on the fly. It was also then that Alex Hayes, veteran of many battles in which he was the marshall, showed that he could still pump that apple over the uprights from placement and just how well he bore out that display can be seen in the scoring records, and more than anywhere else, in the Ottawa game where he sniped four converts in a row.

Against Argus, Sarnia tried only their light infantry on the offensive. Beach plunged but little, the rest of the line taking it comparatively easy, while Rocky Parscara filled the air with for and passes. Two of them placing 'Burner' Stirling in position for singles in the first quarter and a couple more giving Hayes a chance to show his place-kicking ability. These five points were enough that day as Argus scored but one single and all were scored in what is known as the easy way as compared to plunging for touchdowns.

The next week the Three Star express slammed into London for a 'go' with Western University, who were reported to be much improved by the American coaching of Bill Storrs. It was a gallup for the Sarnia-Hayes-Stirling-Beach-Hedgwick outfit for they romped off with a 14-3 victory in which they let out another of their many offensive matches.

Then Sarnia moved into the O.R.F.U. schedule, through which they had skipped in easy fashion for five consecutive years and, as has been mentioned, before they got it in the neck for Thanksgiving from Alex Ponton's light-weight but hard-hitting crew. This game was the first of a series during the season, labelled as first class football spectacles by sport writers and fans. The Sarnia manoeuvres as always found much favor with everybody at the game; the smashing line plunges by Big Off and Beach and Hugh Stirling, the knife-like interference thuds of Claxton, Sarnia Paramore and the rest of the well-drilled infantry, the flashy, tricky and sensational running of Hedgwick and McMatters, the carry marshalling of Hayes. Stirling's powerful punting and the massive defensive display along the line and in the open field.

The next week the Oilers stepped into Hamilton Cubs and though the Tiger farm hands put up a terrific battle Macassa's squad plastered them around and the grizzled old trio of McMatters, Hayes and Hedgwick ran wild. Jim Geary turned in a powerful game, while the Sarnia line tore up the Cub's offensive with ease.

On November 2 Sarnia and Balmy Beach played scene two of their best-game-of-the-season series at Sarnia and it was here that the champs cast their shadows before them. It was one of the most bruising games of the year, with plenty of give and take on both sides, but the Oilers broke the Beaches' hearts in the
The Oiler started the game with a 55-yard crash by Stirling and by having Orr Beach at the Ottawa line enough times to get one touchdown, which Haynes converted, and while Ottawa were gathering their forces, scattered by the crashing Beach's bolts, Haynes and Parsons cut Hedgwick loose around the end for another major, which Haynes again converted. Ottawa battled back and before half time had tied it up. Did this discourage the Oilers? Not one whit. They stepped right back to the front with the same procedure they used in the first quarter and before the half ended, Beach had again jolted over for one touch and Hedgwick had squeezed around the end again for another. Both of these were converted by Haynes, who was pipping them over from placement as if he was using a 44.

In the final session Sarnia had to use all the defensive power they could muster to hold the fury of the Rough Riders attack. Practically dismembered by the desperate Ottawa line in the first three-quarters, Orr Beach had all he could do to stand up in that last final offensive and it was left to such stalwarts as Clasmon, Norris, Burr, Moore, Parsons and Stevenson to hold the despair-driven Ottawans and hold them they did. On end Mike Hedgwick came up out of the rack to bat down a touchdown pass and Hugh Stirling put a period to the season with a 70-yard haul.

It was the seventh time in eight years that Sarnia had been in the playoffs and the second time in that period that the Three Star machine had toyed its way to the Dominion title. Although most of the glory goes to the flashing backfielders, who are most easily seen due to their position, and a lot of stars are pinned on the line smashers and ball carriers, there isn't a man on the team that during this season hasn't figured prominently in the play. Of course Mighty Orr Beach did a terrific amount of work, gaining much ground with his plunging and holding off countless attacks with his superb secondary defense labors. And certainly all credit to Mike Hedgwick, Arnie McWatters, Alex Haynes and Hugh Stirling for their kicking, running, plunging, passing and tackling. But then there was Mike Clasmon, "Ike" Norris, John Wickwire, "Woody" Woodcock and Neil Van Horne and there was Cal Moore, Pat Butler, Cliff Parsons and Ken Stevenson, all of whom helped to soften up rival lines and runners with their deadly tackling both along the line and in the open field, and still had time to take the odd slice at the line and skirt around the end. Ralph Burr took over snap duties and performed as if he was to the upside-down manner born, handling the ball well and making that spot in the line a rocky road to a gain. Rocky Parsons came in for much praise again for his left field tossing and carry manoeuvring on extensions and end runs. Jim Geary, Cord Peterson and "Red" France also took their turns at making the Sarnia name synonymous with great football teams. And great football teams should be coming out of Ontario's Ottawa for many years to come if the younger crop of seniors and the lads coming up from the Wanderers are any sample—the latter team having been the O.R.F.U. Intermediate champions for the last two years.
THE life of a seaplane pilot is one of surprises. He never knows what cargo he may be called upon to carry, his destination may be anywhere and the weatherman always has a few tricks up his sleeve.

Par Reid comes back from the North with the tale of the 'weatherman's latest joke, perpetrated on a fleet of planes at Nonunda. It was a muddling fine evening in October. The wind had a bit of a nip and the clouds were lowering but as weather goes it was passable and a gale would not make him change. He bought oil from the Rogers people before it was the Queen City Oil Company, and Imperial Oil is in my tank today."

D. S. Bell, Manager of Toronto Marketing Division, to whom Mr. Douglas sent the calendar, was likewise moved to speak of conditions in the older days of the industry. "Your reminiscence and cordial letter of October 30th was indeed a most pleasant interlude to the hustle and bustle of our business routine. Too, it was a kindly thought which prompted you to forward our calendar of far distant days—taking us back in fellowship with you to the epochal change from coal oil barrels to the horse drawn tank wagon."

"Well can the writer recall, as if it were yesterday, the rolling blue coal oil barrel, checking for missing bungs and hoops and broken staves. All were part of my multiplication of duties. So with the dealer we had much in common who had to contend with leaking barrels, cartage and what not."

"Little did we think at that time that thirty-seven years hence the horse drawn wagon would be supplanted by streamlined tank trucks equipped with pneumatic tires, speeding to and fro on paved roads and travelling further in twenty minutes than a team of horses could travel in a day."

"The tribute which you extend to our products and service is very much appreciated, and to your good self please be assured that your sentiments are hearty reciprocated."

THE MARCHING YEARS

WHAT strange memories are evoked by the calendar reproduced on the opposite page in the minds of those who remember when the rumbling tank wagon, shod with green paint and gold lettering, was drawn by the finest horses procurable along city streets and over the crude highways of the day.

We are indebted for this momento of the by-day of horse drawn equipment to George Douglas of Manilla, Ontario, one of the older members of the Imperial Guard. With it came his reminiscences.

"As I do remember the first tank wagon that came to Manilla, what a day of rejoicing it was for me. No more earing barrels of Coal Oil from the Railway stations. No more struggling to up end a barrel that was three times my own weight, no more pumping out the barrels with a small pump to fill the tank. Never again would I experience the thrill of sitting on the end of one of a load of empty barrels, when the harness broke and the horse ran down a steep hill over half a mile. With the advent of your tank wagon many of my troubles were chased away.

"As long as I can remember, the only Coal Oil my father sold was the product of your firm. He always liked to sell high quality merchandise and deal with business people where he always got a square deal. Having found this, a couple of cents
A Review of Reviews

"As Vol. XX", we read, as we turned to the first page of the latest issue of "Imperial Oil Review". Surely, our eyes were deceiving us. But no—there were those two chubby black Roman X's, and two Roman X's, (chubby and black or not) always meant 20, and 20 undoubtedly meant 20th year of publication! With an effort we subtracted 20 from 1936 and got an acute attack of curiosity.

Flipping over the pages of those old Reviews we found more fun than we had imagined it could be. It was just a little bit like taking part in an archaeological expedition to search for relics of a previous civilization. Only twenty years ago, it is true—but what a change those twenty years had made!

We found everything strangely different. The picture of the Imperial Oil building on the cover of the first issue was different—it did not include the King and Church Street corner now occupied by the enlarged structure; the horse-drawn tank wagons and the first crude attempts at motor truck delivery were different—so different, in fact, from our present up-to-the-minute vehicles that one particular reference to the tank wagon of that day is a "thing of beauty" tackled ouribilities. (No doubt our 1936 models will similarly affect the 1996 reader). Imposing piles of the now extinct wooden barrel lent an unfamiliar aspect to refinery and warehouse scenes, and the few early service stations pictured could be a day from the turn of the century, inviting architectural creations identified to-day by the red-white-and-blue Imperial oval. Styles had changed in clothes as well as in service station design, as the photo of various office groups attested, and it was interesting to note that although most of the men could have passed muster in practically the same attire today, members of the other sex would have been hopelessly outmoded, not to speak of out-bobbed.

An even more obvious change in styles was apparent in the typography of the REVIEW itself and some of the Imperial Oil advertisements of that period which were reproduced in its pages. In comparison, the typography of today seemed to have kept in step with the spirit of our age for it was sharper, more easily read, more stream-lined than that of bygone years.

The war had left its impress upon the pages of those early Reviews and every issue bore witness to the greater competition between nations that overshadowed mere commercial rivalry. There was a picture of one of the first Imperial Oil men in enlist for "overseas service", and somewhere else an Imperial Oil man back from the front explained a clever method of making a fire in the trenches from an Imperial Oil candle and a piece of dry cloth or sack, when other materials were not available (as they mostly weren't). A picture of Allied submarines harrying at Joco Refinery brought home to us the important part played by the oil industry in the great struggle, and letters from Imperial Oil employees at the Front, photos of giant tanks that had made their way from the worn-out parades, snaps of Perfection oil stoves in tents at Salamina and aboard British destroyers, an account
of the sinking of the Imperial Oil tanker "Lux Blanca", girls in service station uniforms, all combined to give a very vivid impression of those feverish years from 1914 to 1918.

Just as the smallest relics are often of greatest value to the archaeologist, so we frequently found the smallest items in each Review of greatest interest.

There was, for instance, the undated postcard, noted as being on the back of a 150,000 motor cars. Why a puny total it was compared to the 1,000,000 registrations to-day? It is clear that a long ago the old ail this automatic system was still in its infancy. A glance at the front of the card brought joy to the heart of a stained-glass window of the time at the thought of the world that we now live in signing her not the next generation.

Each faded image contains items like these and, as we turn quickly from page to page, the years seemed to fly past with fantastic speed as though we were witnessing a moving-picture of the last 20 years in the oil business being run off in fast motion. It was as if the Company were growing before our very eyes—new refineries, new distributing points, new innovations in response to the insistent demand for more petroleum products from a development country. Even the size of the editions grew larger, as though more paper were needed to record the story of Company activities.

But, if rapid change and progress were the theme of this review of Refining, it was satisfying to reach Volume X and realize that, for the first time, the family resemblance was unmistakably there. They were both Imperial Oil.

SAVING 12,000,000,000 BARRELS OF OIL

In recent years the subject of oil conservation has received a good deal of publicity, and proration of ununit operation and other methods have been employed with marked success. But few people are aware of the tremendous saving of oil resources achieved during the last 20 years by use of the "cracking" process in gasoline refining—a saving of 12,000,000,000 barrels of crude oil according to reliable estimates. As the proven oil reserves of the United States are slightly over 12,000,000,000 barrels at the present time, the saving of this much oil would readily be understood. Without "cracking", oil reserves in the United States, the world's largest proponent, would be reduced to about 10 billion barrels—practically no reserve at all unless exploration had been greatly expanded.

The story of cracking is a typical tale of the oil man's ingenuity in solving what might seem a hopeless problem at first sight. Before the advent of the automatic, kerogen was the chief product of crude oil and refineries sought to extract as much kerogen as possible from a barrel of crude. Gasoline was almost a waste product; and of little value. But then, almost overnight, the motor-car arrived on the scene and changed the complexion of things entirely. The refiner's problem now was to obtain as much gasoline as possible, and the introduction of electricity made the process feasible. Demand for gasoline steadily increased and the third production of a barrel of crude could be distilled into gasoline by ordinary methods. The discovery of cracking increased the yield of gasoline to such a degree that to-day a barrel of crude oil, on an average, yields 43% gasoline, and the percentage is still mounting. What is more, cracked gasoline—whether straight-run or straight-run product—is now recognized to be superior in the automotive field to the old Style.

Cracking is literally what the name implies. Crude oil is subjected to such tremendous heat and pressure that a portion of its larger, heavier molecules are broken up into the smaller ones that form gasoline. The pany's history. We have long admired the business-like brevity of our Company name—"Imperial Oil Limited"—and have often wondered when this compact, modern edition replaced the original title "The Imperial Oil Company, Limited" appearing in the Company's incorporation papers in 1880. This item supplied the answer, with its brief announcement that "there has been a change in the name of the Company—Limited"—an announcement which brought joy to the heart of a stained-glass window of the thought of the world that we now live in signing her name to the next generation.

AND SO TO BED

By John Nies

In the spring it is Shakespeare who implied a man, in his time, filled with new enthusiasm of coming spring. Such ignorance may be pardoned, but as the opening salvo in what purports to be a dramatic "critique" it seems to lack background. (If you know what we mean. We are not even certain of the word "critique", but are mid-Victorian enough to believe that a dash of French puts "critic" into the word "critique").

So to speak, and if we were an actor we would far rather be "criticized" than criticized.

Frankly we do not enjoy the role of critic, being one who lives to be at peace with his fellows of both sexes. The word is associated with such terms as capping, captious and censorious, all of which are not only theoguistic, and it seems at first glance only a distant relation of Volume I, the family resemblance was unmistakably there. They were both Imperial Oil.

It is no little honor to act as dramatic critic for the Review. Neither is a cheap honor as critics from all the Toronto dailies will testify, and, while we were not given our com- mercial, kerogen was sought out, and we bought and paid for. We can, therefore, start out by complimenting the business management of the show.

Talking about the show reminds us of the need for "critiquing" the public appearance of the 15th Church Street Club Players production of Fagan's well known masterpiece "A Night in May". Just a few months after the third production of a barrel of crude could be distilled into gasoline by ordinary methods, the discovery of cracking increased the yield of gasoline to such a degree that to-day a barrel of crude oil, on an average, yields 43% gasoline, and the percentage is still mounting. What is more, cracked gasoline—whether straight-run or straight-run product—is now recognized to be superior in the automotive field to the old Style.

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out for Pepys' office with his portfolio, an article which would not have been amiss under the arm of a high-pressure stock salesman of today.

As far as we could judge the person with the least to do was Miss Peggy Mackay, the Proprietor. Every artist knew her or her lines and, in practically every instance, made the most of them.

To the unseen actors a word of praise is merited. The settings were good, the properties were in the main appropriate and the intervals between the acts did not drag unduly. As a matter of fact one could have wished they were longer as it would have allowed for a greater opportunity to listen to and enjoy the pianoforte selections of Guy Polner, one of Toronto's coming musicians.

And finally a bouquet to Frank Idle who directed the presentation. It was an amateur performance without a doubt, but only the confirmed theatre-goer could have spotted it as such. This degree of excellence was not fortuitous, but was acquired in the painful way by patience, diligence and the co-ordinated efforts of enthusiastic recruits under the master hand of an expert. Frank Idle was never on the stage during the play, but he was never absent from it. His genius was the motivating power and the measure of its success.

And so to bed!

* RESCUE AT SEA *

M/S Vancolite, Bermuda, December 1, 1936.

Imperial Oil, Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Sir:

Noon, November 29th, we sighted a stranded schooner right on our course. I arrived at his position shortly before one, spoke to him and requested I send a boat to take them off. It was necessary to make two trips to take off all the crew and their personal effects.

The weather conditions were very favorable on arrival; wind S.S.E., force 5, moderate confused swell, but before we finished, the wind veered to the S.W. in a strong squall and conditions were not so good especially alongside the derelict.

Outside of a few bruises, nobody was injured during the transfer. I treated several men for minor bruises and cuts received on board their vessel. Our life-boat was set in one side, but could be repaired by the crew, it will not affect its seaworthiness.

The 'Trinity Braiden' of Boston was bound from New Bedford, Mass., for Brava Cape Verde Islands with general cargo. His rigging gave way in a heavy swell, all three masts were broken off at the deck and bowsprit at knightheads. The hull was in a very good condition, she was leaking some but had power pumps and under favorable weather conditions could easily be salvaged.

The Master failed to set her on fire, and when he got on board, I considered it too rough to return to the derelict. I proceeded at 2:30 p.m. for Bermuda, when I sent your wire. I also sent out a general T.T.T. derelict message to Bermuda.

I am attaching a list containing names and etc. of persons rescued, I am due at Bermuda noon today. The agent advised me he would be standing by with a tug to take them off the harbour.

Yours Respectfully,
E. F. Sartey, Master

The list included two sailors and six passengers, including a woman of 78 and three children aged one, three and five.

* DANIEL CUMMINGS RETIRES *

DANIEL T. CUMMINGS, chief accountant for Imperial Oil Limited at Saint John for the last 10 years, retired recently.

Mr. Cummings has been with the Company for 27 years, his service commencing at Winnipeg. During that period he had been chief accountant at Vancouver, Saskatoon, Regina, Toronto, Samia, and Saint John.

He and Mrs. Cummings plan to spend about two months at Brockville, Ont., Mrs. Cummings' former home, but his plans after that are indefinite.

The best wishes of the Company are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Cummings for many, many years of happiness together enjoying a well-earned rest.

* Obituary *

ROBERT C. MULLIGAN, who died recently at his home in Vancouver, was one of the originators of the gasoline service station.

Born in Quebec, he went to British Columbia at an early age and joined the Imperial Oil organization at Vancouver in 1894. In due course he became foreman of the plant at the foot of Cambie Street where, in 1908, he designed and installed a large corrugated tank with a flexible hose—the forerunner of the modern gasoline pump. The number of motor cars calling at the plant for fuel and lubricating oil began to clutter up the yard and interfere with the delivery of kerosene and specialties. So C. M. Rolston, then manager, and Mr. Mulligan, combined forces to solve the problem and in so doing originated the first service station on the continent. Before Mr. Mulligan retired in 1930, he had the extraordinary experience of seeing his emergency measure grow into a service almost world-wide.

* DID YOU KNOW... *

THAT some oil wells have been producing for more than 50 years?

That, while most people think of oil as a source of power and lubrication, oil products enter into the manufacture of drugs, paints, perfumes, ink, tires, chemicals, paper, cloth, and countless other products?

That crude oil is produced commercially in 26 countries, with the largest output coming from the United States?

That oil refining science makes such rapid progress that the average refinery becomes obsolete within five years?

That an eight-inch pipe line will transport 51,000 barrels of oil daily?