Behind the Discoveries

Although the continued search for oil in Canada was not too productive early this year, recent results have established 1951 as another period of successful discoveries. And, as we go to press, a new oil find near Fort St. John in the Peace River district is being reported.

The Fort St. John discovery will be greeted with special enthusiasm because it is in the British Columbia section of the Peace River and may open up new oil vistas in that province.

While Imperial played no part in this latest find, the Company has been very active in exploring the Alberta section of the Peace River area and believes in its oil possibilities. The Peace district and the life of the seismic crews at work there are described in this issue.

Oil experts estimate that developments in the four western provinces have increased Canada's known reserves by around half a billion barrels in little more than a year. Imperial was responsible for some of the success but, as noted in our Field Report, many of the new finds have been made by other companies. The search for oil is just as competitive as any other phase of this highly competitive industry.

The new finds are good news but they are only part of the story. Perhaps we can quote remarks made recently by the New York Times. After referring to the importance of oil in daily life and in international affairs, the Times said:

"In our gratification over new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered . . . . The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts.

"Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers. The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance . . . ."

On the Cover

These young citizens of the young town of Devon see Brownies, the junior branch of the Girl Guide movement. About to give their "Grand Howl", the girls are reaffirming their promise of good citizenship and service with the basket of the two Emperors on the floor. In the center of the circle, the brown Owl on the mushroom is a symbol of wisdom. The Brownie pack's one of many community organizations that developed as Devon grew from a barley field to a modern self-governing town for workers in the Ledcor Oil field. See page two.
The Devon Dream Comes True

Neat, new signs that read “Devon, Canada’s Model Town” now point the way down a side road from the Edmonton-Calgary highway in the area of the Leduc oil field, south of Edmonton.

Travellers who have never been to Devon and who see the signs for the first time may smile about the ambitious boasts made by small towns.

But these signs aren’t mere boasts. Devon can back up its claim that it is, indeed, “Canada’s Model Town.” These are the reasons:

Every bit of land town-planned before a sod was turned. A complete and entirely self-governing community. Everything in it new and fully modern — homes, schools, stores, offices, parks and recreational facilities. Full water, sewer, electricity and gas services. Bread all-weather surfaced streets with concrete curbs and sidewalks. Its homes all owner-occupied, without an empty house. No unemployment, no relief, no local crime. And its every citizen ready to roll up his or her sleeves and help with whatever is needed, from communal facilities to health surveys.

All these things are true about Devon and together they are the realization of oilmen’s dreams of turning an oil camp into a model community.

Through the decades of the oil search that led to the discovery of the Leduc field in February, 1947, many oil camps had mushroomed and disappeared in Alberta. Some were good and some were bad. Some were shack towns with few services, poor sanitation, no schools, no recreation for the children, few aids to home life. Much better were the modern trailer camps, but these, of course, were designed for frequent moves and not as long-term communities.

Devon still is growing and as new houses are built, paved sidewalks and streets are provided to combat prairie mud. The town now boasts of its community-owned sewer, water and gas systems.

The milkman going his rounds in Devon makes his deliveries at attractive modern houses arranged on wide streets and avenues. All the homes are owner-occupied and have full convenience.

Mayor George Thompson’s map of Devon shows how the community was town-planned to grow beside the North Saskatchewan River. The streets are grouped around big squares set aside as drilling sites. There is oil production within the town.
Soon after the "Leduc Discovery"—pronounced with capital letters by people in this area—Imperial Oil officials were faced with a problem that resulted in the Devon dream. As the extent and importance of the Discovery became established, they realized that satisfactory living quarters had to be provided for the many workers that would be needed in a great oil field. The dream was not of a company town but of a permanent, self-sufficient, self-owned, self-governed, modern community for oilmen and their families. And in the years since then the dream has been more than fulfilled.

The only thing Devon lacks is a long history, but few towns in Canada have crammed so many stages of development into such a short period.

Devon's start was sponsored by Imperial—somebody had to take the lead because the need was urgent and the time was precious—but the new citizens took over self-leadership at the earliest possible moment. This is how it happened.

As the first wells in the Leduc field came into production, housing for the oil workers quickly became a problem. Crowded into anything they could find in the town of Leduc, at a considerable distance from the first wells, production men asked for a trailer camp-site in the field. But Imperial felt that something more permanent would be needed and asked the men to "hold tight" just a little longer. And ideas for the new town began to take shape.

First step was to select a barley field, high on a flat overlooking the Saskatchewan River. The land was bought from Frank and John Sim.

Next step was to ask the Alberta town planning commission for assistance in laying out a model town. The commission replied that help would be gladly given and the plans went ahead.

The Devon site was in a fast developing oil area and Imperial asked the planners to make allowance for four well sites. These were incorporated in the town plan and the wells give Devon its proudest boast—it is a full-dug oil town with production right inside the town limits.

Imperial made several decisions that contributed to Devon's basic growth. The Company decided to place its offices for the Leduc producing district in the new town and installed water, sewer, and gas systems in the townsite. Imperial's gas conservation plant, built on a neighboring quarter-section became a new industry.

Devon Estates Ltd., a specially formed Imperial subsidiary, handled real estate sales and guaranteed mortgages on the houses wanted by prospective citizens. It was recognized that in times of high costs the buyers needed special help in financing their purchases and arrangements were made resulting in some of the lowest down payments Canada has known. Some were as low as $200.

Devon became one of the busiest barley fields in history. By late fall, while derrick masts rode like ships on the waves of ripened grain nearby, great ditching machines were in action gouging Devon's minutely-planned surface, while utility pipes and

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Laidlaw's comfortable home has a stone fireplace. Here he and his six-year-old son Roy discuss comics while Mrs. Laidlaw feeds baby Eleanor her evening bottle of milk.
Today there are 246 homes in Devon, worth almost $1½ millions, arranged on pleasant streets and crescents, many overlooking the river. Their prices varied: a few basementless houses were built for as low as $3,600; the largest number cost between $5,500 and $8,000; and some cost as much as $14,000.

Dick Yee, an Edmonton restaurant owner, was the pioneer merchant on the Devon site. Even before a single sod had been turned for Devon, Yee had prepped up a tax paper shack and his waiters had begun to sling Chow for the roughnecks and drillers in the new field. The taxpaper cafe collected all the more obvious names for such an establishment in a new oil field, but the most popular was "The Bucket of Blood."

Dick Yee planned with the town. Early in the fall of 1949, "The Bucket of Blood" gave way to a glittering new cabaret named the Pagoda. Although its early program of twice-weekly supper dances proved to be too ambitious for a family town, the Pagoda, now operated by Tommy Mah, is one of Devon's chief ornaments.

A healthy string of businesses followed Dick Yee to Devon's commercial area. Now there are two groceries (one operated by Don Sellers, a former Imperial separator operator, who went into business for himself), a large hardware store, a dry goods and ladies'-ready-to-wear, a men's furnishing shop, a bakery, a most market, a Jewellery store, shoe repairs, garage and service station, an electric shop, and a new theatre, the "Devonian."

The Pagoda, a modern dance and dinner restaurant, took the place of the "Bucket of Blood," a taxpaper shack cafe started by Dick Yee to feed.Look oil field workers before Devon began to grow.

The business development did not outstrip the growth of recreational facilities. One by one permanent quarters were provided for summer and winter sports.

The fine, three-ice-sheet curling rink was an Imperial contribution and Devon lists 24 men's rinks, 12 women's rinks and plays three draws nightly in season, reserving the ice on week ends for games with visitors to the town.

The entire community joined in building a $42,000 swimming pool. Everyone shared in the hard work which included digging out its 87,000-gallon tank and pouring the cement, and staging benefit carnivals and dances.

A regulation-sized, lighted outdoor skating rink was built. The community hall was converted from a former mess hall used during the building of the multi-million dollar Imperial gas conservation plant.

In season Devon now boasts hockey, baseball, football--including women's squads--skating, and even cricket. Devonite George Powell is one of Alberta's best cricket bowlers. Skating is arranged by the D-J club, the employee social club that lends its support to every community effort and has a membership of approximately 200.

This summer work was underway on a nine-hole golf course, thanks to the organizing push of Lachie LaBerge, assistant district superintendent, and Cliff Karrison of the Beaver Bend and Grewel Co.

"It will be one of the prettiest courses in Alberta," claims one enthusiast. He and other golfers contributed their time and manpower in the early stages of construction of the new course down by the river bank. Field contractors loaned the cars and power machinery that cleaned away the heavy brush.

The town also has an 80-member Canadian Legion branch and an active Lions Club. The Lions erected the "Devon, Canada's Model Town" signs.

The town's clubs co-operated in arranging events for an Oil Show, held in July this year. More than a million dollars' worth of equipment used in every phase of oil development was displayed by leading manufacturers and a well-rounded program of carnival entertainment also was provided. Wet weather cut the attendance to about 8,000 but the Show, sponsored by the Lions Club and a committee of oil men, will become an annual event.

Religion plays its fundamental part in the life of the community, of course. There is a new United Church building, and a Roman Catholic church is under construction. The latter is being converted out of one of the construction bunkhouses.

Devon's quick growth as an independent community began through the development of its educational system. The Imperial officials who dreamed the Devon dream were right in their belief that the new citizens would want to take over self-governing responsibilities as quickly as possible. At no time did Imperial want Devon to be a company town.
was needed at first, of course, but less than three months after the first citizens moved in, Devon began to stand on its own feet.

The visible indication of this came when an appeal by Devon families led to the opening by the Clover Bar school division of the first Devon school in the basement of the Erickson home.

On opening day there were 25 children in attendance in grades from one to eight. By the end of that week attendance had increased to 30.

From these beginnings, the growth in school attendance was spectacular. By the end of the first year, there were 46 pupils. As classrooms, Imperial made available three newly built homes that were finished except for partitions. When the 1949 fall term began, enrollment had increased to 136 and was 168 by the end of that school year. In the first school year, nine Devon children travelled by bus to the Calmar High School, and 17 in the second year.

Late in 1949, Devon applied for incorporation as a village and the request was granted on January 1, 1950. George Thompson, a first resident, became mayor when elected to the new village council with J. W. Somers and George Powell. Their first legislative act was to seek incorporation as a town—things move fast in Devon—and this was granted on March 1. Mayor Thompson was reelected by acclamation while Somers and Powell were returned to council along with Jack Bowen, Hugh Nafzegh, Bill Henderson and Bill Carrie as the new members.

Following incorporation as a town, Devon asked the Alberta government to form a special school district. This was done on June 1, 1950, and Mayor Thompson was named official trustee. The new school district bought the first school from Clover Bar and built a second.

The new one-and-a-half-storey school has three classrooms and space for two more on ground level. It also has a very useful auditorium.

Together the two Devon schools instruct 186 pupils in grades one to nine and the town claims "the highest teacher salary schedule in Alberta."

Unhindered by the red tape of tradition, Devon believes in streamlined municipal administration and in getting its own way. The town wanted the county system of administration, being experimented with by the Alberta government. Four volunteer districts were chosen for the experiment which combines school administration under one municipal council.

Devon was turned down as a county system experi- mental point, so the new town "just went ahead and instituted its own county system."

At the next town elections, the citizens elected their council, then, by acclamation elected five of the seven councilors to the school board. Jack Bowen was made board chairman, so Devon's school board is almost the same as its town council. The town council and school board meet twice a month in offices rented in a downtown Devon building.

After gaining self-government, Devon arranged to take over its own utilities. For $500,000 the town bought out the existing utilities including the sewer, water and gas systems which had cost in the neighborhood of $4 million.

"The bargain price was just one more of the contributions Imperial Oil has made to this new town," says Mayor Thompson. "and was in line with the company's desire to have the town stand on its own feet." The purchase demonstrated Devon's determination to take on its own civic obligations. A plebiscite vote, necessary for approval, brought out 73 per cent. of all eligible voters and they voted 92 per cent. in favor of the purchase.

Devon's luck continued when the money was being raised for the utilities purchase. The $500,000 was borrowed from a new Alberta government fund of $5 million established just that year for such projects, and the money was obtained at two per cent. interest.
In Devon, all citizens are taxpayers, even when single. The town has a $4 minimum, or poll, tax annually for single residents. The minimum tax system works admirably, partly because a large number of the citizens are Imperial employees and there is less than one percent turnover at Imperial's Devon installations.

Not all Devonites, however, are Imperial employees. There are the independent businessmen and their families, who operate the stores and other establishments; there are home owners who work for other oil companies; and there's even one farm family.

The farmer is John Halwa. When he and his family saw what is available in Devon, they talked it over and said: "What are we doing down on the farm when there's a modern town just a mile away?" So into a new town house moved the Halwas, but they still operate their farm. One daughter is a Devon telephone operator.

Devon is health conscious although "We're not big enough to warrant our own hospital," Mayor Thompson points out. An incident last March illustrates the community's action on health. A check of school children brought the hint that there might be a threat of tuberculosis in Devon.

The Mayor passed out the word: "Mobile chest X-ray unit is visiting; we want a 100 percent turn-out." That's all it took. When the mobile unit arrived, every Devonite over school age went through it, with the exception of four men who had to be in Edmonton that day on business. And they took the tests later. It was a record for any Canadian community.

The lack of a hospital is no serious problem; in fact, there's no great want for one. "We are close to Edmonton, and our people have the benefit of city hospitalization," the Mayor explains.

Devon's crime record—or lack of a crime record—is worth study. A community based on family life, plus an efficient town policeman, John Stark, makes local crime practically non-existent. All that remains are a few break-in attempts made by "professional yogas from Edmonton," and action by the local policeman and the R.C.M.P. keeps these under control.

Devon's future? Bright. There are only 100 homes being built lots open and already the town is satisfied with its own size. But construction of a new bridge across the river at Devon and hard-surfacing of the roads to Edmonton will make Devon grow. On the town boundary there is a trailer and portable hut community called "Little Devon" whose 68 families are anxious to move right into town when they can make the necessary arrangements.

"Even if we don't want to, we'll grow half as big again," says Mayor Thompson.

The Mayor is probably right. And as Devon grows, it is clear that its citizens will do their best to continue the community's right to the title of "Canada's Model Town."
Land Of The Mighty Peace

The Peace River country starts about 200 miles northwest of Edmonton where the forest and muskeg give way to a pleasant district of farm, prairie and parkland. Here, in the latitude of Labrador, prize-winning crops flourish in Canada’s most northerly important grain growing region. Straddling the Alberta-British Columbia border, about 2,000 feet above sea level, the land of the Peace is one of our most promising and exciting pioneer regions.

For many years Peace River has had a world reputation for its wheat and oats. And now it has promise of new productivity from beneath its soil. It has interesting possibilities in gypsum, coal, and other minerals. The oil seekers have trekked across the region with their equipment for probing the depths of the earth and as a result the Peace country now has commercial production of petroleum and natural gas in increasing quantities.

The oil search is proceeding on a large scale, and on page 16 of this Review there’s an account of the seismograph parties working in the muskeg of the northwestern part of the Peace River area.

There are no well-defined borders to the Peace River country. As you approach from Edmonton by rail or highway, it begins when you pass Lesser Slave Lake. To fly right around the region you’d go west to the Rockies, north to Fort Nelson, east to Lake Athabaska and then southwest to the Lesser Slave. Over-all, it is about 300 miles from north to south and 400 from east to west in a block somewhat larger than Kansas.

The settled grain-growing part of the Peace River country, however, is confined to a 225-by-150 mile block in the centre, and the largest part of it is in Alberta.

The region is linked to Edmonton by highway, railroad and airline; to the Yukon and Alaska by airline and the Alaska Highway. When the Hart Highway comes through from Prince George, B.C., it will have a direct road to the Pacific Coast.

Through the settled section flows the Peace River itself, a waterway so turbulent in its upper reaches that it is seldom called anything but “the Mighty Peace”. Its headwaters are the Finlay and Parsnip rivers in the British Columbia mountain wilderness. It emerges from the mountains at Hudson Hope and then flows east for more than 300 miles through the farming country, between banks 300 to 800 feet high. Near Peace River town it turns north and west to flow another 400 miles to Lake Athabaska.

Until the first decade of this century the Peace was the domain of the trapper. But in the late 1890’s when church missions were set up, farming was encouraged so that towards the close of the century a number of half-breeds and some whites occupied a few acres of flat land just a few feet above the river level.
At Shaftesbury, where the river turns north and near the present site of the town of Peace River, an Anglican minister, Rev. J. Gough Brick, grew grain that took first prize at the International Seed Exhibition in Chicago in 1896. The Klondyke gold rush also hastened the development of agriculture when a number of goldseekers, frustrated in their attempt to get to the Yukon by way of the Peace, returned down river and started farming. By 1910 there were 743 people in the area.

From that time forward settlers began to trickle in via the Athabaska River and Lesser Slave Lake or by trail from the nearest point on the railway. It was a three-week trip by pack horse or canoe, a journey that now takes one hour and forty minutes by C.P. Airlines. By 1916 when the railway arrived, 330,643 of Peace River's estimated 18 million arable acres had been taken up.

In the wake of the railway, pushed through to Peace River town and Grande Prairie in 1916, came a flood of settlers to take up homesteads. They came from the British Isles, Europe, the United States and other parts of Canada. Only about one-third had been farmers.

Some fantastic myths had helped lure the newcomers. Promoters depicted Peace River centres with avenues of prosperous homes, bustling hotels and city services. The land was described as the best in Canada with never a crop failure. A population of a million was freely predicted.

What the settlers found was a boxy brown soil, moderate rainfall, a bracing climate about the same as that on the Gaspé peninsula, some poor land and some extremely good land, birds, poplar and willow trees, forest areas, rich native grasses, an abundance of berries and wildflowers, geese, ducks, wolves, coyotes, bears, moose and other animals.

It was not the cold region many had expected. They found that spring comes quickly after mid-April, the days of summer are long with an average temperature of 61 degrees in July (Winnipeg July average 67 degrees). September and October are pleasant, mild months; the warm Chinooks help moderate the winter. They found that about half the 16-inch annual rainfall descends in the growing season of May, June and July. There are on the average, 80 frost-free days.

World War I was a decided stimulus to wheat-growing on the Peace River plains with wheat at $2.00 a bushel (the first carload was shipped out in 1914). Between 1911 and 1916 the population had increased five times over; in the next five years it doubled. A recession began in 1921 and for the next five years the population declined slightly.

Then the achievement of one man swept the Peace River into the headlines and fired the imaginations of land-hungry people everywhere. Herman Treble, a keen-minded, industrious farmer at Wembley in the Grande Prairie district, won international fame when he took world championships for his wheat and oats at the International Livestock Exposition at Chicago. That was 1926, and in three years following he won 186 awards, including seven world championships.

Treble's success focused attention on the Peace River at a time its future was in doubt. From 1926 to 1931 the population increased two and a half times, reaching 42,617. The last census of the entire area—that of 1941—showed 92,427 persons in the Peace River area.

Then, in 1942, another event time-bombed the Peace River country into the future. The Alaska Highway, completed in eight months by U.S. army engineers and Canadian workmen, had its southern anchor in the Peace River centre of Fort Nelson with Fairbanks, Alaska, as the terminus. In 1941 there were 170 residents at Fort St. John; in 1943, 4,000 human beings crowded into its confines.

Dawson Creek's population jumped from 18 to 1,800 and it got new streets, new buildings, sewage and water facilities it had never hoped to have so soon.

Today Peace River towns, villages and hamlets are no longer outposts in a bush land, but established centres with schools, churches, community halls and organizations, weekly newspapers, music festivals, amateur dramas, sports, board of trade activity, movies and two radio stations, CFGP at Grande Prairie, and CJDC at Dawson Creek.

With the hard pioneering period behind them, with prosperous farms, oil at Normanville and Whiteclay, great new mineral possibilities, the new highway coming through from Prince George and their own frontier energy and courage, the people of the Peace are facing brighter vistas today. They have well earned the tribute paid them by a former governor general, Lord Tweedsmuir, when as John Buchan in "Memory Hold the Door" he sang out the Peace River settlers as "one of the few aristocracies left in the world . . . I think he is the most steadfast human being now alive."

NADVEMBER 1921
Early this year the Review commissioned Harry Rowed, well-known Canadian photographer, to visit Imperial Oil seismic operations in the Peace River area. Rowed travelled in 40-below zero weather to camps near Keg River and obtained his pictures.

While on the assignment, Rowed wrote this letter which, we believe, captures the atmosphere of an important job in an interesting corner of Canada.

Seismic work is a major branch of geophysical exploration for oil and at present Imperial has 19 seismic parties in western Canada. Surveys in the Peace River district reach a peak in winter when equipment can be transported across frozen muskeg. The district is now a centre of intensive exploration.

Seismic crews have a fascinating job—that of setting off man-made earthquakes. They use delicate instruments to record shockwaves created when dynamite is exploded in specially drilled holes. The records give a clue to the shape of underground formations and sometimes indicate rock traps where oil may be found. The men and the seismic instruments are known as ‘doodbugs’.

Knee-deep in muskeg snow, a surveyor locates line to guide the bulldozer that blazes trails for seismic work in the Peace River area.

Up in the Peace River Area, Feb. 22, 1951—I think

Mr. Gerry Moses, Photo Section, Imperial Oil Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Gerry,

Sorry this letter hasn’t reached you before this. We pulled into Peace River Monday and it turned out that my best bet was to get out to the half-way mark on the rig move at once.

I had a bit of excitement on that muskeg road. First of all my foot brake went completely when the line became snagged on a root, then I lost all gears but high gear. Think about that combination for a minute, coupling it with a rough road and steep grades. Wonder where I could get a nice quiet office job?

To sit down and give you an organized yarn in the limited time tonight wouldn’t be logical because I’d sure all like to get to bed. Consequently, old fellow, you are going to get this in letter form, a jumble which probably will drive your rewrite man to the Press Club for the rest of the day, the lucky fellow.

So put your feet in the oven of your farm stove, or on your desk if you are at the office, and I’ll take you from the effete east to a lusty north. The north is always lusty in stories, you know.

Picture yourself in those surroundings:

It’s a mean night, with the temperature finally settling at 47 below zero. To add to the frigid discomfort, a dirty wind has hustled down from the north and snow plumes from the high drifts are blowing into the lights of trucks and diesels which drivers have been afraid to turn off in fear they’ll never get them started again in the cold.

For the seismic crew it has been a rough day. This is temporary camp, a one-night stand in tumbled piles of frozen muskeg, the half-way point in the move from one seismic location to another.

The electric plant which had kicked out earlier in the evening now is functioning spasmodically and the on-and-off glimmers from the trailer windows add an iota of cheer but little warmth. Some of the diesel-burning stoves have frozen up over the trip and every trailer has taken a beating, some windows broken, some corners bashed in.

Inside one of the trailers it’s within 10 degrees of the outside temperature. The wind snakes through an open corner and through cracked floor boards. Repairs are underway and one of the men has nailed a board over a broken window. Two fellows in parkas are stretched beside the stove, trying to instill a flame into its balking career.

But happy is the husky doodbug sprawled over one of the upper bunks. Bill Zeller is grabbing off his first meal in 18 hours. Using a pocket knife to dig them out of the carton, he is enjoying to the full some fresh frozen strawberries. The truth, so help me. A friend had sent them in via truck a few days before.

I had caught up to the camp that afternoon, after leaving Keg River Post of the Hudson’s Bay Company during the morning. The H.B.C. post is nine
miles from the MacKenzie Highway slightly more than 129 miles north of Grimshaw. The pencilled map I had picked up at Peace River showed two seismic crews of Northwest Seismic Surveys were working the area. But the map was a week or so outdated.

I bounced up to a sign which read "Camp 78" and pointed due west. There was a fork in the trail at this point and I was trying to decide which one to follow when the wind changed and swung the sign at right angles to point due north. Anyway, I found "78".

The "78" camp was one of the "on wheels" variety and was not intended as a truly mobile camp. The move I caught was only their second. I bunked there that night, but because it was evident that this crew would be another day in camp move with the possibility of a third day for setting up, it seemed advisable that I shunt along to the other camp in the region, "73".

I overtook "73" the following morning and all the pictures you have of the seismic operations are of this camp. "73" is a mobile outfit, with all trailers on metal runners. They move frequently, with no interruption in seismic procedure.

I don't intend to go into the technical aspects of the seismic operations as your experts would only pick it up pieces, anyway. Party Chief Bob McIntosh of Calgary gave me my understanding in this many words:

"The dozers and surveyors work together and bash out trails through woods and over the muskeg. They also mark locations for shot holes. Drillers are next in line and the majority of the holes they drill are 30 feet in depth.

"The men attached to the recording equipment take over from there, placing dynamite charges in the holes, and the blasts are synchronized with the recording equipment here in the 'dog house.' The camera and instruments, through the medium of the geophones and geophone cables, record the earth tremors on film.

"Our work ends there, with the exception of the reports which seem to pile up to help keep us busy in evenings. But later the film is studied by experts in Calgary and to them it helps tell the story of the substrata and whether or not there appear to be possibilities of oil. Now let's open a couple of cans of orange juice."

I honestly believe that if the boys of a seismic crew were marooned on a desert island and given their choice of any kind of foodstuff their answer would be unanimously in favor of fruit juices. Without exaggeration, every bewhiskered jack of them averages anywhere from four cans up per day. Jack Timmins, co-owner of Northwest, swears softly under his breath when he scana fruit juice hills at the mouth-end but comes up with a shrug of the shoulders and "well, maybe that's why we haven't had a day of sickness this winter'.

Certainly, there is no darkroom pillar out here in the bush. The fresh air and good meals seem to keep the men on the toes of their flight hoots and

Crunching its way through melting spiling muskeg, this drill-equipped tractor clears a path, marked by survey, for seismic operations.
"Well, we're bothered a lot by rabbits and red fox," he said.

"What do you do about them?" I asked.

"I don't like to make any remarks at this point about a fellow at his site being threatened by a few rabbits," he said.

"The black-belt makes an effort to keep cutting our gasoline lines. Do you know that there are 24 separate wires in that quarter-inch cable and the rabbits and foxes keep eating at it? Maybe they're the color of the cable, same or whatever. I wouldn't know about that. But I do know that it takes at least a full day to hook 'em up again after one of these pests gets busy with its teeth."

"The boss really gets hot about that," Ken told me later. "That and the way the Stampeder played football last season."

There are other hazards which weren't described by Bob McIntosh and his crew but to outsiders they seem more real than the threat of rabbits. Danger is always present in the northland winter. Whether driving toward the set in the Arctic, commercial fishing on Great Slave Lake, or even entering a north wind highway in a heated order, there are rules of safety and preparedness which must be observed.

The seismic crew follows the rules, of which the primary one is to use good common sense. One important point is that the camps are equipped with two-way radio, affording inter-communication with the offices of Imperial Oil Exploration at Peace River, with the other camps and with company aircraft.

If Bill Doll, a cloud skinner from Fairview, Alberta, starts out by power wagon for another camp, his departure time is noted and the other camps advised by inter-com when to expect him. In severe cold he is given the green light. If Bill doesn't arrive virtually on schedule someone is sent out to check. Or if Elmer Fontanet, one of the marsh's most experienced camp drivers, fails to turn up promptly on time after a night away through timber, the boys head out immediately as a search party.

Danger lurks in every move when the thermometer is pushing 40 degrees below zero and down. Realizing they are not as alert and that there is a definite need in efficiency at very low temperatures, the men move more deliberately at their work on cold days, seeming to weigh all decisions carefully. Machines like tractors and trucks must be handled with special care because they are more susceptible to breakdowns in the cold weather operations adding to the possibilities of injury.

Even the trees are affected by extreme cold. In 80 below zero you can hear them snapping and cracking day and night. One day Imperial Oil Engineer Jim Ward and Surveyor Bill Kozma were watching a birch tree swaying through a high timber heap, and were more than 200 feet back as the skinner pushed against a high sap. Suddenly above the roof of the machine, there was a crack like a gunshot. Before Ward and Kozma could move, a brittle tree splinter four feet in length and tapered from about six inches to the butt to a sharp point, had embedded itself two feet into the ground not over a yard from where they were a moment before. That's why all skidders are protected by a heavy cab when handling a machine among high trees.
"You're standing on it."
"Right here?"
"Right here. And there's a survey post over there to your left."
That survey post was virtually overgrown with weeds and underbrush. The crew could have spent days looking for it.
"That trapper was a lucky one," I remarked when I was told about it. "What did you do in return for the favor?"
"We made our biggest sacrifice," answered the surveyor with a beartiful grin. "Gave him our last 16 tons of orange juice!"
That's all, Gery.
Rgs. andnight.

In the bleak, meany wastelands, the friendship of the northland trapper becomes one of the assets most revered by seismic crews.

The Drillers Deliver

New discoveries by a number of companies give encouragement to the intensive search for oil in the Canadian west

Six new oil discoveries in Alberta in six successive weeks of the late summer and early autumn of this year established an unusual record in the Canadian search for oil. Meanwhile, development work at Wizard Lake, an earlier find, revealed the thickest oil-bearing section found so far in Canada.

These discoveries came as a result of the largest exploration and development program in Canada's history, in which many companies are taking part. Imperial made two finds early in the summer and since then other companies have added substantially to the list of this year's successful wildcat wells.

The Imperial discoveries were at Sturgeon No. 1, 10 miles northeast of Edmonton and at Bellboy in the Peace River district. Sturgeon No. 1 has been producing on pump. The Bellboy well was drilled to a total depth of 9,304 feet for a test of all sedimentary formations. The deeper formations were unproductive and the well was plugged back and is producing at 4,050 feet.

Most of the finds from the record-breaking six weeks period are in a broad belt sweeping south from Edmonton. The new discoveries in this area are: British American's South Calmar No. 1, Sturgeon; North Canadian-Armura No. 2, some 30 miles east of Leduc; Canadian Superior's Holt No. 13-36, near New Norway; British American-Citizens Service Clive No. 1; and Canadian Gulf's Gough No. 1, near Caprona, approximately 110 miles southeast of Edmonton. A joint Hudson's Bay-Union-Texaco venture found commercial gas and shows of oil at Hamelin Creek in the Peace River district.

The Texaco Wizard Lake discovery, about five miles southwest of the Leduc field, described in an earlier issue of the Review, appears to be a "pinacle" type of reef with a maximum oil-bearing section of over 620 feet. The previous record was held by one of Imperial's Golden Spike wells with about 613 feet. A 42-mile pipe line is being built to transport Wizard Lake oil to Edmonton.

The story of the Wizard Lake discovery provides an example of the big investments and great patience required in the search for oil in Canada. It is reported that before the first Wizard Lake well came in last May, Texaco-McCall-Princeton had spent between $11 million and $15 million and the results were little more than a series of expensive dry holes.

In Saskatchewan, the exploration activities have received encouragement from three recent discoveries in the southern portion of the province. These were Husky-Phillips Batonia No. 1, Royville-Albercan Coleville No. 1 and Bellahindra No.1. Imperial and other companies engaged in the oil search are continuing to make large expenditures on exploration. At present there are 152 geophysical crews in the field of which 19 are operated by Imperial with 15 in Alberta and four in Saskatchewan. In terms of geophysical activity in North America, Alberta, with 104 parties, is second only to Texas; and Saskatchewan, with 38 parties, stands fifth on the continent.

Over 200 drilling rigs are active in the west. Most of these are at work in Alberta. Twenty-one wells are being drilled in Saskatchewan, four in British Columbia, four in Manitoba, and one in the North-West Territories. Imperial is operating 12 rigs on wildcat wells and 14 rigs on development drilling in existing fields.

Between January 1 and October 6 of this year, 904 wells had been drilled in Alberta alone. Of this total 590 were completed as oil wells (almost entirely in existing fields), 72 were gas wells and 242 were abandoned as dry holes. During September wells were being completed at a record rate of 4 ½ per day.

Several of Imperial’s wildcat wells have been active in the northern half of Alberta and one in Manitoba. The Manitoba wildcat, Imperial Forewarn No. 1, was abandoned in September at 4,173 feet. Other Imperial wildcats abandoned recently are: Normandville No. 2 and Surette Lake No. 1 in northwestern Alberta; Jasper Place No. 1, Dinant No. 1, Golden Spike No. 12 and Alcomaide No. 1, all in the Edmonton area; Provost Nos. 11 and 12 about 145 miles southeast of Edmonton. Jarvi No. 2, mentioned in an earlier issue of the Review, was completed as a potential dry well, and Jarvi No. 3 has been abandoned.

Imperial rigs are now drilling wildcat wells at Lotusee Creek No. 1 and Rat Lake No. 1, not far south of the Northwest Territories; Spruce Grove No. 1, Sturgeon No. 2 in the general Edmonton area, and at Bellboy No. 5 near Imperial's Bellboy No. 2 discovery in the Peace River district. Lotusee Creek and Rat Lake are farther north than any other sites where drilling has been conducted in Alberta.
1951 IMPERIAL OIL

Fellowships

This year's Imperial Oil fellowships have been awarded to four brilliant young Canadian scholars, all veterans of World War II, who are continuing advanced scientific studies at universities. Each fellowship may be held for up to three years with a total value of $3,750 or $1,250 per year.

The awards were made to Donald Eugene Armstrong of Calgary, recommended by the universities of Alberta and McGill, for economic research; Fred Harold Knebel of Winnipeg, McGill nominee, for research in chemical engineering; Robert Charles Wheeler of Port Hope, Ont., Queen's university nominee, for research in chemistry; and Harold Walter Woodward of Windsor, also a Queen's nominee, for research in chemical engineering.

Imperial Oil fellowships were instituted in 1946 to encourage post-graduate scientific research by graduates of Canadian universities. Four are available each year for advanced studies in chemistry, engineering, geology, economics, industrial relations or business administration. The winners are in no way obligated to the company and the subject of research is entirely a matter of selection by the nominees. Originally the fellowships were $1,000 per year, but last year they were increased by $250 annually as a further aid to the winners, many of whom are married.

D. E. Armstrong, a former lieutenant in the Canadian Army Infantry Corps, graduated from the University of Alberta in 1950 with the degrees of B.A. and B.Com. During the past year he has studied at the School of Graduate Studies, McGill University, on a Bronfman fellowship. He holds the Duncan Alexander McAdam gold medal in political economy. He will work toward his Ph.D. at McGill and the University of Manchester, England, investigating problems of full employment.

F. H. Knebel served with the Royal Canadian Engineers during World War II. Born in Winnipeg, at present he is engaged in research at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, England. A former student at the University of Manitoba where he won an Iebister scholarship, he transferred in his third year to the University of Toronto and graduated in 1943 with the degree of B.A.Sc. Following his war service, he became a student at the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research of McGill, where he obtained the degree of Master of Engineering in 1950. At present his work in London is concerned with investigating the problem of liquid entrainment as found in evaporation and plate columns in distillation and absorption.

R. C. Wheeler, former Fleet Air Arm pilot and instructor in the Royal Navy and Royal Canadian Navy, graduated from Queen's University in 1950 with a B.Sc. degree. During his undergraduate years he was awarded the George Barber scholarship. This year he has been working towards his master's degree in science on an Ontario Research Council scholarship. He has been accepted by the department of physical chemistry of Cambridge University, England, where he will investigate the physical chemistry of the solid state.

H. W. Woodward, former R.C.A.F. radio navigator, graduated from Queen's in 1949 with the degree of B.Sc. During his undergraduate years he was awarded the Manley B. Baker scholarship in geology, the Harry Bently Memorial scholarship in science, and a medal in mineralogy and geology. Recently he has studied at the Graduate School of Geology, University of Wisconsin, on an Ontario Research Council fellowship and the Van Hise fellowship in geology. He will continue his research at Wisconsin where he is investigating the organic life in the proximity of ancient coral reefs.

The Committee that selected this year's winners was headed by Dr. E. Holt Gurney, former chairman of the Ontario Research Foundation, and included Dr. J. J. O'Neill, dean of the faculty of engineering of McGill University; Professor K. F. Tupper, dean of the faculty of applied science and engineering, University of Toronto; Dr. Leon Lortie, Institute of Chemistry, University of Montreal; and Professor McCune, head of the department of industrial relations, Queen's. The same committee selected the 1951 Imperial Oil Scholarship winners described on the opposite page.

1951 IMPERIAL OIL

Scholarships

Scholarship grants which will total $22,000 were awarded this year by Imperial Oil to the eleven students shown on this page. Each scholarship is worth $2,000 annually and may be held for four years. They are offered to qualified graduates of secondary schools who are children or wards of employees, annihilants or of deceased employees of the Company and its Canadian subsidiaries.

The winners are: Valérie W. Bouffard, daughter of Maurice Bouffard, marketing department, Quebec City; G. Gavin Dempster, son of George Dempster, marketing department, Vancouver; C. Stuart Grif- fith, son of J. S. Griffith, marketing department, Regina; Donnetta Henderson, daughter of Stanley Henderson, marketing department, North Van- couver; C. Richard D. Kindersley, son of C. M. Kindersley, marketing department, Toronto; Albert G. Mahoney, son of M. J. Mahoney, marketing department, Conception Harbor, Nfld.; Paul Mueller, son of P. F. Mueller, marine department, Trenton, Ont.; André Renaud, son of J. A. Renaud, marketing department, Montreal; Mary F. Richard- son, daughter of S. G. Richardson, Sarnia refinery; Robert L. Smith, son of the late L. H. Smith, Sarnia refinery; Arden F. Spence, daughter of J. H. Spence, comptroller's department, Toronto.

The Company's scholarship plan was introduced in 1946 to assist employees' children to obtain a university education. The awards are made by a committee of educators (see opposite page) and are decided on a regional basis and on academic standing in pre-university work.

VALERIE BOUFFARD
GAVIN DEMPSTER
H. W. WOODWARD
R. C. WHEELER
C. R. GRIFFITH
DONNETTA HENDERSON
RICHARD KINDERSLEY
ALBERT MAHONEY
PAUL MULLER
ANDRE RENAUD
MARY RICHARDSON
ARDEN SPENCE
ROBERT SMITH
Winnipeg Refinery

The daily rated capacity of 12,000 barrels production has been maintained since the $10 million refinery was placed "on stream."

Most of the oil tank cars that leave Winnipeg rail yards these days are full, not empty, and that's the sign of a big change. For years trains of empty tank cars were hauled out of the Manitoba capital; the full ones, loaded at some distant eastern point, came in to the city to supply the bulk of the province's oil needs.

The sudden turnaround took place early last summer when Imperial's new $10 million Winnipeg refinery went "on stream. At a ceremony on June 21, Premier Douglas L. Campbell turned a valve at the 12,000-barrel-a-day plant and sent Manitoba-refined product gushing into a waiting tank car. From that day onward, Manitoba gasoline and oil consumers have been using, for the most part, oil products refined within their own province.

"Manitoba is no longer dependent upon an eastern supply of oil which has to be hauled by tanker and rail over long distances," Premier Campbell said. "In industry, in agriculture, and in the home this great new development will have its beneficial effects; in fact, I think I can safely say that almost every phase of activity in Manitoba will benefit by an assured and more economical supply of oil."

Not much more than a year before, on April 17 last year, Premier Campbell had turned the sod on the refinery construction began. In the interval a complete and fully modern plant had been built on the site in the municipality of East St. Paul, just north of Winnipeg. The equipment includes the first fluid catalytic cracking unit in western Canada; an atmospheric and vacuum distillation unit where crude is first processed; a control house, serving all process units; a treating plant, utilizes plant; mechanical shops; and a tank farm to hold finished products.

The opening ceremonies were attended by a large number of government, civic and industrial leaders. Addresses were delivered by Manitoba's Lieutenant Governor, the Hon. R. W. McWilliams; the Premier; G. L. Stewart, Imperial's president; and H. R. Lewis, refinery superintendent who was chairman.

Speaking of the "cost cracker" which makes high-octane gasoline, Mr. Stewart explained: "Catalytic cracking is one of the many developments which the oil industry has brought about in its persistent search for better operating methods and better quality products. That search is motivated by keen competition. You can't give it up. You keep up with the parade or you drop out."

Alberta crude oil flows to the refinery through the Winnipeg pipe line which is linked with the Interprovincial pipe line at Gretna, Manitoba. The refinery staff consists of 165 men and women, most of whom call Winnipeg their home. The opening of the refinery resulted in lower prices for oil products in most of the Manitoba area.
Nurse Among the Wells

Guarding the health of roughnecks and their families, Mona MacKinnon travels up into distant areas where the search for oil is underway.

The tale, attractive young woman, dressed in ski togs and carrying a little black bag came striding across the drill site to the complete astonishment of the toolpushers, drillers, cathead men and other members of the drilling crew.

Their surprise was understandable. This was a wildcat well in a distant corner of Alberta, a man's domain. For several days the temperature had ranged from 25 to 45 below zero. Around the drill site was a mass of snow and frozen mud and muskeg.

Not long before, the bulldozed road leading in to the site had been blocked.

But here was the young woman, trim, calm and businesslike, just as if she were walking into an office building in Edmonton.

The astonishment was short-lived. The toolpusher (head man at the rig) announced that the unusual visitor was Miss Mona MacKinnon, "The Company Nurse," arrived to check on health conditions at the drilling centre. In her little black bag were syringes, needles, vaccines, toxoids, sterile towels, bandages, and dressings as the instruments of preventive medicine.

She unpacked her bag and quickly began her duties as a guardian of health in remote areas.

All this happened a couple of winters ago. Since then, the Company Nurse has become a familiar figure in oil communities of northern Alberta wherever Imperial is active. Wildcatgers in remote areas, and the families of the oil men in less distant camps, are no longer surprised when they see the Nurse arrive by caterpillar tractor, truck, car or stepping out of the caboose of a freight train. Now, when they see her, the word goes round: "Here comes the Company Nurse with her little bag of tricks."

Hundred of oil workers, their wives and a host of youngsters, living in the portable cabins or "skid-houses" that follow the oil rigs from site to site, have come to know the Nurse. They welcome her for the free inoculations in areas where the water and milk supplies are of doubtful purity, for advice on child care, for her practical attention to any kind of injury, and for the good cheer she brings.

The work is a part of the program of preventive medicine conducted by Imperial's medical department which has headquarters in Toronto with Dr. R. G. Birrell as Company medical director. With the expansion of Imperial's activities in Alberta after the oil discoveries at Leduc and Redwater, it was decided to set up a branch office in Edmonton. Dr. J. Anthony Gilleit and Miss MacKinnon were appointed to undertake the work there.

Since the program was introduced at Edmonton, in December, 1949, some 2,400 inoculations and vaccinations have been given to oil workers and members of their families at their request. Thousands of pieces of health literature have been mailed out and bolting office files testify to the mass of personal correspondence.

Born and raised in New Glasgow, N.S., Miss MacKinnon was trained at Victoria General Hospital in Halifax, served as a nursing sister with the Royal Canadian Navy, and then took a post-graduate course in Public Health at McGill University. She joined Imperial in September, 1949, worked briefly under Dr. E. A. Turcotte at Montreal East refinery and then went to Toronto office to study Imperial's
medical program and how to interpret that program to the employees.

Within two months the Maritime girl was heading west for her first glimpse of the Canadian prairies. Her first assignment on her new job was to work with Dr. Gilbert on pioneer medical missions to the scattered oil operations, travelling as far north as the Athabasca and Peace rivers.

Their job was not a simple one. As physician-at-large and nurse-secretary operating out of Edmonton, they had to blaze their own trails of health education. Except for the medical examination on first employment, all participation by employees in Imperial's health program is on a purely voluntary basis. The employees can accept or reject periodic health check-ups, inoculations or other features of the program at their own discretion. The first trips were, in a sense, missions for "selling medicine," to explain to each employee, individually, the purpose of the program and what is offered.

Dr. Gilbert gives a series of talks in all departments of Imperial's operations in Alberta. He explained the need for inoculations against typhoid, tetanus, diphtheria, whooping cough and smallpox and outlined the purposes of periodic health examinations and consultations. He emphasized that the medical records of each individual are completely confidential, entirely a matter between the Company doctor and the employee or the employee's family doctor.

In January last year, this medical team journeyed to the Peace River country, 380 miles north of Edmonton. That was Mona MacKinnon's first close look at the oil rigs in action and at the portable cabin camps where the oil workers' families live. These one- and two-room huts, mounted on skids or runners, are "watered up" on tracks or loaded on rail cars when being moved from one location to another. Unfenced in fields at the edge of settlements, hamlets or villages, they are placed to face each other across a meadow. They form a temporary oil-community for 20 or 30 families while drilling is in progress nearby.

On the first trip to MacKinnon in the Peace River area, temperatures hovered at 25 below and roads were rough and slippery with ice. Dr. Gilbert and Miss MacKinnon launched their program in a partially completed butchery where the men gathered round a stove for warmth. They visited two rigs on an 890-mile trip from Edmonton by car, and gave talks, immunized 23 persons for typhoid, visited two babies in the cabin camps and checked water supplies.

That set the pioneer medical program in motion. In March, April and May of that winter—one of the coldest ever experienced on the prairies—Nurses MacKinnon traveled on her own. To inoculate the crew at a camp near MacKinnon, she had to work around the clock, catching the men as they came off shift. This was at 6 a.m. and 4 p.m. and midnight. Her clinic was a vacated cabin.

In addition to the men, she inoculated 12 wives and 11 children. Then she moved on to Edson, working first at the rig itself, then travelling by truck over a rough boulder road to the cabin camp 20 miles away. She checked on the sanitation at the camp, found it in good order, and visited two expectant mothers.

There was a dramatic change in the travelling conditions on her April trip. The brawling, snow-bound journeys gave place to the soggy April thaw when the rich soil of the Peace River area became a gumbo, gum-laden lake. It took her two and a half hours to travel the eight miles from the MacKinnon campsite to the rig, riding in a power truck with a tractor to help clear a route through the road that was almost impassable.

At MacKinnon she had set up a small clinic for infants and pre-school children. One of her duties was to acquaint young mothers with the local facilities for child care, which are provided by the provincial department of health through district nurses stationed at various centres.

"I found the families happy and well-adjusted," she says. "Of course there was always some wonder about where the next meal would come from. The mothers were extremely interested in my work and there were many opportunities for general health talks."

Other visits were made to Griesbach, to Edson, again to High Prairie and to Redwater, where she set up a clinic in a bunkhouse. These trips are typical of the work she does in this field. Almost always there's some human incident to remember such as the family of nine children which she lined up for inoculation, starting from the tallest down to the youngest. "Only the three-year-old cried," she says.

She tells the youngsters what the inoculation means by explaining how the "little bugs" might make them sick if they didn't kill them with the medicine. She is careful to explain that the needle doesn't hurt a bit after the first touch.

When she returns to Edmonton, the Nurses always find a good deal of work to be handled. The seven-room medical office is the centre for continuous health counselling following pre-placement and periodic medical examinations. This is carried on both directly with the employees and by personal correspondence.

"The men are very good-hearted," Miss MacKinnon says. "They'd give you the shirt off their back." They like to kid the nurse, however, and there's always a light moment at the clinic.

Working with Dr. Gilbert and Miss MacKinnon are Drs. J. A. Gilbert and Dr. C. D. Dalke, both on a part-time basis, and the staff also includes Dr. Gilbert's secretary and a clerical group of three.

"There is a tremendous amount of work to be done," Nurse MacKinnon says. "But I think we've made a very good start."
PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

W. D. C. Mackenzie, Manager of Western Producing

W. D. C. Mackenzie, assistant manager of Imperial’s western producing division for the past three years, has been appointed manager of the division, succeeding R. B. Curran, who resigned recently. Mr. Mackenzie was born in Macleod, Alta. He graduated from the University of Alberta in 1935 with a B.Sc. degree in mining engineering and the following year joined Imperial’s geological department at Calgary. In 1937 he took charge of subsurface geological work in the Turner Valley field and later was transferred to the petroleum engineering department there. In 1942 he joined the Canal project working with the U.S. government. After the war he became chief engineer of the Company’s producing department and in 1948 was appointed assistant manager of the western producing division.

C. A. Robinson, Assistant Manager, Alberta Division

C. A. Robinson, formerly assistant manager, Ontario division, has been appointed assistant manager, Alberta division. Joining the Company in 1923 as a salesman at Windsor, Ont., Mr. Robinson later served as resident manager at Owen Sound, Brantford and Hamilton before appointment as resident manager at Toronto in 1943. In 1944 he was appointed district manager for Toronto and a year later he became merchandise co-ordinator for Ontario division. In 1946 he became sales manager of Ontario division and last year was made assistant manager of the division.

L. W. White, Assistant Manager, Ontario Division

L. W. White, formerly assistant manager, Alberta division, has been appointed assistant manager, Ontario division. Mr. White has been with Imperial Oil since 1920, joining the Company at Winnipeg. He was appointed resident manager at Fort William and Fort Arthur in 1939 and in 1941 he became district manager at Winnipeg. In 1945 he was appointed sales manager of Alberta division and last year became assistant manager of the division.

W. J. Campbell, 40 Years With Imperial

William Joseph Campbell, manager farm trade sales, Saskatchewan division, recently received his 40-year service button. Mr. Campbell joined the Company in 1911 at Winnipeg as a freight clerk, then worked in the newly-established North Saskatchewan division as order clerk and later as a salesman. During World War I he served with Princess Patricia’s Canadian Light Infantry. Upon return from overseas he was a salesman in Saskatoon and Calgary and in 1921 he was transferred to Regina as service station and equipment superintendent. In 1922 he became assistant manager, then district manager in 1937. In 1950 he assumed his present duties.

H. J. Churchill Completes 40 Years’ Service

Henry James Churchill, Ontario marketing department, has been presented with his 40-year Imperial Oil service button. In 1911 Mr. Churchill joined the Queen City Oil Co., which later became a part of Imperial. During World War I he served overseas with Mechanical Transport, transferring to the R.A.F. and was commissioned. After the Armistice he remained in England on special duty, returning to Canada and Imperial in 1919. He was one of the original members of the industrial sales group and at present is an industrial sales representative in Toronto.

40-Year Button for Harry Willis

Harry Willis, resident manager at Regina, who recently received his 40-year service button, began his career with Imperial in 1911 as office boy in Winnipeg. The following year he was transferred to the Saskatoon office as assistant cashier and in 1917 became cashier. In 1919 he joined the sales staff and in 1924 was appointed to special duties. Four years later he was made district supervisor, senior supervisor in 1944, and assumed his present position four years later.
The Leduc conservation plant extracts products like propane and butane from oil field gas and stores them under pressure in tanks like this.