The Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, arriving in Halifax in 1860 - by Holecomb B. Davis

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The new Imperial refinery at Halifax was the largest refinery construction project undertaken in Canada

A Symbol of Progress

This fall, the largest refinery construction project ever undertaken in Canada will reach its conclusion when Imperial's new Halifax refinery is officially opened. The ceremonies will mark the end of 18 months of construction and an expenditure of nearly $30 million.

The program has transformed the old 18,000 barrel-a-day refinery into one with a capacity of 42,000 barrels a day. It incorporates the latest developments in petroleum processing, including one of the largest fluid catalytic cracking units in Canada. The refinery's new docks can handle super-tankers of 50,000 tons or more.

The new refinery which dominates the east side of the harbor is a visible symbol of Imperial's activity throughout the four Atlantic provinces.

Throughout these provinces nearly three-quarters of a million dollars will be spent this year to build new docks, wharves and marine terminals, to increase airport servicing installations at such places as Gander, NFIL, and to build new storage tanks to hold the oil products needed to supply the increased demand of the Maritimes.

While these building programs are going forward a search for crude oil is underway over one million acres of land in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia.

All this activity is part of the growth that has taken place in the Atlantic provinces since the war and is an expression of Imperial's confidence that this growth will continue for many years to come.
Mother washed her laundry and dishes with soap.

Today daughter can reach for synthetic detergents. And she does, for three-quarters of her cleaning needs.

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SOAP SUDS

by HAL TENNANT

In The Case of the Drowning Duck, Erle Stanley Gardner's fictional sleuth, Perry Mason, solves a murder by finding out why a duck drowned. He discovers the coating of natural oil which normally covered the duck's feathers and kept it aloft has been removed by a synthetic detergent.

If sympathetic duck-lovers have been boycotting "soapless soaps" on the strength of Mason's evidence, they are clearly a minority among Canadians. Since synthetic detergents went on the market in 1946, most Canadians have taken to them like—well, like a detergent-free duck takes to water.

Industry uses them in different forms for washing textiles, scrubbing buildings (inside and out), making printer's inks, lighting fires, curing fertilizers, concocting embalming fluids and innumerable other jobs. They are reportedly popular in cocoons for bathing lions and elephants and are also said to have improved the social acceptability of the occasional pet skunk.

But their most important job is washing laundry and dishes, and their most important consumer—by odds of four to one—is the Canadian housewife. And she has shown such an increasing preference for them that they now make up nearly 75 percent of all washing products used in the Canadian home. She knows them by brand names like Tide, Surf, Fab, Brie, Vel, Maple Leaf Liquid, Cheer, Liquid Lux, Joy, Breeze and Dreft. In addition to such household detergents, others are made for industry by the major companies and a host of smaller ones.

The reason for the housewives' enthusiasm is simple: under most circumstances detergents are better than soap.

Most soapmakers are not offended by such comparisons; they make both products anyway. However, the purist among them would take exception to the terminology because, by definition, all cleaners, including soap, are detergents. The proper term for the so-called "soapless soaps" is synthetic detergents. They're called synthetic because they're made from chemicals, while soap is made from natural products such as tallow or vegetable oils. The proper term is such a mouthful that most people just say "detergents". (Somebody in the industry, wanting a short but accurate term, telescoped the phrase into "synsuds" but it is used only half-heartedly by the industry and is unlikely to become a common household word.)

Housewives don't see much point in quibbling over terms. The important thing to them is that whenever washing conditions are less than ideal, detergents will clean clothes and dishes better or faster than soap. In most Canadian homes, washing conditions are seldom, if ever, ideal. The ideal wash water is not only hot, but soft. And the "ideal dirt"—if there can be such a thing—in free of acid.

Soap does not work well in hard water because the minerals that make the water hard break the soap down chemically, creating a useless, messy scum instead of a rich lather or suds.

Hard water gets that way originally by dissolving certain minerals from the earth. It is considered hard if it contains more than five to six grains (by weight) of these minerals to the Imperial gallon. Community water is soft in the Maritimes, on the British Columbia coast, in most of Quebec except Montreal, and in northern Ontario. The rest of Canada has water of varying hardnesses. This means that slightly more than half of all Canadian housewives have little or no chance of getting good rich washday suds simply by pouring soap into a tub of hot tap water. Few housewives in Halifax or Vancouver have ever known the frustration of trying to get suds with soap in water like Toronto's (10 grains hard) or Montreal's (eight grains hard). But that's mild compared to some, such as Regina's, which runs as high as 45 grains. ("When it gets much harder than that, we can't pipe it," one soap company executive quipped. "They have to deliver it in trucks and unload it with shovels.")

Detergents, of course, aren't the only answer to the problems of hard water. Some residents of hard-water areas have water softeners which extract all the hard minerals. And for those who haven't water softeners there are softening compounds on the market that can be poured into dishpans and laundry tubs; but most housewives simply pass up soaps in favor of detergents which perform essentially the same washing action without being seriously hampered by hard water.

Synthetic detergents are often a better choice, even with soft water, for they also overcome another washday problem—
acids. Many types of laundry soil, including perspiration, are acidic. If there is a lot of acid in the wash water, it will neutralize soap, which is an alkali. To offset this effect, the housewife must use more than the normal amount of soap. Here again, detergents are a better and more economical answer as they are not affected by acidic impurities. A normal portion will always do an efficient job of washing.

If anyone doubts the sudsing ability of detergents, he should talk to municipal authorities at Mount Pleasant, Pa., where one manufacturer handed out free samples in a door-to-door campaign. Almost everybody in town tried them, apparently, for the supervisor of sewage treatment arrived at work one morning to find four feet of suds blooming up in the aeration tank. The manufacturer claimed that this was all just an unhapy coincidence. He said he (avoided the word "suds") will form in sewage tanks under conditions entirely unrelated to the presence or absence of detergents. But he didn't convince all the sewage experts, and the topic is still good for an argument.

The argument is somewhat academic inasmuch as any housewife who has discovered the advantages of detergents is unlikely to switch back to soap. In fact the new products had been in production only a short time before the manufacturers began wondering if their washing efficiency wasn't just a little too good. Certain machines that had always run smoothly when used for packaging soap were switched to synthetics and soon began to break down. Maintenance men found the new products were getting into the works and breaking down all the oil and grease, thus sabotaging the machines in much the same way as they scuttled Perry Mason's friend, the duck. More oil or plastic bearings solved the problem.

The soapmakers were quick to realize their production line problem was a vivid illustration of how the new product could be used. They experimented to cut the greases and oils from clothes and dishes. They were much slower in realizing the new detergents could and would penetrate the soap market as swiftly and effectively as they had penetrated the packaging machines.

One soap company went so far as to hail its synthetic detergent as "a revolutionary new washday miracle" when it was introduced to the U.S. market in 1946. But even if it failed to realize that revolutionary it really was for, a full year later, the president of the company told shareholders: "In our judgment, there is small chance of synthetic detergents replacing soap products to any marked extent.

Synthetic detergents today have about 90 percent of the U.S. market for washday products. Donald Price, an independent organic chemist who is not noted for uttering soap-selling superlatives, has described their growth as "one of the most spectacular success stories in the chemical industry."

His remark applies equally on both sides of the international border. Canadians have been slightly slower in making the switch from soap, partly because Americans have a head start with some of the new products and partly because a greater proportion of American housewives own automatic washers for which special synthetics are made.

All things considered, Canadians have been doing some pretty fancy catching up. In early 1946 there was hardly a package of household detergent from one end of the country to the other. By the end of last year, Canadian consumers, including industry, had bought detergents at an annual rate of 133 million pounds, and about four of every five pounds were in the form of household products.

W. E. Williams, president of Gamble and Canada, put it another way last January. "Sixty percent of our company's total volume today is from new products not on the market 10 years ago." One big reason, he added, was "the revolution in detergents."

It was a German revolution to begin with. German chemists discovered in 1930, after several years of experiments, that they could make a soaplike compound by extracting alcohol from coconut and palm oils and treating it with sulphuric acid neutralized with caustic soda. Textile manufacturers in several parts of the world tried it for cleaning fibers and found to their delight that in many important ways it was better than soap. Even though it cost far more than soap at the time, the textile-makers asked for more.

A U.S. firm soon began making it for industry under the original German patents and another company, a soapmaker, got into household detergents. In 1933, however, the new product was put on the grocers' shelves with less fanfare than usually accompanies a new washday product. There was a great deal for the manufacturer to be modest about. In spite of its advantages (especially in hard water), the new household product was effective only on dishes and light garments. It lacked the necessary cleaning power needed for the heavier items in a typical family wash.

Chemists soon solved that problem with what they call "builders"—additives that improve cleansing power. By then they had another problem. Coconut and palm oils were scarce and expensive. The chemists looked for an alternative source of the active ingredient and found it in petroleum. A wartime soap shortage prompted the industry to develop the new synthetics, and one result was a half-soap, half-synthetic bar that was issued to many Allied troops as a substitute for soap. It was considered inadequate by Johnny Canuck and G.I. Joe, but didn't last long enough for milady's hands, and it never reached the retail market.

By the time the petroleum industry received its wartime reprise, U.S. soapmakers had penetrated the packaging machines. One hundred forty household detergents made partly from petroleum derivatives..."Builders" and other additives (such as "brighteners" for whitening fabrics) now make up two thirds of the bulk of most household detergents. It is soft to the touch, it foams up in the water, and they also hold the dirt in suspension, preventing it from settling on the object being cleaned. The remaining portion is what trade calls the "active ingredient"—the substance that combines with the water to help it get between a particle of dirt and a fibre. Soap does the same thing, but the detergents do the job better.

Of all the active ingredients used in synthetic detergents today, petroleum is the source of about half the volume. A few types of detergents are made with active ingredients derived entirely from a non-petroleum source, such as coconut oil, palm oil or sugar. However, the most popular brands contain an active ingredient based on petroleum.

At the present time Canadian detergent-makers are obliged to import all their active ingredients, but this situation will change in mid-1957 with the completion of a $3,800,000 plant which Imperial Oil is building at its Sarnia refinery.

When the new plant is ready the company will take its first steps into the petrochemical field, a move that began last year with the formation of a chemical products department. In petroleum derivatives, propylene and benzene, will be used in making the active ingredients, chiefly one known as detergent alkylate or AK benzene. The plant will also produce chemical intermediates.

Although the plant will be physically indistinguishable from the maze of tanks, pipes and towers that the refinery proper, it nevertheless will have a distinction all its own: its production capacity of 30 million pounds a year will make Canada self-sufficient in petroleum-derived active ingredients used in household and industrial detergents.

And the chemical products department is looking well ahead to be in a position to meet the future quality and volume requirements of Canadian detergent-makers. This is essential, because in spite of the hush-hush way the hotly-competitive detergent industry develops each new household item, it is no secret that it has a few tricks up its sleeve. These will undoubtedly include Canadian production of heavy duty liquids detergent, an item that has recently appeared on the U.S. market. Widespread acceptance of heavy duty liquids could, in turn, cause a minor revolution in the design of automatic washers. The appliance industry already talks about washers built-in containers that would automatically measure out the exact amount of detergent required for a batch of laundry.

An alternate gimmick, still in the lab, is a soluble container that would hold just enough detergent for one washerful of laundry. The little package would be dropped into the water and the container would dissolve harmlessly. It has been pretty well perfected, except for one hitch: there's no such thing as a standard measure of detergent, as different makes of washers vary considerably in capacity.

A more likely prospect is that synthetic bars (toilet soap substitutes) may soon appear on the Canadian market. They are already being test-marketed in the U.S.

Many detergent products of all types will undoubtedly appear in different packages. Detergents are in the process of becoming smaller, easier-looking, easier-working packages. Although their main emphasis is always on product quality, the soapmakers know from long experience that a good package sells more products. And in such an aggressively competitive industry, nobody ever passes up a chance for an extra slice of the market.

Well, hardly ever. There was the time Lever Bros. reacted with some indifference to the news that a small group of consumers had shown an obvious preference for a P & G product. However, the circumstances were a bit unusual, for the consumers were some cows owned by Mrs. Henry McLeod of Penobscot, N.B.

Mrs. McLeod wrote to complain that her cows, which had never been attracted to clothes washed in Lever's Surf, had suddenly developed a marked dislike to them after they were washed in P & G's Cheer. To back up her claim, she enclosed a swatch of badly-chewed grass from her wash line.

By mistake she sent the letter to Lever Bros., who passed it along gleefully to its competitor. P & G later settled the claim to Mrs. McLeod's satisfaction, but not before a good many around the office had a look at the note one Lever executive had attached to the original letter. "I think I am glad the cows did not like Surf," said the note, "although it's a new outlet they probably represent a considerable potential."

That's how Lever Bros. went on record as not caring much about the potential bovine market. But it's a safe bet that Lever, like its other competitors, will go on turning out more and better detergents as long as there are two-legged Canadians who want them.
seagoing mailman

Fortnightly along the St. Lawrence's north shore, "Uncle" Norm Jones covers his 150-mile mail route. He wouldn't be happy without the tang of salt in his nostrils and the yarns of his people

by ADELAIDE LEITCH

SPRING ICE BLOCKED Norman Jones' new mail boat near the Strait of Belle Isle, the 40-mile stretch of water separating the island of Newfoundland from Quebec and Labrador. Great pans of ice behaved the craft. Bergs sometimes taller than the boat's single mast cruised alongside.

Behind the open wheelhouse window, his peaked cap pulled low, his pipe upside down against the icy spray, the grey-haired, skipper stubbily pushed eastward for Blanc Sablon, last port of call on his mail route.

Each time the bow buckled into the ice, the nameless little boat's two eight-horsepower gasoline engines pounded and coughed, mail bags slithered around the for'ard cabin and spare gasoline cans did a crazy little dance on deck. One passenger, a seasoned seal buyer, was ready to turn back, and even the skipper's cousin, engineer-assistant-postman Sandy Jones voiced some concern:

"She's a new boat, l'v. You want to put a big hole in 'er bottom?"

"If she won't take it," Skipper Jones said calmly, "she's no good to me." And he kept bawling the ice until he broke his way through.

If there had been any doubt about it before, "Uncle" Norm Jones made it clear right then that as long as he could help it no more ice field would keep him from his appointed rounds. Although he is not one to go out looking for trouble, the slight figure in awarteal, windbreaker and rubber boots has met and coped with plenty of it in the 12 years he has held the contract to deliver the mail along 150 of the loudest miles of the Côte Nord—that fringe of Quebec coast looking southwestward over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was sometime during that 12 years he was affectionately dubbed "Uncle"—the nickname by which he is known along the north shore.

Between ports with colorful names like Mutton Bay, Tête à la Bateine (Whale Head) and Gros ile Tucker (Big Ticks Island), he has sailed through many a stormy sea. He has also found the permanent solution to a more in-voluntary problem: how to resist the attentions of homesteaders who would lure him away from his duties, offering him horse cooking in exchange for gossip. This was a serious problem when he first took over the route. One scheming postmistress and her neighbors even hid his way bag, in which he kept his personal gear, and refused to return it until he signed the night telling them all the latest news of the coast.

"Uncle" Norm has covered his desolate mail route for 12 years.

"Uncle" Norm quickly out-manoeuvred them. He asked for, and got, an Ottawa ruling limiting his trips to an average of 20 minutes, with a maximum of half an hour. On his next trip he showed the official letter all the way to the Strait of Belle Isle and had no such trouble since.

However, one Ottawa postal official later learned to regret that his department ever issued the order. He started out with "Uncle" Norm on an inspection trip and was soon complaining that the stops were too far apart.

"I can't finish my work here in 30 minutes," he protested at one point.

Sleerily, "Uncle" Norm, his lean, weather-beaten face wreathed in a pudish grin, produced the magic letter and kept anchor on schedule.

He doesn't always find it so simple to stick to schedule; but any time he is late, the folk along the coast know he has been held up by an especially rough spell, an extra thick fog, or an unusually heavy field of ice. Weather permitting, he sets out every second Monday morning as the mail run that is the Côte Nord's chief link with the "outside" during most of the year. Not until December, when winter has the coast in its grip, does "Uncle" Norm begin a three-month layover, canceling the mail-carrying job to Northern Wings, an airline based at Steen Island, about 500 miles to the west of his normal starting point.

The boat run, northward alongside the rocky cleft between Harrington Harbor and Blanc Sablon, the most easterly point in all Quebec, is supposed to take four days—two up and two back—but in bad weather it often takes twice that long. Just before he sets anchor and washes goodbye to his wife, "Uncle" Norm collects the first-class and registered mail from Harrington post office and stows it under his bunk beside his way bag and Sandy's fiddles.

Already ahead will be the bulky pieces of her Majesty's mail. Collectively they tell mild of the story of Côte Nord life: mail order parcels for housewives: a new engine part for a fisherman at Skeetika Tickle; tinned kerosene lamps for a house at Old First Bay; and perhaps even a few Harley parts tucked in an orange crate. On an average run he may have 75 bags of mail; on a big one, more than twice that number.

Often he will have passengers aboard: who travel from one stop to another. Perhaps it will be a student returning from the interior or school teachers returning to begin the fall classes. Occasionally, if it's a day, fletched Montagnais outside going to hospital at Blanc Sablon, visiting, as "Uncle" Norm says, "enough plaid to rig up a ship."

Even before his first stop "Uncle" Norm makes good use of his navigational know-how. A lumberman like the Rev. Piasecki doesn't dare even the darkening harbor of Tête à la Bateau, but with casual skill "Uncle" Norm steers hit lumber craft.
so that it slips easily between the harbor's hungry rocks.

From the shore a dozen tethered sled dogs howl in chorus as Sandy barks out the bow ropes and the boat slides along to where the wharf thrusts its spindly legs firmly into the water. Eager young hands quickly lift the mail ashore and traverse it off through the fish shed, past vats of salted cod, barrels of cod livers, fishing nets, oars and the inevitable covey of oil drums.

Whoever it was that waggishly suggested that the heraldic crest of the Canadian Arctic should be "an oil drum rampant on a field of rock," could have lowered his sights to include the North Shore. The inhabitants of this craggy extremity of the Pre-Cambrian Shield depend on oil to run their fishing boats and to heat and light their homes.

Underway again, "Uncle" Norm will likely meet other coastal boats: the Glad Tidings, an Anglican mission boat which works out of Mutton Bay, one place where the church is literally "founded upon a rock," or one or more of several craft that tour the coast with movies, luring one and all to entertaining evenings in a schooner or a community hall, the North

er Messenger, the Grenfell mission boat from Harrington; or the Vicer of Labrador's ship, the Maria Stella, which may be carrying a visiting clergyman, an X-ray unit, or both.

When he pulls into Gros Ille Tickle, where he will tie up for the night, he finds they are building a new dock and still wondering what happened to the old one. It was a good size, the old dock, built to take a freighter like the North Pioneer. But one night it vanished, and nobody has ever found out whether it sank. 13 fathoms to the bottom of the tickle, floated off down the channel, or was, as some superstitionist folk have hinted, spirited away by some mysterious and sinister nocturnal force.

Towards evening a fisherman comes put-putting out of the fog, bearing "Uncle" Norm a gift of two fat cod taken along the Seven Mile reef the day before and kept in brine ever since. The fisherman's wife has also sent gifts—a loaf of homemade bread and a pot of bakeapple jam.

The mail boat's for'ard cabin fills with people come to yarn with the skipper, and the talk, as it always does, turns to fish—where the Capes, the big fish-hunting schooner, will get its next load for the planks at La Tabatière; the price of cod; the scarcity of mackerel.

Before the last of his visitors have said good night and clumped back along the deck, "Uncle" Norm has heard many things. Some of them are familiar yarns, but others are bits of real news, which he will relay up and down the coast.

First stop on the second day out is Spoon Cove, where "Uncle" Norm's arrival interrupts a hone-canning bee in which a group of Côte Nord folk are "putting up" a batch of "puiseau", a succulent little species of scallop.

After a brief stop at St. Paul River, the little mail boat cruises along beside the ruggedly beautiful Bradore Mountains. Off in the distance, "Uncle" Norm and Sandy can see Groenly Island, where, in April, 1928, a German plane, the Bremen, crash-landed during the first east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic by air.

Today it's clear, so there's a gimmer of Newfoundland too, across the strait.

Soon the little boat begins to lose headway as the wind sweeps down past Blane Sablon. Twelve-foot waves crash over the bow, and even "Uncle" Norm concedes "it's getting a bit lopy." But when Sandy brings out his fiddle and strikes up a reel, "Uncle" Norm's nimble feet do a gay little two-step on the floor of the pitching wheelhouse.

The "loopy" sea annoys him a little later, however, when he has to drop anchor in the shelter of Bradore, his last stop but one; for after rowing the mail bags ashore he must become a landlubber long enough to make the final delivery by panel truck over the sandy road to Blane Sablon.

To him a truck is an alien, land-locked contraption that should have no part in the life of an old seaman who has scarcely even drawn a breath that didn't have a whiff of salt air in it. Born 63 years ago near Harrington, the son of a fisherman of Jersey Island stock and a Newfoundland girl, he has spent all his life on and around boats. Before he carried the mail he fished, went "in the ice" for seal, helped man the Grenfell Mission boat for one summer and worked on a sea-borne hydrographic survey for another.

He owned one of the Côte Nord's first boat engines, an inboard, and nobody knew how to start it. He still chuckles as he recalls how he and his brothers rowed around the harbor, tinkering with it for hours before they got it going. Today the gasoline engine is as much a partner to him as assistant postmaster Sandy and as much a friend as anyone who calls him "Uncle" Norm.

And as the bow swings westward again to begin the return voyage, "Uncle" Norm wonders how anyone can be happy not knowing the feel of a throbbing engine, the sway of a rising deck, or the warm glow of kinship he feels for the people—his people—along the Côte Nord.

Ferry slip at foot of George street, Halifax, in 1838 - by William Engue

FROM THEN ON NOVA SCOTIANS HAD AN OIL BUSINESS

by Earle Beattie
ONE BRIGHT NOVEMBER morning, 76 years ago, a young man of 16 hitched up a horse and buggy in his home-town fishing village of Hubbards on Nova Scotia’s Atlantic shore and drove 30 miles to the exciting port of Halifax. Nova Scotia’s capital was then a gas-lit city with horse-drawn streetcars and 31,000 people.

The boy, small, earnest and hard-working, bore the heroic name of Sidney Smith Shatford, named for Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, British naval hero of the Napoleonic wars. He was one of a family of seven boys and three girls, the third generation of Shatfords in Hubbards. His grandfather had been a seaman aboard the British square-rigger Java when it was sunk by the American frigate Constitution in the War of 1812 and had settled in Hubbards after two years in a Virginia prisoner-of-war camp.

His father, John Edward Shatford, ran the general store in Hubbards, was a county councillor and local postmaster. Young Sid was being staked to a business course. He took a room in the big city with his older brother—who bore the equally heroic name of Jefferson Davis—and launched into the course on December 1, 1880, his 16th birthday. In three months he had graduated and had a job as a hardware clerk. Jeff went south to work for an American oil company.

Five years later Sid was a bookkeeper at $16.50 per month. His husky, easy-going and friendly kid brother, John Franklyn, better known as “Frank”, was travelling around Nova Scotia selling flour for the J. H. Chipman Co. One day Jeff arrived from New York to suggest that Sid and Frank get into the oil business in competition with the Boston oil jobbers who were delivering kerosene and axle grease by schooner and small steamer to Yarmouth at the southern tip of Nova Scotia. The Shatfords’ supplies would come from New York.

The decision was made and the next step was to get the necessary capital—about $4,000—and for this they turned to another Shatford—their father.

With Jeff assuring supplies from New York and father providing the initial funds, Sid and Frank set up Nova Scotia’s first native oil business as Shatford Brothers Ltd. It was November, 1885. Sid was almost 21, Frank was 18.

They secured as their base of operations a warehouse, with an office over it, on weather-beaten Liverpool wharf at the north end of Halifax harbor. Their staff consisted of themselves and an office boy. Later they added a teamster who kept his horse and wagon at a Barrington street stable.

Across the harbor, towards its eastern passage to the sea, workmen were that year rebuilding the historic Eastern Battery which had guarded Halifax since 1751. Busy on Liverpool wharf, neither Sid nor Frank could visualize that 33 years later, their small pioneering effort would lead to a 2,200-barrel refinery near that historic site. Nor could they anticipate, in their wildest dreams, the $30 million rebuilding program that, in the past two years, has made the refinery—still the only major one in the Maritimes—Imperial Oil’s third largest and the sixth in Canada. Or that one day they would be supplying petroleum products for machines that moved through the air and buggies that moved without horses. Yet that same year, 1885, in Germany, Carl Benz was experimenting with the world’s first auto—a three-wheeled affair with chain-drive.
Though they didn’t visualize it then, they lived to see most of it. Frank died five years ago at the age of 85. Sidney Shatford died in Halifax last June 8. On December 1 last year, he was 91 years old: sole survivor of the small hand of aggressive pioneers who founded the Maritime oil industry. Bent over a little, but still able to get around under his own power and possessing a keen pair of eyes, he cast his mind back and reminisced on things as they were and as they are. He had survived two world wars, a catastrophic explosion in Halifax, booms, busts, fires and through it all, the rugged competition of the oil business.

At the same time he had also helped raise and educate what most men would consider two families. His first wife died when their three children—Arthur, Nita and John—were still youngsters. Then in 1906, while on a yachting party, he met the present Mrs. Shatford, a tall, good-looking woman with a lively sense of the dramatic. They were married a year later. She took over the growing family and subsequently became the mother of four new Shatfords—Winton, who is now manager of Imperial’s Maritimes marketing division; Winnifred, now Mrs. Tom Scott of Middleton; Sidney, who died some years ago in Florida and Johnson Mackenzie who operates a sporting goods store in Halifax.

All the Shatford brothers have shown the same talent for long, industrious lives. Sid’s older brother, A. Wellesley, died last December at the age of 96. Jefferson David, who first suggested the oil business 71 years ago, died last September at the age of 93. He left a large part of the fortune he made in railroading and oil to the village of Hubbards “for the general benefit of the community.” A fifth brother, Alma Hastings (named after two battles) became a partner in a large international brokerage firm, and died in 1955 at the age of 84. He gave the Shatford Memorial School to the village of Hubbards in memory of his parents.

A restless, energetic man, Sid was always on the move. To keep fit, he went on walking tours, rode in the harbor and rode horses. Once he and Frank took three of Jed’s horses to a race meet at Machias, Maine. “I rode Wanderer for a $150 stake and won,” Sid recalled, “then went on to win another race at Waterville.” He also picked up a few medals as a lightweight boxer in Halifax. “But he gave that up when we were married,” Mrs. Shatford added. “I wouldn’t let him get damaged.”

But back in 1885 the job at hand was to sell kerosene. Nova Scotian schooners brought it from New York in 55-gallon wooden barrels and in cases of two five-gallon cans. From the wharf warehouse, Sid and Frank shipped it out by horse and wagon to wholesale houses, small grocers, general merchants, hardware stores, ship chandlers, fish dealers and a wide range of customers. “Every corner grocer in town sold oil,” Sid said.

The Shatfords also sold Royal kerosene lamps for lighting homes and offices. For merchants, they handled 45 and 90-gallon galvanized tanks with plunger pump and hinged half-top.

The life of the young salesmen was not without its problems. One grocer complained that his kerosene had been contaminated by brine. Sid sent a man around to investigate and found the grocer was dipping salt pork out of a barrel and letting it drip over the kerosene tank while he reached across for a piece of wrapping paper. “Frank and I took turns selling and looking after the office,” Sid recalled. Soon they were shipping oil up and down the coast, and to the inland points. To tide them over rough periods they sold soap as a side line, “and once when business was slack Frank ordered a caskful of flour and took a flyer at that.”

They had trouble, at first, getting loans from the bank. “Halifax bankers were very conservative and old-fashioned,” Sid remembered. Kerosene was regarded as a dangerous product and the local citizenry was, in general, dubious about the useful oil enterprise.

“The customs officers and firemen visited us day and night. The customs men had to weigh and mark each barrel and test the specific gravity of the oil.”

One time, a schooner brought in a load of 1,600 barrels from New York, some of them piled high on the deck. “It seemed as if the whole city turned out to see what we were going to do with it,” Sid remembered. “Police and fire officials refused to allow the captain to land his cargo. They expected it to go afire.” Sid talked them into letting him move the barrels out as fast as the customs men okayed the shipment. In six days it was unloaded and moved off in wagon loads. “But by that time,” Sid added with a chuckle, “we had another schooner load on the way.”

Business developed rapidly after the first crucial years and the Shatfords added more horses and wagons to their Barrington street stable. Then as now, production in the oil business was keen, and as they grew the Shatfords backed the Boston oil jobbers out of Newfoundland, P.E.I. and the main Nova Scotia market. Yarmouth, however, continued to get its oil supplies from the Bostonians. In the fruit-growing Annapolis valley the Shatfords faced another closely-knit family firm, Joseph Bullock and Sons, of Saint John, N.B., which was just as competitive and refused to back out of its market. “We met the Bullocks on the Bay of Fundy shore,” Sid said. Joe Bullock and his two sons, Tom and John, were shipping kerosene through New Brunswick and sending schooner loads up the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia’s Fundy shore.

The Shatford brothers had been in business three years when a foreign ship, carrying “cased oil,” limped into Halifax harbor. Bound for Japan, it had been driven far off course by Atlantic gales and its cargo—800,000 gallons of kerosene—was leaking out of the wooden cases. Sid and Frank bought the condemned cargo, emptied it into barrels and chartered two vessels to ship it to South America. The brigantine Lucie sailed for Buenos Aires and the schooner Salutaris was despatched to Rio de Janeiro. Sid meanwhile hastened to New York, talked the sale over with brother Jeff and caught the steamer Advance for the Argentine. “I proceeded,” he said, “on a voyage entirely strange to me and going to a country where only the big merchants spoke English.”

En route the Advance called at Panama, near the mouth of the Amazon, where Sid was handed a telegram from Jeff advising him that the Lucie had been lost at sea and its crew taken to England. There was no need for him to go to Buenos Aires, so he went on to Rio and found the Salutaris had arrived just ahead of him.
began building bulk storage stations—warehouses and tanks—throughout Nova Scotia. The first was on Kempt road on the outskirts of Halifax. Others came later at Sydney, Kentville, Windsor, Amherst, Bridgewater, Liverpool and south to Yarmouth where by now the Boston jobbers had ended the market.

"Trying to get permission to instal tanks was the bane of our lives," Sid recalled. "People were still frightened of kerosene. Yet not one of our bulk stations has ever had a fire."

Despite the merger of the Bullock and Shatford companies, Imperial steadily grew stronger in the Maritimes and in 1888, the two rivals—Imperial and Eastern—joined forces. Eastern Oil thus became the Maritime wing of Imperial with the Shatfords in Nova Scotia and the Bullocks in New Brunswick.

Later that year the federal government permitted imports of oil in bulk by water, and Imperial promptly built a million-gallon tank, a barrel plant and a wharf on Bedford Basin, the sweeping inner harbor of Halifax where convoys formed up in two world wars. Wooden barrels were still in use and the art of assembling them was practised in the barrel plant by six skilled cooperers. The barrels were rolled down a long runway that extended out into the water, and into the holds of waiting schooners.

The first bulk cargo of oil to arrive at any Canadian port came into the new Imperial dock at Bedford Basin aboard the tank steamer *Maverick* from Bayonne, N.J., in 1889. Two trips later the *Maverick* was discharging its cargo when a brass elbow on the pipe line to the shore split open. Kerosene gushed out, ran down into the engine room and caught fire. In minutes the cargo and ship were ablaze and, as the alarm spread, the burning ship was cut loose.

"The cry came that she would drift out in the harbor and set other ships afire," Sid related. But 300 yards from shore, the pioneer tanker rolled over and sank in a hiss of steam and smoke.
SUCH DISASTERS scarcely slowed operations as the 20th century dawned and over the 
horizon came horseless carriages, flying machines and a new world of oil-powered 
wheels. Alexander Graham Bell met with Glen Curtiss and J. A. D. McCurdy at 
the Halifax Hotel in 1907 to form a flying club. On the coastal waters and the river-
ways, wood-burning steamers and sailcraft were gradually giving way to more mod-
ern vessels. Gasoline, long despised as oil’s waste product, took up the slack in sales when elec-
tricity began displacing kerosene. Lubricating oils were also in big demand as industrial development 
proceeded.

Sid worked day and night to keep pace. “Father was a bear for business,” Winton Shutford 
remembers. Late every Saturday night it was Winton’s job to pick up the company mailbag at 
the post office and lug it home. His father would sort the letters carefully, read them and be 
ready for action Monday morning. On many Sunday afternoons he would take Winton and his brother John—in with Imperial’s Ontario marketing division—on a tour of the waterfront, 
boarding ships of all descriptions, talking to captains to keep in touch with coastal trade.

By 1910 business had expanded to such an extent the company moved to a two-storey building 
on Cunam’s wharf down the harbor. The 11-man staff was selling five brands of kerosene, (Head-
light, Mayflower, Chester A., Diamond and Palatine), lubricants, gasoline, lamps and stoves to 
some 7,000 customers.

One of the new men Sid hired that year was Bert Dumareq who, in the next 44 years, worked 
as a salesman, troubleshooter and as Maritime marketing employee relations manager for Imperial. 
He retired in 1964. His jobs in 1910 ranged from checking Ruyo lamps whose wicks were 
ergurting to concocting formulas for lube oils.

When the Nova Scotia Light and Power Co. found its trolley-car wheels squealing on street 
corners, Sid Shutford and Bert Dumareq came to the rescue with a genuine squeal-killer con-
sisting of pit-black oil and Atlantic red or pale oil, plus other ingredients. Years before there was 
a refinery or a company research lab and motor tolerances were not so exact, such off-brands 
were batched in a highly personal, almost whimsical way. Five gallons of this were mixed with 
five gallons of that and the result stirred briskly with a paddle.

As their customers insisted on keeping strictly to Shutford’s own special brands, Imperial’s 
lube plant at Sarnia tried to duplicate them for awhile. But it wasn’t easy to get to the bottom of 
the Shutford-Dumareq formulas. “Finally,” Bert recalls, “the lubricant chief came here with 
a fierce look in his eye and said to me, ‘I’m going to get rid of those cockeyed brands if it’s the 
last thing I do.’ He did, too.”

It was a busy, peaceful world. Nova Scotia’s apple farmers were now selling their crops to 
Britain, her fishermen were shipping cod to Europe and the West Indies, and new steel mills had 
reared into production following the discovery of iron ore in Newfoundland. Moving pictures 
had made a start in life and wireless was beginning. Auto endurance contests were all the rage. 
Then peace went up in a puff of gunpowder and World War I broke on a bewildered world.

In the fast mobilization that followed, Halifax again became “the warden of the north” and 
petroleum was a fighting product. As Frank Shutford was called to Toronto in 1914 to become 
manager of Imperial’s Ontario marketing division, Sid found himself in sole command at Halifax 
at this critical time. The following year, Imperial established an office in Newfoundland.

Company officials built new tankage on Bedford Basin to meet the big wartime demand. When 
the port’s pre-war tonnage of two million jumped to 17 million in two years, they decided only a 
refinery could meet the new demands of ships, homes and industries. In May, 1916, they bought 
228 acres from Henrietta and Ellen McNabb and a month later another 151 acres from John F. 
Grant, a farmer, on the east side of the harbor near the town of Dartmouth and next to historic 
Fort Clarence. The next year, 100 acres leading back to Morris Lake were bought from Hugh 
Grant. With a harbor frontage of almost a mile and Morris Lake as a source of fresh water for 
the refinery, they had an ideal site. Eastern Passage road, now a busy thoroughfare, was then a 
dirt truck and all construction material had to be carried from Halifax across the harbor by boat.

Meanwhile, Sid Shutford and his small staff were on call night and day to keep the oil supplies 
rolling. (In 1916 they took over the Annepolis valley area. Tom Bullock retired in Saint 
John to be replaced by James McCutish, a big Scotsman from western Canada who could kill a 
fly with a squirt of tobacco juice.) They had been at work for almost an hour on the morning of De-
ember 11, 1917, when a violent rush of air shook the buildings and windows were shattered. Paper 
money which was lying on the case, was swept into the air like autumn leaves and silver went 
flaying in all directions.

Sid walked unhurriedly out of his office, “Well, I guess the Germans have found us,” he said. 
But it wasn’t enemy action. It was the great.
The Northwest Arm in Halifax, 1872—by E. J. Russell

est disaster ever to befall a Canadian city. Halifax's north end was being blown to bits by its own ammunition. At the narrow entrance to Bedford Basin, a Belgian relief ship, the Imo, had collided with the loaded French munitions ship, Mont Blanc. Catching fire, the Mont Blanc exploded at 9:06 a.m., instantly killing more than 1,400 men, women and children. Another 600 died of injuries, while 2,000 were blinded by flying glass or maimed for life. Homes, schools, public buildings, churches, factories, wharves, vehicles, barns and the railway station in the north end were shattered to kindling and bits of metal. Windows all over town were smashed, walls and doors were blown in, but the half-completed oil refinery was spared.

At the Imperial office on Cronon's wharf, only one person was hurt—a girl whose arm was cut by flying glass. Bert Dumaresq took her to a drug store which was beginning to fill up with frantic people seeking bandages and medicines. "Take anything?" the druggist told them.

Rushing home to see how his family had fared, Sid found most of the windows of his house had been shattered by the blast and the front door had been torn from its hinges and landed on an inside staircase. A vase sitting on the living room table was filled with glass slivers. Miraculously, nobody was hurt. His youngest boy narrowly escaped a deadly shower of glass that stuck like daggers in his bedroom wall. The child had left the room minutes before to climb into his mother's bed. Winton and his sister Winnifred had just left for school and came running back. Out in the street,bugs sounded eerily as men on horseback called, "Take to the Commons!"

"Everybody lost their sense of reality," says Mrs. Sid Shatford who remembers the disaster as if it were yesterday. By afternoon it was evident no further explosions would occur, so Sid got into the family carriage and drove across the city to the storage plant in the devastated north end. He found John Warren and his six-man staff had escaped death, but narrowly. The entire

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west wall of the barrel-filling building had collapsed in a heap of bricks under the blast.

At the refinery, Manager D. M. Allan and his staff mobilized the contraction and refinery employees to help the injured and homeless, feeding and caring for hundreds in the construction camps. Work resumed on the refinery with some 1,500 men on day and night shifts. They brought it to completion early in 1918. Processing 2,000 barrels a day, it served as a new fuel arsenal for allied conveyors. Crude arrived from the Middle East and Caribbean in the holds of the Reliant, the Mont Blanc and other tankers. At the same time, Imperial village for refinery employees came into existence just east of the refinery with bright one and two-storey homes, recreation facilities and a school.

The war had immensely speeded the motor age and its end brought a new industrial revolution. "Gasoline" was a magic word on everyone's lips as Oldsmobiles, McLaughlin's, Fords and other cars appeared on the dusty roads. Sid gave up the family carriage for a five-passenger Overland in 1919 and replaced the company's stable of horses with bulk trucks. That year a young war veteran of 23, A. Gordon DeMont, destined to become a director of Imperial, joined the company staff as a warehouse agent in Sydney, N.S.

Newfoundland became a division on its own in 1918, a year after the S.S. Isolite arrived with the island's first bulk cargo. At the same time, Halifax marketers, refinery people and marine personnel increased their activities in Prince Edward Island. Small bulk plants were built in Charlottetown, Summerside, O'Leary, Souris, Alberton and Montague with shipments from the new refinery going out by tanker and later by rail. Orrin MacGregor, the company agent in Char-
lottetown and later division sales manager at Halifax, got his first Ford truck in 1923. It carried 230 gallons in bulk. People wondered whether sparks from the engine would ignite the gasoline.

To serve Maritime motorists, Sid Shatford and his staff began building "filling stations" about 1927, the first on Halifax's Spring Garden road at Dresden Row. (Charlottetown got its first service station in 1930). "I had a hard time persuading men to take on jobs at the stations," Sid said. "They weren't sure it was permanent." Winton, who started as a refinery sample boy in 1925, was active as a salesman in these years.

Business also boomed on the sea and in the air. The wartime air station at Eastern Passage had become an RCAF sea base and by 1928 it was being used by small, private float-planes. Tommy O'Neill, supervisor of the barrel-filling plant, remembers refueling a seaplane taxied up the harbor by pioneer flyer Amelia Earhart. "That was the time she ran away from her mother," O'Neill adds. Another time, Charles Lindbergh stepped out of a seaplane cockpit and came ashore for fuel. He was to return later with his wife and stay overnight with the refinery superintendent, R.L. Dunsmore. By then he had made the world's first trans-Atlantic solo flight.

Coastal schooners, launches, fishing boats and other craft used more and more gasoline, diesel fuel and lubricants. On the high seas, luxury liners and big freighters out of Halifax steamed along on bunker fuel from the Imperial tanks. A growing fleet of Imperial tankers — including the C. O. Stilman with a capacity of 163,000 barrels — carried crude from distant oil fields to Halifax. Throughout the Twenties when the U.S. was "dry," the harbor was busy too with run-running ships carrying their bonded cargoes from the French islands of St. Pierre-Miquelon to mysterious destinations to the south, calling into Halifax en route. Bert Dumaresq remembers vividly the armed thugs called "super-cargoes" who were in charge of the run ships as they checked in and out of customs.

By 1927, the refinery — not 10 years old — had outgrown its original site. To make room for new units, the company purchased Fort Clarence, a big rambling fortress built in 1798. "They also thought our office was on the wharf was not good enough," Sid Shatford said. A new one went up on the site — brought earlier — of the Pontiac Inn at Duke and Water streets, the famous 18th century hostelry where Wolfe entertained Guy Carleton and James Murray before the capture of Louisbourg in 1759.

With marine, manufacturing and marketing operations at full throttle, Imperial next began a search for crude oil in Nova Scotia. Crews arrived in 1928 with a drilling rig and drilled holes at half-mile intervals between Nappan and West Branch, River John. They struck volcanic rock, smashed drills and discovered deposits of salt and gypsum. While they found no oil, their findings on other minerals were turned over to the provincial government and led to salt mining in the Nappan area.

That was two years before Sid retired. In 1930, Sidney Smith Shatford brought his oil career to a close. He had, as Mrs. Shatford puts it, "Thought oil, talked oil and lived oil," for more than 44 years.

The man who stepped into his shoes was A. Gordon DeMont, his assistant. "Gordon DeMont was very well-liked and as smart as a steel trap," Winton says. Three years later he went to Toronto to become Ontario sales manager. Rising through other positions he became a member of Imperial's board of directors in 1951. He died in 1953.

At his home on Halifax's Ivanhoe street in the south end, Sid Shatford sat down to write a few memoirs, soldi out for a few winters on trips to Florida and watched the oil business grow in a dozen new directions. At the beginning of the Thirties under DeMont and W.L. Hibbert came the building of service stations all over the province and in Prince Edward Island — some of them very elaborate affairs with big canopies made of imitation Spanish tile.

In 1953 Winton Shatford became assistant manager of the Nova Scotia marketing division. In 1957 the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia divisions were amalgamated with headquarters at Halifax. That was the year the giant dirigible Hindenburg flew over Halifax taking pictures of the harbor, an ominous portent of things to come.

From retirement, S.S. Shatford watched a decade of road-building by the Nova Scotia government with asphalt from the expanding Imperial refinery. As Thomas Raddall, Nova Scotia's noted novelist, put it in his Halifax, Wardens of the North — "By 1939, through the magic of asphalt and gasoline the province had become a parish."

Sid Shatford was 75 when the shaky Thirties erupted in World War II. Again the company geared itself to supply a gigantic war machine. Between 1939 and 1945 some 10,500 ships were fueled with 25 million barrels of bunkers from the refinery — troop ships such as the Queen Elizabeth, the Le de France, the Aquitania, destroyers, corvettes, and a huge fleet of merchantmen.
Scores of tankers limping into the harbor with torpedo holes in their hulls were boarded by Imperial men and their cargoes saved for the war effort. One ship had a hole in its hull so big that a motorboat took a short cut through it. The RCMP, checking on salvage, often called on the oil men to analyze ships' fuels and lubricants. More than once they found soap and sugar present.

The top-secret "Operation Shuttle" went into action and neutral American tankers deposited Caribbean oil at Imperial's refinery in tanks built especially for the British Petroleum Board. Allied tankers ferried it from there to England.

Enemy U-boats, menacing Atlantic convoys from Murmansk to Halifax's submarine net, sank four Imperial tankers and three under charter. One, the Canadale, was captured by a German raider off west Africa and its crew spent the war behind barbed wire.

"The convoys just ate up the lube oil," F. W. McPherson, now division supervisor of sales and service, says. "You just sold what you had and hoped it was enough to get them across the pond." The shortage of steel posed a serious problem for the replacement of oil drums, so Imperial sent Tommy O'Neill of the filling plant searching for discards. He picked them up all over the Maritimes. Once, taking a wrong turn in a snowstorm at Saint John, he found 10,000 in one huge pile. Drums were also thrown into the holds of torpedoed ships to keep them buoyant.

Hundreds of tank cars of lubricants, gasoline and other products went by rail to RCAF stations at Greenwood, N.S., Pennfield and Monetum, N.B., Summerside, P.E.I. and emergency landing fields hidden around the country. Others kept the army training camps supplied.

Shatford homestead at Hubbards, N.S.

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Looking to sea at St. John's, Nfld., 1857—by Rev. William Grey

S. Shatford lived through it all and was there to see the Maritime cities survive post-war doldrums and swing into an unparalleled peacetime boom. He was on hand when Winton became Maritime's marketing division manager in 1948 after a 23-year sales career in Nova Scotia and Ontario.

"Comparison of today's operations with my day seems impossible," Sid Shatford said last December. Today, the Halifax refinery operations account for half of the harbor's total shipping. Some 40 products move out of the refinery in fleets of Esso trucks, in 21,000 railway cars a year and aboard the Imperial Sirius, Imperial Otawa and Imperial Halifax. The company supplies jet fuels and high-octane gasolines to a new air armada whistling off the runways of big airports. It fuels the aircraft carrier Magnificent—so big that tugs act like bumpers at the Imperial dock to keep its superstructure free—and sleek new vessels like the subchaser St. Laurent. The refinery products power tramp steamers and luxury liners. Drums of gasoline go to the small boats of lobster fishermen who beach them on tiny islands off the south shore.
where they pitch camp. The products go to Cape Breton's smelt-fishing fleet, to the deep-sea draggers, to lighthouses, to a host of autos, trucks and tractors on the farms, and to the mines, mills and small industries of the Maritimes.

A far cry from Sid Shatford's wharveside warehouses, a big four-storey building on Barrington street houses the marketing, marine and purchasing departments, facing out towards Cornwallis park where Edward Cornwallis set foot in 1749 to found Halifax. Sid Shatford was on hand, too, for the rebuilding of Halifax refinery—the largest refinery construction project ever undertaken in Canada. The new refinery's modern catalytic cracker, catalytic reformer and distillation units will manufacture almost a million and a half gallons a day, double the present capacity. Its two new docks will handle super-tankers, twice the weight of the present operating Imperial Edmontons and Imperial Toronto, that will unload 700,000 gallons an hour.

The absence of the slight little figure of Sidney Smith Shatford will be the one sore lack when the refinery is officially opened this fall. But the reaching refinery towers, the tankers, the tank trucks and even the airplane that pass overhead, will be in part a memorial to two young men, one not yet 21 and the other a strippling of 18, who in 1888 hung out their shingle—Shatford Brothers Ltd., Nova Scotia's first native oil company.

Brigantine carrying dried fish from Newfoundland to market, 1837—by Rev. William Grey

First Humanities Fellowships Awarded

For the first time since Imperial's fellowship plan was started 10 years ago, a woman has received one of the awards. Her grant was made under the new fellowship in the humanities added this year to the four regularly given in the physical and social sciences. The awards are worth up to $2,000 a year and may be held for three years.

Miss Maureen Donohue will study at Marquette University, Milwaukee and specialist in rational psychology. The daughter of the late P. J. Donohue, who worked at Imperial's Montreal East refinery, Miss Donohue was one of two winners of Imperial Oil undergraduate scholarships awarded in Quebec in 1952. She graduated from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S. this spring.

The other four awards were made in the fields of physics, history and economics to James Edward Hardy of Vancouver, Jan Morley Duck of Kamloops, B.C., David Chadwick Smith of Simcoe, Ont., and William Leslie Earl of Kingston, Ont. All five are working towards doctor of philosophy degrees.

The fellowship plan was initiated to encourage academic research in the technical and administrative aspects of industry. With the addition of the award in the humanities, Imperial hopes to encourage similar research in English literature, languages, history and philosophy. While the subjects of the fellowship holders are studying may have a bearing on the company's operations and may lead to important discoveries, Imperial waives all rights to any patents that may result. When they have completed their studies, winners are free to seek any employment they wish. Since 1946, 45 awards have been made to permit students to study at the university of their choice.

Specializing in chemistry, mathematics and physics, Mr. Hardy received his B.A. from the University of British Columbia in 1955 and last year worked on his master's degree. He will begin work on his Ph.D. in physics this fall at Princeton. Mr. Duck received a B.Sc. degree in physics from Queen's University in 1955 and attended U.B.C. for a master's degree. He will remain there for his doctorate.

Mr. Smith will attend Harvard this fall to study economics. He originally comes from Ootacamund, India, and is a graduate of McMaster University in Hamilton and Ballcol College, Oxford. Mr. Earl plans to use his fellowship, also an humanities award, at Cambridge. He graduated from Queen's University last May and plans to do advanced work in the social history of 18th century England. Both he and Mr. Smith won several undergraduate scholarships.

Fellowship winners are nominated by their universities and then selected by a committee set up in association with the National Conference of Canadian Universities. Headed by Dr. Leon Lortie, director of the department of extension, University of Montreal, the committee also included Professor J. C. Cameron, head of the department of industrial relations at Queen's; Dr. R. P. Graham, director of chemistry at McMaster University; and Dr. H. B. Spinkman, director, Osmotic Research Foundation.

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J. E. Hardy

L. M. Duck

D. G. Smith

W. L. Earl
Without trucks, the thriving Mennonite community of Steinbach in southern Manitoba would have no oranges for breakfast or newspapers for its weekly papers. It has no railroad but Steinbachers planned it that way

where everything arrives by truck

by FERGUS CRONIN

Steinbachers turned down the railway for their religion. The town was established in 1874 by a group of Mennonites who had traveled from Russia to Manitoba to find religious freedom. Surrounded by Ukrainian Greek Orthodox church-goers and French-Canadian Roman Catholics, the Mennonites decided a railway would intrude on, and menace, their way of life.

So they remained an ethnic group, and their town prospered. Today it is the shopping centre for 25,000 people, about half of whom live within a 10-mile radius. Steinbach is located in one of Manitoba's most thickly-populated mixed farming areas (livestock, dairy produce, wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax, poultry, honey and wax). It is hardly touched by crop failures, wheat surpluses or world market conditions. Steinbach farmers have cash all year round.

Cars from all parts of southeast Manitoba line Main street six days a week for the five-day, 40-hour week is unknown in Steinbach. The normal working day is 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and no mid-week half-holiday. On Saturdays the stores are open until 9 p.m. But Sunday mornings even restaurants are closed until noon. More than half the populace attend church services twice on Sundays and again Wednesday evenings.

To walk down the mile-long Main street (paved and 100 feet wide) and read the names over the businesses leaves the impression that a few people named Penner, Reimer and Friesen own and operate the town. In the tiny telephone book issued for the district, Steinbach alone has 65 subscribers by the name of Reimer, 42 named Friesen, 35 Toews (rhymes with staves), 38 named Loewen (rhymes with rooves) and 24 Panners.

These names and several others come from the original 18 families which settled the district, lived in underground dugouts the first winter and broke the virgin soil with ox teams.

There are so many of the same names that the natives long ago resorted to special identification systems. Jake Reimer is known only as Jake Almighty; Henry Toews means nothing unless you add, Turkey Toews (he once, unsuccessfully, raised turkeys). Then there's Baker Toews, Potato Wiebe and Chicken Wiebe ("That's his handier than remembering initials," someone explained.) Miller Derksen, Printer Derksen and Hotel Peters.

Some are known simply by first names or initials. "A.D." is A. D. Penner; his brother is "John D." The unofficial town historian, Klaas Reimer, is "K.J.B." There are probably a dozen Peter Rainiers so, to be distinctive, one gave himself the middle initial "X".

Although nearly everyone can speak fluent English, the townfolk except for the very young and non-Mennonites, talk "Plattdeutsch" or low German (a dialect preserved from the 16th century and augmented with Russian and English words) among themselves. During business hours the town's young businessmen and industrialists speak English.

Steinbach industry got its start during the depression. When industries in most Canadian centres were closing, Steinbachers decided the community could survive only if it had industries. Instead of seeking relief Steinbachers worked for 10 cents an hour in the local industries. Backed by this community spirit and wage rates that were low even by depression standards, the local industries prospered and were ready for the expansion that came in World War II and the post-war period. Earnings have always been re-invested in the businesses, which are passed on from father to son.

Probably the biggest enterprise is that of John D. Penner, a heavily built salesman of 41 who embodies the character of Steinbach: business ingenuity plus an unusual capacity for religion. At the drop of a Biblical quote "John D. will forget his million-dollar concern, tell his secretary to hold all calls, grab a Bible (he keeps one in his back pocket and another in his desk) and quote from it to prove to a visitor that Mackenzie King was not a true Christian (he believed in spiritualism—a "demont power") or to support his stand that the Golden Rule

They are regular church-goers, many attend three times a week

The town has 373 registered trucks, one for every seven people

A rookie tea salesman, after a soul-satisfying meal in the Tourist Hotel in Steinbach, Man., asked another traveler, "What do they do for fun around here?" After a thoughtful pause the veteran replied, "They work—and go to church."

And he was not far wrong, for about 95 percent of the town's 2,700 residents are of Mennonite descent and shun, for the most part, worldly pleasures. But, if Steinbach were to choose a coat-of-arms, it would probably include not only a church and a musked arm but a truck. For trucks are Steinbach's self-chosen livelihood.

During Canada's great railway building era around 1900, one line (now part of the CNR) was pushing west from Port Arthur and Fort William, then northwest from Fort Frances to provide another link with Winnipeg. While surveying the route through southeastern Manitoba railway officials planned to take in the thriving village of Steinbach, the largest community in a great, flat plain with rich, deep soil.

But they had an experience that probably never happened before or since: they were turned down flat. Steinbachers said they wouldn't have the railroad, so the track was laid six miles to the east through the smaller towns of La Broquerie and Girouard. To this day these towns are the nearest rail points to Steinbach. Nevertheless, it is still the biggest town in the district and the business it does is out of all proportion to its size. People drive the 38 miles from Winnipeg to buy cars or groceries, at least four of its native-bom companies do one million dollars in trade a year—and everything arrives by truck.

Steinbachers work hard. That's one reason for their prosperity

Photos by Rosemary Gilliat

Imperial Oil Review, August 1956
alone will not get a man to Heaven (he must be “born again.”)

Last year Penner sold 430 new cars and trucks (nearly half
the town’s sales) in spite of the fact that there are five other
dealers in Steinbach. It was a national sales record for a Cana-
dian rural car dealer, and made possible only because most of
his buyers come from surrounding towns.

John D. is also co-owner with his brother “A.D.” of the
Penner Tire and Rubber Co., an operation unique in Canada.
In 1940 nearly all pre-1938 farm tractors were equipped
with metal lugs, which because of war shortages were impossible
to replace. So Penner’s, then selling tires, began welding metal
rims on the lug wheels to equip them to take tires. When late
in the war these were again available Penner found many farm-
ers wanted their tractors to serve two roles—to work with lugs
and to work with tires. They designed, and had a local foundry
cast, 50 different types of tractor wheels. These they sell equip-
pied with tires so that farmers may substitute them for lugs
whenever they feel so inclined. Penners, who sell in every province,
claim they can fit any tractor wheel with lugs and that 80 percent of Canadian farmers want or use their service.

Like Penner Motors, the tractor-lug-and-tire business does
“over one million dollars a year.”

Casually tossing off one-million-dollar comments becomes a
habit in Steinbach. Frank Reimer, president of Reimer Express
Lines Ltd., when asked what his yearly turnover was, replied,
“About one.” He was surprised when he had to explain that
he meant “one million dollars.”

Peppery Frank Reimer is an example of a local boy who not
only did well but expanded far beyond Steinbach’s one
square mile. Thirty-eight years ago his father, P. B. Reimer,
moved into Steinbach from nearby Giroux with his 13 children
and started a meat store. Later he included groceries and opened
a feed mill. The store not only survived but thrived during the
depression by accepting grain from farmers for groceries.

A believer in quantity buying (some of the townfolk know him as “Carload Frank”) Reimer began to buy by the truck-
load direct from the producers. Soon his own trucks were
heading for Steinbach with watermelons from the south, sugar
from Montreal and oranges from Florida. Because of his bulk
buying many of Reimer’s grocery prices compare favorably
with those in Winnipeg at off-season.

Last fall, for example, coffee sold at 79 cents a pound, ham-
burg at 29 cents, prime rib selling at 39 cents (it was 67 cents in
Winnipeg that week), and picnic ham at 29 cents. They were
also selling Ontario Portland apples at $1.99 a hamper com-
pared to about $2.25 in Winnipeg and a half months they sold about eight carloads. And last summer they sold 12
trailer loads of melons (about 180 tons) trucked in from Texas,
Florida and Georgia. Some of their retail prices were less than
the wholesale rate from Toronto.

Steinbach serves a mixed farming area
The Borne farm specializes in turkeys
The toddlers enjoy Sunday School too

Steinbach was a small town in 1940, with a mixed farming
economy. The population consisted of farmers and a few small
businesses. The town had a few stores, a school, and a church.

The Reimer family was one of the most prominent in the town,
owning a large beef and pork processing plant.

The town had a couple of churches, one being the Steinbach
Methodist Church. The church had a small congregation,
but it was an active part of the community.

The town had a few schools, one of which was the Steinbach
Elementary School. The school had a small student body,
but it provided education for the children of the town.

The town had a few businesses, including a grocery store,
a blacksmith shop, and a blacksmith shop.

The town had a few parks, one of which was the Steinbach
Park. The park had a small playground and a few trees.

The town had a few social organizations, including the
Steinbach Women’s Institute and the Steinbach Men’s
Union.

The town had a few sports teams, including a baseball team
and a football team. The teams were active and provided
leisure activities for the town’s residents.

The town had a few cultural events, including a summer
festival and a fall fair. The events brought the community
together and provided entertainment for residents.

The town had a few events, including a Christmas parade
and a summer fair. The events provided a sense of community
and pride for the town’s residents.

The town had a few transportation routes, including a
railroad and a road. The transportation routes provided
connection to other towns and cities.

The town had a few religious organizations, including a
Methodist church and a Catholic church. The organizations
provided religious services and a sense of community for
the town’s residents.

The town had a few community activities, including a
 numerous town—like C. T. Loewen and Sons Ltd., in which “C.T.”
and his three sons, Ed, George and Corrie, have built up a thriving
retailing lumber and woodworking trade. First a lumber
business in 1905, it progressed to the mass construction of bee
safes, sashes, doors and church pews. Recently it started
building and selling ready-built homes—cedar-sided bungalows
of four or five rooms, installed on the buyer’s own foundation
at from $2,525 to $3,475, plus the cost of moving. Thirty
of these houses were sold last year. Their business amounts
to just under that magic “one” figure.

Then there’s Derksen Printers Ltd. which publishes the
prize-winning English-language weekly, the Carillon News,
and the widely-read German-language weekly, the Steinbach Post.
Gerhard Derksen was a 36-year-old school teacher when he
came to Canada from Russia in 1932. For nine years he farmed
near Herbert, Sask., during which time he had only three cows
because of drought, so he moved to Steinbach and worked on
the Steinbach Post. Four years later, in 1936, he bought the
paper and printing plant.

Just after the war he decided that southeast Manitoba could
support another English weekly and the Carillon News was
started, named after the local provincial constituency. Son
Eugene, now 41, took over as editor; son Bruno, now 35,
became photographer and advertising salesman; son George
and son-in-law Peter Rosefield became linotype operators.
None of them had had any previous experience, but after 10
years the audited circulation of the News is 4,002 and twice
(in 1951 and 1955) it has won the Canadian Weekly Newspaper
Association’s highest honor for the best all-around weekly in Manitoba.

Last is the Steinbach News. Steinbachites do not believe
in unions or co-operatives. John D. Penner says he can get
a mechanic for $1 an hour, against at least $1.50 in Winnipeg.
A linotype operator in Steinbach earns $80 for a 50-hour week;
in Winnipeg he would earn about $76 for 40 hours.

Although most Steinbachers prefer to stay home, many
of the younger generation take advantage of this wage disparity
by getting jobs in Winnipeg where they can earn at least 25 percent
more. A Steinbach plumber, Jake Dueck, works in Toronto
all summer at $12 an hour; he then can afford to go home and do
practically nothing at all in Steinbach.

In Steinbach $40 a week is the average wage and a liveable
one, because prices and the general cost of living are also low.
Haircuts cost 50 cents and $2 a day will rent any of the 28
hotel rooms. Properties, in the tradition of the first settlers,
are large—usually half an acre or more—and many are used
to grow their own vegetables. A lot of these are stored or canned
and last through most of the winter.

Entertainment costs are practically non-existent. The town’s
single movie and the hotel beverage room are patronized largely
by out-of-towners. There is a curling rink in the town with a
small membership. The hockey team gets little support and is in
costant danger of the sudden withdrawal of players under
religious pressure. One year the coach found three of his most
valuable players missing when the whistle blew for the semi-
final game.

This asceticism is sometimes reflected in the town’s attitude
amongstwards strangers. Salesmen know they had better not forget
themselves and pull out their cigarettes. In the large store,
Reimer’s Foods, two signs confront customers at the lunch
counter with the warning, “Absolutely No Smoking,” and
unexpecting strangers have been told to change their cigaretes
or leave. It is wise to wear conservative clothes.

Clinging to the home hearth makes for a law-abiding
community. What few crimes are committed are usually of a petty
nature. A couple of times a year a juvenile steals a car. Mennon-
etes do not carry knives or guns, so there is almost never any
violent crime. Prisoners have to be taken to a provincial jail in
Winnipeg because there is none in the town. No one can re-
member a murder in Steinbach.

Until a modern post office was put up five years ago, boxes
bore no locks. No one except the stage stranger locks his car.
The hotel does not hand out keys for its rooms unless a guest
asks for one—and before long he leaves his door ajar just like
all the rest.

A resident of nearby St. Pierre summed up area feeling about
Steinbach: “They’re very courteous, they’re clever in business,
they work hard—but they are very chintzy. It’s a booming
little town with a business sense, but it’s terribly dead—there’s
almost no amusements.”

But a seasoned commercial traveler, sitting in Jake Peters’
home-like hotel and eating a 90-cent meal which included a
huge T-bone steak, had a different viewpoint. “It’s the only
town I’ve ever sorry to leave,” he said.
Most people thought we were crazy; but not all of them.

Some thought we were coming home from a well-celebrated all-night spree.

It was about 7 a.m. and at the foot of each downgrade in the highway our little roadster chirped to a stop and waited silently, as if it needed to get its breath before attempting the next rise.

It was understandable if farmers carrying paths of milk from their barns suspected that the three occupants of the car were having a convivial swing every 200 yards.

One who sauntered must have been convinced of it.

"Having trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thanks," was the cheerfully earnest reply. "We just wanted to see if we could coast back up this hill."

We were on the Mountain Road—once an Indian trail, later a pioneer wagon route—which leads from Moncton, N.B., toward the gentle slope of Lutes Mountain. It was a crisp June morning in 1933 and three Saint John newspapermen—John G. Bruce, Jack Brayley and I—were on an exploratory jaunt that was to have a big impact on New Brunswick's tourist trade.

Half an hour and 10 stops later, six miles from Moncton, at the last dip before the dirt road climbed up to meet an intersecting highway, we were ready to give up hope.

"If this isn't it," philosophized Bruce as he switched off the ignition and put the gears in neutral, "we'll have had a nice 250-mile round trip anyway."

Brayley and I were almost too sleepy to answer. (We had left Saint John after putting The Telegraph-Journal to bed at 3:30 a.m.—shortly after which, ordinarily, we would have rolled into bed too.)

Then slowly, eerily, startlingly, we began to move—backwards—up the hill we had just descended!

Gathering speed as we went—we coasted up what seemed to be a gradual but distinct incline about 200 yards long.

This, at last, was the "magnetic hill" we had heard about from Alex Ellison, superintendent of the newspaper pressroom, who we felt sure was pulling our collective leg.

Wide-awake now, we tumbled out of the car. Bruce, who had brought engineering instruments, checked the lay of the land. I got busy taking pictures with an old-type Graflex camera as big as a woman's hat box. Brayley scribbled notes.

Any idea that something magnetic in the soil had actually drawn the car up the slope was washed out when we noticed the water in the ditch was flowing "uphill" too. The whole thing was an optical illusion, created by the extraordinary and deceptive downsweep of the entire landscape; this "upgrade" was really a downgrade, a less steep continuation of the downgrade that faced it.

Oddly, no mention of the phenomenon had ever appeared in print, as far as we knew. Few farmers, even in the immediate vicinity, had observed the peculiar characteristics of the hill. A girl who was selling home-made ice cream at a little stand beside her parents' driveway, and tending a gasoline pump at the same time, watched us in puzzlement from the intersecting highway above.

In giving us our tip Alex Ellison had claimed he sought out the hill and tried it himself after hearing the tale from his brother, who in turn had heard it from a clergyman's years before.

"It was the most astonishing thing I ever experienced," the minister was reported to have said. "I was bringing some children home from a picnic when a thunderstorm broke. I
stopped my car at the bottom of a hill to put up the side curtains—and the automobile started to run up the next hill!!

Even after the pictures and story appeared in The Telegraph-Journal the next morning, people were skeptical. Some of them, too, possibly doubted our sanity. A Moncton paper published a small item headed: “Silly Story in Saint John Paper.” The following Sunday, however, the “skeptical” flocked by the hundreds to the hill.

Almost overnight, Cinderella-like, Magnetic Hill was transformed from another dip in the road to one of Canada’s most widely-publicized tourist attractions—its magnetic quality being evident in the fact it has drawn a continuous stream of visitors ever since. Strangely, more Americans than Canadians seem to know about it. In 23 years more than half a million cars have followed Brisco’s 1931 Ford roadster to sample the experience of apparently gliding “uphill” with the clutch disengaged.

The site has blossomed. Beside the hill today is a modern gift shop. It contains a post office which caters exclusively to the stoter tourists; outgoing mail is stamped “Magnetic Hill, N.B., Canada” from May 1 to October 31.

Across the road is a provincial park where orphaned wild animals picked up by game wardens—deer, bears, fishers, beaver, foxes—peer curiously out through the wire fence at the strange, chortling, shouting antics of humans on wheels.

The provincial government considerably sideracked Magnetic Hill and detoured the main highway to let the coasters coast undisturbed—also to avoid a chronic traffic jam.

I visited the hill last summer for the first time since 1933, and was surprised to find that Mrs. Ludwig Sikorski, who runs the tourist shop, is the former Muriel Lutes who 22 years before had sold us an ice-cream breakfast. She remembered our eventful excursion.

“I moved down from the other road in 1935,” she explained, “but I still specialize in home-made ice cream, as well as New Brunswick buckwheat-and-buttermilk pancakes with our own maple syrup, and I still sell Imperial Oil’s gasoline.” Ironically, here the visitor sees an Enso gas pump at a location where cars flock to travel uphill without using gasoline.

“One Sunday in August, more than 3,500 people came out to try the hill,” she said. “We figure about 150,000 people visit us each year. Almost everyone who visits Moncton drops in—Princess Alexandra, the daughter of the Duchess of Kent, drove out here even though the Royal train was making only a short stopover in town.”

One American, Mrs. Sikorski recalled, brought his own carpenter’s level all the way from California to test the hill. “He told us later the level never worked properly after that.”

Human nature, it seems, exhibits quirks as odd as the hill itself. One visitor claimed that coasting up the hill had helped his arthritis. Another insisted he felt the “magnetism” in his bones and had to blink to focus his eyes, and he asked Mrs. Sikorski, “Where do you keep the magnets?”

There have been people who walked “up” the incline warily for fear the magnetism would pull the nails out of their shoes; or who sat down expecting to be drawn bodily up the hill; or who were convinced the hill was sitting on fabulous undiscovered iron ore deposits, hence the magnetism.

Mrs. Sikorski and her husband, a Polish-Canadian who settled in this country after World War II, remember one visitor who demonstrated flatly, “If it was only an optical illusion my car wouldn’t actually do it;” and another who said, “Yes, I know it’s an optical illusion—but what makes my car coast up the hill?”

There’s an up-to-date sequel to Bruce’s original visit to the Magnetic Hill. In its rush to reach prorogation, the 1955 session of the New Brunswick legislature nearly passed a new Motor Vehicle Act that in part read:

“The driver of any motor vehicle while traveling upon a downgrade shall not coast with the gears of such vehicle in neutral.”

Reading this in the news columns, John Bruce—now associate editor of The Telegraph-Journal—immediately saw its implications: the House was placing itself in the awkward position of legislating one of New Brunswick’s greatest natural tourist assets out of business.

The next day an editorial duly pointed this out. Both government and opposition spokesmen brought it up on the floor of the Legislative. Cabinet members concerned hastily gave assurance that special provision would be made for the Magnetic Hill to go on entertaining neutral-gear cars.

This gives Bruce quite an association with the hill—he helped launch it on its way to fame, and then, nearly a quarter of a century later, saved it from oblivion. 

The shell of Magnetic Hill.
With the ignition of their cars switched off, motorists can move backwards "uphill" from the white post. 

Edward Cornwallis, founder of Halifax, stands majestically before Imperial’s marketing office there.
View of Halifax from Dartmouth Cove, about 1828  by L. Hughe