Lobster à la wharf... Toronto-dweller Ian Scindens, whose love for the Maritimes is equalled only by his love for good food, tells us there’s an added fillip to traveling on the Dominion Atlantic Railway that didn’t get into his story on page 14. For those who detrain at Digby and must wait for the ferry, gourmet Scindens has this tip: sprint to nearest market, buy one freshly-cooked lobster and one bottle of mayonnaise, sit on wharf, crack lobster under heel, discard shells in water and eat blissfully.

Maybe Emily Post wouldn’t approve, admit Scindens—but it’s a wonderful way to wait for a ferry.

Seismic abstract... Seismic crews play a key role in the perpetual search for oil. They explode small charges of dynamite in the earth, record the reverberating sound waves on sensitive “geophones”, translate those sounds into graphs and so produce a picture of potential oil-bearing areas far beneath the surface.

To illustrate the job Tom Hodgson, our cover artist, prepared an abstract of graph, helicopter, explosives truck, surveyor and marking stakes, with a meaningful background. To obtain the utmost variety from our two-color treatment, he drew his original in black and white, coded each segment, and provided the printers with an exact formula for the subtle combinations of green or orange required in those segments. The illustration process was only slightly less complicated than the very complicated business of seismology—but we hope you find the result pleasing.

Viljamus’ secret world... By day 28-year-old Martti Viljamus is art director for a Toronto advertising agency. On evenings and week ends he moves into a delightful drawing board world of beady-eyed birds (April 1959 cover), weird animals and inescapable people with bulbous noses (see page 10).

Martti, a Finn, started his career as a window decorator and insists he turned to art only because he grew tired of standing up all day. Whatever the reason, it was a happy choice: after only three years in Canada his facile pen and deft sense of humor have marked him as one of our brightest cartoonists and illustrators.

The case of the strange cartel

The myth of the "oil cartel" dies hard. To members of the cloak-and-dagger cult, the oil industry is a sinister world-wide combine, tightly controlling prices and stifling competition.

Let’s assume for the moment that there is a combine. Its members should certainly control the supplies, and hence the prices, of petroleum and its products. The combine would increase prices to the very limit the traffic would bear. How does the price of gasoline and furnace oil measure up on this score? Since 1959 wages and salaries in Canada have increased more than 200 percent. An effective combine would surely match increases in consumer buying power with increases in the prices of its products. Its product prices therefore should have increased at least 200 percent. But in fact the tankwagon price of gasoline has gone up only 46 percent and that of fuel oil only 78 percent. If the combines were on their toes, gasoline would be about 26 cents a gallon more than it is; furnace oil 10 cents more.

What about another hallmark of the successful cartel: the agreement to share markets? To rig the price and get the maximum profit, a combine must curb competition. If one renegade in the group wants to expand his market at the expense of the others, the way is open to price cutting—a situation abhorrent to the true combine.

Once again the so-called oil cartel fails to measure up. There are many examples of price cutting in the industry. And there has been a net growth of nearly 5,000 retail outlets in Canada in 10 years. Not only did this queer cartel build thousands of service stations (which no cartel would need to do) but three leading companies dropped their share of the total outlets, while several new companies appeared on the scene.

At the producing end there have been many increases in the royalties or other profit-sharing bases which are enforced by governments of crude oil producing regions. If a combine really existed would it not exercise a power of boycott to keep royalties and similar fees down?

Finally there is product quality: since 1947 the research octane rating of premium Canadian gasolines has risen from an average of 84.7 to 98.7; of regular grades from 79.6 to 92.3. A true cartel would concern itself with quality; its customers would have no choice but to buy whatever was offered. So here we have the curious case of an "oil combine" that:

- charges much less than a monopoly could obtain;
- pays a steadily rising price to governments which control production of raw materials;
- is constantly modernizing and replacing its outlets and equipment;
- and steadily improves product quality at great expense.

As financial editor Devon Smith once observed in the Toronto Telegram: "If this is a combine, it’s about the stupidest bunch of conmen I’ve ever heard of."

REFINERY ON CAMERA

Imperial’s new Calgary refinery officially went on stream and made its TV debut at the same time.

PHOTO CREDITS: Inside front cover: Scindens by Louis Harrison; pages 16-17, Holmes Studio; page 19 (bottom) Harold A. Jenkins; pages 18-19, Graphic Industries; page 29, (lower right) John Pilfig; all other photos by Imperial staff.

Published in English and French by Imperial Oil Limited, 111 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Ontario. Editorial material may be reprinted without special permission. Credit lines will be appreciated. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

EDITOR: ROBERT COLLINS

Imperial Oil Review, February 1960
A NATIONAL POLICY FOR OUR TIMES

KEEP CANADA COMPETITIVE

Eighty-one years ago Sir John A. Macdonald instituted National Policy in Canada—a policy which seems to continue to mould much of the thinking on this subject, even though conditions have changed radically. It seems imperative that we should refurbish and modernize our thinking about it.

National Policy Mark I of 1879 was dictated by the urgencies of creating a political unit. The essentials for this new national unit included defence of our southern border from real threat of aggression; the necessity of unifying a widely-scattered population through a rail-and-telegraph communication system; the necessity of forcing east-west trade to support this expensive communication system and the necessity of rapid development of resources along this system.

National Policy Mark I was appropriate to those 19th century conditions—just as it is inappropriate today. The problem then was to create a nation out of either primitive material; the problem today is to keep a highly complex national machine in good running order in order to preserve the second-highest standard of living in the world.

Essentially there are two basic criteria for national policy today that are in sharp contrast to Sir John A. Macdonald's time. First is that our prosperity is much more closely dependent on our southern neighbor and that trade with United States is not a threat to our national political fabric. Indeed, our present economic development depends on natural markets in that area which tend to increase the economic well-being of Canadians without undermining their patriotism.

The second factor is that Canada as a political unit no longer needs to be propped up by the forcing of east-west trade where this is unnatural or premature. Indeed, national unity may well be weakened by such practices.

With all the enormous changes that have taken place in the character and development of this country, even within the postwar period, it is neither reasonable nor possible to assume that national policy today can be a simple formula. It cannot be reduced to the neat, political slogans of years gone by:

By W. O. Twaits

Imperial Oil Review, February 1940

imperial Oil Review, February 1940
to the producer and the manufacturer in this country, competing both in domestic and export markets.

To this end, for example, while we have moderate tariff protection for iron, it cannot be our aim to increase our natural cost disadvantage. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association has stressed this need and again it is time we recognized the remarkable record of Canadian manufacturing in domestic and export markets and as such weaker our competitive position unless we find some offsets. Whether it be subsidized transportation or whether it be a direct grant, such payments represent added costs, just the same as increased wages and taxes. These costs cannot be passed on to either the domestic or export consumer. They must be absorbed in our own economy and one of the factors where we can absorb these "costs of Confederation" is by accepting a lower return to the primary producer.

The manufacturer cannot absorb these costs and stay in business. Government cannot absorb them and the U.S. experience. The U.S. never had, and never will have, a similar cost disadvantage to that of Canada. Much of the country is accessible to tidewater so that coastal shipping has overcome the handicap of long land transportation. The U.S. with its rapid population growth has never had to find export markets to the same degree or with the same urgency as Canada. The U.S. only had to live on imported capital during the early stages, after which capital formation was rapid and the U.S. quickly became a creditor nation. U.S. national economics and U.S. approaches to problems are inversely used to advantage as a reference but not necessarily as a formula for Canada.

If we view Canada as a country which must export goods and materials, most of our industry and people are in which the primary producer must absorb much of the cost of Confederation, to a degree so high as to in the short run. All levels of government should strive to encourage the development of resources by convincing energy of the world which is in the best interests of the investor and the consuming public. And until the low prices which are in the consuming public are identical with our ability to compete in export markets, whether it be raw or manufactured material.

This would be my simple statement of the national policy: keep Canadian industry attractive to the investor. Keep it able to compete abroad and hence able to give the Canadian consumer the best value for his money. This is about as far as you can go in elaborating a national policy. When you go further, you might want to blueprint specifically, you lose all flexibility to meet rapidly changing conditions.

Now let's see how the oil industry fits into the picture.

Only 12 years ago a major new industry was created in Canada with the discovery of oil at Leduc. Since then, the industry has invested some $5 billion in oil production, exploration, and associated facilities. New gas and chemical industries have evolved. A pipe line can only pass them on to the taxpayer and consumer. By and large only the primary producer is left to bear the costs in lower prices of primary products.

One of our great national difficulties is the misconception of a reduction in the production of oil. The U.S. with its rapid population growth has never had to find export markets to the same degree or with the same urgency as Canada. The U.S. never had, and never will have, a similar cost disadvantage to that of Canada. Much of the country is accessible to tidewater so that coastal shipping has overcome the handicap of long land transportation. The U.S. with its rapid population growth has never had to find export markets to the same degree or with the same urgency as Canada. The U.S. only had to live on imported capital during the early stages, after which capital formation was rapid and the U.S. quickly became a creditor nation. U.S. national economics and U.S. approaches to problems are inversely used to advantage as a reference but not necessarily as a formula for Canada.

In contrast with other industries, however, under existing regulations, the oil industry is now finding itself in a very different position, with the price of oil increasing at a rate much greater than the rate of inflation. This has raised the cost of living and the cost of production of oil, and has put the industry in a position where it must do something to increase its efficiency and reduce its costs if it is to remain competitive.

This is the national policy that we need, but, in sharp contrast with the 1-year-old national policy, this is not a policy of restriction, restraints and emotionalism. Rather, it is a policy of encouragement and freedom and intelligence—a policy of encouraging the most productive and efficient plants, people and properties to carry on this nation's work.

Mr. Twists is the executive vice-president of Imperial Oil.
Have archaeologists uncovered a "missing link" in the history of North American Indians?

About 1,000 years ago a band of Indians set up camp near the north shore of Lake Ontario where it is joined by Dufferin's Creek. Fish was the mainstay of their diet but they grew some corn and occasionally shot bear and deer. Their heavily-decorated pottery was distinctive in shape and design. A crude palisade protected their village, the forerunner of those used by the Iroquois when first sighted by Samuel de Champlain 600 years later.

Archaeologists have known for years of the existence of these people. But until last summer, their way of life and their place in the history of North American Indians was a mystery. Miller Site, last year's two-acre find 15 miles northeast of Toronto, now promises to solve that riddle.

"This is the most important site I have ever dug," says Walter Kenyon, archaeologist at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. "If I'd found a 1939 automobile in the ruins of a Roman villa, I wouldn't have been more surprised."

The discovery will answer questions that have mystified archaeologists for years. Who were these people? . . . Could they be a link between the earlier Woodland tribes and the highly-developed Iroquois? . . . Can we now assume that the famed Iroquois originated, not farther south, but in Ontario?

Photographs by Roy Nicholls

It's a tedious job removing 12 inches of topsoil with only a trowel or paint brush as tools.

Imperial Oil Review, February 1960

THE MYSTERY OF MILLER SITE
Scientists already have learned much of the early North Americans. They know that Iroquoian Indians with their palisaded villages, long-houses and complex political and religious organization inhabited southern Ontario and New York state for 600 or 700 years before the white man arrived in the 16th century. For several thousand years before the Iroquois, Indians of the primitive Woodland culture lived in the same area. Archaeologists long have suspected that they were the ancestors of the Iroquois. But the Woodland and Iroquois cultures are so different that a theory of migration or conquest was also considered possible.

The Miller Site is the first in North America to trace a definite connection between the two cultures: a site clearly inhabited by Woodland Indians but containing the beginning of all things known as Iroquoian.

Its discovery was accidental. In 1957 the Miller Paving Co. of Toronto, digging for gravel, turned up some skeletons and alerted Museum officials. Kenyon looked over the site and decided it was probably Woodland, containing only a few skeletons and a garbage dump. No money was allocated the following year for a "dig" and only when a television crew wanted to shoot an archaeological party at work did he take some helpers to dig up the garbage dump. Just as they were about to leave one of the girls spotted the markings of a line of rotted posts.

"I knew right then," says Kenyon, "that we had made a real find. The posts indicated that these Indians must have had a palisade, something that was not expected on a Woodland site."

Last summer Kenyon started digging in earnest. With a crew of three to six students on weekdays and up to 30 on week ends, he started to remove 12 inches of topsoil from the two-acre site. Mostly they dig with trowels, slowly, carefully and laboriously. At times they used small paint brushes to avoid damaging the 1,000-year-old human skeletons, fish and animal bones, pieces of pottery and other Indian artifacts. In mid-July a crisis arose: money allocated for the dig ran out. Unless Kenyon could find $2,000, he'd have to abandon work for the summer. He appealed to Imperial Oil and got the money he needed.

As the work progressed Kenyon realized that the find was even bigger and more significant than the first post molds indicated. At least one more summer's work is needed.

Time is not wasted during the winter. The artifacts are all carefully analyzed by experts at the museum. The "fish" expert can tell what type of fish the Indians ate and, from this, the time of year they were in camp. Animal bones reveal the types and number roaming the area. Human skeletons often reveal the state of an Indian's health when he died, and at what age.

When the jigsaw puzzle is analyzed and fitted together, it will form a 1,000-year-old picture—one which may establish Ontario as the home of the mighty Iroquois—by Joan Dumont

Kenyon is now consulting experts on bird, mammal, fish and human bones for a better picture of the Indians' way-of-life.
Recently we set out to discover the facts about automobile oil changes. Like most average motorists we at first found ourselves in a wilderness of confusion. The fact is that automobile engineering advances in the last 10 years, coupled with new refining techniques, have caused a rash of claims that make about as much sense as Sanscrit to the layman.

An auto manual suggested a 2,500-mile change. A service station dealer said, "Every 1,500 miles." A bus company official said, "We change at 10,000 miles." A small taxi company does it at 500 to 1,000 miles.

We asked air lines and government transport officials; read newspaper reports and technical papers—and came away with figures ranging from "every 300 miles" to the lifetime of a car. We even consulted our friends, who said, variously, "Do drain. Don’t drain. Change when it’s black. Change when it’s grey. Never change, just add. Change only in summer."

Each claim seems to have authority behind it; each method, sense. Who is right, and why? What is in a used oil that necessitates a change? And what exactly goes into the making of an oil?

But first, what does an oil do?

It must lubricate, keeping an unbroken film between surfaces that otherwise would rub together and cause excessive wear.

It must seal, closing the space between the pistons and the cylinder walls to prevent the escape of gases under pressure. This checks power loss and excessive oil contamination.

It must cool, to keep the engine’s working parts below critical temperatures by dissipating heat.

And it must cleanse, by carrying away the dust, water, metal particles, carbon and unburned fuel, all of which interfere with the efficient working of the closely-fitted parts.

Scientists tell us the main reason that an oil "wears out" is because it loses this cleansing function. Little by little it becomes saturated with foreign matter until it carries more contaminants into the engine’s working parts than it washes away. A filter (if not too old and dirty) will remove many (not all) of the contaminants, but it will not remove the acids that form in the oil and contribute to motor wear and corrosion.

Equally important, the "additives"—which contribute in various ways to engine protection—become depleted.

(Additives are chemicals in liquid form which are added to an oil to enhance properties such as its cleansing action and anti-wear qualities.)

Oils are getting better but engines make increasing demands on them. As a result, motor oil today "wears out" at about the same mileage as its less durable predecessors of 10 or 20 years ago. North American high-powered automobiles need special care because most of them operate mainly at little above idling speed. A motor with 350 HP uses only 21 HP to drive a car at 30 mph on a level road with no headwind—hardly enough to keep the engine operating efficiently. When a motor operates at less than a reasonable proportion of capacity, the gas mixture is too rich to burn cleanly. More soot and other deposits get into the oil.

When deposits accumulate, they form sludge, rust and a hard, brown substance called varnish. Then the valve lifters stick, piston rings wear, the motor begins to burn oil, the octave requirement rises and noise increases in the combustion chamber because hot, glowing par-

WHEN SHOULD YOU CHANGE YOUR OIL?

Even the experts seem to have different opinions but a closer look shows that there’s one relatively basic formula.

By Fergus Cronin and Michael Jacot
There is a similar situation on the railways. A freight diesel with a 640 to 800-barrel oil supply changes oil every 120,000 miles. During that period it uses oil at the rate of one quart every 25 miles. Diesel earth movers, more akin to the auto in operation, change oil every 120 hours of operation or about every 10 days.

Taxi companies operate in all types of weather with stop-and-start driving, all sorts of drivers and cars. The average life of a cab is considerably less than that of a private car; the average oil consumption more. One of the biggest cab companies in the world, Yellow Cab of New York City, changes oil every 1,000 miles in winter. Most Trento and Montal cab drivers change once a week—from 1,000 to 1,500 miles. Several automobile makers are now stating in their 1960 manuals that oil need not be changed for 4,000 miles. But this is not all that the makers are saying. In every case you will find qualifications.

Several automobile makers are now stating in their 1960 manuals that oil need not be changed for 4,000 miles. But this is not all that the makers are saying. In every case you will find qualifications.

Dodge, 1960: Change every 2,000 miles, but “when the operation of a car almost exclusively consists of short-trip driving in cold weather, or when driving on dusty roads, oil changes should be made more frequently, as often as every 500 miles.”

Chevrolet, 1960: Every 4,000 miles, but “... in summer when the average daytime temperature is above 32 degrees, every two months.”

Ford, 1960: Every 4,000 miles, but “... under abnormal driving conditions engine oil should be changed more frequently.”

All manuals usually specify “under adverse conditions ...” This makes sense, when the phrase is spelled out. Only at high speed on the highway does the average Canadian car use all this power which can be over 300 HP. Most driving is therefore “abnormal.” Also, engines are not specifically made for stop-and-start driving. Therefore most city travel is adverse.

Cold weather? Dust? We in Canada have the first in abundance. The dust? Plenty in the prairies, not so much in the far west and east.

Is there a definite answer to the oil change problem? Yes! Definite and proven scientifically.

The American Petroleum Institute says, in winter change oil every 1,000 miles or every month, whichever comes sooner; in summer change every 2,000 miles or every two months, whichever comes sooner; in severe dust or cold, change every 500 miles.

Imperial researchers and automotive engineers recommend an equally reliable formula: every 500 miles for stop-and-start driving in freezing weather, driving on dusty roads or short-trip driving; every 1,000 miles if you drive in city and country (perhaps daily city driving and the occasional week-end spin in the country); every 2,000 miles if most of it consists of long highway jaunts.

Oil companies are continually striving to increase the life of an oil. Imperial introduced an oil (Esso Extra) last year, which will reduce ring wear, stop valve lifter sticking and keep a modern, high-compression engine in good shape—provided regular changes are made.

This was no flash-in-the-pan effort, the parts often are made from different batches of raw material, partly because they are made by different machines, in different shops or by different people.

To avoid discrepancies, each motor was stripped down and all critical working parts were replaced with parts made under identical circumstances. Each part was measured and the motors re-assembled. Test cars drove the same number of miles over hills and level stretches, in city and on highway, from late winter into warm spring and oil changes were made every 5,000 miles instead of 1,000 to increase wear and engine deposits for test purposes.

After each car test—and there were several—the researchers took apart the motors and examined the effects of each oil. The best-rated sample was then improved with additives or a different base and then re-tested. Four years and many more lab tests later, the new oil was ready. Before it was released to customers, it had a final test on cars of employees of Sarina refinery.

After such extensive testing it was found that Esso Extra could last for 4,000 miles with oils that were intended to accept the gradual loss in engine performance to which it was accustomed. But, of much more importance, the researchers found that Esso Extra could greatly extend the "good as new" life of the engine if the 500-1,000-2,000 mile formula for oil change was practiced.

The Sarina debut of the Esso Extra lubricant was merely an interim in a continuing program: the search for a perfect oil. That, by Lonsdorf's definition, is "one that could be sealed up in a motor, and left for the life of the car. But we're a long way from that!"
THE SALTIEST RAILROAD IN CANADA

In Harry Haystead's boyhood he yearned, as did so many Nova Scotians of his generation, to be the master of a schooner. Unfortunately, heights bothered him. Since he couldn't swing through rigging like a monkey through jungle, he realized he'd never be a mariner. Instead, he got a job with the Dominion Atlantic Railway. He thought that working for the DAR would be a little like going to sea. He still thinks so.

Now a retired conductor who lives at the Annapolis Valley town of Kentville, Haystead claims with a twinkle in his eyes that the DAR is as much like a ship as anything that doesn't actually sail. This is only a slight exaggeration.

The DAR is unquestionably Canada's— and perhaps the world's— saltiest railroad. Its bridges cross briny tidal rivers, not ordinary fresh water rivers, and when the fog rolls in, its locomotive whistles have to compete with the din of foghorns. A lot of its passengers wear the blue uniform of the navy or the casual but recognizable garb of the fisherman. Its refrigerator cars have a resemblance of lobsters, scallops, clams, halibut, herring, tuna, cod, and cod liver and mackerel. And, for much of its run from Yarmouth to Truro and Halifax, the DAR winds along the Bay of Fundy and Minas Basin, passing through small picturesque ports like a string through beads.

Even in the fruit-growing Annapolis Valley, the railway is seldom more than a few miles from the roar of the surf, and when it finally turns inland, it takes the shortest route from the Fundy shore to Halifax, the proud naval base and harbor on the Atlantic.

Although the 101-year-old DAR, with its 297.5 miles of track, has been a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway since 1912, Nova Scotians continue to look on it as their own—an integral part of their history, like tall ships, bluejane skippers, Joe Howe and Thomas Chandler Haliburton. Indeed, they haven't forgotten that Howe, the fiery editor and champion of freedom, and Haliburton, the great humorist who was Howe's friend and wrote for his newspaper, were the first to advocate that the DAR be built.

So sentimental are they about their railroad that last April when J. C. McCuaig, the DAR's big affable manager, announced a $2 million program to replace the steam locomotives with diesels and bring DAR standards up to those of the CPR main line, Nova Scotians didn't know whether to rejoice or mourn. They liked the idea of faster service. But they were sadly aware that such improvements made the DAR—which once had Scarlett and gold locomotives, each emblazoned with the name of its personal engineer—less and less like its old rakish flamboyant self.

The Halifax Chronicle-Herald interpreted the feelings of the average Nova Scotian in an editorial that said: "This move toward efficiency and modernization, which was reflected as far back as 1956 when the Halifax to Yarmouth Dayliners (diesel passenger carriers) went into operation, does not erase fond memories...the flossy old club car on the dignified passenger train; the sight of steward, brake-man, conductor, fireman and engineer shoveling the overnight speeder out of a snowbank while the sleeping car passengers shivered incomplainingly in their berths; the chorus of greetings exchanged at every station along the way by passengers, crew and the inevitable knot of station bystanders."

The Chronicle-Herald added, with a sort of half-chuckle, half-sigh, that the DAR had been a traditional "symbol of unhurried and unfrustrated Nova Scotia." Nobody could dispute this.

In the DAR's unregenerated, unimproved era, both passengers and crew seemed perversely pleased by its utter contempt for timetables, which prompted wild, imaginary tales like the one about the frantic mother who protested to the conductor that her baby would be born on board if they didn't reach Halifax soon.

By Ian Sclanders

Its diesels are new and its service faster but Nova Scotia's friendly old DAR still belongs to the people and places by the sea.
"You shouldn't have come on this train if you were expecting," the conductor chided her.

"I wasn't," she snapped, "when I got aboard!"

DAR veterans like Harry Haystead can top the fictional stories with true ones. Once, a small girl who boarded the train at Annapolis asked Conductor Joe Edwards to tell her when they arrived at a flag station. When asked if Haystead's request slipped Edwards' mind until they were a mile beyond Auburn; then he pulled the cord and backed the train up.

"This is where you get off," he told the child. "We're at Auburn.

"Oh, I don't get off here," she said. "I'm going right through to Halifax, but my mother said that when we got to Auburn it would be time to take one of my pills."

Travel on the DAR in bygone days may have been slow but it wasn't dull. When so infant cried incessantly, and the mother explained apologetically to her fellow passengers that she'd left its milk at home, a young man climbed off at the first stop, jumped a fence and pursued a cow in a pasture. While everybody cheered and the crew held the train, he caught the animal and filled an iron milk can for the baby.

At Windsor Junction he might have filled the bottle without leaving the train at all. Clarke's History of the Earliest Railways in Nova Scotia, written by a DAR conductor in the 1920s, reports that trains stopping at Windsor Junction used to be "boarded by goats which provided milk for a number of Junction home novels. Walking through the cars, the conductor discovered that taking care of passengers is no chore for a politician. Not just his own constituents, but people from all over North America, who traveled on the DAR and appreciated his kindness.

His friends and fellow conductors delight visitors by simply doing what comes naturally to Nova Scotians: talking. Their families dropped by accordingly. Every time the DAR stimulated the talk, for hardly a mile hasn't a fascinating story to be told.

The southern terminal of the railroad was Yarmouth which, in the days of wooden ships, boasted a greater tonnage per capita than any other port on earth. Two thousand vessels, mostly built in or around Yarmouth, were sailed from Yarmouth by Yarmouth men and, accompanied by wives and children, they head up and down the world. The wooden ships are gone now. Yarmouth's chief ship these days is an overgrown ferry to the Bar Harbor, Me. But passengers who transfer to the DAR from the ferry bear the compliment of being as good as those old-time conductors. They hear, too, about the CPR's Lakeside Inn, where anglers who compete in the Nova Scotia salmon tournament stay. At Church Point, when time permits, they point out the largest wooden church in Canada. At Digby, where there's a longship passenger train, people tell you that Thomas Eden, father of one of the United Empire Loyalists who settled here in 1783, and that the hard-smoked herring filets called Biggly Chicks got the name because one Christmas the early settlers had no chickens to eat, only hard-smoked herring filets.

Mile after mile the DAR cuts a swath through Maritime history. After Digby comes Bear River with its annual cherry festival; Deep Brook with its sprawling warehouses for创造出 gymnema from Nova Scotia's abundant quarries; Cornwallis, site of the vast naval training school that, in the war, was the largest in the British Commonwealth. There's Annapolis Royal, capital of French Acadia settled by de Monts in 1603, with his fort reconstructed to exact specifications; Kentville, in the Annapolis Valley, centre of the apple industry and home of the DAR's head office; Wolfville, seat of Acadia University; Grand Pre, site of Acadia's most ancient chapel and statue of Evangeline. The DAR established and maintained the park until the federal government took it over as a national historic site.

Then comes Windsor, where Judge Hailbrother (Canada's first and one of its greatest humorists) created his immortal character, Sam Slick the Clockmaker. In 1853, the first instalments of Sam Slick appeared in the unfortunately, the newspaper published by Joe Howe, who was even then trying to promote the initial stretch of the DAR from Windsor to Halifax. In one of these instalments Sam Slick said: "The only thing that will either make or save Halifax is a railroad across the country to the Bay of Fundy." In spite of the efforts of Hailbrother and the mighty Howe, it was December 1858 before the first link was ready.

At Windsor, which claims the world's highest tide, the DAR splits, one branch going to Truro (which is known for Stanfield's underwear) and the other to Halifax, with its two centuries of siting history. (The DAR has a third and minor branch that just off at Kentville to serve Weston, Centreville, Canning and Kingsport.)

This railway, as conductor Morse may observe if a passenger appears interested in economics, is much more than merely picturesque. Apart from people, it carries two million tons of gypsum a year, 33,000 tons of forest products, 35,000 tons of farm products, 250,000 tons of manufactured goods, and most of the oil and gasoline used on Nova Scotia's Fundy coast. It serves the Cornwallis naval base and the Greenwood air base. It has 500 employees and a payroll close to $2 million. It's a major factor in Nova Scotia's trade and commerce. Its manager, J. McCaughey, is constantly aware of this as he scoots from one end of the line to the other in his inspection car—a yellow station wagon with flanged wheels that can travel either on rails or on the highway.

Like most people in Nova Scotia, he felt a pang of sadness when the old, shabby, elegant steam passenger trains strolled into oblivion, to be followed by the steam freighters that pierced the silence of the night with their raucous but wonderful whistles and the clash of their whistles. It was one way of meeting the 100-year-old DAR. But, after all, you can't live in the past; you can't eat memories; you can't wish passenger trains and freight from place to place on a cloud of nostalgia. If the DAR is more predictable and less glamorous, it's still Canada's oldest railroad.

Ian Sanderlink is an associate editor of Maclean's Magazine.
FILL 'ER UP, SKIPPER?

One summer day two years ago, the skipper of a Vancouver yacht was giving his crew an enthusiastic, broom-swinging demonstration of the proper way to sail the deck. Suddenly there was more energy in his demonstration than strength in his bony hand. It snapped — and he pitched yawning-cap-first into Vancouver harbor.

To compound his embarrassment, the water-sogged skipper bobbed back to the surface beside the busiest spot on the waterfront: Imperial Oil Supply Boat No. XI, a 120-foot barge that supplies fuel and oil to pleasure craft, tugs and fishing boats. It was somewhat comparable to a farmer falling off his horse in front of the cracker barrel crowd at a crossroads general store. The barge, operated by Colin MacAulay and his partner Vic Northcote, is one of the main centres of small boat activity and harbor gossip on the British Columbia coast. Indeed, Imperial's floating service station has a front-row seat for every facet of waterfront life.

With four other oil company barges, No. XI is anchored at the entrance to Coal Harbor in Burrard Inlet, the main stream of Vancouver harbor. Coal Harbor houses the city's leading yacht clubs, the Royal Vancouver and the Barrard. It is also the home of several shipyards and provides warehousing for tugs and fishing boats. Moored outside Coal Harbor are more small boats, some of them from fishing grounds and shipping lanes hundreds of miles away.

All from sides they come to No. XI: tugs that rest alongside for two hours gulping up 15,000 gallons of diesel fuel or 10-foot outboards that dash in for four gallons of gasoline.

On a busy day the barge has as many as eight 70-foot fishing boats moored alongside, two and three abreast, waiting their turn for fuel, lubricant and water. While waiting, crew members chat about fishing conditions, engines, weather and bottom paint; about kilometre class racing or whether to change their oil this time or next. For many fishermen and tug skippers, it's the first reunion in months.

Once they get alongside they invariably scramble aboard to check on the weather, inquire about the time and strength of the tide, or to use the telephone, which, like the electricity, is piped out along the harbor bottom. As in a crossroads store, nearly everybody uses the phone. Some merely pull in close enough to hoist: "I'm not stopping now but will you phone my wife and ask her to meet me at the dock?"

The 50-year-old MacAulay has worked on Imperial Oil barges since 1935, before that he ran a "fish-camp" — a sort of sea-bornes shopping centre. He bought fish from the boats, dressed and stored it until picked up by fish packers, and sold supplies and gasoline. Before that he was a bookkeeper in a coastal cannery.

Fifty-seven-year-old Vic Northcote has worked on boats since he left high school, and has been with the barge 14 years.

With this background they chat easily and knowingly with the men who sail boats along the B.C. coast. When fishing is poor or the towing business is slack, they sympathize. When business is good they share their customers' happiness.

They know the name, size, power plant and skipper of the majority of the boats working out of Vancouver harbor. They can tell you where they have been and where they are going. "The Island Sovereign," recites MacAulay "carries 1,400 horsepower and about 40,000 gallons of fuel; the Lloyd R. Gore, 1,200 horsepower..." and so on. When memory fails they consult a well-thumbed shipping register.

The partners and their assistants, Johnny Bishop and Holger Samuelson, operate the barge all year. In May the fishing boats start out on their 2,500-mile trek for halibut on the stormy, ice-cold fishing grounds between the Aleutian Islands and the Bering Straits. From June until September they are out after salmon, herring, and, occasionally, tuna. Through the winter until March, the barge serves the herring fishermen. Then it's only two months until halibut time again.

With the warm weather come the pleasure craft — racing sloops with immaculate teak decks; outboard motor boats made of plywood or plastics; luxury yachts and small cruisers. Tugs call at the barge throughout the year. The Island Sovereign makes regular runs to Seattle towing railway cars, barges from Squamish, sometimes boats out into the Pacific Ocean to aid a crippled deep-sea vessel.

The Arctic Rover takes on 25,000 gallons of diesel fuel before starting her once-a-year dash towing supply barges around the coast of Alaska through the Arctic Ocean to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The Sea Lion stops at No. XI before crossing the Straits of Georgia towing a barge with a capacity of 21 box cars or 42 tractor trailers.

Imperial's floating service station is manned 24 hours a day. This causes weird shifts for its crew. For example, MacAulay goes on duty at 5:00 p.m., sleeps on board and stays until five o'clock the next afternoon. He returns for a normal day's work the next morning, then has two days off.

His days off are spent at home with his wife Sadie and their two children, Lynne, 19, and Lyle, 16. He plays a little badminton and does a little gardening but never seems to find time for boating. The only boating he ever gets is travelling the 1,500 feet from shore to barge in a 16-foot inboard tanker which also serves as an emergency "tank truck," carrying 240 gallons of fuel.

He lands at the water level float on the west end of the barge, among the stacks of oil drums. A large deckhouse serves as a warehouse. A roofed section open at the sides is the service area, with a mass of hoses coiled neatly on the deck. Fire extinguishers and "no smoking" signs are everywhere.

On the east end is another smaller deckhouse containing the barge's office and living quarters. The kitchen-dining area is decorated in green and white, with plastic curtains. A small apartment refrigerator, bunks built neatly into a corner, large closets for work clothes and a small library of paper-backs all help make her cozy for the man staying overnight.

No. XI hasn't always looked this way. Built in California in 1943, she saw war service in the south Pacific, transporting fuel for the U.S. Navy. When she first came to Vancouver she moved fuel from Imperial'siloc refinery to deep sea ships. This part of her career ended abruptly when she sank near the old Second Narrows bridge. Raised, she was converted to her present job.

On a summer evening, when the day's heat is waning and the lights are blinking on in the city behind the barge, No. XI is a pleasant place to be. Just 900 feet to the west is Deadman's Island, home of the Royal Canadian Navy's Van- couver headquarters, and a favorite location for debauched hulls. Music from these dank sighing saloons and the waters, the soaring gulls, the tour boats, and the pleasure yachts all help to create a calm that is only broken by the nearby blast from Vancouver's nine o'clock gun. However, on nights when a sun-easterly is blowing, all is not so calm. The barge is wedged solidly between two clusters of piles called dolphins, but it still bobs around.

"It makes a heck of a noise," MacAulay says, "and sometimes a drum will topple off the pile onto the deck."

They've never lost a drum but some of the crew have gone overboard as they tried to stand with one foot on a bouncing barge and the other on an old rubber tire bumper. MacAulay has gone in several times as far as his waist but insists he will never go any further — and certainly not as far as the brown-wielding skipper of the pleasure yachts — by Bob Ferrer
In Quebec province eight years ago a gang of ambitious young men proved as garage employees and bought automobile wrecks from junk dealers around Montreal for $50 to $100 each. They then stole cars of the same year and make, repainted them, gave them license plates and engine numbers from the wrecked vehicles and sold the finished products to unsuspecting dealers in Quebec City. Before the year was out they grossed $25,000.

Police tracked down eight of the stolen cars, but because the engine numbers had been filed off, they couldn't prove they were stolen.

The racket might still be flourishing if police hadn't called in Harvey G. Smith, then an agent of the Canadian Automobile Theft Bureau, a unique and, until now, secret organization which over the past 35 years has helped catch thousands of car thieves.

Smith ran a practised eye over the cars and spotted a hidden identification number on each, known only to CATB and the maker. With chemicals, Smith also raised the original engine number from deep down in the crystalline structure of the metal. This and other secret techniques helped Smith identify the cars and clinched the case. Three men were taken to court and two convicted. One was sentenced to two years in prison, the other fined $1,000 and costs.

The newspapers reported the case but as usual neither Smith nor the Bureau was mentioned. Now, for the first time, the CATB story can be told. It's part of the over-all automobile-theft story that costs Canadians about $6 million a year.

In a recent year the RCMP reported 24,997 cars stolen across Canada, or an average of about one car stolen every 20 minutes. Thefts vary from province to province. One year, for example, 8,000 were stolen in Ontario; 7,300 in Quebec; nearly 5,000 in B.C. and 60 in Prince Edward Island.

Insurance officials estimate that it costs Canadians an average of $2,000 for every unrecovered stolen car—in police work, increased insurance rates and damage to property. Fortunately, more than 90 percent of automobiles stolen are recovered by the RCMP, city and provincial police and by the CATB and the Bureau.

Among those agencies the Bureau, supported by the 132 member-companies of the All-Canada Insurance Federation, plays a peculiar role. It operates quietly from a small downtown office in Montreal, never pursues car thieves with drawn pistols, but over the years has mingled intimately with a tough, ingenious and sometimes comical breed of criminal.

The present bureau manager, George Lemoine, a 22-year veteran of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and his assistants, Benoit Lamarche, former insurance investigator, and Raymond Broche, once an RCMP constable, stress that their job is to assist police. They act in liaison between insurance companies and the RCMP, city and provincial forces, FBI and state troopers.

Sometimes they supply inside tips, gained through long contact with the underworld. Occasionally tips come from the most unexpected quarters. Once a young woman offered to lead the Bureau and police to a missing car if they'd prosecute the thief. The car belonged to a businessman, who'd turned it into a taxi. When the taxi business waned and his car payments were overdue, he instructed his driver to "lose" the car. A theft was reported and the owner applied for insurance. It seemed that everyone would go away happy except the insurance company.

Unfortunately for him, the taxi driver—who habitually took his girl for a Sunday drive—changed girl friends. CATB's informant? The jilted maiden, naturally.

Sometimes police ask CATB for positive identification because it is the only organization in Canada equipped and qualified to identify stolen vehicles when the motor and serial numbers have been removed. Its findings are accepted as verified evidence in court.

Although Bureau men have no authority to make arrests, they sometimes accompany police on raids. During pro-
“Auto thefts cost Canadians $6 million a year.”

hibilation, car-stealing bootleggers made no distinction between CATB agents and police: they shot at both.

George B. Kenney, president of All-Canada Insurance Federation, says, “The Bureau’s service, and the dollar saving to the insuring public of Canada triggers the imagination.” CATB helps recover as many as 2,000 cars in a year, saving Canadians as much as $4 million.

In Canada the Bureau deals only with cars stolen in Quebec province and insured by one of the sponsoring companies. But there’s talk of extending its services across country and, even now, its men cross the continent to identify cars taken out of Quebec.

Similarly, CATB may cross Canada to help its U.S. counterpart, the Nation Auto Theft Bureau in Washington, D.C., in tracing stolen American cars brought into this country. During the postwar western development truckers sometimes abandoned stolen American cars in Canada. One year CATB investigated 48 American cars in five Canadian provinces and identified 33 of them as stolen.

In American cases, as in Canada, CATB in its unique liaison role acts as a clearing house for information. When a car is stolen the owner notifies police and his insurance company. The company immediately notifies CATB, which opens a file, visits police auto theft squads daily, relays information to other law enforcement agencies and keeps an ear to the ground for tips. CATB is immediately informed of every foreign automobile seized in Canada by RCMP or Customs and Excise officials.

Since World War II automobile theft has increased alarmingly. It’s up 50 per cent in Vancouver, for example, and 50 percent in Winnipeg. Police in most medium-size cities now have full-time auto theft squads.

The largest class of car thieves are incompetents who want merely to get from one place to another. They usually abandon the car at their destination. Juvenile joy riders are predominant in this group. Other thieves steal cars to use on burlavaries. bank robberies and other thefts. One thoughtless son “borrowed” a car to drive his mother to the airport for a Florida vacation. The police let him wave her goodbye, then nabbed him as he climbed back into the stolen vehicle.

One reason for the increase in thefts is the greater value and number of automobiles. Another is the increasing carelessness of owners. In some years, 70 percent of cars stolen are those left unlocked. Montreal police and Que- bec provincial police now issue cards telling motorists how to prevent theft. CATB’s member companies distribute these rules to each policy holder. The Bureau hopes to persuade all automobile manufacturers to publish similar warnnings in each owner’s handbook.

Rules are for the person who doesn’t want his car stolen—but that doesn’t include all motorists.

“Suppose a man bashes a fender on his garage door, or turns the car over on a lonely road,” says George Lemieux. “And suppose he has no car insurance, as is often the case. He abandons the car far from home and reports it stolen. When it’s found, he’s able to collect insurance for the damage. We think this happens a number of times, but it’s hard to prove.”

Other motorists try this ruse when they fail behind in finance payments, hoping they’ll collect enough insurance money to bail themselves out of debt.

In Toronto, police have a Metropolitan city like Montreal, a shortage of indoor parking space con- tributes to theft. Unlocked cars left on streets or in driveways are tempting for teenagers who steal cars for joy rides and, normally, account for 80 percent of Quebec car thefts.

But from time to time professional gangs crop up, and, to them, a locked car is merely a mild annoyance. They pick the lock or force the non-draft win- dow, then “short” the ignition wires or tire连线.

A few years ago one gang stole late-model cars, fitted them out with new motor numbers, forged papers, and sold them to legitimate garages in Montreal. The racketeers posed as a firm, which had lost a lot of cars, and the buyers bought cars from widows at rock-bot- tom prices and resold at a profit. A few garagemen weren’t satisfied with this explanation.

“Let’s meet some of the widows,” they demanded. The thieves obligingly pro- duced tearful women clad in black. Police finally uncovered the racket through a tip, and the Bureau identified the stolen cars.

During prohibition bootleggers used trucks and cars as far as 10 cars a day. It comforted them to know, in times of emergency, that the bullet-riddled vehi- cles wouldn’t be turned into an insurance thing. As soon as the car was handed over and the title to the owner, the car was abandoned in the police发现了. In 1925 a wave of car thieves swept Quebec, starting a city garage to collect huge money and insurance companies in the area reported 350 cars stolen and only 158 recovered. It was probably more than coincidence that in 1926—CATB’s first full year of opera- tion—only 253 insured cars were stolen and 178 were recovered.

CATB’s manager for his first 31 years was W. J. Cos, a stately ex-corporal. Some years he covered as many as 36,000 miles a year. In 1929, when bootlegging and car theft ran hand in hand, he commuted between Montreal and Toronto.

Later he was joined by Harry Smith, an RCMP special constable who be- came CATB’s identifying cars, even if it meant stripping them to the frame- work. In time, both men became well- accustomed to the smell of dead. Stor- dings pigeons who fell fit 80 in a police sta- tions often took tips to CATB. Then, as an added special clue, the Bureau put out for information leading to a conviction.

During the late Twenties and early Thirties, Cos, Smith and various police forces matched hits with some of the underworld’s best brains. For four years CATB helped gather information on a powerful bootlegging-car-theft gang operating in the Maritimes. The lead group of an estimated 50 to 60 Mon- treal cars a year, but, although the Bu- reau had the thieves cornered, the underhalls always took the rap. The gang, it was believed, looked after wives and families while the husbands served time.

Finally CATB followed up a tip from a truck driver, who said he had a meeting with a car. That helped crack one of the nation’s big ones.

CATB was born in this period. In 1925 a wave of car thieves swept Quebec, starting a city garage to collect huge money and insurance companies in the area reported 350 cars stolen and only 158 recovered. It was probably more than coincidence that in 1926—CATB’s first full year of opera- tion—only 253 insured cars were stolen and 178 were recovered.

Two policemen and Cos visited her east end Montreal flat.

“What do you want here?” cried the woman, foaming at the mouth.

“Don’t worry, police.”

“What are you looking for?”

They searched the flat, found nothing and left in disgust. The woman called back the next day.

“You call yourselves policemen!” she shouted. “You shut me up, my husband was there all the time, in the little cupboard under the washbasin!”

The man tried again. Sure enough, the diminutive husband was doubled up under the washbasin. Again, his wife was put on a firm diet of CATB rewards for information leading to a conviction.

Yet one of CATB’s most unorthodox helpers was the late Louis Grenier, himself a car thief of some renown about 30 years ago. Col. Cos once called him “the toughest car thief I’ve ever known.” Grenier boasted of stealing as many as 80 automobiles a year for five years. Yet, he also helped the Bureau recover cars stolen by others.

Twice he phoned Cos from Quebec City.

“I’ve got a line on one of your cars!” he would proudly announce. "It’s parked near one of the old jail cells."

“Agreed,” said Cos.

Next morning the car showed up all right and was turned over to the police. It was then sold and turned over to the police. It was then sold and turned over to the police.

Another underworld informant told CATB to forget about a certain stolen Graham-Paige; the car, he said, had burned somewhere in the U.S. CATB mentioned this to Grenier.

“We’re not told what the others are doing either!” growled Grenier. Twenty-four hours later he produced the missing Graham-Paige, which had burned out. Cos’s informant had been passing it on as a present for one of Grenier’s rivals. Grenier stole it back in spite.

Grenier finally went to Kingston penitentiary for three years. Once he he- tised to visit him there for a tip on a missing car.

“You know my telephone number,” Grenier wrote. “There is no need to make an appointment. I am always home.”

Nowadays, with so many swindlers like Grenier, much of CATB’s work is routine. Cos and Smith retire rarely.

However, George Lemieux who took over last summer from John Kinloch, CATB’s second manager, is as busy in his predecessors.

From time to time organized rings crop up in metropolitan areas. “As a rule it doesn’t take long to catch the fellow. Small fry—the crooks who actually steal,” says Lemieux. “It’s more difficult to get the top men.”

CATB and the police generally get their men—and leave no detail un- attended. Such is the fine three-pronged method of operation from a Vermont jail, stolen a car and drove it to Canada. CATB and police found the trio pitch- ing a tent off a farm road near Ottawa. Two were clubbed in boots, they’ve con- tracted painful cases of poison ivy. With efficiency above any other line of duty, CATB had the police men treated before handing the car over to the FBI.

HOW TO FOIL CAR THIEVES

1. Always lock the ignition and remove the key.

2. Lock all doors and windows.

3. Never leave valuables inside overnight or in sight at any time.

4. Know the year, model, serial number (found on the body, sometimes on the doors, always on the distinctive markings. (Some owners drop a business card between the window glass and the door. Others scratch initials under the seat or dash board.)

5. Most important, know the make number which, in most cases, is stamped on the engine in an irregular line. It shouldn’t be confused with the casting number which is generally raised above the surface and is of no use in identification.
ARE YOU WALKING YOURSELF TO DEATH?

A few years ago, an English bishop proposed that the traditional hymn for sailors, "For those in peril on the sea," should henceforth be changed to "For those in peril on the roads" and be dedicated to the pedestrians of the world. This solicitude was widely applauded because the pedestrian is—and always has been—regarded as the underdog in the traffic problem. However, the cold facts indicate that in most cases, the pedestrian is the author of his own misfortune. "Eight out of 10 pedestrians are responsible for their own accidents," says a Metro Toronto safety expert, a conclusion confirmed by several large scale traffic studies. The authoritative American Automobile Association (AAA) states "Two out of every three pedestrians killed have either been violating a traffic ordinance or committing an unsafe act." In Connecticut, when coroners' verdicts were reviewed during one 12-month period, it was found that, in fatal cases, "pedestrians were clearly at fault 70 percent of the time." Similar conclusions were reached in studies in New York and Pennsylvania. In another survey, published by the National Safety Council of Chicago,
drivers and pedestrians in fatal accidents in hundreds of communities were examined. The pedestrian had defective eyesight, a police report said. One person, for example, died in a car crash after failing to see a traffic signal. In another case, a woman was struck by a large truck while crossing the street.

The drinking driver has long been a target of public criticism and worse. Yet, when Dr. S. G. Brody and his colleagues examined drinking and pedestrian deaths in the Chicago area over a 25-year period, they discovered that the pedestrians had a worse record of intoxication than the drivers. In one study, they found that drivers who drank alcohol were predicted to be three times as likely to be involved in a fatal accident as those who did not. The pedestrians, on the other hand, were five times more likely to be affected by drugs or alcohol.

A new report on pedestrian safety has been released, warning that pedestrians are at risk of being hit by vehicles. The report shows that pedestrians are more likely to be hit by a car while crossing the street, and that the risk is highest during the hours of darkness. The report also notes that the risk of being hit by a car is higher for people who are walking alone, and for those who are not paying attention to their surroundings. The report calls for stronger measures to protect pedestrians, such as better lighting and more enforcement of traffic laws.

The report also highlights the importance of education, emphasizing the need for drivers to be more aware of pedestrians' rights and responsibilities. The report suggests that schools and communities should be more involved in promoting pedestrian safety, and that more resources should be allocated to this important issue. The report concludes that pedestrian safety is a shared responsibility, and that everyone can play a role in reducing the number of deaths and injuries on our streets.

In summary, the report highlights the urgent need for action to protect pedestrians, and emphasizes the importance of education and enforcement in achieving this goal. We must all work together to create safer streets for all.
Management changes

A. Garfield Stewart, manager of Imperial's Foxo refinery since 1955, has been appointed manager of Imperial's Regina refinery. He succeeds W. O. Longworth, who has retired from the company's annual plan.

Mr. Stewart was born in Westville, N.S., and received his early schooling in Calgary. He graduated from the University of Alberta with a B.Sc. in chemistry and later studied business management at Harvard. In 1930 he joined Imperial Oil as a laboratory assistant at Calgary and has since held many technical positions with the company including that of manager of Wisnieski refinery. Since moving to Foxo Mr. Stewart has been active in such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and the Vancouver Board of Trade.

Succeeding Mr. Stewart is Harry L. Cavanagh. Born in Halifax, he graduated in 1937 from Acadia University with a B.Sc. in chemistry. In 1940 he joined Imperial Oil's engineering division at Sarnia as a draughtsman. For some months during the war he was on loan to the St. Clair Processing Corporation which supplied gases to the government-owned synthetic rubber plant. After the war he attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and obtained degrees in both chemical engineering and business and engineering administration. He returned to the Sarnia engineering division and in 1953 was appointed chief operations engineer. In 1956 he moved to Toronto as management assistant, manufacturing department, and in December of the same year became assistant superintendent at Foxo.

John S. Poyen, formerly assistant manager of Imperial's producing division in Edmonton, has been appointed assistant regional manager of producing operations in western Canada. He succeeds J. A. Armstrong who has accepted the position of assistant co-ordinator in the producing co-ordination department of Standard Oil Co. (N.J.).

Mr. Poyen is a graduate of the University of Colorado in geology and economics and holds a second degree in law from the university. He had his own law practice as well as experience in various phases of oil production before joining Imperial's producing department in 1952 as special assistant to the exploration manager. He held other positions in Calgary connected with contract and exploration work before transferring to Edmonton last year.

Refinery on camera

The night before Imperial's Calgary refinery was to be formally opened last fall, the temperature tumbled a sharp 40 degrees. But for once, weather couldn't disrupt an opening: closed-circuit TV was carrying the ceremonies at the refinery to a screen set up 45 miles away in Calgary's Palliser Hotel.

While 400 guests sat in comfort before the screen, they heard brief addresses from the refinery control room by Alberta Premier E. C. Manning and Imperial's president, J. R. White. They watched Premier Manning step outside to turn a valve and declare the plant "officially on stream." Then, via a 20-minute film made earlier, they "toured" the refinery.

The $14 million construction job—biggest in Calgary's history and largest refinery project ever undertaken on the prairies—stepped up the capacity of the 37-year-old refinery to 14,700 barrels a day and made it the modern in Canada. It will, Mr. White pointed out, "make products of a quality unsurpassed in the world."

Months of planning preceded the 15-minute ceremony. Special telephone lines were installed, a microwave relay was set up between the refinery and the hotel and two tons of TV equipment were obtained, much of it from Vancouver and Toronto.

And, at the last moment, a door and six frames were removed so one of the three cameras could do double duty and take shots both inside and outside the control room.

Of the plant opening Premier Manning remarked, "a unique and comfortable arrangement."