

NEWSY NOTES

By J. A. Clark, D.Sc.

Persian Oil

Persian Oil was Britain's greatest overseas enterprise for earning dollars. Just fifty years ago, William Knox D'Arcy, an Englishman from Devonshire, who became a millionaire from mining gold in Australia, went to Iran. He sailed up the Persian Gulf into a very broad river, the Shatt al Arab, which carries the water from the Tigris and the Euphrates into the Gulf. On his right, and about twenty-five miles from the Gulf, he passed a desert island, Abadan, which had only a fringe of date palms and a few poor dwellings. Basra in Iraq, lies about twenty-five miles north-west of Abadan. He had learned that somewhere about one hundred miles to the north-west, Noah had lived, and had built an ark. (Gen. 8: 14) "Make thee an Ark of gopher wood; rooms thou shalt make in the Ark, and thou shalt pitch it without and within with pitch." He found that there was an abundance of pitch in that neighborhood. In D'Arcy's travels in Iran, he saw the place where there is a huge flame burning as it comes out of the ground. This fire has been there for thousands of years, and it is burning there now. It is associated by some with the "burning fiery furnace" into which Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego were cast. In his investigations he saw the spring of water that is mixed with clear oil, known as White Oil Springs, where Arabs fill their cans and pour off the oil that rises to the top into other cans. This oil is sold in their bazaars.

Prospecting for Oil

These and other oil seepages that occurred in a number of places, indicated that there was oil in Persia (Iran). Many people knew about these things, but D'Arcy was interested to find out if the oil there existed in commercial quantities. He secured a concession in 1901 from the Persian Government to explore for a period of sixty years, the territory of Persia for oil. He agreed that if he found oil, he would give their government 16 per cent of any profits made. He drilled a number of wells to considerable depth, where he had located seepages, but did not find oil in commercial quantities. He had been a rich man when he started, but in a few years he needed assistance to continue the work. A well-known company, the Burma Oil Company, came to his assistance. He then moved into the foothills of the Zagros Mountains, which rise to a height of 14,000 feet. He started drilling at an elevation of 2,000 feet, at Masjid-i Suldiman. While at work he received orders from London to abandon the project, but like Nelson, with his blind eye to the telescope, D'Arcy refused to quit, and at 12,000 feet his drill struck oil. D'Arcy had succeeded. This well was a gusher that threw a fountain of oil 75 feet into the air.

Abadan Refinery

This crude oil had to be refined and D'Arcy chose the desert island of Abadan for his refinery. He formed a new company, called the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The 130 miles of pipe line and their first refinery, to process 400,000 tons of oil per annum, were completed in 1911. The company had spent two and one half million pounds, and at last were ready to sell oil.

Enlarged Operations

In 1921 the Anglo-Persian Oil Company had only one oil field, and was processing 2,000,000 tons of oil per annum. This oil was not of the best quality, so they started scientific prospecting for other oil fields in Persia. This Anglo-Iranian Oil Company have a trained staff of experts in the Old Country, working to solve their problems, and are spending 750,000 pounds per year in making their industry more efficient. In their search for new oil fields in Persia, they drilled holes more than two miles deep. These bore holes were from nine to twelve inches in diameter at the surface, and were lined with steel tubes. Originally, the oil at Abadan was merely distilled, but the new demands required better products, and processes were introduced that called for cracking, that is, the molecules of oil are split and reformed into more valuable products. When the second World

TIMELY NOTES ON TOPICS CONNECTED WITH Silver Fox and Mink Farming



H. J. Montgomery, Vice President of the Mutation Mink Breeders Association, Wetaskawin, Alta., has very kindly sent us the catalogue of the Alberta Fur Breeders Association 14th Annual Mink Shows, held at Edmonton, Dec. 11th and 12th. A live mink show will be held January 8th, 9th and 10th, 1952, in the livestock pavilion, Exhibition grounds Edmonton. Our congratulations to the Alberta Fur Breeders on their catalogue which is one of the finest we have seen and it has been well supported with advertising.

Fur bearing animals are one of the big revenue producers for the province of Alberta and the government gives a good deal of support to the ranchers and trappers. Fox farming was on an enormous scale there some years ago when the Colpitts Bros. were in their heyday, also other quite large ranchers, but like here, foxes have been cut down to small proportions. Mr. Montgomery, who raised several hundred of them this season, is cutting down his breeders and will probably not produce more than a couple of hundred next year.

A couple of days ago we met B. Graham Rogers and received quite a bit of hopeful inspiration by talking with him. He was planning that day to go up to Summerside and kill off some 40 pups. We asked, "Are you going out of the business?" and he said "Oh, no, I have more faith now than I had this time last year," and he mentioned having had a talk with Dr. E. Rendie Bowness. Dr. Bowness, he said, claims that foxes will be back in the not too distant future, that the pelts on hand now are old pelts and the trade doesn't

War came in 1939, Lord Tedder said to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company: "In this war the R. A. F. will want an aviation spirit of quality which no air force has ever used before."

This quality at the close of the first world war would have cost about \$96.00 per gallon, but the Company only asked Lord Tedder how much he needed. He wanted it for all air craft and said: "I want it for everything... There must be one spirit, and that of the highest quality in the world." The Abadan refinery is producing more of this quality, before the war ended, than any other refinery in the world. Pictures we have seen of the Abadan Refinery show many great steel columns, twenty feet in diameter, and over one hundred feet high, each unit will process one million gallons per day. In 1948, 25 million tons of oil were refined, and the refinery was producing every product that the oil business requires.

Abadan

The modern, British built, city of Abadan of 175,000 people, was built by the Company in forty years. It has many wide palm-fringed streets of workers' houses that are substantially built of brick, each with a well tended lawn. There are major avenues, and shrub planted traffic circles. The Company spent 2,000,000 pounds on education alone, building there the finest technical school in Persia, and building and fully equipping seventeen public schools, and providing substantial allowances for their Persian teachers. It provided water works, a sewerage system, roads, street lighting, and publishes three newspapers, has organized athletics, with ten outdoor swimming pools, for 75,000 employees. It gives industrial insurance and free medical care. It provides the finest hospitals in the Middle East, with doctors and health officers who treat all school children free.

We trust that an agreement may shortly be reached to start this great enterprise working again in support of vital industries.

GIBRALTAR, Dec. 28 — (Reuters)—A fleet of 32 Soviet trawlers ranging from 65 to 85 tons and the tanker Irtish anchored in the commercial anchorage off the Spanish coast at La Linea. They will stay a few days to take on stores and fuel. A senior Soviet naval officer on board said the ships were bound from Kallinograd (Koenigsberg) in the Baltic for Vladivostok, through the Suez Canal.

N. Bedeque School Christmas Concert

By Lange Lewis

On Thursday evening December 20th, the pupils of North Bedeque school held their concert under the direction of their teachers, Mrs. Dorothy Moose and Miss Florence Cahill. Maxine Campbell, a Grade VIII pupil, was the very efficient pianist. Rev. Kenneth Campbell capably acted as chairman and the following program was carried out: Chorus: "Jingle Bells" — by the pupils. Recitation: "Welcome — Ronnie MacDonald." Drill: "Why We Like Santa" — Betty Mallett, Joyce Birch, Elaine and Vivian Waugh, Hazel Avery, Mary MacDonald. Recitation: "Hopeth" — Isabel MacDonald. Song: "Hush-a-bye" — Doreen Baker. Dialogue: "Dad's Quiet Evening" — Marguerite MacCaull, Isabel MacDonald, Judy Campbell, David Smith, Donnie Stavert, Sheldon Neal. Recitation: "My Dolly" — Adele MacCaull. Piano Solo: "Bunny's Cradle Song" — Lorna MacCaull. Recitation: "A Good Boy" — Cecil Baker. Song: "The First Noel" — Arlene Baker. Drill: "Christmas Dolls" — Doreen Baker, Mary MacDonald, Elaine and Vivian Waugh, Eleanor Veno. Recitation: "Freda Avery" — Marguerite MacCaull, Isabel MacDonald, Judy Campbell, David Smith. Piano Solo: "The Shepherd Boys Song" — Maxine Campbell. Song: "Christmas in Killarney" — Betty Mallett. Dialogue: "Lovin' Leroy" — Lorna MacCaull, Neil Clark. Pageant: "The First Christmas" — by the Senior Pupils. Recitation: "An Ounce of Prevention" — Ernest Stavert. Pantomime: "O Little Town of Bethlehem" — Betty Mallett, Joyce Birch, Arlene Baker, Myra Veno. Piano Solo: "The Bear Who Played At Soldiers" — Eileen Stavert. Recitation: "Fair Warning to Santa" — Lorne Campbell. Dialogue: "Wanted-A House-keeper" — Marguerite MacCaull, Maxine Campbell, Eileen and Ernest Stavert, Eileen Veno, Ronnie Mallett, David Smith. Song: "Christmas Chopsticks" — Judy Campbell. Chorus: "Santa Claus" — by the pupils. Recitation: "Announcing Santa" — Johnny Avery. Santa then made his appearance and presented gifts to the teachers and pupils. A treat of candy and apples was distributed to all the children by the Women's Institute. The singing of the National Anthem brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

The first Finnish Fur auction sales of the new season were held in Helsinki Dec. 20th to 22nd with fox, muskrat, ermine, fish and marten offered. Another sale will be held January 16th to 19th and a February auction the 21st and 22nd. The December fur sale held at Oslo, Norway, the 16th, drew a good attendance from foreign buyers with a splendid demand for mink skins. A total of 9,138 fox skins was 83 per cent sold with the average price 133 kroner (equal to about \$20) and the top 270 kroner (about \$34). An offering of 10,459 blue fox was 55 per cent sold at an average price of 92 kroner (\$18.40) and a top of 150 kroner (\$30). 336 platinum fox pelts were 82 per cent sold at an average of 175 kroner (\$35.) and a top of 330 kroner (\$66). In standard mink 99 per cent of the almost 5,000 skins was sold at an average of \$28 and a top of \$35. 32,000 females were sold at an average of \$20 and a top of \$24. Silverblus ones and twos brought an average of \$38. Breath of Spring Silverblus offerings brought an average of \$44. Pastel ones and twos averaged \$42. Prices on Silverblus and standard mink were about 15 per cent below last December. Blue fox was 20 per cent under. The average price for blue fox was \$18.40.

Yesterday and the previous day the Canadian Fur Auction Sales Company (Quebec) Ltd. offered for sale 7,500 silverblus including platinum, white marked and standards, 45,000 ranch mink and 12,000 mutation mink including Silverblus, Pastel, Breath of Spring and other types. The ranch mink's said to be one of the finest quality Canadian offerings ever presented. The collection includes western Ontario, Royal Cambrai, Labrador and eastern types. The mutation mink offerings includes pelts from the Canadian and Mutation Mink Breeders Association. We will be looking forward to the reports from this sale which will give an indication as to how the market is for Silverblus and ranch mink. Next week we hope to have a full account.

At this the close of another year we take the opportunity of thanking our readers for their many kind remarks and suggestions regarding our efforts to provide them with information on the fur industry. To do we keep in touch with the leading markets not only in the United States and Canada but also in Europe. We, like other fox ranchers, are very hopeful that this once great and profitable industry will soon be on its way back to normal. One sign is a picture in News Week taken at the London Coliseum showing Princess Elizabeth shaking hands with Ava Gardner after a performance in aid of some worthy object. The Princess is wearing a Platinum fox stole. And now we close our column for 1951, wishing each and every one of you a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10

It was late the following morning when he woke. You see, the ice that filled his doorway shut out the light, and he didn't know when morning arrived. When he at long last decided to have a look around, he climbed up to where his doorway had been. There wasn't any doorway now. He didn't know just what to make of it. At first he wasn't frightened, but when he tried to push that ice out of his way and couldn't, a sudden and great fear gripped him. He was a prisoner.

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To be continued

The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE Part Two

Tuck's face looked mournful. "Doesn't make me sound very bright, does it? But then, you had been married to him, and you did not guess until Moira Hastings told her little story."

"Go on," said Victoria. "A thought flashed into my head, from nowhere. Not a very logical thought, just the uneasy feeling that a husband who had forgotten his wife's birthday until the last moment had behaved oddly in wiring for a ring which could not arrive until a week afterward. He could have bought just as handsome a ring the next day at a jeweler's in Los Angeles or Hollywood. Why get up out of bed and order one from New York? A rather poetic notion occurred to me—that it was almost as though the man had somehow known he would be dead, the next day. Then came the corollary of that idea. 'Or that he had known his wife would be dead.' While I stood looking at the ring on your finger, two crazy comments chased themselves around my brain. 'A corpse can't buy a ring. You don't buy a ring for a corpse.' It was when I realized why a man might buy a ring for a corpse that I saw the whole picture reversed. I saw you as the intended victim, not Albert. Victoria looked down at the ring on her hand. She pulled it from her finger. She let it roll from her hand onto the coffee table. It came to rest with the heavy stone face down, the platinum hoop uppermost. "Of course," she said slowly. "An afterthought. He believed I had drunk poison. He had planted the poison in the sugar bowl. He intended that my death should pass as the result of Hazel's mistake. He was going to play the bereaved husband. And he had forgotten my birthday. So he decided to remember it."

Tuck nodded. "And when did you learn about the coffee?" "To put it chronologically, I knew from Captain Harris' statement that only you or your husband could have poisoned the sugar. I also knew why he could have done so. Yet he used sugar from the bowl. Therefore it could not have contained poison at that time. Therefore it was never the means of administering the poison. What else, The coffee. And that's where the whole picture clarified. "I tried to reconstruct that little dinner. The man at the head of the table, gnawed by his problem. His eyes falling perhaps on the green canisters which he could see through the open kitchen door. The sudden, flashing realization that with you dead he would have both Moira Hastings and the opportunity he wanted so intensely. The realization of the danger to himself. The recollection of the mistake Hazel had made when she put salt into the sugar bowl. The sugar bowl on the table before him. But you weren't using sugar. Your coffee poured out, waiting for you. Your voice on the telephone in the hall. He went to the kitchen for the poison. He stirred it into your coffee. "After the dishes had been rinsed—I imagine he took especial care with your cup—you spent a quiet evening together, and went to your separate rooms. He was reminded of your birthday by the music next door. He got up, put the poison in the sugar, and added the new flourish of wiring for the ring. He wrote a check—there was an inkstain on his finger the next day—and left the envelope out at the mailbox for the postman to pick up in the morning. He went back to bed. After a while he began to feel ill. The pain became really bad. He got up, started for the door to call you or telephone a doctor. He never got there."

Victoria said: "That was Albert. He never got there. He always fell just a little short of reaching what he wanted. Because he cheated, but he didn't know that."

There was a long silence. "To be continued"

SOUTH MILTON W. I.

The December meeting of South Milton W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Robert Hooper with thirteen members and two visitors present.

A very interesting and successful auction sale of beautiful handmade articles was the highlight of the meeting with Mrs. Hooper as auctioneer. The proceeds amounted to \$17.45.

Other business included the reports of the committees. The Red Cross Conventor stressed the need for more home work for this worthy cause. The finished articles this month were 4 pr. ankle socks and 1 nightie. Paper towels had been supplied to the school and two sympathy cards sent. Bills for these and the Electric Light bill for the school were voted to be paid. Mrs. Percy was appointed to have the school organ repaired and Mrs. Nicholson was asked to arrange for Christmas treat for the children.

The January meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Gerald Hooper when the refreshment committee will be Miss Addie Moore, Mrs. Stanley Curtis, Mrs. W. L. Coles,

and Mrs. W. H. Horna. The Call will be a supper dish Re and a card. The meeting closed with "King" after lunch was served by the hostess and committee.

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This interruption, which is expected to last one and one-half hours, is necessary in order to change feeder lines at our plant.

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W.C.T.U. NOTES

THE DRINKER IS A SISSY

DR. ROY L. SMITH in "Christian Advocate"

The problem of alcoholics and alcoholism has been getting considerable attention in the newspapers and elsewhere in recent months, and a whole galaxy of scientists have been called upon to contribute their opinions. Stripped of all scientific terms, and phrased in the language of the street, the situation sums up to one simple statement—the drinker is a sissy!

It seems to be agreed among the learned ones that people drink for the sake of the effect of the alcohol on their nervous system. The chemical effect of the drug, carried in the blood-stream, is to reduce the sensitivity of the individual.

The psychologist and the physiologist have explanations for it which sound very scholarly. They talk about the loss of the power of self-criticism or the narcotic effect on nerve cells. But it all means just one thing: alcohol is taken for the purpose of making the drinker less aware of the joys and strains of life.

One of the first decisions every individual has to make is this: what attitude am I going to take toward the inevitable and inescapable burdens of life? The courageous person faces the facts. He knows he must meet opposition, disappointment, frustrations and delays. He fashions for himself a faith which enables him to look squarely into the eyes of pain, and grapple with it in manly fashion until he has overcome it. The weakling and the timid seek escapes.

Alcohol has never solved any problem for any man. It has only offered the drinker a temporary escape from his difficulties. The man who loses his job, or suffers some other defeat, does not get a new job, nor does he achieve any victory, by getting drunk. He only gets a brief vacation from his anxieties. When he sobers up all his problems stand waiting for him, at the very point where he left them. It often happens, indeed, that they have multiplied while he has been off on a binge.

The hostess who serves drinks to "live up the party" is in fact confessing that she cannot depend upon her guests to be interesting until they have been drugged. She is saying, in effect, that unless they have alcohol in their blood stream in sufficient quantities to render them partially insensible, that they are going to be insufferably dull and staid.

There is something childish about this program of escape. It is precisely at this point that a creative faith makes its greatest contribution to life. It does not offer an escape from our difficulties; it furnishes us the courage to tackle them and the judgment to solve them.

What the psychologists call "an escape mechanism" is held in contempt by the scientists. The whole of psychological science is aimed to assist the individual in "facing reality." There is something weak and pitiable about the person who cannot do that. The really strong are those who do not seek solace in drugs, but rely upon their own powers and intelligence.

The drinker is really a sissy. He is one who can't "take it." Philosophy says—THINK your way out. Repeat says—DRINK your way out. Politics say—SPEND your way out. Some say—LEGISLATE your way out. Science says—INVENT your way out. Industry says—WORK your way out. Communism says—STRIKE your way out. Militarism says—FIGHT your way out. The Bible says—PRAY your way out. Christ says—I AM THE WAY OUT.

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