

MY GREAT ADVENTURE.

(Winifred Philpot)

Truly there seems little to link the luncheon table of an eminent professor of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge, with a wild cat gamble in oil in Vancouver, B. C., but my great adventure undoubtedly began when Dr. McTaggart told me, apropos of my approaching visit to Mexico that all his money was invested in the oil fields there. That comforted me many years later; responsible people and oil were sometimes—had been before I took the plunge—linked together.

Thus my mind became adjusted long ere the fateful time arrived. This preadjustment was really very important. Oh blessed open mind, else had I been prejudiced, and the great adventure had passed me by.

Now may I say at once what should have been said at first—only I was thinking of my dear Moral Philosopher. It was, and is absolutely wrong for a woman, in any place, at any time, to dabble in oil shares, unwomanly, un-natural, disturbing to her domesticity, and by reason of her circumscribed vision of men, money and affairs, quite certain to be unprofitable. (It will be realized that I possess in quite unusual degree the power to grasp the other man's point of view!)

Nevertheless, when the time came, everything that was illogical and generally untenable, I did, and thoroughly. Early in October, 1919, I bought by first Boundary Bay Oil Shares, and have been buying, and never selling ever since; and who dare protest against a woman's crowning glory—instinct.

Still I grant wonderful stage management was at work ere the great day came—a fireplace, a Scotchman, mutual reminiscences of Highland second sight, stories told in the glamour of the firelight that we had not dared to own to at any earlier hour of the day, for I, though English, lived for a time in the wild places of the Western Highlands, where the greatest success of my life was that my hosts forgot my despised nationality! And so, little by little, as the years were passing, first my professor, then my Highlander prepared the way.

There was the same protecting care on the part of my familiar spirit, when the scheme was first put to me, in all the glamour of oil visioned by second sight, for I was feeling rich that day. Needless to say, feeling rich has nothing to do with one's bank balance; it is a Godlike condition that descends and envelops the faithful at rare intervals, a becoming hat, a—, anything may induce it, but because it is purely spiritual and subtle, its price is above rubies, and mercifully, unlike the rain, it falls mostly on the poor.

I was feeling rich when first I heard of the Boundary Bay Oil Co. in 1919—I bought shares, but oh! so secretly—-hearing constantly of the mad scheme—smiling . . . saying nothing, but still buying. But in those days we never dared own up—it is not pleasant to be laughed to scorn—mais nous avons change 'tout cela. Now at last, big purposeful men applaud our foresight. When the world derided, it was mere second-sight; now foresight is the accepted word.

Verily things are changed. First, much faith, and a little hole. More faith, and a little oil, and then, because it has ever been written in the world's Book of Laws that no good thing must come too easily, then difficulties—and mistakes and more difficulties in so much that one director told me recently they had sweat great drops of blood in their councils. But faith conquered, and today, instead of a few men with much courage centred around a little hole, we have the eyes and ears of the world awaiting the final verdict from the oil well at Boundary Bay.

Just a few days ago I made the Pilgrimage and Pilgrimage should not be a triumphant progress. Our visit to Boundary Bay was not that; rain and sleet above; slush and mud and horrors under foot, with a bitter wind all embracing. But in spite of everything thus calculated to breed pessimism, all was forgotten when we were within the derrick. It was obviously no place for women. Realizing this, we asked very few questions, but with wide open eyes watched tremendous lengths of pipestem being lowered into the Hole, men and engines appearing to work with equal precision. A battered and worn Bit at our feet told its own story. Twice in every twenty-four hours this four thousand feet of pipe has to be raised and then lowered again that a fresh Bit may carry on its triumphant work of exploration. Ten hours' work in every twenty-four without result—how little the outside public realizes all that has to be done.

I was brought up in a land of machinery and early taught to appreciate the subtle purring in a large shop which tells to the experienced ear that all is well, but never did men, nor machinery thrill me as on the floor of that wind-swept, rain splashed derrick. It is written a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, but no one has greater faith in the final outcome of their work, than the workers themselves.

And so again the vision, as we watched the men changing the bit, the vision of oil for our Vancouver, increased prosperity, increased employment, increased revenue. Oh, yes — even women see these visions and dream these dreams!

And if, and when the day dawns that oil is found in commercial quantities in the Fraser Valley—aye and whatever the end of our great adventure—shall not this handful of men command forever our respect for their faith, grit, and upright dealing? And maybe, if so it is written, our overwhelming gratitude also.

(I forgot to say I fell hopelessly in love with the head driller, Miles Millman, but all his heart and soul were in his well and he barely answered my questions.)

If We Do The Moving

your trunks and your furniture will be as safe as human effort can make them. We have ample and up-to-date equipment and our employees are trained in the handling of baggage and household goods with carefulness and promptness.

Office and
Warehouse
760 Beatty
Street



Phones:
Sey. 500
Sey 9

GRAHAM & CO.

Practical Umbrella Manufacturers
RECOVERING AND REPAIRING A
SPECIALTY AT LOWEST PRICES

Phone: Seymour 2044

716 ROBSON ST.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

(Three Doors from Granville)