General View of Miraflores Lock, looking south on the Panama Canal.

IN THIS ISSUE
THE PANAMA CANAL
JOINT COUNCILS

Imperial Oil Limited

Elected and Selected Representatives for the Year

MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT

DELEGATES

Elected
Sarnia Refinery
J. C. Low (Chairman)
Montreal Refinery
A. Shelby

Selected
H. B. Basker
David Painter

R. T. Davie
E. M. Bolster

Edgar
L. Edson

C. E. Murrison
D. McNamara

Hunter
E. J. Farrow

Frederick
W. E. Mace

P. L. Townsend
M. A. Stewart

G. M. Cox
J. Harigan

F. Jackson
G. W. Gibson

J. E. Sivard
T. H. Longley

(Chairman)

Regina Refinery
J. J. W. Wrench
B. B. Anderson

L. N. O'Dell
E. A. Drinich

A. Chambers
W. Wrightman

P. Chapman
E. G. Dunlop

H. Mathews
R. C. Crook

W. T. Gils
D. R. A. Topp

E. Skillicorn
J. F. Topp

J. Evans
F. Waldich

George Lavish
(Chairman)

Halifax Refinery
W. J. Hillman
L. J. Janek

D. Henderson
E. G. Wade

A. Rabbit
D. M. Allen, Jr.

S. Page
E. R. Cameron

M. Macdonald
D. A. Nye

R. Stewart
H. Clark

F. Somers
W. A. Gates

J. McNeil
J. N. O’Dell

D. MacDougall
D. M. Allen

(Chairman)

MARKETING DIVISIONS

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M. Hansa
H. E. Toong

R. Moore
T. J. Millar

B. H. George
R. A. Thompson

M. B. Green
(Chairman)

Vancouver
J. Chita
M. A. McDowell

C. E. Scott
Frank Kay

R. D. Jones
A. N. Mugget

A. Ayres
E. Braide

C. M. Bolton
(Chairman)

Edmonton
W. M. Burroughs
A. N. Thomas

G. Nethers
S. T. McCabe

A. E. Scott
B. R. G. Wilson

F. Turley
(Chairman)

Montreal
D. Lamont
R. Charnacteau

J. P. Peattie
A. L. Botsville

W. Sawcer
J. P. Donobas

A. Larose
R. G. Prow

W. P. L. Salvare
F. T. McKeon

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H. L. Oliver

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L. J. Janek

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E. G. Wade

A. Rabbit
D. M. Allen, Jr.

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D. A. Nye

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F. Somers
W. A. Gates

J. McNeil
J. N. O’Dell

D. MacDougall
D. M. Allen

(Chairman)

Approach to the Washington Hotel, at Crabtree, B.C.

Gullible's Travels

By C. J. L. Dyer

Book Four—Wherein I Come to the Panama Canal

FROM the distant depth of the "Alberto" engine room we heard the anchor chain rumble out of its locker, shot by shot, toward the bottom of Colon harbor. The windlass punctuated the stillness of the harbor with abrupt scrutchs in seeming protest against duty at that late hour of the night. Then, while the "hook" bed comfortably at rest on its ocean bed, there came a moment of silence, as though the water on watch were racking his brains for more engine maneuvers to transpire, falling which, he rang down the final, inspired signal on the telegraph "Finish with engines." It was then near two a.m. and I turned into bed, enjoying satisfying my curiosity for a sight of the canal further than the glimmer of many electric lights.

The shore officials came aboard at 5.30 a.m. the same morning when the crew was mustered for medical inspection and ship granted pratique. The vessel proceeded to the Canal barker system, which rank amongst the largest in the world, and as fuel was fuel was turned aboard at this point, the opportunity was afforded to go ashore and become acquainted with the town on both Atlantic and Pacific sides of the canal zone.

It is a matter of history that the Republic of Panama, previous to 1903 was a department of Colombia, known then as the Isthmus of Darien. Contrary to popular belief the Panama Canal does not augment Panama's income, but rather is directed from North to South, with the Atlantic extreme further West than that of the Pacific.

Colón, the native city at the Atlantic end of the Canal boasts a population of more than 32,000, the majority of which are blacks. From its commanding position as a place of transit it benefits by traffic in both directions. The climate, not only here, but in the entire Canal zone, at one time was very unhealthy, but this condition has been vastly improved by drainage.

Adjoining Colon is Cristobal, the American settlement. The two towns are separated by the Panama Railway which runs between them, and it is somewhat of a novelty for the visitor to stand for a moment in Cristobal amid the atmosphere of Blue Laws, and the next moment to step across the railway track to Colon where cabarets and saloons thrive, and on whose streets the world's cast-off rubs shoulders with some of the finest men in Uncle Sam's Army and Navy, for the Panama Canal because of its strategic situation, is naturally a great military centre. It is of additional interest to know that the names of the two towns which lie side by side, were derived from the Spanish, signify "Christopher Columbus.

"The railway which crosses the isthmus, in a distance of forty-eight miles, brings one to the Pacific coast on which is built the new City of Panama. This city, the capital of the country, stands on a volcanic projecting rock; the massive walls built by the Spaniards to protect their treasure city still stand in places. The present city lies 4½ miles east of old Panama, founded in 1518 by the Spaniards and sacked by Morgan's hoarders in 1671. I visited the ruins of this old city and with the aid of numerous signs and the imagination of a sea-faring friend, was
able to identify the cathedral, convent, a bridge and a number of houses amid some nature starved cocoa-nut trees.

Fires have destroyed Panama and Colon repeatedly. The principal buildings of modern Panama will not be restored. Following a Spanish structure, built of yellow stone; the town hall, in which the Colombians signed the declaration of independence; and the bishop's palace.

I shall not dwell in the well-earned impatience of my friends who have been South, for dragging forth the time-honored statement that "Panama" hats are not made in Panama, but for the greater part in Ecuador and Peru, but such is fact.

All this preamble leads up to the Panama Canal itself, around which general interest centres in this sketch. The project of cutting through the isthmus from Atlantic to Pacific has its earliest record on a glass now preserved in the town library of Nuremberg, traced by John Scholl in 1802. The union of those two oceans by a canal was advocated in many courts of the world, but to steps were made to carry out any plan until Ferdinand the Great of Suez fame, convened in Paris during May, 1879, an international congress to discuss the scheme of cutting through the isthmus of Panama.

A plan previously prepared by De Lesseps was adopted, and a Colombian concession was sold to the prospective Panama Canal Company. On February 28th, 1881, the first detachment of canal employees arrived at Colon; surveys were at once made, and the building of camps and hospitals followed. The railway, which had been built in 1850 by an American enterprise, was purchased a short time later by the Panama Company.

Following the survey, De Lesseps announced that a tide level canal could be completed for $129,000,000. Work was commenced. Loans followed year after year. Meanwhile interest charges accumulated and became burdensome, while little real progress was made.

In the autumn of 1888 further borrowing became impossible. The company was forced into liquidation at the beginning of 1889, with perhaps a fifth of the real work done. The subsequent report of a commission was very discouraging. A valuable plant, worth about $30,000,000, was rusting away, much already useless. The tide-level cut was rapidly filling in, and the fine harbor shallowing because of the cut. De Lesseps seemed to have entered upon the plan without sufficient knowledge. Coupled with this came to light the manner in which funds had been squandered through extravagance, incapacity and bribery, and this led to scandals involving investigations, prosecutions and imprisonment in which even De Lesseps and his son were implicated. Not until 1914 did this failure damage the credit of many eminent men, but it shook the republic to its foundations.

In 1905 the company offered to sell the canal to the United States for $40,000,000 and, provided a good title could be secured, the U. S. Senate was favorably inclined toward the purchase.

Difficulties with Colombia as to terms brought matters to a standstill in 1903, and thereupon the Department of Panama, anxious for the construction of the canal, revolted and declared itself an independent state.

Conquered by other powers, a treaty was signed in that same year, by which the State of Panama granted the use in perpetuity of a zone 10 miles wide along with all the rights of proprietorship, to the United States. Panama, in consideration, received $10,000,000; with $250,000 annually, after nine years. The total cost to the United States was estimated at $206,000,000.

Following eight years of tremendously difficult work, but eventually even Gold Hill was persuaded to stop sliding and the canal was opened to the commerce of the world on August 15th, 1914.

The entire length of the canal from sea to sea is approximately fifty miles, minimum bottom width 300 feet and minimum depth 41 feet. Entering at the Atlantic side, the canal is covered by a cut, constructed by De Lesseps to cross the present one short distance up from mouth, and, in places, the rusting relics of his machinery may still be seen.

It is a run of only three or four locks in the first set of locks at Gatun Locks. The total raise above sea level is 65 feet and is taken at Gatun in three locks. There are two sets of locks throughout so that traffic bound in either direction is not delayed. The locks are each 1,000 feet in length and 110 feet wide. One of the largest merchant ships to pass through this canal is our own SS "G. Harrison Smith" carrying more than 20,000 tons of cargo.

Leaving the Gatun Locks, the vessel enters Gatun Lake, and it is peculiar to see the tree tops jutting above the water, for the institution of great dams has raised the level of the lake approximately 20 feet. From Gatun Lake to Pedro Miguel the canal is most narrow. An imposing spot to the visitor is Culebra Cut, but this same place has been described by the builder of the canal as it is here that Gold Hill made frequent shifts into the canal with disastrous results.

Pedro Miguel comprises one lock down.

A mile further at Miraflores, two locks bring the vessel down to final sea level once more.

About eight hours are required for a vessel to transit from one ocean to the other. A ship which arrives later than one p.m. must anchor overnight in the harbour as vessels are not put through after this hour. Every ship moves through the canal on schedule and all movements are controlled centrally. The contracts for the executive and administrative buildings are at Ancon. The repair yards at Balboa are of the largest drydocks in the world. It is 1,110 feet long. Some idea of its immensity may be secured from the illustration which shows a schooner, a tug and the old "Circassian Prince" on creaks with much space to spare. Both Ancon and Balboa lie at the Pacific extremity, between the canal banks and the city of Panama, and are exceedingly beautiful in buildings and foliage.

Since completion, each canal has shown an increased traffic of the Panama Canal by international ocean traffic. While our own St. Clair River is the busiest waterway in the world during its eight months of open navigation, it can hardly be included in the category of "world traffic."
Making a Home in the Desert

By Win. Macdonald

Making a home in the desert and transplanting all the comforts, customs, social usages and amenities of the north temperate zone to a region in which one had to start from zero was the problem that confronted the woman who, with her husband, emigrated to the oil operations at Talara, Peru. Fueling the and lesser camps that go to make up the oil fields of Peru, and the smaller camps that go to make up the oil fields of Peru, and the smaller camps that go to make up the oil fields of Peru.

For the pioneer woman, coming in eight years ago, it was by no means an easy undertaking and many a story is told now of amusing memories of household and problems in domestic economy that at the time of their happening did not present themselves as all in a very humourless light to those most interested.

In the first place, none of the women who in the first days of the oil field went south to transplant a section of Canadian “culture” to the desert of South America could talk English, and did not want to. Imagine, if you can, the difficulties of a situation where the servant girl was a man or a “boy” as he is always called in Talara, and the boy unable to talk your language or yours.

Add to this the problems that would be imposed by no ice in climate almost tropical; by no water, in what was left at seashore from points hundreds of miles away; always scarce; by the necessity of choosing from among an assortment of fruits and vegetables that were altogether new and strange; by the physical impossibility of adding so much as a flower garden to the homestead in a country where it never rains, where no water was available; and where the land was too sterile to grow anything anyway.

The conditions and there were vexations enough in the first year or two to last most women a life time.

The first difficulty, of course, was to acquire enough of the language to make domestic relations with the “help” possible. One story is told in Neptunio of a woman from the far north who had a native woman in her employ for six months before learning what her name was. The native woman probably does not know the foreigner’s name yet. But that was an extreme case. Spanish is not a difficult language and almost anyone can remember from a high school education enough Latin to make the common nouns comparatively easy, so that the names of things came readily. Carrying on a conversation in Spanish, requiring a knowledge of translations, adjectives and declensions, which must prove, remember even in the English only as something they had difficulty with at school, is different.

However, upon the few nouns acquired, domestic relations were set up and housekeeping went under way.

The company’s part of the problem was to furnish housing and utilities. A campaign of house building was undertaken at Talara and Neptunio, the outcome of which is forty wunderfully comfortable bungalows at Talara and thirty-five at Neptunio, almost every one of which is now set off by beautiful gardens of tropic flowers, with shaded verandas, awnings and veranda seats that are an invitation and a delight to the eye. When the company, at very large expense, laid in water from the Chira River thirty miles away, brought gas from the field and put electric light into every house, a large part of the domestic problem was solved and the women of the new settlements had a little time to spare for social enjoyments.

Establishing the little garden plots about the residences was of itself quite a problem. The salty earth of the surrounding hills was sterile and something more fertile had to be found to give the plants a chance. Hundreds of barrels of vegetable mould were brought all the way from Ecuador and from the important rail of Canada, many of the ladies of the field, and their boy cousins from floriculture and decorative gardening. Later it was discovered that the refractory element in the local earth was the salt, and that where the soil had been washed out the soil could be made to produce wonderful results. After that the cultivation of garden plots became general and the results have been wonderful. A remarkable instance of what can be accomplished from the natural resources of the country is the garden plot surrounding the house of Mrs. Young, at La Brea, where a veritable jungle of orange trees, peach, pear and peach, and dozens of tropic flowers have been made to grow and blossom luxuriantly, giving a cool and beautiful setting for a bungalow that would otherwise be but a harsh punctuation in the desert.

For social enjoyment the womenfolk of Talara and Neptunio have recourse to the same diversions as many of the Canadians or American sailors from which they came. There is a library at the Club at which all the leading newspapers and magazines are available together with hundreds of volumes ranging all the way from the lightest yellowback to the deepest philosophic treatises. The weekly dance at the Club is a feature which everyone attends and which, as an informal social gathering is always enjoyable. Every few weeks a Peruvian warship drops in, and all is sufficiently good band playing the airs of all nations furnishes the dance music on these occasions. Peruvian officers and in their national uniforms and with the courteous manners of old Salive give a touch of the cosmopolitan to the scene.

Bridge offers a regular forum for discussion among the ladies and in this connection there are frequent visits back and forth between Talara and Neptunio. The “Ford Club,” which is a Ford car with the road wheels taken off and railway wheel put on, furnishes quick and pleasant transportation between the two towns. The tennis courts are a constant source of recreation and enjoyment, particularly among the younger ladies, and in the popular has the game become at Talara that a new and much enlarged tennis court is now being built to make room for all who desire to play. Lately the ladies have taken up basket ball and have become quite expert.

For social enjoyment the womenfolk of Talara and Neptunio have recourse to the same diversions as many of the Canadian or American sailors from which they came. There is a library at the Club at which all the leading newspapers and magazines are available together with hundreds of volumes ranging all the way from the lightest yellowback to the deepest philosophic
The Bungalows at Talara

Spartan and cool with vines and flowers started on a life brought from British Columbia.

200 acres in area, flat and surrounded by hills, in which a very fine nine-hole golf course has been laid off. The afternoon breeze is one of the delightful features of Talara. Every morning the breeze blows out to sea; in the afternoon it returns, bringing back from the ocean an exhilarating coolness that makes every afternoon and evening pleasant, and after the heat of the day a round on the golf course in the sultry breeze of the afternoon is an unfailing revivifier.

One of the enjoyable features of life at Talara and Negritos is an occasional visit to the Chira river. To persons from the north who have never seen tropical vegetation or aboriginal life it is intensely interesting. Lemon trees, orange trees, bananas and numerous other fruits unknown to northern horticulture and here the natives are found leading their primitive existence in just about the same way, no doubt, as they did before the white man came to the country with his foreign customs and ideas.

Church work and school work and the little list of social affairs help to round out the life of Talara and generally speaking things are just about the same as in any Canadian or American town of the same size with a few additional features supplied by a difference in climate and environment.

There is this advantage, however, that the women of the Peruvian oil field communities enjoy probably better than anywhere else, that there are no domestic problems. There is no "servant girl" problem as it exists in the north. There are no electric light bills or water bills or fuel bills to wrestle with, as this is furnished. No rent and no taxes to pay, no exactions in the matter of dress or "keeping up with the Joneses," and no social responsibilities that cannot be accepted lightly or, if the spirit moves, be left in abeyance without loss of face.

The Reziney at Talara

Where Canadian enterprise has established a great industry in the desert. Every five per cent. of the employees are Peruvians.

Oil at the Edge of Paradise

Three New Fields in Southern California Have Upset All Calculations as to the Probable Production in 1923

Just a few jumps this side of Heaven, or in fact real estate boosters who make up in vociferousness a large part of its population, is located the city of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles claims everything that any other residential or business town can boast besides numerous other special advantages which Nature seems to have reserved solely for the glorification of this section. Climate, scenery and soil combine to make the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains a Mecca for men and women who, having reached the age of discretion with sufficient means to gratify their desires, want to get as far away as possible from the recollection of ice-bound winters in New England or burning summers in the middle west. And so for many years past prosperous ex-farmers, ex-manufacturers, ex-merchants, doctors and plumbers have listened to the siren call of the Southern California boosters' association, which association embraces every married man and child who does not possess the remaining half of a round trip ticket from the outer land. Here and there the census taker comes across an ex-oll man who, having made a stake in Pennsylvania or in one of the newer fields in Texas or Oklahoma, hoped that with his western migration he had seen the last of mud and dust which succeed one another regularly in typical oil localities.

The Los Angeles Basin country started out with much more than its share of Nature's gifts, as the earlier settlers, which means those people who have lived there for two years or more, are not backward in disclosing. Retired capitalists who expected to have a few months or, at the outside, years, to think over their earlier mistakes of location settled in the valleys of Southern California and surrounded themselves with orange and lemon trees, grapes and English walnuts. Before long they became so fond of their new surroundings that they abandoned all ideas of surrendering any further claims to a worldly existence and sent back East for their relatives to come and grow up with the country and with them.

It was perhaps in a spirit of jesting that Nature, having dressed this land up with everything conducive to happiness of the land-owners, should have planted far down under the fertile soil a much greater mineral wealth than the gold deposits which brought the first rush of population to California in 1849. Certainly, Southern California was blessed in enough ways without the underlying deposits of petroleum sands. Hydro-electric power and irrigation ditches had sufficed to repair the oversight of the shortage of water. The great fruit industry had conquered by means of refrigerator cars the apparently insuperable obstacle of the distance of the orchards from eastern markets. The cutting of the Panama Canal had furnished a cheap route for slow moving freight. Land that had been regarded as worth less than nothing because it was arid desert became the most prolific producer of fine melons of any place in the world. Fruit groves developed rapidly in all directions, flowers bloomed with little encouragement and prosperity brought a horse of settlers, most of them with enough capital to take part in the development of the agricultural possibilities. Los Angeles became a city of 600,000 souls, spreading out over an area of 366 square miles. Mile after mile of wonderful road stretched out in all directions. Office buildings, apartments and hotels sprang up, with realistic values ever on the upward climb. There is more per capita wealth in Los Angeles than in any other city. The latest figures show that if this wealth were evenly distributed it would mean $2,974 for every man, woman and child there. Compare that with Chicago, where the per capita average is $1,204! Small wonder that the retired drillers who had settled in this locality were satisfied to play at farming and real estate.

It is true that California had production. There is a small field within the generous city limits of Los Angeles. There were other fields
Signal Hill, like a huge pin Cushion, rising in the background.

The race to get the oil out at Santa Fe Springs. Note how closely derricks are placed.
at Coyote Hills, at Montebello, Whittier, Brea Canyon, Richfield and La Habra and elsewhere, but the crude was of low gravity and the total output did not make much of a dent in the needs of Southern California. Those requirements were coming from nearly every one in California. The roads are conducive to motoring. In the city of Los Angeles alone there were 700 filling stations, and the city fathers found it necessary to adopt zoning laws to leave room for the real estate operators.

So it happened that promoters who opened up the country around the metropolis were interested in small 30-50 acre tracts, which were put through streets and marked off at a rate of 100 acres, which was later de-emphasized by the installation of pipe lines and shipping facilities on a spurious scale. A number of companies were organized, and the costs of construction, the cost of a few companies richly supplied with capital held a finger on the percentage of the public who were willing to invest in it, there was the temptation to an overproduction and the pressure to have a dollar more that was needed. Here in the space of a little over two years were developed three rich oil fields where ownership was divided by the number of small holdings, and that was impossible for any one company to control a considerable part of the acreage in order to regulate development on the most economical lines. The fever of oil business became epidemic. Motor buses carrying half a human population came out of Los Angeles in the morning to show prospective investors where fortunes could be made. Promoters flocked into the city from less promising fields elsewhere and began the organization of hundreds of small companies. All precedents as to prices and royalties were disregarded, the mining done in the fields was too lucrative. The results were that the California Standard, as it was called, on the Atlantic seaboard, and in Europe, at the same time there were other large fields that refused to refine the price on the storage and shipping facilities. In California Standard and at Elk Hills and the Coyote Hills, the old established companies are curtailing production to a minimum in order to make way for the flush production of the three newer fields. Nevertheless, the output mounts day by day until these three districts alone are producing more than 600,000 barrels every twenty-four hours, and extensive drilling is still going on. And this is bad part of the production which would be forthcoming but for the unwise actions taken in the past. Many wells are choked down, but with new ones coming in the production curve is moving upward still.

Signal Hill is by all odds the most picturesque of the California fields, both as to the unapproachability of its steep cliffs and the completeness of its cover. Where at Santa Fe Springs the derricks are half buried in a wealth of foliage, on Signal Hill they stand like watchtowers on the cliffs. But the Signal Hill is what its name implies. It is a hill and it is flat and the place from which they used to signal to ships the news of new discoveries in the ship-laden estuaries were the swift progress of commerce and the Spanish buccaneers made life precarious for the ancient navigators. When Long Beach, that voracious haven of so many retiring Iowa farmers, was being spread across the advertising pages by the promoters of the golden metal, Signal Hill did not get much of a play. It took even more than their vivid imagination could conjure. There is a grandeur in such a tall mound, and when California real estate investors cannot work up any given area into a town-scape it is possibly because they are now taking for granted that the above-ground area is simultaneously uninhabitable. Nevertheless, the Signal Hill field is not off the map - all has lot's been sold at a price which is still low when the drillers came along.

In July, 1921, the Shell Company of California completed Atkinson No. 1 as a 200-barrel well. It was later deepened and burned a larger production, but the first showing was enough to start the frenzy. The whole town was flooded with people saying that there are 187 producing wells in the 1,000 acres so far proven as oil territory, with 377 more being drilled. The hill is literally covered with derricks, which gives it the appearance of a gigantic pin cushion. The crest over looks the harbor and Long Beach, 100,000 inhabitants at the time of the first strike and now 125,000 as an outcome of the influx. The town of Long Beach has many beautiful homes, so that the discovery of oil has given an enhanced value through increased demand for housing accommodations, although the field does not extend far from the town. The same is true of Signal Hill. It was an Easterner who had decided some time before the strike that Signal Hill was a little out of town, and had built for himself a large house. By mutual agreement, and the oil men came along and planted a derrick immediately adjacent to his residence. In due course the well came in with a rush—bitterly from the start, with the combined forces of the Santa Fe Springs and Long Beach field, the Signal Hill oil all over that beautiful white mission style house. There were two emotions registered in the house in the early months, one on the part of the drillers and much chagrin on the part of the mansion owner. Presently the
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The gas blew the derrick to smithereens and the gas caught fire; cause unknown. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway and the Southern Pacific Railway made a little money and much publicity for the resourcer of the Golden State by drilling and getting oil at the pillar of fire, at a very reasonable price per gallon. But surely the oil was a total loss. The drillers gathered up what was left of their tools and unceremoniously moved away. The men who were left by the Union Oil Company, and the well was called Myers No. 1, because it was one of the very first derricks in California. Some time later a second hole was sunk on the Myers farm, but it turned out to be a dry one and the prospects were anything except encouraging. A long time later in 1919, the company undertook Myers No. 3 and found some oil, but of a very light gravity. Up to that time the lighter gravity wells in California were not producing much, and one was regarded as a freak, practically valueless. But with this little encouragement, the company persisted on the Bell ranch, nearby, bought in at a depth of 5,000 feet a three-thousand barrel well in what has proved to be the shallowest oil field in the world.

Then the scramble for leases started. The location and direction of the field were unknown. The whole area was in orange groves and walnut plantations and a short time after the prospectors came in, the company having completed most of their enterprise in Oklahoma and Texas, or having had the same opportunity to do so. Oil to the promoter is usually an embarrassment, and this country promoter who had their stock selling organizations standing idle since the Texas stuff was off, and they had to do something. So they set up an oil company of桃花串串的假想, and the gentleman who was to take the line up to the gates of heaven, was very much pleased, and the promoter had to do what was the least perplexed the field with the word.

The oil fields of the Santa Fe Springs, the greatest so far in point of production, is situated twenty miles to the southeast of Los Angeles in what is probably the most beautiful and healthful country that has yet produced oil. The oil scout who said there were millions of barrels in the field should it not look much good for anything else, would have had to revise his estimate in passing through it. The palm groves, the walnut groves, the gardens, the fruits and flowers, the scarlet cushion flowers, and the canvas tops like the gospel tents of the revivalists which they put up in the fields and with a banquet spread for all comers and a megaphone-voiced spider to tell all and sundry about the wonderful possibilities of the new oil field they were ready to offer everyone an opportunity to participate in the prosperity. Very quickly the derricks commenced to rear above the orange groves and many a front yard stood its classic beauty marred by a business-like something hanging derrick. Lease values sky-rocketed. Before long there were sales made at $25,000 to the acre and carrying one-sixth to one-quarter royalty at that. The field has produced 30,000,000 barrels of oil, and is producing at the rate of about $90,000 barrels a day. In July there were 244 wells producing at 122 barrels per well. There are two producing sands, the Bell sand about 2,400 feet deep, and the Myers sand at 3,500 feet depth, and the Myers sand at 4,500 feet. The oil is being run by the Standard of California, General Petroleum Company, the Associated Oil Company, the Union Oil Company, and others.

The new concrete tank One of the most remarkable developments of the great oil production of California is the concrete reservoir. The reservoir is made by scooping out a space several acres in extent, lining the sides and bottom with three inches or thereabout of concrete. When oil is put in it, it is a storage place for fuel oil. The crude, as it is pumped from the wells, goes to the stills to take off the lighter products which would be lost by evaporation. These lighter products go into storage in steel tanks and are sold as ordinary stock for future reference. The greater bulk of fuel oil is sent to the concrete reservoirs to be drawn upon in the world common market. One of the most remarkable is the tank farm of the General Petroleum Corporation, near Watsonville, in Monterey county, six miles from the ocean docks at Santa Cruz. The tank farm is entirely concrete, and the completed holds 1,700,000 barrels. In addition the same company has two other concrete reservoirs holding 600,000 barrels besides a whole string of steel tanks to hold the lighter products and has another immense concrete tank near Santa Maria. California is building, at its refinery at El Segundo, a concrete reservoir covering fourteen acres, this tank will hold 2,250,000 barrels, and is about to start on another of three million barrels' capacity. The Central Petroleum tank farm covers seventy-two acres. In the same vicinity, at Watsonville, lies the main receiving point of several of the big companies, covering about 500 acres. Here the Pan-American Transport & Trading Company, the Shell California Company, the California, the Union Oil Company, and the Associated Oil Company have and are building storage which, when completed up to present plans, will hold not less than twenty million barrels.
Henry Ford in the Wheat Belt

HENRY FORD is one of the great publicity harvesters in the world and this year Alberta is garnering the greatest harvest that has ever been gathered in any country at any time. So quite consistently, Henry gets into the middle of the picture.

To demonstrate the advantages of threshing and hauling by tractor and auto-truck the Ford agencies have a caravan of Ford equipment touring Southern Alberta doing actual threshing and hauling. They pull into a district where the crops are particularly heavy, pick out the heaviest crop, set up their equipment and turn loose a few of the B. T. U.'s that are found in the molecules of gasoline. Ford tractors furnish the motive power for the separators and Ford trucks haul the grain away. Ford touring cars transport the threshing gang. The only unit foreign to the caravan is the Imperial Oil tank wagon which goes along to furnish the gas and the lubricants, and this is so essential that it naturally gets an important place in the parade.

Alberta's crops this year are wonderful. Away back last June, George Lane, pioneer rancher, who is next door neighbor to the Prince at his E. P. ranch, started the west with a prediction that there would be 150,000,000 bushels of wheat in Alberta this year. The more conservative estimators thought that George was wandering in the realms of imagination but subsequent events have proven that the old timer, by making allowance for the fact that there were five lean years to catch up with, was merely applying the law of averages. The error he made in his calculation now appears to have been on the side of conservatism, as the official estimates have long since passed the 150,000,000-bushel mark and it looks as though there will be 200,000,000 bushels from Alberta alone this year. Some of the crops surpass belief.

Such a crop could not be handled in any other way than with gasoline tractors. The threshing depends upon gasoline this year as it has never done before and any interruption in the supply would amount to a national calamity as it would result in the loss of millions of bushels of wheat. Daily marketings of more than five million bushels give some idea of what is going on in the Canadian west. Imperial Oil stations in every farming centre from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains are giving the service that is necessary to the saving of this great crop and so far have lived up to every demand. Ford's caravan is an indication that the leading manufacturers of internal combustion engines are alive to the situation.

If You Think

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think that you dare not, you don't;
If you think you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a 'cineh' you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in the world you find Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.
Pull many a race is lost,
Ere even a step in run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before you can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

Where Edmonton Does Its Picnicking

EDMONTON, the farthest inland town in Canada, is eight hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean and five hundred miles from the great lakes. Yet Edmonton has some of the finest bathing beaches and picnic resorts in any of the prairie provinces. Alberta Beach, on Lake St. Anne, 42 miles to the east of Edmonton, is one of the most attractive spots, with a nice sandy beach, the softest of fresh soft water, expansive athletic fields and beautiful surrounding woods. Many Edmontonians have summer cottages at Alberta Beach and on Saturdays and holidays about half the town may be found at Alberta beach. This year the Imperial Oil staff in Edmonton chose Alberta Beach as the scene of their annual summer picnic and the pictures show what kind of a time they had. It took two special cars on the Canadian National railway to accommodate the crowd and a large additional number drove from Edmonton in their automobiles over a highway that is one of the most popular in Alberta. There were ball games for the men and young men, for the girls and young boys, foot races and the usual programme of summer sports, but the water was the attraction. Our photographer caught the waves in action so clearly that they look as though they were frozen to stillness. The day was so thoroughly enjoyable that next year's picnic will probably be held at the same place.

Gullible's Travels

(Continued from page 3)

One does not pass through the Panama Canal and miss the brick atmosphere of progress and achievement which rises above the scorching heat. A great work has been successfully accomplished. Those countless hands that have toiled and those many brains that have been expended in the realization of John Scherer's colossal vision shall go down to posterity as a great people.

Samson had the right idea about advertising. He took two columns and brought down the house. If you want to be "free from the body," make it healthy. As Rosenius said, "The weaker the body is the more it communicates." That's be afraid of being too kind. In this world one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.
Staff Picnic at Negritos

There were one hundred and fifty in the party which attended the annual staff picnic of Employees of the London & Pacific Petroleum Company from Negritos to the Chira River, in the Peruvian field on Sunday, August 15th.

Negritos is the heart of the Peruvian oil field, where the employees actively engaged in the production and make their homes. The Chira River flows across the southern end of the field and at places there are groves and natural parks which make ideal picnic grounds. The party this year made its way across the desert to the grounds in thirty-five automobiles and spent a very pleasant day in this South American scenery.

A St. John Presentation

Mr. Henry Penrose, for the past six years employee in the St. John Plant, terminated his connection with the Company on August 15th. Through Mr. John Reid, Superintendent, his fellow workers expressed their regret at his departure wishing him good luck and prosperity for the future, and as a tangible token of the esteem in which he was held by them presented him with a handsome travelling bag.

The Club at Regina

The Regina employees take considerable pride from the fact that they have an up-to-date club house in which to enjoy the long winter evenings with dancing, card parties, basket ball, bowling and various social activities. There are 254 members with fees paid in to an amount of nearly $1,000. The gentleman in the inset is Percy Booth, club secretary, with the Junior Mr. Booth holding the centre of the picture.

A Convincing Exhibit

The British Columbia section offers an exhibition feature this year which its authors believe is decidedly original and which is certainly very striking and attractive.

As the Vancouver exhibition held last month to be presented as the Imperial Oil exhibit a perfect reproduction of one of the company's service stations, made to scale throughout and replete with every detail. Mr. G. A. Palmer of the Victoria Service Station was the architect and builder and the miniature is a replica of the station at which he is located in the city of Victoria. The Gilbert & Parker pumps, filled with genuine handles and hose and skillfully painted are decidedly lifelike. The entire model, both interior and exterior, when presented at Vancouver was electrically lighted in exact conformity with the illuminating plans usually followed by the company at its Coast stations.

The exhibit was set in the midst of a very spacious room accorded the company by the Vancouver Exhibition board, the whole space being taken up with the reproduction of a drive-way to a company filling station. Upon the floor of this driveway the model was set up. The backwall of the space was filled with a large picture, illustrating the Imperial Tanker fleet plying between Peru and Iloco, B.C., and giving the hint of the trade being carried on between South America and B.C. in supplying the petroleum requirements of the Coast province. In the foreground was a miniature flower garden such as is part of the makeup of all the Coast stations, and in the background at the left a row of panels carrying Imperial Oil advertising. The lighting features of the exhibit were installed by Mr. R. T. Venn, of the mechanical staff of the Vancouver warehouse, who also generally arranged the driveway under the supervision of Mr. A. Huggett of the Vancouver office staff.

At the Vancouver exhibition this Imperial exhibit elicited a very general favorable comment. As a silent witness of the marketing operations of Imperial Oil it was so convincing that one glance was sufficient to make the whole idea plain and no one could pass without having implanted in his or her mind the idea which the exhibit intended to convey.

Southern Friends

In the last month Toronto has had the pleasure of greeting some old acquaintances from South America who have come up on vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Edith Howard have returned from Barranca-Bermeja, Colombia.

Mr. George Harding, motor mechanic in Peru for eighteen months, has been transferred to the Drilling Department in Colombia.

A short time ago Mr. Bill Flewing popped in from Negritos. We hope to meet Mrs. Bill on their return trip.

Mr. Walter S. Reid has left the International Petroleum Company at Toronto to take a position in the Lima office. Many of those now in South America will remember Mr. Reid for his efforts in speeding them south from Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Burns have been in Peru for the last three months and are now en route to Colombia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson are back at Talara, where Mr. Thompson has resumed his work at the Case and Car factory.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Downey likewise sailed for Talara on October 15th, following vacation. Mr. Downey is at the Provision Bodega.

Mr. Jerry Tringmar of Petrozulia sailed for Negritos on the same date, where he will be engaged as a truck driver.

Mr. Buck Pearce arrived from Negritos, where he has been drilling.

Mr. Sam Smith, stillman at Talara, has returned to that refinary.
Dr. Frank Crane Says:

MAKE GOOD!

Make Good! Don't explain! Do the thing you are expected to do. Don't waste time giving reasons why you didn't, or couldn't, or wouldn't, or shouldn't.

If I hire you to cook for me I expect my chops and baked potatoes on time, done to a turn and appetizing; I am not interested in the butcher's mistake, nor the stove's defect, nor in the misery in your left arm. I want food, not explanations. You can't eat explanations.

So also if you come to me and hire me to do a job of writing by the fifteenth of the month, you do not want me to show up on that day with a moving-picture story describing how I couldn't do what I was paid for. You want the writing, and you want it first class, all wool and a yard wide.

This is cold, cruel, heartless talk. It is — to all second-raters and shirkers. But to real men it is a joy and gladness. They rejoice to make good themselves, they expect others to make good, and they like to hear preached the gospel of making good.

There you have it. The less you do the more you explain.

Of all the joys on this terrestrial sphere, there is none quite so soul-satisfying and so one-hundred-per-centish as MAKING GOOD.

Do your work a little better than any one else could do it. That is the margin of success.

Making good needs no foot-notes.