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Oil Transports in Ecuador
Baled from hand dug wells, the oil is rolled in barrels to the Coast for Shipment

Principally About Peru and Ecuador
The International Petroleum in Peru

The plant and field work of the International Petroleum Co., Limited, at Talara represents the most extensive development of the petroleum industry on the continent of South America.

The daily production is upwards of 20,000 barrels. The refinery capacity is 9,000 barrels. There are eleven hundred employees at the plant with three or four hundred more in the field. Every modern appliance of the petroleum industry is in use. There are two self-contained towns with every sanitary and mechanical convenience, a harbor equipped with facilities unsurpassed on the continent, a submarine pipe line for ocean loading, and a line of steamers to serve the company's customers on two thousand miles of coast from Cape Horn to Panama. The ensemble marks one of the greatest achievements in any country toward the taming of a wilderness and the adaptation of its resources to the uses of the human family.

But in the carrying out of this great work there have been many problems to solve and many difficulties to surmount. When the International came to Peru they found it much as Pizarro left it. The people had advanced but little. The country was a wilderness. The company's predecessors, the London & Pacific Petroleum Company, had made some little progress and there had been other Europeans before them who had attempted the development of the petroleum resources, but the sum total of their accomplishments gave a measure base on which to build. The natives still put to sea in their frail rafts of balsa wood. There were no harbor works and all material had to be hauled through heavy surf with consequent loss. Railways were undreamed of and there were no manufacturing centres to supply the tools and materials necessary for oil field work, which had to be imported from the States. The terrain consisted of sun-baked desert whose shifting sands were a handicap to all construction. Altogether it was an uninviting prospect that faced the pioneers who reached the field in behalf of the International Petroleum in 1914.

Recruited for the first little army of developers were drawn very largely from Petrolana and Sarnia where they had learned oil field and refinery practice under the aegis of the Imperial Oil Company. Arrived at Peru they started from "scratch." At Talara they found a ramshackle town of native construction, with no sanitary provisions worthy of the name. The native habitations were of any material available; discarded boxes, flattened tin cans, anything that came to hand. The pitiful water supplies were drawn from a few brackish wells in the Parinas Valley, from where it was transported several miles to Talara on mule back. In the first days fresh water was brought all the way from British Columbia in the tankers that came for crude, and the erection of a condenser plant at Negritos, where sea water was treated to remove the saline content, was for many months the solution of the problem. Later this proved inadequate and a pipe line twenty-four miles long was laid, furnishing Negritos and Talara, the field and the refinery, with adequate...
A BIT OF TALARA

Looking across from the market, the single man's quarters may be seen at the upper left of the terrace. Further to the right is the light- house, while the church stands out prominently on the middle terrace just below. Theodule is below the light house.

water supply. Talara, on the harbor, is the refinery town. Negritos, twelve miles away, is the centre of the oil field. There is a present population of native and white, of about three thousand in each. A narrow-gauge railway now connects the two.

Among the first of the constructions necessary was a series of “canchones,” or one-story cemented, to furnish sanitary housing for the native employees. The necessary regulations were at first far from acceptable to the native population but when they became cognizant of the fact that these were for their own benefit there was no further objection. To add to the difficulty there sprang into existence a suburb, known locally as “fish town,” located outside the company’s concession and therefore beyond control, where natives lived in their own way, entirely oblivious of the most ordinary sanitary precautions. For a long time this was a source of trouble to the medical staff, but it has since been wiped out.

The bungalows built for the white employees left nothing to be desired. Cement was the material used, with a gypsum gathered from the plains furnishing an interior finish. There is water from the Chira River, natural gas from the oil field, electric light from the plant, a plentiful supply of ice delivered every morning, plenty of domestic servants, male and female, with a climate that is changelessly excellent. A wonderful growth of shrubbery, flowers and vines about the door, golf, tennis, polo, bridge, and the usual round of social amenities, are among the many features attractive to the womenfolk about life in Talara and Negritos.

The refinery that has been built at Talara is in every respect a modern and efficient institution. There is a million barrels storage capacity, a complete reeking plant, and during the past season there has been installed a battery of bubble towers, bringing the institution up-to-date with the most efficient plants of the north and in advance of many.

But the harbor works constitute Talara’s chief pride. Talara Bay, which affords harborage, is a circular indentation, protected by its conformation, from the break of the surf, but subject nevertheless to tides and currents. Along the west coast of South America it is the irregularity of tidal currents that renders navigation hazardous. Heavy swells are common and one of the most frequent of these is the “Enfado” which is particularly damaging to vessels. At Talara these dangers are considerably diminished by the peculiar conformation of the bay, which is protected by the point of land before mentioned.

Transportation has been revolutionized by the building of a network of railways throughout the field. Equipment “Tiny Little” and powerful tractors rattle over newly constructed roads with their stupendous loads of material; the long-suffering mule is being relegated to the limbo of a forgotten past and science is harnessed to the chariot of industry.

The rumbling wheels of the “rule forefathers of the hamlet” have given place to modern dwelling houses most suitable to the climate, whilst Talara and Negritos have each a population approaching 5,000.

In this epic of modern industry, Canadians have played no mean part. Sturdy drillers from Western Ontario have fared forth to Inca land and punched holes with as little concern and much better success than has rewarded their efforts nearer home.

The Canadian flag flies over many a cargo of the precious fluid which is carried from below the Equator to Canadian refineries that our domestic lack may be overcome.

Canadian ideals are being implanted amongst the Peruvian native workers, who are benefiting by enlightened industrial relations, modern housing conditions, liberal education for themselves and their children in the schools built and administered by the operating company and medical and surgical skill in up-to-date hospitals.

Canadian capital has helped to evoke a great revolution in the lives of the people affected and in the future outlook of Peru.

A BIT OF TALARA

NOT SO LONG AGO

Pictures of “Fish town” were common. Today there is no “Fish town.”

A glimpse of the Polo Encantados, the General Office and some of the staff at Talara.
The Oil Hunt In Ecuador

Searching for Petroleum in tropic land where one may stand on the Equator and gaze at the Poles

By CHARLES W. HUNTER

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by presenting several photographs, paying twenty sures and waiting until the impressive looking document is finally prepared and officially signed.

Ecuador has a wedged shaped outline with the head of the wedge on the Pacific coast and the sharp edge entering the Amazon Valley. It embraces an area of 116,000 square miles or approximately two-sevenths the area of Ontario and has a population of 1,500,000.

Ecuador has only one railroad of importance which runs from Guayaquil to Quito. Consequently travel inland is mainly by horseback, a slow tedious method for those accustomed to railroads and automobiles.

Like the other neighbouring countries, it has rainy and dry seasons. Curiously enough, the rainy season begins in Ecuador when it ends in Colombia. The wettest season in Colombia is from October to December and in Ecuador from January to March.

The three principal exports are cocoa, vegetable ivory (tagua nuts) and Panama hats. All three come from the low, tropical regions. Cocoa is made from beans which grow in large pods on trees about the size of a peach tree. Vegetable ivory is a nut that grows in large clusters on a species of palm. When dried the nuts become very hard and are used extensively for making buttons. Panama hats are not made in Panama, as the name would suggest, but mainly in Ecuador and Peru. The finest hats are made in Ecuador at Montecristi, near Manta. While some of the best Panama hats cost thirty to forty dollars, they require months of hand labor to complete; the women who make them working only in the morning when the air is moist and the fibers bend with ease.

To those acquainted with the activities of the International Petroleum Co. Limited in Ecuador the mention of Manta brings up the subject of petroleum and the Company's activities near that town.
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Jaramillo was described in the Review for June, 1922. This well was spudded in April 1920 and abandoned in August, 1923. The climate was found to be too arid for an oil field as the Company had to look elsewhere. A second location was chosen in a hot dry cove, where nature seemed more hospitable, near Pascoche, some 12 miles southwest of Manta. But the second well was likewise a failure and was abandoned.

So far the oil development in the Coastal area has been briefly reviewed. As stated previously, oil seepage or asphalt deposits have been found in the great valley regions of the Andes. But these indications have attracted scant attention because of their inaccessibility and the general unfavourable surroundings.

There remains the great oriental region of Ecuador which stretches along the eastern front of the Andes from the Colombian to the Peruvian border. This vast area remains largely an unexplored jungle, so far as the white man is concerned, although it was traversed by a brother of Pizarro, the great Spanish conqueror. On May 3, 1921, the Ecuadorian Government granted to the Leonard Exploration Company an exploration concession of over six million acres in this region. This contract was superseded by another dated March 1, 1923, which is now in force. The fulfillment of the terms of this contract will mean the opening up of this vast unexplored area in the littoral part of Ecuador, since they include the extension of the Ambato Railroad from Pedrolo to Banos and the construction of trails and later roads from Banos to various parts of the concession.

To develop the oil resources of this one of the most inaccessible and primitive parts of South America, would involve the solution of a problem not yet attempted by the oil industry, namely: to pipe oil over a mountain range with an elevation of over eleven thousand feet more than two miles high. Since the world needs the oil and the region needs the oil development to open up to civilization, the effort will no doubt be accomplished in the not too distant future.

This highly commendable model of a still and equipment was built by the chief Peruvian carpenter at Talara. It's complete in every detail including the latest in suction and suction detection. hot sensor box, elbows, pipes and valves.

The structure is of wood entirely. Exhibited at Lima last November, it created a great deal of interest not only because of its nature, but also because it represented a tremendous stride in native handicraft.
HOLIDAYS stared some of us in the face and with no definite program in view the prospect was not exactly hilarious. "Doing time" in the oilfields of Peru is not bad as it seems at first blush. Three years in the desert may or may not mellow the man. It all depends upon the disposition. Life becomes settled and stomach content permits or monotonous if not.

But the annual holiday punctuates each year with a problem. With three weeks on one's hands, what to be done? Some embark on a voyage down the coast to visit the historic scenes of Lima and Valparaiso. And some prefer a jaunt into the untamed hills to draw from Nature's unusual wilderness some of the life-enhancing that ever appeals to the primordial in man and woman.

And thus, when Cliff Blodgett promulgated his intention to organize a deer hunt back to the Anapoche Mountains, 100 miles inland from the sea, he found ready volunteers to accompany him on his penetration of the vast terrain. Three weeks of subsequent discussion were concluded early on the morning of November 9th when an even baker's dozen of us turned, like Mahomet, toward the mountain and pulled out from the Negritos. To ye hardy Canadian hunting man this trip would have been "pie." Five degrees south of the equator in the month of November offers nothing below 90 degrees of daytime heat where the seasons are reversed and November becomes May.

The rail train had started dawn in charge of some native boys, carrying most of the equipment. Three Fords, with the special light bodies that have made them invaluable for the desert, carried not only the twelve of us, but much paraphernalia too. Bill Rinehart led the exodus with Mrs. R. and little Nell, their offspring of ten, beside them, and myself perched high astern holding to a crate of eggs and a saddle, and speculating upon the security of the seat. The second car carried Cliff Blodgett and Bob MacGregor with his spouse and little girl, Jean; Tommy Sturgess trailed at the rear with Helen Prosser, at that time nurse of the camp and later Tommy's betrothed. In the rear seat of this car were Alex and Mrs. Burgon. Taking the family along is another departure from the orthodox Canadian modus operandi.

In the course of an eighty-mile drive across the desert, through valleys and up to the foothills to where the cars were left at six p.m. the same evening, I was given every opportunity of testing the merits of that seat, the extreme solidity of the Peruvian geld, and the fragility of my body. Several horrors were at all times visible but I was eventually jiggled into an indifferent frame of mind so that nothing mattered a great deal except when a low telephone wire outside the town almost brought me to an ignominious end by hanging. Blooaworts and such were incidental.

Camp was pitched for the night and everyoneselected a quarter pint of water before dinner. A general uprising occurred shortly after five a.m. the following morning. Breakfast had been eaten and camp broken before Old Sol could poke his nose over the edge of the high hill. At this juncture I paused to introduce our negro cook, and two native boys who had arrived during the night with the mule train. The equipment varied: horses for the ladies and the long-haired native babies for us. Into the hills we headed and soon found the trail descending into a narrow valley, almost a gorge, from which the refracted heat of a meridity sun seareded the stomachs of our steeds and the thighs of our people. Cliff knew of a water hole "ten minutes ahead" of which he told us many times in ten-minute intervals, until finally the trail was reached about dusk. Here the double joy of bidding the sun adios and letting a can of fresh cold water trickle and tickle down the old whistle was inspiration for a poet.

Due to perspiration, saddle sore, Cliff and I sought out a nearby pool that night in which to perform the nocturnal pluvial ablutions, and it was heartily appreciated. Morning, however, brought the disturbing revelation that in the darkness we had transgressed the drinking hole and this brought down vituperous malediction upon our heads from the balance of the party.

The stillness of this and successive rains was at times punctuated by shots from Cliff and others who found the advances of roaming pigs offensive. One shot was good for an hour's peace. The dropping of rain on the face wakened me just before dawn. The first real rain I had felt in two years, it seemed for a moment that I must be home again, but the burying of a herald of the dawn set me to rights. To lie there in the rain was bliss, nothing less. Reaching out to draw the short Lee-Enfield underneath the protecting blanket, it occurred to me that this was November 11th, Armistice Day.

A Game of Patience

The Rinehart family take Snowball under their wing, or rather onto the back seat of their Ford.

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Squaring any indication of jubilation until dawn, the news put the entire camp in high spirits. It was made the occasion for a magnificent fête. Decorations of the camp and preparation of food occupied the day. Cliff came in shortly after lunch with a nice done; one with a very desirable hide. The evening banquet did credit to the cooks from the opening cocktail through soup, roasted venison, creamed potatoes, corn, fruit salad and coffee, to the "lemonade" which marked the close of the repast. A brisk game of bridge filled in the evening and the Armistice party was voted a success by the celebrations. The majority retired beneath the fulness of a tropical moon.

Indispositions and unexpected casualties caused the camp to stir shortly after five the following morning, and among those present were one or two gentlemen with faces fit for the funerals. Cliff, Bob and Alex had planned a hunt this day, but in the course of erecting a swing for the children, Cliffs acrobatic propensities were reproved when he attempted to hang by his toes from a limb of the tree and fell immediately connected with terra firma somewhere between head and shoulders, and was obliged by that rash act to resort to法sh and from the medical solicitoses of the nurse.

The day before this was also a special one, the other two set off and by the time they returned in late afternoon with two bags (not intended for slang) and a disjointed story, left chasing another half way into Ecuador. Bill Rinehart, the ladies and self had not only contrived to make a few desirable additions to the camp, but had caught a small pig. The chase for that pig provided a good day's entertainment. A "man, woman and child" was pressed into the round-up and when at last a rope was tissel, Celtic fashion, around a hind leg, the animal was hauled into camp where the task of wringing its neck or whatever else might be necessary,
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Helen Proser wasn't finding much time for fun but the camp was in fine spirits and Tommy was still bowing out his nightly hymn. They had evidently done a whole of a lot while we were away and their combined efforts had brought seven more deer to the camp's credit.

The hunt was as diligently pursued in the subsequent three days but the run of buck seemed over for all and by the fifteenth day only two more deer, one a dandy five-point buck brought down by Bob, had ended the party's total. Bob's prize was secured only at great personal discomfort, for following his shot he stepped backward and tripped, sat into an unsatisfactory cactus plant. This painful experience made it necessary to stand in his stirrups all the way back to camp, where Bill took him aside and extracted about twenty thorns with a pair of pincers.

Laden with booty, it was deemed an auspicious time to return for Negritos. For the first time the men shaved and by noon we were on our way. Compejo's was reached at sundown, for the horses and mules knew they were homeward bound and set a fast clip. We stopped overnight and after transfer of baggage to the Povis and affecting the morning wash in a tablespoon of water, we were off by 8:30. In the morning and greetings shouted back and forth, we raced into Negritos sharp at one and was directly for the Rinehart stronghold at Lagunitos where a long-forecast lunch was had that lasted the rest of the afternoon. Here I discovered that two choice lots of my own killing had jugged from the ear and by now were likely alive with ants somewhere back on the desert. It was a hard blow to survive.

The holiday was over. So the moment of writing is my three-year contract in Peru, my three-month vacation up home in Toronto, and my days of bachelordom. Two new contracts have come into effect, and my wife and I are now established in a ducky little bungalow, all set for another three-year sojourn in the Peruvian oil town of Negritos.

The versatile Scot

If ever before, the hardy Scot earned his reputation for "achievement no matter what the odds" when a handful of loyal sons from the land of haggis and oatmeal faithfully observed St. Andrew’s Day at Talara, Nov. 29th.

Dressed in the drab, as the lack of baggage, kilts and sporrans, or the misgoverning influence of a guest list which included Scott, English, Irish, Canadian, American, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Peruvian representatives, the banquet of fricasseed to Scotch and patron saint was executed with a true Scotch smack to every detail.

Under the direction of Mawes and Wilson, almost everything of Scotch extract was served including "haggis," and the only criticism that might be offered by an orthodox body would be the inexpressible omission of pepper and salt.

Toasts to the King, to the President of Peru to the pious memory of St. Andrew and others were interspersed with musical numbers, including a substitute imitation of bagpipes on the violin and drum.

Looking over the menu which is Hibiscus from the opening appetizer to "God Save the King," ye ed. is frequently assailed with such pungent comments as this, which appears directly under the course of "Stovies and Haggis."

"Mon, but fash mack’s me dry! Pou the cork!"

O mon, but it must have been a grand affair.
The Changeless Coast of Talara

With graphic pen an oil man writes the verbal photograph of an intriguing land

By L. M. STONE

NORTH of Talara a headland juts into the Pacific Ocean, and out of the yielding rock the beating waves of centuries have hollowed a lofty caven. When the tide is low one may enter an arched antechamber with a sandy, shell strewn floor, whence runs a dark and narrow passage inhabited by scores of small bats, which flutter eerily about the intruder. Between the Caves and Malacas Bay low sandy dunes mark the coast, but from the latter point—a sheltered cove where one may enjoy a refreshing swim that is interrupted by surf or currents—hills skirt the eastern side of Talara Bay and encircle the small plain upon which the town is built, meeting the sea once more in a steep and thinly cliff south of Talara, known as Punta de Arena.

Although no vegetation clothes these hills, their walls are ornamented, at least in spring and summer, with the deep blue skies, undimmed by cloud or mist. Toward evening the level rays of the setting sun throw into bold relief the innumerable projections and wrinkles into which the steep sides are worn, and this alternation of light and shadow viewed from afar through the remarkably clear atmosphere presents an indescribably fascinating picture. Intersecting the hills in all directions are deep, winding ravines or "quebradas," formed through countless centuries by flood water rushing to the sea in time of heavy rain. Rain falls so very rarely here that at first this may seem incredible, but considering the soft nature of the rock and the tropical intensity of the downpours when they do occur, the origin of these gullies may be better understood.

The geological and biological history of these lands is of deep interest. About the hills are scattered many varieties of perfectly fossilized shells, often at altitudes two or three hundred feet above the present sea level, and portions of petrified trees of unbelievable antiquity. From these the geologist results that once in ages long past these coastal hills formed part of the sea bed, since when a gradual elevation of the land has taken place. Who shall say how many thousands years have passed since the waves rolled over lands where now have arisen the thriving towns of Talara and Negritos; who can tell of the strange beasts and perhaps men who roamed the world in those days before any civilization of which we have even remotest record.

From the things of the dead past let us turn to the present; to observe the living creatures populating these shores.

Bird life is abundant but limited to a few species. Most conspicuous in size and numbers is the pelican. This wonderful bird, whose beak is reputed to have greater capacity than his organ of digestion, is a fish-eater, and his long bill is ideally adapted for sucking prey from the water. Long lines of pelicans in single file skim the crests of the breakers, narrowly avoiding contact with the surf, progressing with slow flaps of their heavy wings, alternated by periods of gliding. Perhaps they seek the luckless fish which may have been caught in the combers and swept shoreward. Another characteristic of the pelican is diving for his meal. On mornings when fish are scarce, flocks of these birds circle high and wheel above the sea, now and again to plunge like a stone into the depths and emerge a moment later in the act of swallowing an unfortunate fish which may have ventured too close to their path. Their sudden descent on the unsuspecting schools and sandbanks, and have even been seen to drop from the low branches of algaroba bushes upon the approach of human footsteps.

Mushrooms could be written of the sea lion colony which has established its home on a small rocky islet south of Negritos, where the sleek animals slumber peacefully upon their surf-bound caities, lifting their heads to roar ferociously when disturbed and sometimes diving with great splashes into the waves.

But to conclude, it is fitting to point to the all pervading influence of the Pacific Ocean itself, the greatest expanse of water on the surface of the globe. This mightiest of all oceans fully justifies its name in the region of Talara where its waters are ever restless and unyielding, and unrelieved by current or tempest. In the foreground long surf breakers slowly roll up from the west to thunderously upon the beach, but when the distance away from shore, the sea remains calm and untroubled.

The ocean is the determining factor in climatic conditions. A cold current named after Humboldt, the famous German scientist, who first described them, flows along the western coast of South America and along the western coast of the Far East. It is this current that gives to the western coast of South America its unusually mild climate, and to the contrary cold climate of the eastern coast. The Humboldt Current has a profound influence upon the life of the oceans. On the Pacific coast of South America, where the Humboldt Current flows, the sea is cold and the marine life is abundant. On the eastern coast of South America, where the current flows away from the shore, the sea is warm and the marine life is scarce.

Fishing is one of the chief occupations of the people in this region. The pelican is one of the most important birds in the fishery, and is often seen diving for fish. The guano is another important resource of the region. The guano is the bird droppings that accumulate on the cliffs of the Pacific coast. The guano is rich in nitrogen and is used as a fertilizer.

The region is also rich in minerals, especially silver and gold. The silver mines are located in the Andes Mountains, and the gold mines are located in the coastal areas. The mining industry is important to the economy of the region.

The region is also important for agriculture. The coastal areas are fertile and support a variety of crops, including bananas, coffee, and sugar cane. The Andes Mountains also support a variety of crops, including potatoes and quinoa.

The region is also important for tourism. The coastal areas are beautiful and support a variety of activities, including surfing, diving, and whale watching. The Andes Mountains also support a variety of activities, including hiking and treking.

The region is also important for research. The region is home to a variety of plant and animal species, many of which are found nowhere else in the world. The research in the region is important for understanding the biodiversity of the region and the world.

The region is also important for education. The region is home to a variety of schools and universities, which support a variety of educational programs, including programs in science, engineering, and medicine.

The region is also important for trade. The region is located at the crossroads of the world, and is home to a variety of trade routes, including the Panama Canal and the Strait of Magellan. The trade in the region is important for the economy of the region and the world.

The region is also important for transportation. The region is home to a variety of transportation routes, including roads, railroads, and airports. The transportation in the region is important for the movement of people and goods in the region and the world.

The region is also important for energy. The region is home to a variety of energy sources, including wind, solar, and geothermal energy. The energy in the region is important for the energy needs of the region and the world.

The region is also important for water resources. The region is home to a variety of water resources, including rivers, lakes, and oceans. The water resources in the region are important for the water needs of the region and the world.

The region is also important for climate. The region is home to a variety of climates, including tropical, subtropical, and temperate climates. The climate in the region is important for the weather in the region and the world.
From Inca to Oil

By John Noss

In a study of the ancient civilization of the Incas, archaeologists and historians have found a subject of absorbing interest. Revels of their wonderful cities and achievements, which they brought forth from the soil what must have been a great abundance. Out of a study of these, scholars and historians have recreated the ancient story of this docile but mysterious people who were driven into oblivion before the Spanish conquistadores.

And a strange and fascinating story it all makes.

The starting-off point for this narrative is Tia-Guanaco, a rocky islet in Lake Titicaca, in what is now northern Peru, and the opening chapters tell of the birth of a nation.

The Inca. So readily did the new regime gather the Indians under one common banner that the island of the Inca nation had to be abandoned and a mighty capital was founded at Cuzco.

Rivalling in immensity the works of the ancient Pharaohs, the Inca was the most impressive structure ever to be built by man. The Palace of the Sun, including its battlements, was said to be a square of 200 yards, or 30,000 square feet, in extent, and the buildings were constructed of stone, with mortar of lime and clay, and had a height of 70 feet.

The Temple of Wiracocha, the Palace of Ollanta and Huancaco Viejo and the fortress of Incahuana were striking examples of the architecture of the Incas, which we have spoken of as the most perfect in the world. The Inca was a great art and present many features of construction which confound observers of its ruins.

The Incas were the pioneers of the "good roads" movement and its roads in Peru, the child begotten by the Sun, and adored as Supreme King and Lord of the Nation. The roads were maintained and kept under constant supervision by a corps of roadsmen, who were commanded by the cronipatera who exacts their efforts in this province.

Among the most memorable things, and those which at once struck the imagination of man, are two roads which cross the interior of Peru, and are at certain distances the relics of their grandeur. One is near the coast upon the plains; the other passes the region of the interior, or sierra. These were laid out by the work of the Inca, and with a precision which may be traced for miles, and will be the subject of a future chapter.

The Incas were also the first nation to adopt a system of weights and measures, and the Inca used a system of weights and measures which is still in use today.

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Real Old Timers

Can anyone in Peru beat these two records? Frank Ullmer started at Bayonne Refinery July 6, 1889, serving there continuously until February, 1919, when he transferred to Talara in charge of the Boilershop where he has been since. Fernando Acero, second in charge of the Boilershop at Talara, has had continuous service since June 1889, so that there are now over 35 years to his credit. The laurels seem to belong to Talara Boilershop.

He Got the Raise

My vote is unanimous.
Fernande.

Surely not.

Mr. Gwee: You are a very young man and may not have enough money to buy a suit of clothes, but I think you should have one.

Mr. Acero: I think we should give him a raise.

Mr. Ullmer: I agree.

Mr. Acero: Let us give him a raise of 10 percent.

Mr. Ullmer: I think that is fair.

Mr. Gwee: I agree.

A serious attempt at development being thus inaugurated, the infant industry progressed by leaps and bounds until, in 1929, Peru produced 5,500,000 barrels of crude petroleum, about 85% of which was contributed by the International Petroleum Company.
El Peral

*  
A un Peral una piedra
Tiró un muchacho,
Y una pera exquisita
Soltóle el árbol.
Las almas nobles
Por el mal que les hacen,
Vuelven favores.