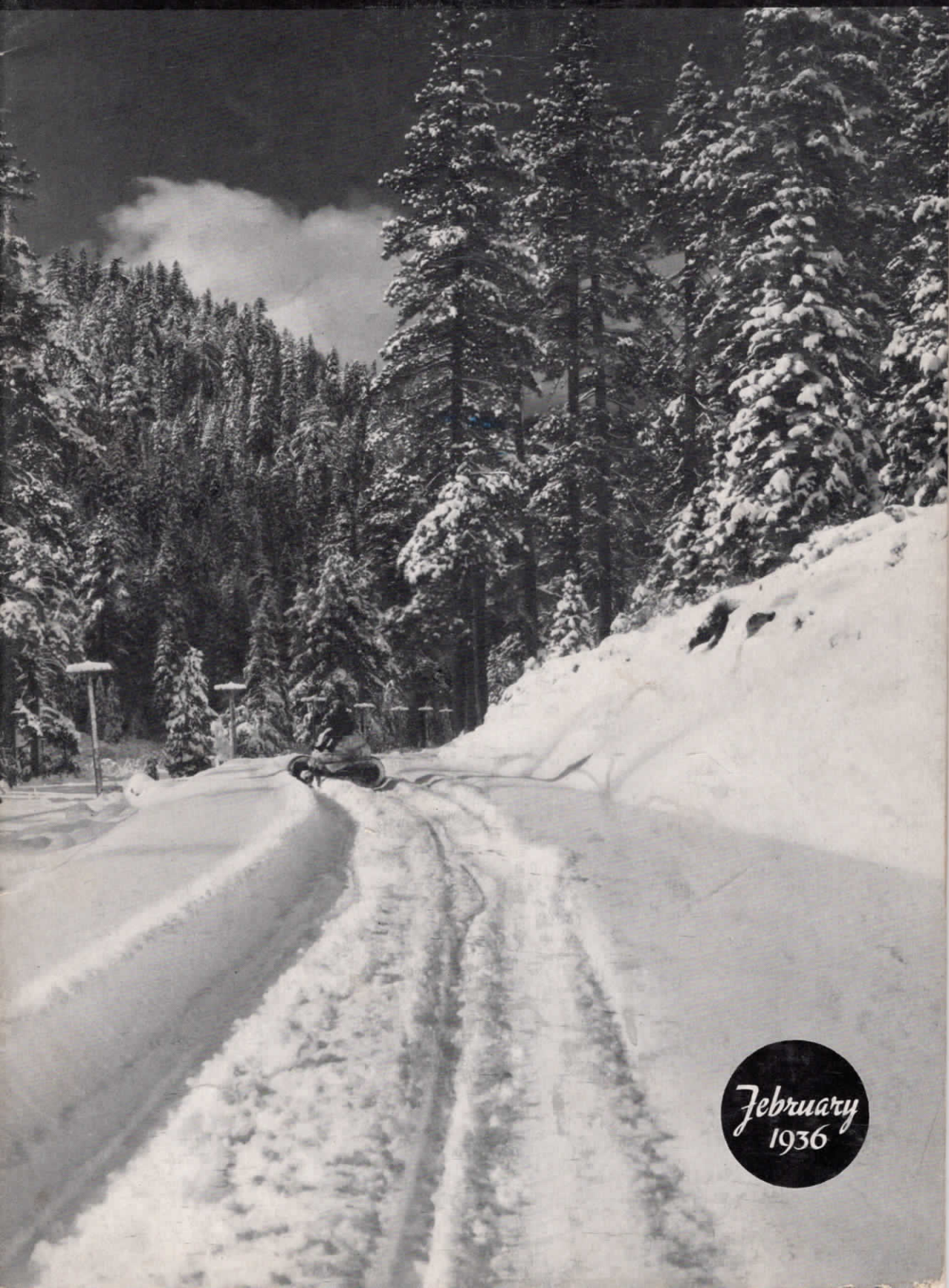


★ UNION OIL BULLETIN ★



February
1936



UNION OIL BULLETIN



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VOLUME XVII

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

BULLETIN No. 1

Technical Violators and Traffic Accidents

DESPITE ever-increasing legislation to regulate the operation of motor vehicles, and discipline careless drivers, traffic casualties have continued to increase, until at the moment the toll is simply staggering. Day after day countless numbers of traffic law violators appear before our courts, and are fined or sentenced for their various misdemeanors, but still the death roll mounts.

It would seem then that this species of control has no abating effect. Perhaps it is simply inadequate, and again perhaps we have pursued the punitive course so assiduously that we have neglected more important factors. It is true that when punishment becomes the ruling motive behind any effort, the effort fails. Law is designed to guide, not to punish, and if there is one thing more than another that tends to retard the traffic safety program it is the officer who, instead

of openly stopping law infraction makes a business of lurking behind trees or around corners in order to trap passing motorists who commit technical infractions.

The improved condition of our highways is due to the collection of the gasoline tax, and to this same source of revenue our governments look for the wherewithal to enforce the traffic laws. Most drivers wish to respect the law, and they hold no brief for the man who thinks it is smart to commit an infraction if he can "get by with it." Yet this latter individual stimulates others to emulate his bad habits. Up to a certain point the technical violator can and does "get by with it," but sooner or later he becomes involved in an accident. If he manages to elude the blame for this accident, and escapes punishment, his driving becomes wilder and wilder, until it is climaxed with death for himself,

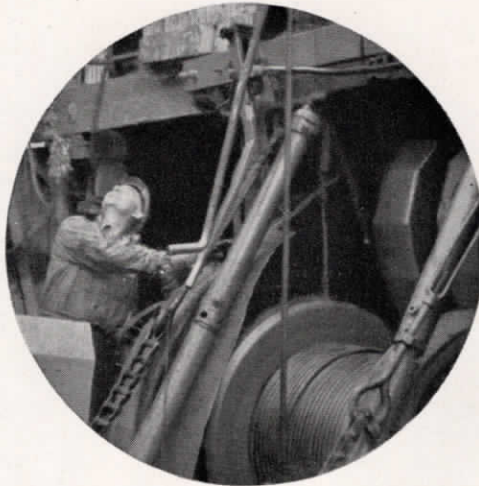
or more likely some innocent victim. Until all drivers realize that responsibility for an accident means, at the very least, loss of the driving privilege, the highways will continue to run red.

The police can never hope to see all technical violations of the rules of the road. They can, however, if they devote their time to it, investigate all highway accidents. From the facts developed it is easily possible to determine who was at fault. Almost invariably, one or both parties to a collision are found to have violated some traffic law. That is where punishment should commence, and if both parties were guilty of infractions, both should suffer.

The driving license is not a birthright. It is a privilege—a privilege which should be denied any person causing or contributing

to an accident. If every motorist knew that when he became involved in an accident, he would be required to prove his innocence of the cause or forfeit his driver's license, two things would happen: (1) He would learn the rules of the road; (2) He would be very careful not to gamble his driving privilege against the saving of a few seconds that he didn't need anyway.

All large employers of drivers who, like the oil companies, have cut their accident frequency to the minimum, use this method of discipline. In some concerns the driver is automatically suspended the moment he becomes involved in an accident, and is not reinstated without penalty, until he can convince his employer that it was impossible for him to avoid the accident. In these troublous times, he fears no hidden motor cop so much as he fears the loss of his job.



Two Miles Into the Earth

EVER SINCE Union Oil Company drillers got down within shooting distance of the bottom originally reached by Ed McAdams in the now famous Lillis-Welsh well at Kettleman Hills, the industry has been waiting impatiently for the final outcome of this deep drilling venture. Situated about two

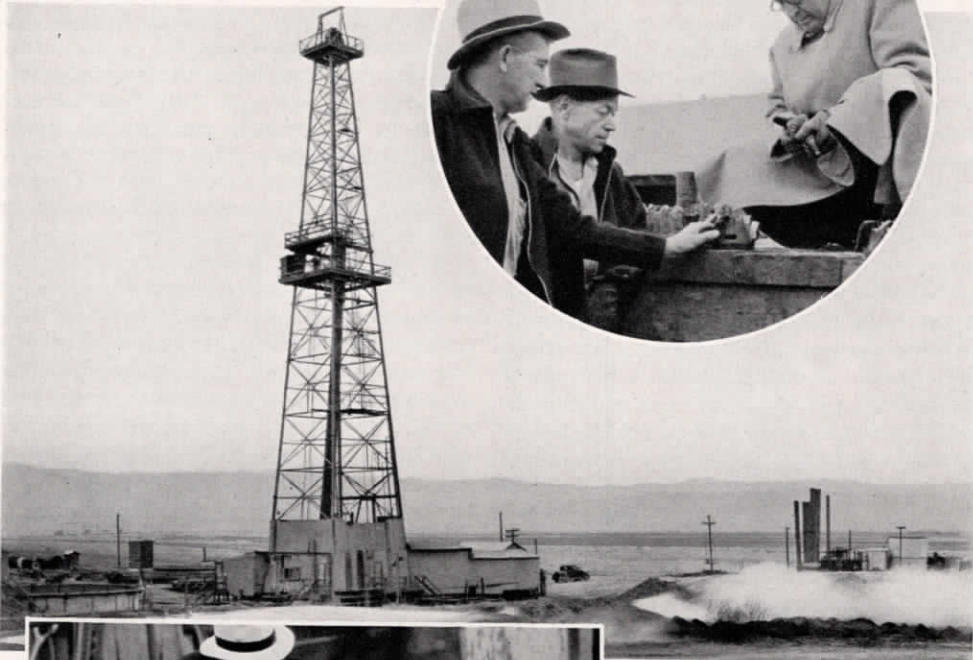
miles northwest of the Huffman Amerada-King area, the well is the outpost project at the north end of the field. It was originally spudded in by Ed McAdam for the North Kettleman Oil and Gas Company on April 12, 1932, and although it was taken over by Union Oil Company two years later and re-



Above: A. F. Maydew, R. E. Orne, and H. C. Cooley pulling drill pipe. Right: F. F. Hill, director of production, and F. Boyd, drilling supt., inspect flow lines.



Circle: Jack Reid, district drilling foreman, Jesse Hughes, tool pusher, and F. F. Hill discuss drilling procedure.



Center: The N. K. O. and G. well.



Above: B. R. Griffiths, district petroleum engineer, tests core for oil.

Right: B. R. Griffiths, Jesse Hughes and Jack Reid, examine core bits.



named NKO&G No. 1, it is still popularly known as the Lillis-Welsh well.

Apart from the possibility of increasing production in the field by opening a new zone to the Kettleman operators, the well has commanded especial interest, because in spite of the fact that it is located in a field where subsurface formations are unusually hard and difficult to penetrate, it is one of the deepest wells in the world at the present time. At the moment of writing, the drill has bored its way to a depth of over two miles, 11,127 feet to be exact, and to give some idea of the difficulty of operating at such a depth, it might be mentioned in passing that it takes the crew almost a full eight hours merely to make a round trip with the drill to the bottom of the hole.

When Ed McAdams first began operation on the well, he carried it down to 10,944 feet without experiencing more than the usual drilling trouble. He had cored between 10,917 and 10,921 feet what was believed to be Avenal Sandstone, and tubing was consequently hung, swabbing was commenced, and a small quantity of 35 to 38 A. P. I. gravity oil was produced. The well was shut in again, however, following this test, and drilled down to 10,944. Then the worry commenced. The three-inch drill pipe stuck in the hole, and in an attempt to loosen it with high explosive, the shot exploded prematurely at about 9,638 feet, perforating the casing and starting an influx of water in this area.

Part of the stuck pipe was recovered, but the remainder proved so bothersome that it finally became necessary to sidetrack. This was done, and after re-drilling down to 9,935, the hole was plugged back with cement for about 460 feet. In the course of cleaning out this plug, a drilling bit and reamer twisted off, and again fishing became the order of the day. The fish weren't biting, however, and with dogged persistence the driller withdrew his lines and once more sent down the bit on a side-tracking expedition, this time to a depth of 9,855 feet. At this point an ingenious device known as a whipstock, merely a pipe with a cone-shaped head, was inserted in the hole, with the top at 9,712 feet. The purpose of the cone was to divert the drill, so that further interference from the "fish" would be avoided. Unfortunately, it didn't quite accomplish its purpose. The material left in the old hole again

began to impede progress, and the well was once more plugged back with cement to 9,648 feet. This happened on February 4, 1934, after practically two years of labor by the McAdams crews, and marked the conclusion of their efforts on the well.

Union Oil Company then took over the project and, under the direction of F. F. Hill, drilling was resumed April 11, 1934.

The history of progress in the succeeding two years for a time very closely paralleled the experience of the McAdams crews. Many disconcerting events transpired that might easily have discouraged less resourceful operators, but each new set-back merely called for the exercise of further ingenuities to defeat the possibility of failure. With Frank Boyd, drilling superintendent, as aide, Mr. Hill planned every step in the long program, and time and time again turned the tide of defeat by his strategic handling of apparently hopeless fishing jobs, and other malign influences that sought to discount the efforts of Jack Reid, Jesse Hughes, and their trusty men.

Taking the well over with a cement plug at 9,648, Union drillers carried it down to 10,246, but the usual luck prevailed and another twist-off occurred, and since the fish defied all efforts at capture, there was nothing to do but by-pass once more and re-drill. Down they went again to a depth of 10,234, but due to the interference of the junk that had collected in the old hole, it was finally decided to plug back and make another start. The bottom of the cement plug was set at 9,671, and the top at 9,588, and the casing was then cut and pulled from 7,955 to the surface. A whipstock was now inserted over the remaining casing with top at 7,824, and a new hole re-drilled to 9,065. While pulling out from this point more ill fortune came to test the mettle of the drilling crews—the drill pipe jammed in the hole, and a shot intended to loosen it exploded too soon, actually at about 7,743 feet. This called for another plug back, and the well was promptly cemented back to 7,695. So it goes, seemingly ad infinitum. It is hardly necessary to detail every move in this prodigious battle with Mother Nature. Suffice it to say that through a series of twist-offs, plug-backs, and re-drills, a 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ " hole was finally drilled down to a depth of 9,085 feet, at which point perhaps the longest string of 8 $\frac{5}{8}$ " casing in the world was set and

cemented. It is at least certain that if the length of the casing does not in itself constitute a world's record, no one will dispute the claim that it was installed in record time. The entire string was picked up, threaded, run, and cemented in sixteen hours.

After allowing the cement the usual four days to set and harden, the plug was drilled out, and in drilling ahead, as might by this time be expected, one more twist-off took place at about 9,147 feet, with bottom at 9,636. Unable to locate the top of the separated drill pipe, the crew was directed to redrill alongside of the fish, which was then cemented firmly in place back to 9,083 feet. From this point to 10,828 all went smoothly, and another probable world's record came into existence when a full string of 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ " casing was picked up, threaded, run and cemented at 10,813 feet in a total elapsed time of 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

From 10,800 to the bottom, at the time of writing, i.e., 11,127 feet, the formation was cored continuously with full core recovery at all times, and the top of the Avenal Sandstone was located at 10,921. This confirmed the findings of the McAdams efforts, and while it does not by any means guarantee the existence of an economically productive horizon, it does definitely establish the presence of other zones below the present productive Kettleman Hills sands.

The whole undertaking had a very definite objective—to determine the northern limit of available production in the Kettleman

Hills field—and in ultimately drilling the well down to the depth originally decided upon, in spite of the tremendous problems encountered, the Field Department has been fully successful, whether the well actually turns out to be a producer or not. Naturally, of course, it would be much nicer to find the area productive, and leave the final definition of the border line to some other operator, but it is only by such exploratory ventures as this that we can hope to extend the productivity of our prevailing fields, and acquire the experience that is essential to future development.

Much credit is due, therefore, to F. F. Hill, director of production; F. Boyd, drilling superintendent; B. R. Griffith, district petroleum engineer; J. E. Reid, district drilling foreman; Jesse Hughes, local drilling foreman; the drilling crews, and the various departments that contributed to the consummation of this, the greatest drilling venture ever undertaken by Union Oil Company. Forcing their way through formations that ground the bits down to the collars, exercising every art known to the drilling fraternity, in their efforts to overcome the greatest obstacles, these men have practically completed the greatest task in drilling history. They are still drilling, as we write, and whether or not their efforts are rewarded with a real producer, they are to be complimented on the application and skill that enabled them to carry this huge project to its present state.



Brett Heads Local A. P. I.

AT A MEETING of the Los Angeles Basin Chapter of the American Petroleum Institute, held at Signal Hill, January 14, H. A. Brett, southern division production superintendent of Union Oil Company, was elected chairman for the ensuing year. Brett is well known in production and petroleum engineering circles, and has been an active and most enthusiastic member of the local

chapter of the A. P. I. ever since its inception.

This organization in the two years of its existence has been successful in promoting a fine spirit of harmony and cooperation among the oil companies, and oil men of the district, and has also proved an excellent medium for the dissemination of technical and other information essential to the satisfactory development of the industry.

Building Salesmanship

THE RATE at which water may be poured from a bottle is restricted by the size of the neck! As a parallel to this statement, you may manufacture the finest selection of petroleum products available, and you may have the finest transportation fleet in existence to move them from one place to another, but if you don't have a sales department that's big enough to dispose of them, the whole system becomes a dismal failure. That, in simple language, is the reason why Union Service Stations department so meticulously selects, and so carefully trains, its employees.

A big sales department is not necessarily great in numbers, any more than a big salesman is large in bulk. "Bigness" in this connection is the capacity to sell—not a million dollars' worth of business in a single deal to one customer, but to sell to all customers one's own sincere desire to help, and one's own profound belief in the quality of the products that one is handling. That's the kind of salesmanship that pays dividends of good-will, vastly more important than temporary financial profit: that's the kind of salesmanship that brings the customer voluntarily back to the station to buy; and back again, until the salesman is elevated from a mere seller of goods to a counselor and friend: that's the kind of salesmanship that builds permanent and desirable business: that's the kind of salesmanship for which Union Service Station employees are selected and trained.

Under the direct supervision of H. I. Holbrook three training schools are now being run by the department, one in Los Angeles, one in San Francisco, and one in Seattle. These schools are all conducted along similar lines, and their beneficial effect is amply illustrated in the copious supply of commendatory letters that find their way into the files of J. H. Dasteel, general manager of the department.

The choice of students is made with the aid of the personnel department on the basis

of certain well-defined qualifications. The applicant must be neat in his appearance, of pleasing personality, intelligent, sincere and honest, but while he may be accepted on this basis, he is by no means a permanent employee until a satisfactory school record is available, and subsequent periodical progress reports have indicated that he is also dependable, cooperative, mechanically apt, and industrious. A complete account of his service record is kept, and any unusual aptitude is noted, so that should his work indicate a special bent he might be transferred to a position in some other department in which his qualifications may be utilized to greater advantage by the company, and with greater ultimate benefit to himself. Thus, this entire system, of which the training schools are a basic part, is not only designed to fit service station men for their jobs, but serves in addition as an employee analysis, through which men may finally be allocated to their proper places in the general scheme.

To return to the schools, however, it might first be explained that each of the three units forms an integral part of a fully equipped and thoroughly modern service station, so that the students may first be taught in the schoolroom the fundamentals of salesmanship, and may then, under the critical eye of the instructor, put the teaching into actual practice. The preliminary course covers a period of three weeks, during which the neophytes are conducted through sessions dealing with the history of Union Oil Company, departmental functions, methods of manufacture, quality and application of products, and finally service and salesmanship. The material for this series of lectures and demonstrations is contained in a formidable manual, in which is to be found the pith of all Union Oil Company sales experience, and to which is added every latest development in sales technique. The instruction is not all delivered through the lips of the teacher, but involves the use of slide films, talking pictures, and other modern means of

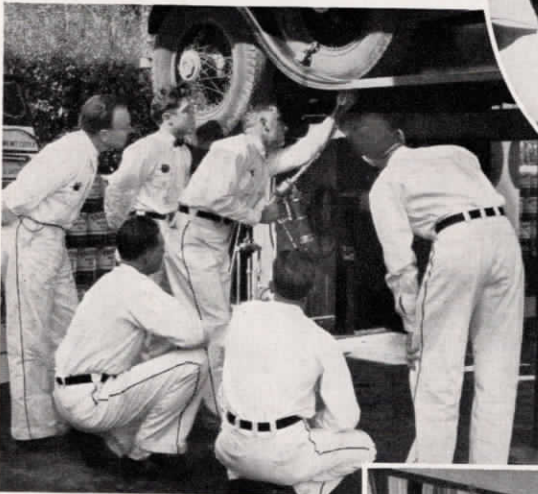


Left: G. V. Colby, Seattle instructor, delivers the morning lecture to an interested group of students.

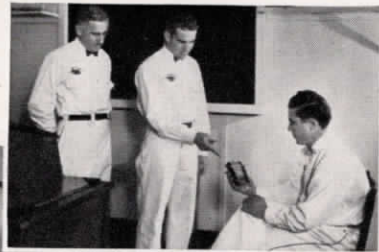
Below: While Personnel Supervisor H. I. Holbrook looks on, R. S. Bowers, Los Angeles instructor, conducts his class.



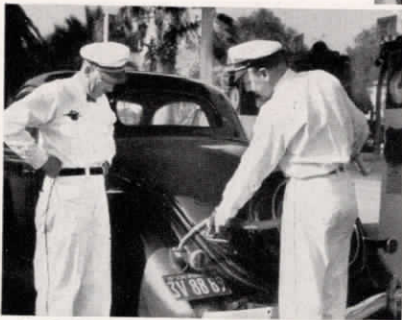
Below: R. S. Bowers initiates his boys into the mechanics of stop wear lubrication.



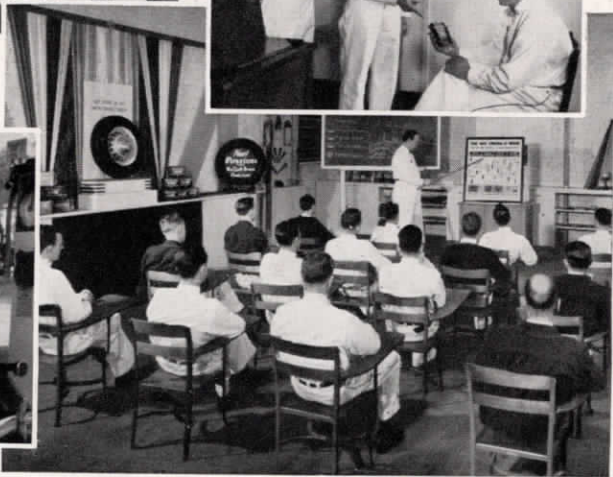
Below: A sales demonstration under the watchful eye of R. S. Bowers.



Right: R. E. Okerstrom, instructor at San Francisco, explains the refining of Triton.



R. S. Bowers checks up on filling technique.



impressing processes and practices in the minds of an audience. An important feature, sometimes rather amusing but always decidedly instructive, is the staging of actual sales demonstrations, in which one student endeavors to sell some product to another, exercising in the effort all the persuasive art of which he is capable, while his victim in turn summons as much sales resistance as he can muster. The methods of the pseudo-salesman are then criticised constructively by the class, and in these discussions much helpful information is developed, and already established principles are further impressed. As already intimated the schoolroom course is supplemented with actual experience in the adjoining station, or in other stations, so that by the time the entire study is completed the student is well qualified to start in as a service station salesman.

Since this tuition program was started two years ago all established service station operators, and hundreds of new ones, have completed the course. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of the students, and the impressions they develop from their experiences. One of the boys at the Los Angeles school

turned in to Instructor R. Bowers an unusual and very ingenious treatment of the Triton story. It might be termed "The Autobiography of a Parathene," and details the meanderings of a parathene who lost all his associates, the asphaltenes, the paraffin waxes, and the carbogens, in the various units of a propane-solvent refining plant, and finally found himself alone in the crankcase of a motor, where, he concluded, "I have been battered around for 2,000 miles, and I'm still feeling swell." All of which shows that the student had at least become conversant with one of the important fundamentals of crankcase lubrication.

There is no question whatever that this type of training is materially helping to develop a service station personnel which completely conforms to the modern standard of salesmanship. Someone has aptly stated that "salesmanship is service," and in the Union Oil Company schools the terms are certainly synonymous. In these competitive days it is imperative that no means of improving our sales technique be overlooked, and the training schools are taking care of the situation adequately.

Sales Organization

THE FOLLOWING changes in the Central Division sales organization became effective December 15, 1935, in accordance with a bulletin issued by V. H. Kelly, director of sales: P. C. Weston, formerly district sales manager at Bakersfield, was transferred to Oakland, and is now district sales manager

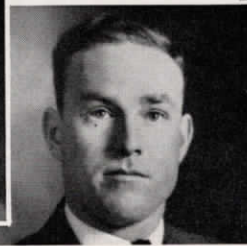
at that point. E. G. Coopman moved from Woodland to assume the post vacated by Weston; E. E. Teaderman, formerly district sales manager at Eureka, took over the Woodland assignment left by Coopman, and F. Heuschkel, agent at Bakersfield, was appointed district sales manager at Eureka.

P. C. Weston



E. G. Coopman

E. E. Teaderman



F. Heuschkel



In the above illustrations are H. A. Hickey, New Mexico Triton distributor, and a few of his recently-acquired accounts.

Triton in New Mexico

NEW MEXICO, a state in which a very short time ago even the word Triton was only vaguely known, has now adopted the propane-solvent refined product in a manner that is, to say the least, highly satisfactory. It is just a few months since E. W. Hutton, as a first step in a territorial expansion program, awarded the state agency for the sale

of Triton to H. A. Hickey, of Albuquerque. It was felt at the time that his sales would be considerably augmented by the servicing of the many confirmed Triton users who journey to New Mexico, or pass through the state to eastern parts of the country, and the results of the first few months' operation would indicate that such a belief was well founded.

Since its institution, the Albuquerque agency has been making fine progress. Fifty-two dealer accounts have been opened over a wide area, and many large state industrial concerns have joined the ever-lengthening list of satisfied Triton users.

The story of how H. A. Hickey first became interested in Triton shows that the propane-solvent oil wasn't altogether unknown to New Mexico even prior to the institution of the agency. Having had some experience in oils, and lubrication engineering, he decided in 1935 to get into the selling end of the business, and in order that he might make no mistake, visited the Dean of Chemistry at his alma mater, New Mexico University, to get some advice on the matter. He told the Dean—Dr. John D. Clark—that he wanted him to select an oil which would sell in New Mexico. "Well, Hickey," said the latter, "you'd better look into this new solvent processing before you decide. If half they say about it is true, solvent processing

produces the finest oil on the market." "But where can I get some reliable information on the subject?" Hickey inquired, and Dr. Clark reached into his bookcase and brought forth a copy of Union Oil Company's "Technical Facts About Motor Oils." After reading this through carefully several times Hickey was just as much an enthusiast as the rest of us.

His progress as a Union Oil Company agent cannot be better described than in his own words: "In selling Triton in a new territory," he says, "I anticipated a great deal more resistance than I actually experienced. To get the first big orders required lots of persuasion and enlightenment, but the repeat orders were a cinch. After using Triton for a little while, customers welcomed me with open arms, asked after the health of my wife and family, and then in very positive tones replied to the usual query 'Sure—send me another batch of Triton. It's the best oil I ever used.'" "What," he concludes, "could be sweeter than that?"



Tomorrow's Hawaiian Grid Stars



IF YOU don't think "76" is a popular number with football players in Hilo, just take a look at this. Here is one of the squads in the Barefoot League. This particular team is sponsored by Y. Hata and Company, commission agents for Union Oil Company on the island of Hawaii. Standing in the center of the top row of boys is James Johnston, assistant agent, and at the extreme right of the same row is Clinton Ridgell, inspector of customs at Hilo, and incidentally coach of the team.

Yarns of Yesterday

THE FOLLOWING tale is not altogether complimentary to petroleum geologists as a class, but it must be remembered that the episode recorded here took place at a time when geological science was practically in its infancy, paleontologists had not yet become interested in the oil business, and seismographic surveys were still unknown. Besides these facts it is possible that the story is perhaps after all merely a figment of some powerful imagination. In any case it was actually told by a geologist, and we, therefore, feel quite at liberty to repeat it here.

Many years ago, following careful consideration of all the facts in the case, the geological department recommended a location for a well on the top of a rough, high hill in the Santa Paula district. With great difficulty the first boiler was transported almost to the spot, but just when it looked as if the Herculean effort was to be rewarded, the truck tipped sideways, and down rolled the boiler all the way to the bottom of the hill again. This heart-rending experience so discouraged the construction crew that they decided not to court further disaster by attempting the ascent once more, and it was agreed instead that they should simply set up the boiler where it lay, and choose a new drilling location near-by. This was done, and in a few months, much to the joy of the field department, and the aforesaid construction crew, the well proved to be a real producer.

Meantime the summit of the hill had been made more accessible by the construction of temporary roads, and the original location was chosen for the drilling of a second well. The equipment was hauled this time without mishap, and the well was drilled in due course. Imagine the embarrassment of the geological department. It was a dry hole!

In the Orcutt district, there are several employees who were identified with the real early operations of Union Oil Company, and

can still recall vividly interesting and amusing episodes of the old days. One of these is Joe Thompson, engineer at Orcutt pump station, whose service record with the company is now approaching the thirty-five-year mark. Joe has an inexhaustible fund of yarns, and given an opportunity and an audience, can go on and on indefinitely recounting a never-ending series of episodes that add much to the lore of the oil fields. One of his standard ballads concerns a not too bright Irishman who, many moons ago, was assigned to Orcutt station as a helper. This fellow for some unaccountable reason could never quite remember in which direction to turn the gate in order to close a valve, or open it. After a long, earnest endeavor on the part of his mentor to familiarize him with the technique of this difficult operation, there was still no sign of absorption, but Joe finally had a brain storm. Taking out his watch, he said to the new man, "Look at the second hand on this watch. You see the way it goes? That's how the gate must be turned to close the valve."

That appeared to have done the trick. No further instruction was requested, and Joe was feeling quite elated over the success of his novel method of tuition. Alas for his conceit, however; some time later the man was sent up the line to close off valve so-and-so at Summit station. Returning about two hours later, he dashed into the boiler house, ransacked the pockets of a vest that was hanging on the wall, and was hurrying out again when Joe spotted him. "Hey," he yelled, "did you execute that order?" Came the reply from the disconsolate Irishman, "Shucks, no, I forgot my watch."

Another of Joe's yarns reveals the astounding fact that an antipathy to work is no new thing. It was also in the dim days of the past that a bright young lad was sent to Orcutt station to assume the duties of station gauger. In the usual manner he was

instructed in the details of his latest calling, and after being thoroughly grounded in the performance of the few laboratory tests that were to be part of his daily routine, was taken out in the yard and initiated into the mysteries of sampling. Being thus fully equipped for the task that lay before him, he was finally given the "low down" on the prevailing operations. The station was then segregating a certain quality crude oil for a particular use, and was receiving the production of selected wells into a separate container for this purpose. The new gauger was informed that it was his duty to take a quart sample of this incoming stream every hour, and test it to make sure that no unusual deviation in quality might take place. This he did faithfully for several days, but,

as is usually the case, the oftener he climbed that ladder up the side of the 55,000 barrel tank the longer it grew, and the heavier became the load that he was obliged to carry on his hourly trip. He then began to cast about for a means of ameliorating the pain of this monotonous operation, and with the weird inventiveness of youth he found it. There are four quarts in a gallon, he calculated, and that means twenty quarts in five gallons. One five-gallon sample would save nineteen trips up the ladder. No sooner realized than done, and for the next nineteen hours this young Edison religiously dipped a quart of oil from a five-gallon can on the laboratory bench, and tested the quality of the incoming stream.



Close Contest in Bowling League

IN THE Union Oil Company Los Angeles Bowling League, there are twelve teams competing this year, and with the season more than half gone Fuel Oil Exports are leading by the narrow margin of two games over the Manufacturing Department. The Fuel Oil team has introduced a real big-time bowler this year in the person of E. Mondon, whose average for forty-two games at the end of January was 184 pins. The players are all

up to top form now, as might be gathered from the following record of individual games: H. M. Gosforth, 247; Chet Wind, 247; D. L. Guy, 244; Percy Bowen, 236; and R. R. Fenton, 236. Word has been received that the Santa Fe Springs and Refinery Leagues likewise have uncovered some real talent, and are openly threatening to bring the Burnham trophy back from the North this year.

Cover Design

REALIZING that the large majority of Bulletin readers continue to enjoy the old-fashioned snowy winters, and despite the fact that Southern California is still bathed in sunshine, the cover design for this issue of the Bulletin was chosen to depict the winter season as it is more familiarly known. The scenes are typically Western, and the photographer has fully succeeded in suggesting a seasonal atmosphere that provides a fitting cover for this winter number.

Eureka Station Modernized

EXTENSIVE alterations are now under way at Union Oil Company's marine station in Eureka, California. Three new tanks have been erected for the storage of "76", White Magic, and Diesol, and a four-inch line has been laid from the tanks to the dock. In addition to these changes, repairs are being made to the yard, to the dock itself, and six 20,000 gallon containers. The reconstruction and modernization program is expected to be completed in the near future.

Federal Credit Unions

IN THE latter part of August, 1935, employees of Union Oil Company at Dominguez applied for a Federal Credit Union charter, and thus started a movement that has grown until now eleven such Unions are operated by employees of the company. No progress report so far is available from any of these groups, excepting the particular unit confined to Union Oil Building, from which, however, some highly interesting statistics have been received. This organization, although not quite three months old, now boasts 361 members, has disbursed in loans over \$3,000, and, according to its directors, gives every promise of being able to pay the maximum 6% dividend to its shareholders in the year 1936.

Loans, at the moment of writing, total 63, averaging in amount very close to \$50. These are being repaid in increments ranging from \$2 to \$15 per month, depending on the size of the loan, and the circumstances of the borrower, but in most cases repayment is extended over a period of about ten months.

It is extremely gratifying to the officers and members to note that the greatest number of loan requests (25.7% of the total) have been made to pay off indebtedness to loan companies, which form of relief was one of the primary purposes of instituting the Credit Union. As might be expected, another type of obligation which a large proportion of the loans (18.5%) is being used to discharge, is medical and hospital expense incurred by members and their families. The third largest application (16.1%) is that of cleaning up accumulations of small bills. In varying proportions the balance of the loans have been requested for such purposes as the purchase of clothing, dental work, furniture, musical instruments,

real estate, refrigerators, stoves, etc., and to meet the expenses of automobile repairs, taxes, funerals, and other such contingencies.

There is no question in the minds of the officers of the organization that the function of this Credit Union is being adequately fulfilled, and that genuine relief has already been afforded to many of its members.

On January 24, the first annual meeting of the Union was held, at which time the following officers were elected for the year 1936:

Directors (two-year term): J. A. Hallinen, T. F. Harms, Miss Hazel Herbert, J. Y. Quayle, R. A. Tatum. Directors (one-year term): R. B. Atherton, C. I. Brainerd, Miss Adeline Faucett, J. J. Gordon, W. F. McPherson, R. W. Newell. Credit Committee (two-year term): Mrs. E. Kleaver, C. F. Pedrotta. Credit Committee (one-year term): L. T. Babcock, E. L. Bryant, C. E. Rathbone. Supervisory Committee: P. Barrett, G. R. Case, J. L. Nicely.

Since writing the above, a report has arrived from J. L. Fielding, of Orcutt Employees Union, which indicates that this unit is also making very satisfactory progress. The group was organized on October 30, 1935, with temporary officers as follows: A. S. Luttrell, president; H. Billington, vice-president; and J. L. Fielding, treasurer and clerk. Up to date 122 shareholders have been enrolled out of a possible 150, and contributions at the time of writing amounted to \$700, of which \$400 had been distributed in small loans. The officers are decidedly optimistic over the outlook, and feel that the efforts of the organization have already accomplished much good. The first annual meeting was held January 23, 1936, and the list of officers elected at that time will be published later.



Group of Producers' Pipe Line employees gathered at McKittrick to honor long service members. Left: L. Todd, M. Avila, W. Groundwater, Mrs. F. Werling, and F. Werling.

Long Service Men Fêted

TWENTY-EIGHT employees, whose combined service records with Union Oil Company totalled 469 years, were invited to a gathering at McKittrick boarding house on the Producers' Pipe Line, Saturday evening, January 11, for the purpose of doing honor to three of their number who had just acquired their twenty-five-year service emblems. The three men were Wm. Groundwater, director of transportation, Fred Werling, senior engineer at McKittrick, and Mike Avila, fireman at Coalinga.

A fine turkey dinner was first served by Mrs. Werling, and having duly dealt with this, the guests took a few minutes out to present the estimable lady with an electric clock in appreciation of her excellence in the culinary art. The party then devolved into a reminiscing contest, during which a host of interesting and amusing incidents of

early days on the Producers' Pipe Line were recalled. The victims of many embarrassing situations of olden times were revealed, and when they happened to be among those present, the accusations simply led to still more disclosures, until eventually enough material had been released to fill a whole book of pipe line memoirs, and certainly enough to provide ample entertainment for the gathering.

A note of sadness, however, was interjected into the gathering by the absence of Dave Ross, senior engineer at Kern station, who passed away suddenly on December 26, just before he had completed twenty-five years of service, and who otherwise would have been present as one of the honor guests. Many tributes to Dave's fine character were voiced during the evening, and the sorrow of his passing was the subject of a joint record by the meeting.

The Tournament of Roses

IN A TYPICAL sunny California atmosphere, and in a setting ideally adapted for such an event, a million and a half people lined the sidewalks of Pasadena's main thoroughfares on New Year's morning, and were held enthralled for two hours as the most beautiful and spectacular floral parade in the history of the Tournament of Roses unfolded its glittering tapestry yard by yard. Every float in the gorgeous procession was a triumph of artistry, and the variety and ingenuity of subjects showed distinctly that the general theme of the tournament—history—was a happy choice.

It is too late to attempt a description of the individual units that comprised this entrancing display. They have been shown on almost every movie screen in the world by this time, and the story of the occasion has been broadcast in every direction. We feel, however, that it might be of interest to readers of the Bulletin to learn something of Union Oil Company's particular contribution, the reasons for the selection of subject, the method of construction, and the reception that was accorded the finished creation.

It seems idle to attempt an explanation of the motive. America—the world, in fact, was still grieving over the loss of its most beloved character, Will Rogers, when the theme of the Tournament was announced. What a golden opportunity to voice the tribute that we had all been so impotent to express. Here was a chance to say in flowers—God's words—the things we had so deeply felt, the thoughts we had found so difficult to utter.

Having decided the subject, the design quickly followed: The main feature—a riderless charger—what could be more appropriate to indicate the lover of horses, the hero who rode down cant and hypocrisy, and captured universal love? Next the huge star in the background—for this luminary of motion pictures whose happiness and sincerity radiated out to the remotest corner of

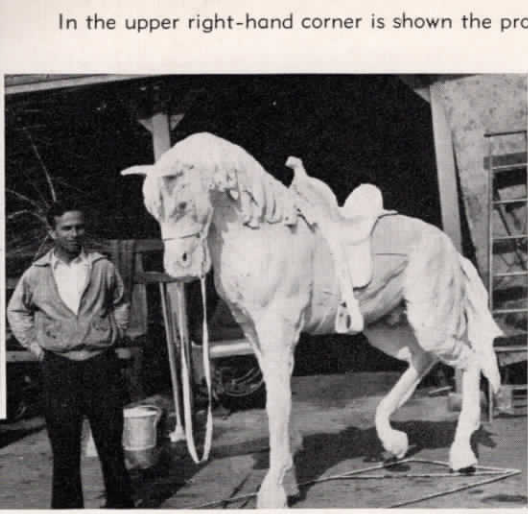


the earth; and last, but not least, Old Glory, the symbol of true Americanism.

The framework was built, and the skeleton was completed; but three hundred thousand fresh blossoms were yet to be applied to mold an idea into a beautiful reality. The horse, built of plaster of Paris, was entirely covered with white narcissus, only the blossoms being used. The bridle was made up of dark blue delphinium. The saddle was a blaze of vari-colored pansies, and the saddle blanket was contrived from lavender-colored orchids. The front of the giant third-dimensional star was made up of yellow and Talisman roses, alternated on each separate panel, thus giving the shaded effect that may be noted in the illustration. The star rays were comprised of light blue delphinium. The flag was composed of red roses and blue cornflowers, with lilies of the valley being used for the white stripes and stars. White pompons were glued on the upright surfaces of the base, and white stocks inserted in moss on the flat areas. Gladiolus, Talisman roses, and pussywillow were interwoven with delphinium and heather in a mat that draped the space from the floor of the float to the pavement.

Through the long watches of the night preceding the parade, and into the morning hours, the workmen labored with their hands and with their hearts, patting the model tenderly into shape, pasting a flower here and a flower there, until like true artists they had completed a picture—a living picture—breathing the sentiment with which they themselves were overwhelmed.

The reception accorded the float by the multitudes who witnessed the parade was not the tumultuous acclaim that normally greets a striking spectacle or a great achievement. It was met on every hand with the sudden hush that told far more vividly than words can convey, the reverence in which this great man was held.

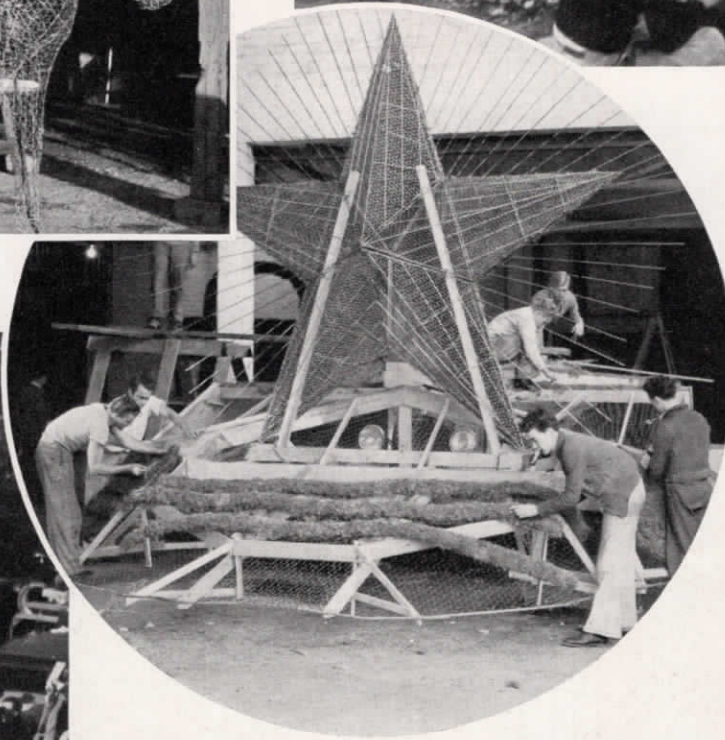
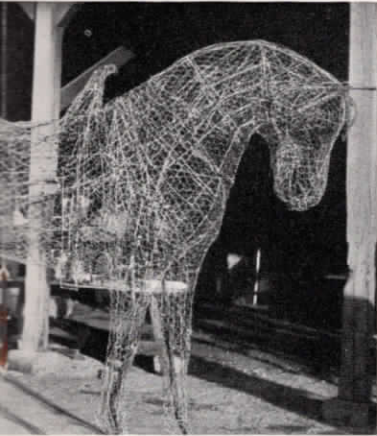


In the upper right-hand corner is shown the process of construction
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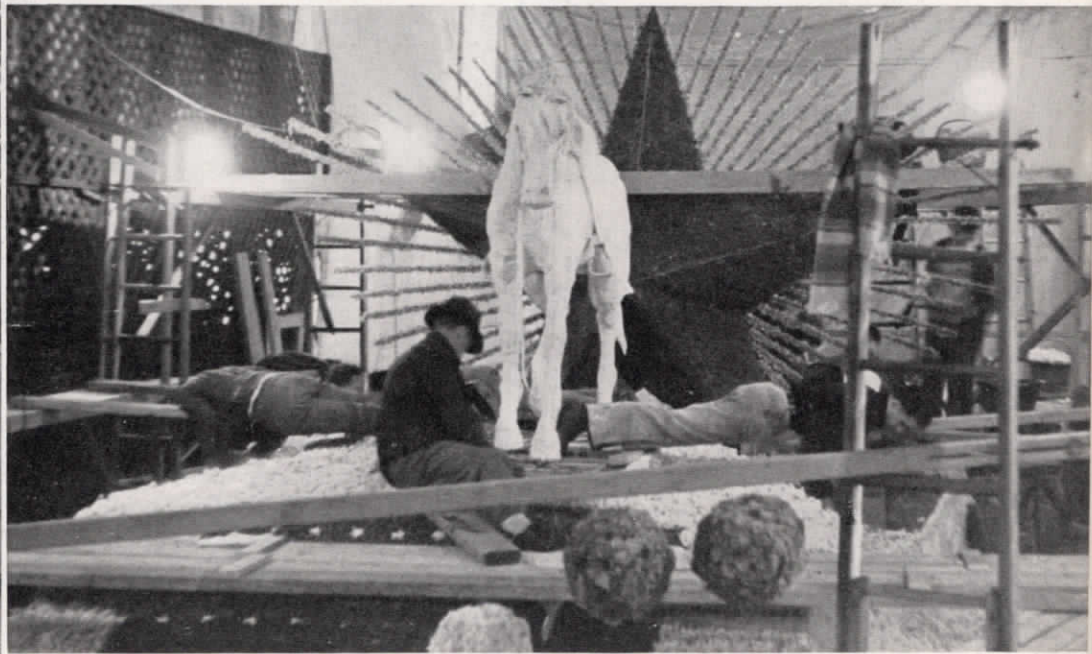
The above pictures show three construction stages in the modelling of the beautiful white charger. 1. Complete skeleton framework in wicker. 2. Framework modelled into shape with plaster of Paris. 3. Final touches—application of white narcissus blossoms to the surface. Below is shown the completed float appearing in the parade. It was forty feet long, carried over 300,000 blossoms, of which more than 10,000 were roses.



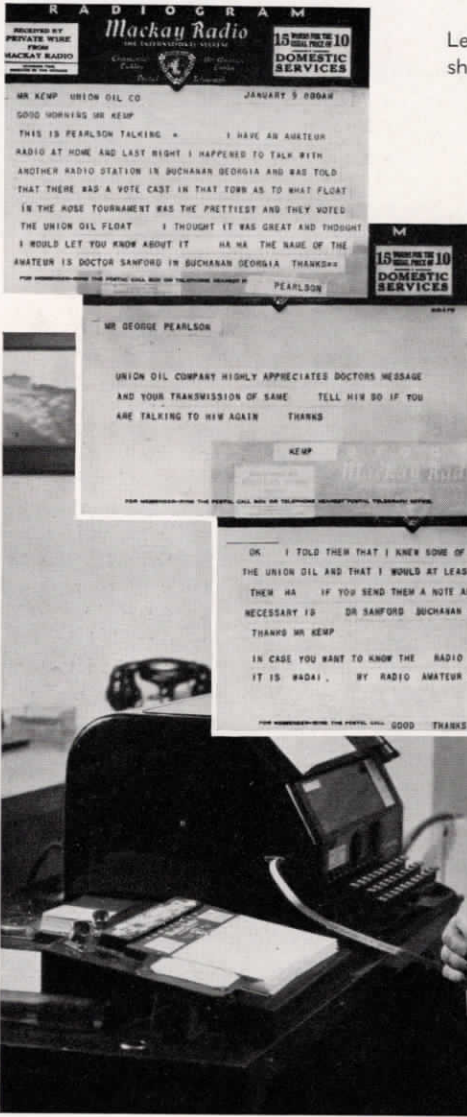
...cting the front panel, which bore
...inscription "Will Rogers," and
...his birth and death. This piece
...in blue cornflowers and white
...and yellow pompons.



On the left, workmen are shown busily engaged on the construction of the base. The framework for the star has been completed. Note that at this stage the automobile is still visible. It is an interesting fact that when the float was finished the car was so completely covered in that the driver could not see and was guided by an assistant who himself had to use a periscope to see anything. To add to the difficulty, the rear end of the car faced the front of the float, so that it had to be driven in reverse.



During construction of these delicate affairs the greatest care must be exercised to avoid crushing the flowers. The above photograph demonstrates how the workmen accomplished this. The float was constructed by Earl W. and Lewis Stanley, 338 Green St., Pasadena.



Left: Messages re Pasadena float, exchanged by two short-wave enthusiasts, and finally transmitted to Union Oil Company over the teletype machine.

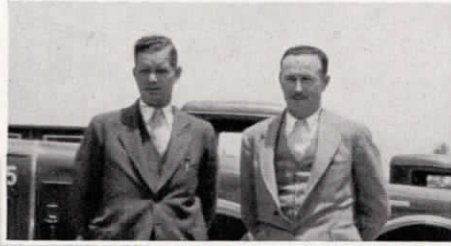
Below: H. E. Kemp, supervisor of marine operations, reads the teletype ribbon.

Congratulations Via Short Wave

AN INTERESTING exchange of messages between two amateur radio enthusiasts is disclosed in the telegrams appearing on this page. These latter were relayed to H. E. Kemp, supervisor of marine operations, over the teletype system by George Pearlson of the Mackay Radio Company. Mr. Pearlson operates a short wave set, and a few days

after the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, while indulging in his favorite practice of combing the ether, he contacted Dr. Sanford of Buchanan, Georgia, whereupon the discussion indicated in the messages took place. Being constantly in touch with H. E. Kemp through the teletype machine, a highly essential instrument in the conduct of marine affairs, he felt that Union Oil Company would be interested in the story, and kindly relayed it on in the manner illustrated.

Right: H. I. Miller, owner Miller Transportation Co., and Carl Brooks, Union Oil Company salesman, Burbank.



Above: Garage and yard, Miller Transportation Co., showing part of equipment.

Right: Truck 35 takes on a load of "76" at the company's private pump.



Transportation and Triton

THE FINE automotive fleet of the Miller Transportation Company at North Hollywood, consisting of seven tank wagons and sixty dump trucks, is operated exclusively on Union Oil Company products. The owner, Mr. H. I. Miller, has been especially pleased with the performance of Triton in his heavy trucks, and now uses the new oil in all of his equipment. A view of the yard on Lankershim Boulevard immediately reveals this preference: The privately owned "76" pump standing by the roadside, and the large stock of Triton motor oil that is always in evidence, indicates beyond question the choice

of the concern in the matter of fuel and lubricants, and also, incidentally, demonstrates just how much it takes to keep this great fleet of heavy equipment in constant smooth operation. Mr. Miller has been a Union Oil customer for the past ten years.

The average motor vehicle consumes nearly 700 gallons of gasoline annually.

A coat of Union Top-tone is the best way to take care of the overhead.

Right: Max Bray, Oleum Refinery, and his Newtonian telescope.

Below: Bray in his home laboratory grinding optical mirrors.



Below: Orange County Grand Jury. W. W. Hay, superintendent of Los Angeles Pipe Line, shown seated at the head of the table, is foreman.



Employee Interests

SOME TIME ago, in an effort to conjure up new features for the Bulletin, we speculated on what sort of story material might be developed by following the employees of Union Oil Company into their own communities, and into their own homes, after working hours, and finding out in what manner each individual disposed of his or her leisure time. Frankly, we were not very highly optimistic over the prospective results of such an exploration. We rather expected that most of the employees would be found, after dinner, dozing over the evening paper in a big chair, or in some other equally com-



Eleanor Merriam, Traffic Department, in her studio. Miss Merriam has exhibited her paintings in many Western art salons.

fortable posture seeking relaxation following a hard day's work. If our first discoveries are any indication of the general condition, we weren't even close. Here are the first three victims of these sleuthing expeditions:

W. W. Hay, superintendent of the Los Angeles Pipe Line, is one of the most indefatigable civic workers in Orange County. At present he is chairman of the S. E. R. A., trustee of the Brea High School Board, and foreman of the Orange County Grand Jury. Every moment of his leisure time is devoted to one or other of these assignments, and he is known and respected in the uttermost corner of the county for his unusual executive and administrative ability. In spite of the exhaustive demand on his time he remains supremely unperturbed, and his unlimited energy is the marvel of all who come in contact with him. Nothing is too small to escape his keen scrutiny, and nothing is big enough to sway his honest judgment. He has builded for himself in and around his community a reputation of which any man might well be proud.

Max Bray, of Oleum Refinery, finds his relaxation in the highly technical business of grinding optical mirrors, at which he has become so proficient that the products of his labors are now to be found in many scientific institutions. These mirrors are used mostly as reflectors on telescopes, and it is essential that their surfaces be polished to the highest degree, and that their curvature be specific and exact. The actual process of grinding and polishing the mirrors, or specula, as they are technically known, is the same as that employed in making lenses. Two glasses are selected that fit snugly together when placed face to face, and between them an abrasive, carborundum, is imposed. They are then ground together with a backward and forward motion, which has the effect of developing a concave surface on the upper glass, and a convex on the lower one. As the grinding is continued the curvature becomes more acute, and may be stopped, of course, at any desired stage. By the use of successively finer abrasives the glass is further ground until remaining pits are about $3/5000$ of an inch deep. All of this is done by hand, and for a six-inch mirror normally takes about six hours. The final polishing, which is accomplished with jeweler's rouge and water impregnated in beeswax, is contrived by an ingenious piece of apparatus built by Max Bray and Norman

Halley, another Oleumite with similar inclinations. This apparatus was made from an old sewing machine, and duplicates all of the motions that are normally used in hand polishing. It is necessary, of course, at frequent intervals, to check the curvature of the glass, and to so arrange the process that the last blemish and the last irregularity are removed. These exigencies are cared for by certain well established optical tests that are highly technical in nature.

Bray and Halley have already completed two Newtonian telescopes, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration, and the former is now building a six-inch clock-driven Cassegrainian type reflecting telescope, in order to indulge in some serious astronomical observations in his own behalf.

Eleanor Merriam, of the Traffic Department, inherits a flair for art from her father, who is a noted delineator of California landscapes, and the quality of her work indicates that the family reputation is going to be fully sustained. She has been studying art in all its branches ever since she was able to wield a brush, and is a confirmed realist in her every endeavor, having little regard for the cubistic, post-impressionistic, and other comparatively modern schools. Like most artists who have really studied the fundamentals of painting, her great aspiration is to excel in portraiture, but this ambition never interferes with her efforts to interpret the ever-changing moods of nature, a pursuit from which she now derives her greatest pleasure. She has not, however, definitely confined her art to any particular phase, and her exhibits at the various California art salons have drawn the favorable comments of critics, not only for faithfulness of delineation, but also for the wide compass over which her artistry ranges. Miss Merriam is a popular member of the "Women Painters of the West," an association in which the qualification for membership is recognized artistic talent.



You can't live in a clean neighborhood with a dirty motor. Use Triton and 76.

Cleaning your windows with Union Glass Cleaner will give you a better outlook on life.



Circle: Albena Carter, accordionist. Left: Ann Pomeroy and Dorothy Sawyers, "Topsy and Eva." Below: Muriel Williams, Ann Pomeroy, Kathryn Williams—popular song trio.



Above: Mildred Radanovich, Girls' Club president, checks deliveries of Christmas baskets from L. A. warehouse.

Left: Field and warehouse employees cooperate in loading and distributing.

Girls' Club Activities

IN THE past two months the Los Angeles Girls' Club has as usual been very active in a number of useful ways. First, as a result of the big charity show held in November, the girls were able to carry real Christmas cheer into the homes of 110 needy families. Actually six truck loads of provisions and toys were distributed, where it was believed

they could do the most good, and Mildred Radanovich, club president, expresses the gratitude of the members for the patronage that rendered this fine service possible.

As a further outcome of the Charity Show, there has blossomed into being a permanent troupe of vaudeville performers, which has been filling engagements all over

the Los Angeles district. Under the leadership of Ann Pomeroy this group of talented individuals has been greatly in demand, and has already appeared before enthusiastic audiences in Tujunga, Los Angeles, Norwalk, and Compton. As a matter of fact, if the requests continue to pour in as they are doing now, the girls will require a booking agent. In no small measure the success of this group is due to Mrs. Elvina Lange, who is mistress of the wardrobe, props manager, and stage mother all rolled into one. Mrs. Lange has made many of the costumes that are used in the acts, has accompanied the troupe in all of its public appearances, and in a hundred little ways has contrived to make the performers more comfortable, and the performances more enjoyable.

On Saturday, January 18, about 120 girls took advantage of an invitation to visit the battleship Texas. They gathered first at the California Yacht Club for a luncheon, to which they had invited a number of the ship's officers. Lawrence Wolff, himself a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve, acted as master of ceremonies at this stage of the proceedings, and later introduced Wm. Groundwater, who gave the officers his own impression of the Girls' Club and their work. Following the luncheon, the girls were escorted to the ship by Lieut. Commander Holland, and thereafter were turned over to Lieut. Commander Vogeler, chaplain, and editor of the ship's magazine, "The Texas Steer," who took charge of the inspection arrangements. These gentlemen and their brother officers proved themselves very gracious hosts, and the girls were not only thoroughly initiated into the methods of naval warfare, but were further honored by the issuance of a special number of the "Steer" to commemorate the occasion. The whole affair proved a most enjoyable outing, and the officers and crew of the Texas now command the topmost rating in the regard of the Union Oil Girls' Club. As tangible evidence of this, arrangements have been made to revisit the battleship before it leaves for maneuvers in April, at which time the Treble Clef Club will express in song the deep appreciation of the girls.

The Club is at present completing the final details for a Valentine's Day dance to be held at Riviera Country Club, February 14. Billie Rieth is general chairman of the dance committee, and she advises that the services of Manny Harmon and his Pacific

Coast Club orchestra have been secured for the occasion.

Los Angeles Refinery Girls' Social Club also announce a Patriotic-Leap Year dance, to take place at the Long Beach Recreation Park Clubhouse, February 22, 9:00 P. M. Although the speed of the new autos has made every year leap year for the average individual, it is promised that this fact will not detract from the novelty of the event. The price alone (25 cents per person) makes the proposition mighty attractive, and the prospect of winning a handsome door prize, added to the further prospect of dancing with the refinery girls, makes the total inducement almost irresistible.



More Whiskers



Another outbreak of the whisker epidemic. The photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gilliam as they appeared at a recent whiskerino in Taft. Bob, who is Union Oil Company gauger at Midway, won the grand prize by a hair.

Stop Spot—the spot remover that removes the spots left by spot removers.

Circle: L. G. Metcalf, manager of refineries, takes a bead on the rifle target.

Below, center: A group of contestants in the annual turkey shoot are beaten to the draw by Henry Dean, Personnel Dept.

Bottom left: Mrs. C. L. McCreary and Mrs. R. R. Wright talk it over.

Bottom right: G. B. McBride, Jim Hill, J. P. Rockfellow, A. C. Rubel, John Salmond, and Henry Grinnell.



Rifle and Revolver Club

ONE OF the rather unusual organizations that has been formed for the diversion and entertainment of Union Oil Company employees is the Rifle and Revolver Club, which sprang into existence with Ed Jussan as president, following an enthusiastic turkey shoot in the fall of 1934. Since that time

interest has been growing apace, and at the 1935 shoot held in Brea Canyon, December 15 last, over 500 persons were present.

The event included target shooting with rifles and pistols, and clay pigeons for the devotees of the shotgun, and twenty-nine of the more proficient marksmen finally carried

home nice fat turkeys for Christmas dinner.

The meet was productive of some fine shooting, and some exceptionally good wisecracking. C. Aschevin, George Kaye, and W. B. Redfield were the prime performers in the first class, being awarded two turkeys each for their respective performances, and Ray Tatum finished undisputed winner in the wisecracking section. One trap shooting event was won by A. C. Rubel, with five straight hits, and John Salmond, Chance Hoag, and Henry Grinnell were given a vote of thanks by the committee for turning in targets that were clean and unmarred with unsightly holes. The latter holds the distinction of being the only person at the meet who made a bull's-eye on the pistol target while he was shooting at a clay pigeon.

On the high power range Jim Hall made an effort to capture the grand prize by using a machine gun, but even with this aid the odds were still against him, and he was obliged to buy his own Christmas dinner.

A number of ladies also attended, and displayed a degree of proficiency that was decidedly humiliating to certain members of the male sex who shall be nameless.

The entire meeting was a distinct success, and the turnout clearly indicates the popularity of this sport among the employees. Henry Grinnell, assistant superintendent of shops and tools at Santa Fe Springs, has been elected president for the ensuing year, and announces the opening of a pistol and rifle practice range at Dominguez in the very near future.

Goats and Gas Lines



BACK IN 1920 a group of construction employees were sent up to the Torrey Lease in the Santa Paula district to lay some gas lines. At that time there weren't enough buildings on the lease to house the workmen, so they were obliged to erect an army tent to protect themselves from the elements. Roaming around in the vicinity were a number of quite harmless looking goats. Whether or not these were wild goats has yet to be determined, but one thing is certain, they were hungry goats; hungry at least for something a little more sustaining than old newspapers and sardine cans. A good old meal of pure wool, rich in all the vitamins, seemed to be the thing they craved above all others. And along came Santa Claus, in the guise of a construction gang, with a whole

load of it. No sooner had the men walked out of their tent in the morning than the goats walked in, and they forthwith launched such an orgy of wool gathering as has never been seen since the invention of sheep. Without even pausing for a drink the animals gobbled up two pairs of woolen blankets, and then for a chaser ate two suits of clothes. They were still looking around for dessert when the men returned and chased them out into the open. The affair developed some very amusing claims, and promoted an intense study of Union Oil Company's insurance program, in order to determine if it provided adequate protection against the depredations of goats. Everything was eventually smoothed out satisfactorily, and as an aftermath of the event it was reported that in the following spring several kids were seen running around garbed in woolen sweaters.



Torrey Absorption Plant.

The Honor Roll

UNION OIL COMPANY'S long service roster has been sadly shortened in the last few months by the passing of many old employees; some of them not so old in years, but most of them old in the employment of the Company. During November, December and the early part of January twelve employees met their deaths in one manner or another, closing a series of fine service records ranging all the way from seven to twenty-five years.

The youngest of all in point of service is Stanley Rogers, pipe machinist at Santa Fe Springs, who died on December 6, having just completed seven years with the Company. In that time he thoroughly established himself as a dependable and trustworthy employee, fully capable of performing the tasks allotted to him, and his genial nature endeared him to all his fellow employees.

Leading the group of real old-timers is Dave Ross, engineer at Kern station, who died very suddenly on December 26, after practically twenty-five years of service for the Union. Dave was born in Scotland, and apparently inherited the national aptitude for engineering work. He was a highly valued employee of the transportation department, and had a host of friends in the Bakersfield district.

John A. Murphy, warehouseman at Marshfield, Oregon, had twenty-two years to his credit with the Company when his death occurred on November 28th. He was well regarded by his fellow employees, and a fine example of his innate modesty is to be found in the fact that not until his death did even his most intimate friends know he had been awarded the Congressional medal for conspicuous bravery during the Boxer Rebellion. The medal was found among his effects. It was presented in Brooklyn, New York, in 1906. Heroism and modesty are a rare team.

Gilbert McKenna, an employee in the field department at Orcutt, had turned in nine-

teen years of conscientious effort for his Company when he was pensioned a short time ago. He died on December 26.

Frank Carlisle, employee at Midway Station on the Producers Pipe Line, met his death in an automobile accident on January 4. Frank had been with the Union Oil Company seventeen years, and also leaves a splendid record behind to attest his efficiency and loyalty to his employers.

Harry Johnson, of Oleum Refinery, died on December 21, having dedicated the past sixteen years of his life to the service of his company. He was exceedingly popular with the Refinery employees, to whom his passing came as a distinct shock.

Almeron Roy Kelso, of the gas department at Santa Fe Springs, died of a heart attack on October 18. He had been with Union Oil Company for fourteen years, and was a quiet-mannered, efficient workman whose efforts were always toward improvement.

William Shomaker was an employee of the field department at Santa Fe Springs when he was stricken with a heart attack on November 30. His record shows thirteen years of application and productive effort, and his standing with fellow employees indicates that his efforts were ever tempered with a fine spirit of friendliness and cooperation.

Joe Ramey was also a Producers Pipe Line employee, and had been for thirteen years. He was station engineer at Rio Bravo, and was well and favorably known to all Valley employees. He died very suddenly on Christmas Eve, the victim of a heart attack.

Bob Lovick, pipe line gauger in the Rosecrans-Dominguez and Torrence districts, had fought a valiant fight for two years against tuberculosis, but was finally forced to yield on December 29. For twelve years this man not only worked for Union Oil Company during the day, he thought Union Oil Com-

pany during the night. His whole endeavor was for Union Oil Company. If ever there was a living personification of loyalty and devotion to an employer it was Bob Lovick.

Chester Lloyd Parks, warehouseman at Santa Fe Springs, was a fine, stalwart, upright, good-humored specimen of mankind, who was a pal to everyone in the Santa Fe Springs district. He died on November 11, leaving a vacancy in the hearts of his fellow employees that can never quite be filled.

The last on the list is Charles Pierce, a ten-year employee from Oleum Refinery, who passed away on December 29. Charley was the tinsmith at the Refinery, and was a typical rugged old Californian; quiet, unassuming and efficient, and intensely loyal. He was exceedingly popular with the other employees, and will long be kindly remembered.

Union Oil Company marks the passing of this fine group of men with infinite sadness and tenders sincere sympathy to their families and friends.





Service Emblem Awards



F. ROUSE
Oleum Refy.

**Twenty-Five
Years**



F. C. WERLING
Producers' P. L.



W. GROUNDWATER
Transportation



M. AVILA
Producers' P. L.



D. W. ROSS
Producers' P. L.

Twenty Years



F. KARGE
Transportation



I. J. HANCOCK
Comptrollers



A. C. GALBRAITH
Executive



P. M. KANSAGRAD
Oleum Refy.



F. LaGRAFFE
Gas, So. Div.



W. STOCKERT
Purchasing



M. McGRATH
Oleum Refy.



A. THOMPSON
Oleum Refy.

IN THE months of December and January, seventy employees earned long service awards, the same number, incidentally, as received this distinction in the preceding two months. Only one person became eligible for a twenty-five-year pin in December. That was Fred Rouse, stillman at Oleum Refinery, who started in with the Company on December 10, 1910. Fred in his spare moments is an active and proficient bowler, and is an important member of the Oleum bowling club. When in form, and he usually is, he doesn't have much trouble passing the 200 mark, the which, we might explain for the benefit of non-addicts, is equivalent to scoring in the low eighties on the golf course.

In the month of January, four employees were listed in the twenty-five-year bracket, and it is a peculiar fact that they were all old associates on the Producers Pipe Line. This coincidence was made the occasion of a little gathering, which is described elsewhere in this issue. Leading this group was Fred Werling, who started in with the company on January 1, 1911, and is now senior engineer at McKittrick station. Fred has, in

addition, been engineer at Santa Margarita, Shandon, and Rio Bravo, and is as well-known to northern division pipe liners as the commissary wagon. He is an enthusiastic dancer, never misses an opportunity to step the light fantastic, and can only be lured away from the practice of this hobby by the promise of some good deep-sea fishing. It is worth passing mention that Mrs. Werling, during the twenty-five years of her stay on the pipe line has also indirectly been an employee of Union Oil Company, having catered to the voracious appetites of the pipe liners at company boarding houses for a great portion of this time. It is no idle pretense that the gang men are always trying to find something to do in neighborhoods adjacent to Mrs. Werling's boarding house, and nothing further need be said in favor of her cooking.

Wm. Groundwater, director of transportation, came to Union Oil Company on January 6, 1911, and in the time that has since transpired, has thoroughly established himself as an able executive. Among all of the company employees it is doubtful if any

other man is so well known to the industry, particularly in shipping and pipe line circles, as he. Everybody seems to know "Bill" Groundwater, and everybody respects him. He never loses track of his old friends, no matter where, or in what circumstances they may be, and if he has one outstanding hobby it is moseying around among his old associates in the San Joaquin Valley, cheering them along with his kindly good humor. However, he is not averse to an occasional hunting trip, and as a barbecuer of prime meat, few can beat him.

Mike Avila added his name to the list of Union Oil employees January 8, 1911, when he accepted a position at Avila Refinery. He was transferred to the Producers Pipe Line in 1924, and has remained there up to the present time. Mike is a quiet, unassuming individual with a captivating smile, and has become one of the outstanding citizens of Coalinga, where he has earned the reputation of being the best dressed man in town. At the moment his hobby and his greatest enjoyment is a spanking new Ford V-8, aboard which he is able to dash over the valley trails in a manner that he never thought was possible when he had the old model "T."

Dave Ross, senior engineer at Kern station, the fourth member of this pipe line group, died very suddenly on December 26, just before his twenty-five-year period had been completed, marking a very sad ending to a long period of useful service. His employment began on January 23, 1911, and he quickly proved himself an extremely competent workman. A man of fine character, held in the highest esteem by his fellows, he occupied one of the most important station operating positions on the Producers Pipe Line, and handled the responsibility capably and well.

The following eight employees qualified for twenty-year pins in the same period:

Fritz Karge, engineer of transportation, who was elected to his present position when the old engineering department was reorganized in 1929, spent a number of years before the mast and as ship's officer in his pre-Union Oil Company days, and has had many interesting sea adventures. On one occasion the ship on which he was employed was wrecked off the coast of Java, and the tale of the hardships that followed, and the final return of the crew to civilization is almost as exciting as "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Irving Hancock, auditor of general accounts, has served the entire twenty years of his employment in some part of the Comptroller's department. He has occupied many important auditing and accounting positions, and is a highly valued member of the department. By avocation he is a philatelist, and has a fine collection of postage stamps, particularly American and foreign commemoratives.

A. C. Galbraith, assistant vice-president, has in his twenty years of effort for Union Oil Company, perhaps traveled more widely than any other person in the organization, in order to keep in touch with the company's far-flung sales operations. In recent years his activities have encompassed sales, advertising and personnel affairs and policies, and his counsel is responsible for the dissipation of many of the problems that beset these departments. Men, no less than departments, have sought the benefit of his advice, and a host of employees have learned to appreciate the value of his judgment.

Paul Kansagrad, dispatcher at Oleum Refinery, in his spare time is intensely interested in aviation. He has, in fact, sixteen hours of solo flying to his credit. He is also greatly devoted to good music, but will defer his interest in either of these pursuits at the first mention of a fishing or hunting expedition.

Floyd La Graffe, mechanic in the Stearns absorption plant, was first employed at Orcutt, but was later transferred to the southern division. His interests aside from Company activities lie mostly in the American Legion and in the Boy Scout movement. He was former Commander of Post No. 181 at Brea, and is highly regarded in the district for his fine work in this connection.

William Stockert, chief clerk in the purchasing department, had only been a short time with Union Oil Company when war was declared, and he promptly joined the U. S. Army. He returned to work after the Armistice was signed, and has been hard at it ever since. He is an enthusiastic tennis player, and is a regular performer in the annual tournament.

Martin McGrath, stillman at Oleum Refinery, is a man of quiet and unostentatious habits. He is a highly respected citizen of Rodeo, in which town he has built his own home, and finds his greatest interest in the highly commendable business of ministering to his family.

Alexander Thompson, boilermaker's helper at Oleum, has long been an ardent horticulturist, and is never happier than when he is cultivating his own garden plot. In this pursuit he has become quite an expert, and in it also he finds a quiet and restful diversion from his daily routine.

The complete list of service emblem awards follows:

DECEMBER

Twenty-Five Years

Rouse, F. L., Mfg., Oleum Refy.

Twenty Years

Hancock, I. J., Compt., Head Office.
Karge, F., Transp., Head Office.

Fifteen Years

Barnett, A., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Cordiner, A., Field, So. Div.
Dewar, M. B., USS, Head Office.
Harner, A. R., Field, So. Div.
Irwin, G. K., Field, So. Div.
Kelsey, L. S., Field, So. Div.
Leech, J., Field, So. Div.
Lockard, C. E., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
McKelvie, W. G., Compt., Head Office.
Martin, R. A., Field, So. Div.
Olmsted, F. C., Fuel Oil, Head Office.
Palmer, E. B., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Percy, C. H., Field, So. Div.
Price, E., Field, So. Div.
Riley, W. C., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Ritter, W. A., Field, So. Div.
Rubio, A. F., Transp., P. P. L.
Stroschein, F. G., Field, So. Div.
Underwood, A. G., Field, No. Div.
Vance, D. W., Field, So. Div.
Walker, C. M., Field, So. Div.

Ten Years

Bowers, R. S., USS, So. Region.
Brown, M. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Gailey, F., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Hill, C. N., Field, So. Div.
Lee, H. W., Geo., Head Office.
Lee, K. G., Sales, No. Div.
McCloud, J. H., Field, So. Div.
Mahan, A., Sales, So. Div.
Pence, Wm. R., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Relyea, E. M., Credit, Head Office.
Scroggins, L. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Silva, F., Transp., P. P. L.
Smith, C. C., Sales, No. Div.
Taylor, A. E., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Whyte, M., Compt., Head Office.

JANUARY

Twenty-Five Years

Avila, M., Transp., P. P. L.
Groundwater, Wm., Transp., Head Office.
Ross, D. W., Transp., P. P. L.
Werling, F. C., Transp., P. P. L.

Twenty Years

Galbraith, A. C., Exec., Head Office.
Kansagrad, P. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
LaGraffe, F., Gas, So. Div.
McGrath, M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Stockert, W., Pur., Head Office.
Thompson, A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.

Fifteen Years

Cassell, W. P., Sales, Cent. Div.
Gard, C. D., Gas, So. Div.
Gibson, C. R., Gas, So. Div.
Gonzales, F., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Harwood, D. S., Sales, No. Div.
Hill, J. E., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Lee, W. T., Sales, So. Div.
McKinstry, P. R., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Sullivan, L., Sales, Cent. Div.
Swearingen, I. R., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Williams, E. A., Field, So. Div.

Ten Years

Bennett, W. H., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Brown, J. S., Transp., L. A. P. L.
Chaplin, O., Transp., P. P. L.
Glimpse, J. J., Field, So. Div.
Heyd, L. R., Transp., P. P. L.
Kerwood, E. T., Transp., L. A. P. L.
Lynch, J. P., Field, No. Div.
Madden, J. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Mills, J. F., Sales, Cent. Div.
Schaefer, R. T., Sales, So. Div.



Excuse, Please

IN THE last issue of the Bulletin we were guilty of two errors, and the unfortunate part of the whole business is that, being human, we don't dare promise not to do it again. We do, however, profusely apologize to Judge Amos L. Beaty of New York for having designated him wrongly in a group picture taken at the recent A. P. I. Convention in Los Angeles, and to the city of Oakland we also apologize for having credited Stockton with being the abode of J. Gallagher, Jr.

Slams and Salaams

THE AVERAGE circulation of the Union Oil Company Bulletin is actually about 45,000 copies per issue, and it finds its way into almost every corner of the world. As might be expected with such a diversified and scattered clientele, the reactions to the general makeup of the magazine and its subject matter are widely varied. Letters, commendatory and condemnatory, stream in to the editor from all sorts of unexpected sources. These effusions are sometimes exceedingly amusing, and always highly interesting, and for the edification of our readers we propose to reproduce a selected few in the ensuing numbers of the Bulletin.

THE FOLLOWING is a typical example of an epistle that is commonly known as an "astringent," from the fact that it produces a marked shrinkage of the editorial ego. The receipt of several messages of this sort have actually caused editors to disappear completely:
Editor, Union Oil Bulletin.

Dear Sir:

It is my understanding that Union Oil Company has altogether about 8,000 employees, and it has often occurred to me to be rather strange that such a small number of individuals could gather the formidable mess of immaterial tripe that goes into your Bulletin. Why don't you try to dig up something of interest to write about? The history of California oil is rich with real adventure stories. Didn't Union Oil Company discover most of the productive fields in the State? Didn't Union Oil Company drill the biggest producer in the State? Didn't Union Oil Company develop the first tanker on the Pacific Coast? Didn't Union Oil Company do a lot more interesting things? O Kay! Well, tell us when and how. Who cares about the price schedule for California crude?

Yours for a better Bulletin,

B——— W———.

Prior to the receipt of this letter, the editor wore a seven and a quarter hat. A six and five-eighths now takes care of the situation admirably.

The world again assumes a rosy hue when one like this finds its way to the editorial desk:

Editor, Union Oil Bulletin.

Dear Sir:

It has been my intention for some time to write and tell you how much I enjoy reading the copies of the Bulletin which find their way to my desk from month to month. I have been receiving it now for about three years, and appreciate it tremendously.

Since I am neither an employee nor a stockholder of Union Oil Company, I consider myself fortunate to be included among the recipients of this bully Bulletin. I like to think that I am helping to qualify for the privilege by buying Union Oil products, but, on the other hand, bulletin or no bulletin, any motorist who uses any other kind of oil than "Triton" is unfair to himself and his motor, in my opinion.

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for having kept me on your mailing list this long, and trust that you will keep me there for a long time to come.

Sincerely yours,

D——— M———.

Having enjoyed a short period of inflation after perusing the above, the editor is suddenly called back to earth, when the following brickbat hurtles through the window.

Editor, Union Oil Bulletin.

Dear Sir:

I noticed a paragraph in your last Bulletin quoting Dr. Robert A. Millikan as saying, "Filling station men have improved the manners and courtesy of the American public more than all the colleges in the country."

In my opinion nothing is farther from the

truth. The extreme willingness of service station men to give service has made the motorists a bunch of horn-tooting, disrespectful individuals.

They drive into the station with a loud blast of the horn as if they wanted ten gallons of gas, and holler out, "Give me some air," or "water," or "Where is Main Street?" as the case may be. After you have graciously accommodated them, they drive out without a word of thanks. If they ask for a street that isn't on the map, they growl, "Why don't you have a little information in your place?" If you are waiting on a cash customer, that came in before they did, they are sore because you don't drop everything and go to their rescue.

Of course there are exceptions; some people really appreciate the service, but by far the greater majority of people are being spoiled by the "too courteous" service.

Yours truly,
W———— C————.

We venture the hope that W. C. has been psycho-analyzing the exceptions, and that the "greater majority" is the portion that appreciates service. And now to leave the desired impression we conclude with a letter

from the Republica Del Ecuador, Consulado. "The Bulletin"

Gentlemen:

I have been reading over your "Union Oil Bulletin" of November, and find it so interesting and instructive that I would appreciate it if you would send me five copies of the same through the year 1936. I plan to send these Bulletins to the leading libraries of Ecuador, as I consider them very important in acquiring knowledge of new industrial exploitations. I would also like to have you send me the back issues for the year 1935.

Thanking you for your attention to this matter, and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

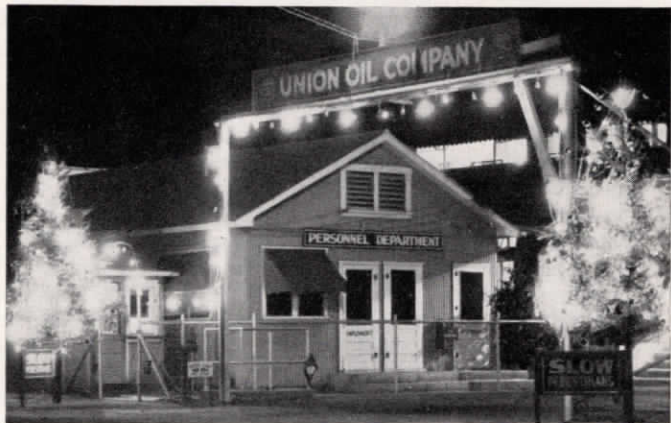
Yours very truly,
V———— B————.

All of which makes the score even up to the present time. It might interest readers to know that the great fear of an editor's life is that he may be entirely ignored. Anything is preferable to that. Bouquets and brickbats indicate that he is at least commanding attention, and that constitutes success in the eyes of an editor. It is impossible to please everybody, but it is quite possible to interest everybody.



Christmas at Santa Fe Springs

Employees of the field department displayed their recognition of the 1935 Christmas spirit by this artistic display at the gate of the Santa Fe Springs field headquarters. This, together with the usual lighting effects on the oil derricks, developed a veritable Christmas tree forest in the district.



REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

According to a world authority on astronomy, one of the sun spots has an area of 28,000,000 square miles. What a chance to demonstrate the efficacy of "Stop-Spot."

Another scientist announces that a grasshopper can eat twenty times his own weight in food. Yeah, but he doesn't have to dry the dishes afterwards.

And when the boss stormed, "Why don't you take the initiative sometime?" the rousty pleaded, "Aw, heck, I have no time to read magazines."

Then there was the guy who made so much noise blowing his own horn that when opportunity knocked he never even heard it.

After trying all the lotions and potions that have been developed for the purpose, we have come to the conclusion that there is only one relief for baldness—resignation.

And some people know so little about raising children you would actually think they had children of their own.

On this topic, incidentally, we have heard lots of conversation about an intangible quality known as child-like faith, but notice that our own youngsters always hide their treasures in the darkest corners of the attic.

Which reminds us of the proud parents who had their newly acquired twins christened "Hugh" and "Cry."

"Your advertisement said these apples were of uniform quality," protested the indignant housewife, "but the statement is absolutely untrue. I found one today that had no worm in it."

One of the field boys went north on a late vacation about a week ago, and someone asked him just before he left if he had any plans as to which towns he might visit. "Oh, no," he replied cheerily, "I'll just stop wherever the car happens to break down."

He apparently had one of these unparliamentary cars—always out of order.

All of which proves the wisdom of that old saying, "Economy begins at home, and ends in the garage."

In view of the studious effort that is now being made to cut down traffic accidents, it might not be amiss to mention here that reflexes cannot be preserved in alcohol.

And says Junior, as he walked past the drug store, "It's too bad I'm broke, dad, or I would buy you a milk shake."

Which brings us around to the sad story of the eastern Canadian who thought he could fool his wife one dark winter night. Arriving home unduly late he told the good lady it was so cold outside he just hated to leave the office. To this she replied, somewhat peremptorily, "You come on in here, and thaw that earring out of your moustache."

Showing that there may be some truth in the contention that a bachelor is just a man who is too much of a coward to get married.

An unfortunate friend who has been the victim of insomnia for some time declares sadly that he is getting worse, and now can't even sleep when it is time to get up.

And the following conversation was actually overheard in the office of a local medico:

Lady: "Doctor, I have a terribly tired feeling all the time."

Doctor: "Let me see your tongue."

This classic just happened to drift out of a casement the other morning about school time: "I told you not to make me take a bath, Maw. Now look how plain that hole shows in my stocking."

"We're in the midst of some terrible times," ruminated the plumber. "A horrible war, high prices, heavy taxes, and not a busted pipe in sight."

And when the European waiter explained to the lady customer that the price of her omelet was higher on account of the war, she ejaculated, "My goodness, are they throwing eggs at each other now?"

"I bought a couple of fine Whistlers today," enthused the art connoisseur, and his young companion beamed, "Ah! A male and a female, I suppose."

With which few remarks we again conclude. Remember that while faith may move mountains, it doesn't seem to have any effect on furniture.

And a final word of advice to the ladies: If the shoe fits it's too big.

