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THE TRAIL OF THE PIONEER

A VIVID description of the vicissitudes of trans-continental travel in the middle of last century is contained in the diary of Dr. E. A. Tompkins, who with eight companions started the long trek from New York to California on April 2, 1850, and arrived in Hangtown (now Placerville), California, some six months later, having traveled a distance of approximately 4,000 miles to reach this destination.

Dr. Tompkins, a medical practitioner of distinguished family, was evidently a gentleman of excellent education, for he exhibits an unusual facility in the choice of words, whether they be employed to express delicately and feelingly the poignance of his grief at parting with his family, or are being used for the more virile purpose of heaping vituperation on the heads of certain thieving Indians, who endeavored to make his life and



Dr. E. A. Tompkins, whose early pilgrimage from New York to California is here described.

the lives of his party miserable along the way.

Of the initial day of the venture he wrote, "On the morning of this day I began my journey to California by the land route, i.e., to Buffalo, thence to Sandusky, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Independence, Salt Lake, Humboldt River, Carson's Valley, and Fremont's, south pass of the Sierra Nevada. The day of my starting was a dreadful day to me. The deep and heartfelt agony of parting with my dear wife who I really worship, and my child on whom I so fondly dote was far more than I have the power of describing. It seemed impossible for me to endure the intense agony of soul I suffered. I was at that time severed from the soul, the center of all my affections, the focus of all my enjoyments. Oh God, forbid that I should ever again writhe beneath such dreadful anguish of mind."



An impression of the pioneer
by H. S. Cederblom.

Thence begins a detailed account of the preliminary preparations, and the purchase of such articles as might be required by the caravan, including "medicine, gun equipage, and India rubber clothing." The latter is now almost exclusively worn by babies, but was probably required by these adventurers to enable them to remain dry while fording streams, and to ward off the possibility of colds incubated by the wearing of rain-soaked garments.

The first leg of the journey was made by river boat and steamer to Independence, Missouri, where the party landed, and completed arrangements for the long horseback trip over the plains. As they steamed down to this frontier town many beautiful sights were opened to their gaze, and the descriptive powers of the author as well as some insight into his philosophy, may be gleaned from the passage he wrote when, late in the evening, their ship entered the Mississippi River from the mouth of the Ohio. "Here," he said, "is the meeting of two mighty floods. Here com-

mingles two vast bodies of incalculable power, no voice, no terrible commotion occurs, and yet the mind is awestruck at a view of might, magnificence, and grandeur. Both streams spread out at this point into a considerable sea and mingle their turbid waters, and they sweep resistlessly on, on down the winding channel to the deep blue sea. Like the pathway of life it is irresistibly onward, down a strange and devious way to the great ocean of eternity, and this meeting of the waters of these two rivers is like the union of two hearts in one common fate. The Mississippi, I am told, has numerous mouths, thus it is that minds, though commingled in their journey on through life, may, after all, have different terminations. These streams are turbid like our lives, and are emblematical of the abundance of gloom that has beclouded my prospects at least from infancy to age."

It is somewhat evident that Dr. Tompkins' heart, when he wrote this, was still aching for those he had left behind. However, the entourage finally got under way in the great pilgrimage across the plains, and the diary is devoted to further enlightening descriptions of places and events, sometimes stirring, sometimes amusing, but always couched in the same forceful language, and in toto presenting a very complete picture of the country traversed, and the behavior and customs of the peoples.

The westward passage to California from Independence lay through Indian territory, so the little band of men rigged themselves out for the journey at the frontier town, and the Doctor gives the usual detailed statement of the equipment acquired and its cost. By this time he has evidently begun to realize that he has chosen a somewhat expensive method of travel, but has nevertheless become completely resigned. His total "beginning expense" according to the record was \$229, and the entire journey set him back \$432.75, probably a considerable fortune in those days.

With a mule train bringing up the rear, the men mounted on newly-acquired steeds, and bid farewell to civilization. As they moved toward their destination they encountered numerous Indian settlements, principally of the Kaw and Pottawatomie tribes, but they were apparently constantly engaged in attacking each other and had little time left to bother the travelers. For the Kaw Indians Dr. Tompkins had little regard, if we are to judge from the following entry, "They are lazy, filthy,

Expedition to California

April 2, 1851.

On the morning of this day I began my journey to California by the land route, i.e. to Buffalo, thence to San Antonio, Comancheria, St. Louis, Indian Territory, Call Lake, Nevada, and the Sierra Nevada. The day of my starting was a dreadful day to me, my dear wife who usually worships me more than I have the power of describing. It seems impossible for me to imagine that time would pass for me to imagine the intense agony of parting with my dear wife who usually worships me more than I have the power of describing. It seems impossible for me to imagine that time would pass for me to imagine the intense agony of parting with my dear wife who usually worships me more than I have the power of describing. It seems impossible for me to imagine that time would pass for me to imagine the intense agony of parting with my dear wife who usually worships me more than I have the power of describing.

Dr. Tompkins wrote in a clean, neat, legible hand, as may be seen by this, the first page of his diary. The "heart-felt agony" of parting with his family is here vividly described.

Below are two of the inner pages in which the diarist gives some highly enlightening information regarding the mode of life of various Indian tribes encountered on his journey.

U.S.
 There he is entitled to the name of a Hero & a Man duly authorized for the service gives the aspirant a hole in his ^{left} ear that all who see him may know that the young man has been honored by the sagos or sachems of the nation with the title of a Hero. A man who distinguishes himself for heroism in their battles is called a great Hero and has a hole made in his right ear. He receives an additional hole in one of his ears very soon he distinguishes himself afterwards. Some of these Indians have half a dozen holes in their ears and even more. These tokens or marks by which the Indians distinguish are distinguished are manly observed by the young nation than by any other tribe. The women are very numerous indeed, but appear like the Seminoles of Fla, for every man's hand is invariably found to be against them, and there are fairly against all other nations and people. They are forever at war with some tribes, but did they let the Whites pass unmolested. They rob and down back many Seminoles. It is said they killed some and would doubtless have destroyed many if they had dared to have done so. They are very friendly.

49.
 And will never make an attack without feeling sure of the advantage, and consequent victory. They are destitute of intelligence. They have no knowledge of the art and science beyond that which is necessary for constructing a Bow, Arrow, Quiver, Moccasins, Shoulders, Blanket, Belt, a moccasins and knife. Also a lodge or habitation made of poles about ten feet long and placed nearly out on end resting on the ground and the other made fast to one end and against it. In this way a circular or circular habitation is formed from 8 to 10 feet in diameter. This habitation they cover with Buffalo skins except a place in the center ~~and~~ the top which they leave open for the smoke of the smoke. They always build their fires in the center of the lodge. Smoke is constant in their lodges and yet their eyes do not appear to suffer any the effect in consequence of this constant exposure. A portion of the Buffalo covering at the side of the lodge is left loose so that by raising it one can walk out or in as he chooses. Most of them are so low as to cause the passenger to stoop considerable while passing. Sometimes a dozen of these lodges may be near together. Perhaps a dozen together. They lay on blankets made of Buffalo skins spread on the flat ground.



An early map of the California gold fields used by Dr. Tompkins. It was drawn in 1850

thievish, lying vagabonds. They go without any clothes at least more than half of them and those that are covered at all are but partially so, and that by a blanket thrown over their shoulders. They make use of every pretext imaginable to filch money from immigrants . . . While some are thus begging . . . others are stealing your horses, cattle or goods."

Of the Pottawatomie Indians, however, he speaks very highly, commending them greatly for their adoption of the white man's way of living, and devoting several pages of his document to an interesting dissertation on their traditions, customs, and general behavior.

As abruptly as he introduces the subject of Indians, the author leaves off to resume his account of the trip itself, and his attention

thereafter seems to be completely occupied with the terrain through which the party is passing.

As they continued on their way the Doctor became daily more intimately acquainted with the other members of the group, and he takes up several pages of his log with a most candid account of their qualities and characteristics. As usual he minces no words, and plays no favorites, and he calls them by name, too. One is "a dark-hearted semi-devil." Another is a "traitorous insidious villain." A third is a lazy devil-may-care nobody." The remainder mostly possess these undesirable qualities to some degree, but one of his companions actually impressed him so favorably as to be termed a "noble, good-hearted fellow."

There was no withdrawing now, however, in spite of the perils of evil companionship, but the diversity of character did eventually result in a split of the party when only about half of the journey had been accomplished.

Over rivers and mountains the little group of sturdy pioneers slowly wended their way across country, and the trials and tribulations that beset them, although they were many, never dampened Dr. Tompkins' appreciation of Nature's grandeur, or his desire to write it in glowing language into the record.

The last section of the diary deals at some length with the various river crossings, and the encampments with which the party caught up at long intervals. Being a physician, the author indulges in some highly pertinent discussion of the diseases that prevailed in the various camps, and made remarkable analyses of their causes, that have since largely been confirmed by more comprehensive investigations.

During the final stages of the journey the diarist took time to make copious notes on the topography, climate, and agricultural pursuits of the West, and as the little band passed over the mountains, nearing the end of their great adventure, he went into one grand rhapsody on the rugged beauties of the range, that showed the strain of the voyage had in no way affected his descriptive powers.

Dr. Tompkins ended his strenuous journey at Hangtown, known now as Placerville, California, on September 20, 1850, and afterwards moved to Grass Valley where he lived, and practiced his calling for many years. He enlisted in the Union Army at the time of the Civil War as a surgeon, and on the conclusion

of hostilities returned to Grass Valley, where he continued to minister to the sick of the community, until he died in 1880. He was a member of a famous Eastern family, one of whom Daniel D. Tompkins, was for a term Vice-President of the United States.

The diary, so inadequately described here, and an exceedingly interesting record of pioneer effort, is now in the hands of his granddaughter, Mrs. R. P. McLaughlin, wife of R. P. McLaughlin, manager of Burnham Exploration Company. It is replete with detailed information relating to the customs and folk lore of the various Indian tribes encountered on the journey, carries a wealth of descriptive geographical material, and is a splendid record of human emotion, and human experience, during an important period in the early development of the West.



An Opportunity

One of the largest scientific awards ever established has just been announced by The James F. Lincoln Arc Welding Foundation, Cleveland, Ohio.

In a nationwide contest open to engineers, technicians, designers and skilled workers who make any use of iron or steel in manufacture or construction, a total of \$200,000 will be distributed by the Foundation through 446 prizes for technical papers. The principal winner of the competition will receive not less than \$13,700, and substantial awards are provided for winning papers from eleven industrial fields.

The competition, which calls for studies on the application of arc welding to the design and construction of machinery, structures or buildings, will be conducted under the direction of Dr. E. E. Dreese, head of the department of Electrical Engineering at the Ohio State University.

Contestants, it was announced, must have their papers filed, in duplicate, with A. F. Davis, Secretary of the Foundation, P. O. Box 5728, Cleveland, Ohio, not later than June 1, 1938.

This competition marks the first announced activity of the Foundation, which was established at the close of 1936 under a substantial grant from The Lincoln Electric Company.

OIL SAVES CALIFORNIA CITRUS CROP

WITH only one-quarter of the total citrus acreage of central and southern California equipped with heaters, the fruit growers in these regions found themselves woefully unprepared when in the month of January they were visited by the longest spell of freezing weather that has hit this part of the country in twenty years. Smudge pots were lighted night after night, and were kept burning as long as twelve hours at a stretch in a frantic effort to save a hundred-million-dollar crop from the ravages of Jack Frost. Sleepy-eyed ranchers worked ceaselessly, and sacrificed every available combustible in a valiant fight against the ruthless elements. Oil, wood, and old tires in staggering quantities were consumed in the battle. Oil companies assigned delivery trucks of every known species to the task of keeping the ranchos supplied with fuel, state authorities cleared the way for deliveries at all hours of the day and night, and the entire citizenry seemed to have massed to help the citriculturalists stave off what looked like certain disaster. The fight was in a large measure successful, for authoritative reports now indicate that at least sixty-five per cent of the crop was saved.

Freezing temperatures are not uncommon in the California citrus belt at this time of the year, but they normally occur at infrequent intervals and last only a short time, so that the ranchers have ample opportunity to replenish depleted smudge pots against each new threat. The recent spell, however, was so protracted and so general, and unloading facilities were so inadequate, that, although there was plenty of fuel available in the neighborhood of the ranchos, it could not be delivered as fast as it was needed. Hence the problem of fighting off the devastating effect of a severe frost was considerably complicated by the equally serious problem of transportation.

According to a recent estimate there are 62,400 acres of California citrus-bearing lands heated with oil. Each acre normally requires 50 smudge pots, which means that there are approximately 3,000,000 of these oil burners

in service. The consumption per burner on a cold night ranges from six to ten gallons, and it requires almost 22,000,000 gallons for one night's operation.

Many of the growers maintain their own storage facilities at the groves, which are supplemented by further supplies at the packing houses, but the total estimated capacity of these two sources is only about 45,000,000 gallons, or enough for a two-night run. It can thus readily be recognized what a predicament develops when, as recently happened, the frosty spell continues for a period of two weeks. Oil companies were obliged to press their trucks into twenty-four-hour service, but in spite of every effort, facilities were still inadequate.

As a matter of general information it might be interesting to dwell for a moment on the function of the oil burner in orchard protection. It would seem that the purpose of the flaming oil is more to keep the air in motion than to heat the atmosphere. The two are incidental, of course, since it is the heating of adjacent air that promotes eddies and currents, and prevents settling of the frost. This theory is fairly well substantiated by late developments in frost fighting, in which aeroplane motors equipped with fans are employed to keep the air immediately above the trees constantly in motion. This plan has proved very successful, and is likely to be further improved, and more extensively used by the larger ranchos as time goes on.

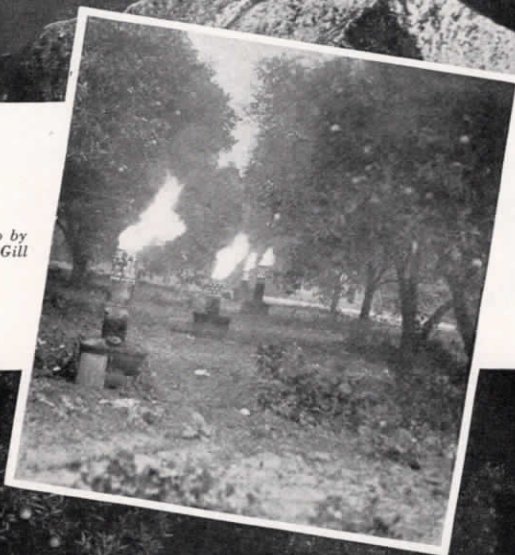
One of the principal objections to the oil and wood burners is the smoke nuisance. During the last onslaught, the smoke haze was so heavy in the territories in the vicinity of the orchards that in certain sections it was necessary for motorists to keep their headlights on in the middle of the day. Housewives complained bitterly of ruined curtains, drapes, and fabrics of all sorts, and one individual of our acquaintance, a bird fancier specializing in canaries, swore that his canaries had changed into crows over night. It is felt very definitely by authorities in the matter that the greatest part of the smudge now ema-



Photo by Warren Carey

Above: An airview of the smudge blanket lying heavy in the valleys between mountain ranges.

Photo by Tom Gill



Left: During the recent extended cold spell it was sometimes necessary to keep the burners alight in the daytime.



Above: A row of flares burning after dark. They present a highly spectacular display, which fruit growers, however, are very willing to forego.

Right: A glimpse of Santa Fe Springs through the smoke screen.



Photo by Tom Gill

nates from the old type burners, and that with the growing use of pressure burners, the smoke nuisance will eventually be decidedly abated, if not completely eliminated.

The complete elimination of smoke from the burners, however, does not present an unsolvable problem. It would seem to be a comparatively simple task to develop a burner of the Bunsen type in which adequate aeration or oxygenation would assure complete combustion. Experimentation and investigation now under way will undoubtedly point the way to further refinement of the fuels used, and to more scientific application of the heating principle. As the citrus industry progresses, ranchers will provide themselves with

auxiliary storage facilities, portable pumps, and other equipment essential to a protracted battle. Species of citrus may be developed that are more resistant to frost, and now that life has been successfully restored to a dead dog, who knows but that some day there will be devised a means of restoring frozen citrus plants and fruit to the healthy normal state. Anything can happen in these advanced times, and meantime, despite the consequences, we can do nothing but sympathize with the citriculturalists in their vigorous efforts to save from destruction, an income property that is worth a hundred million dollars a year to the industry, and provides a dietary delicacy that is essential to the health of the entire world.



ARMY OPERATIONS IN HAWAII

FOR the purpose of further strengthening the Hawaiian Islands situated at a key position off the Pacific Coast, the War Department of the United States established, on February 13, 1913, the Hawaiian Department, created as an independent command, consisting of three main organizations, namely, the Hawaiian Division at Schofield Barracks, the Hawaiian Separate Coast Artillery Brigade, with headquarters at Fort DeRussy, and the 18th Composite Wing at Fort Shafter. The command, at one time known as the "District of Hawaii" and "Hawaiian Department," is now only subordinate to the War Department at Washington. Major General Hugh A. Drum is at present in supreme charge at the island station, with officers at Fort Shafter, and has been responsible to a great degree for the increase of arm facilities at Hawaii. His tireless efforts, and efficient handling of the personnel under his supervision, have been largely responsible for bringing the defenses of the Island to their present highly modernized status.

Because of the distance separating this command from the rest of the army's activities on the mainland, the general public knows little of the work that has been done to create an almost impenetrable defense in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The history of

the growth of the Hawaiian Department is one replete with hardships, unceasing difficulties and ever-mounting obstacles.

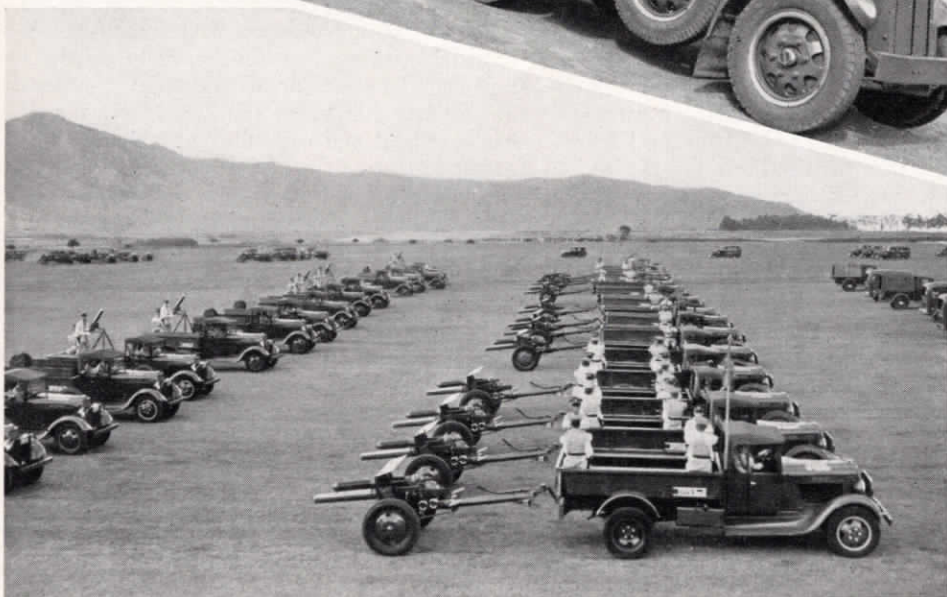
Hawaii is a paradise of tropical palms, warm white sands, glistening clear water and beautiful native women, but the members of the Fifth Cavalry were given little opportunity to enjoy the aesthetic phases of Hawaiian life when they were first sent to the site of Schofield Barracks in 1908. Some 15,487 acres of bramble and guava bushes had to be cleared for the reservation which today is garrisoned by more than 12,000 troops, under the command of Major General Andrew Moses. The original post of the reservation was situated near Kole Kole Pass and consisted of a few temporary barracks, including mess halls and officers' quarters. Under the guidance of army engineers, and a commanding group of officers with specialized knowledge of construction, the little group cleared the ground, smoothed it out into review and athletic fields, and, finally strengthened by more men and equipment, succeeded in laying out the largest and perhaps most beautiful peace time post in the army. Lawns and shrubbery were planted, tree-lined streets were laid out, and no pains were spared to convert what had once been almost a tropical jungle into a modern, bustling army town.



Above: Heavy anti-aircraft guns of the 64th Coast Artillery, Ft. Shafter, pass review stands.
 Right: Pursuit planes in formation.



New type, high-speed armored car.



Rubber-mounted field guns of the 13th Field artillery at Schofield Barracks.



Above: 11th Medical Regiment Ambulance Corps passes the review stand.

Right: 11th Signal Company releases carrier pigeons in front of review stand.



The Hawaiian Separate Coast Artillery Brigade, under the present command of Brigadier General James A. Woodruff, was organized in 1925. It is now divided into two units, the Harbor Defense with headquarters at Fort Ruger supplemented by a smaller post at Fort DeRussy, and the Pearl Harbor Defense unit with officers quartered at Fort Kamehameha.

Fort Ruger was established by the U. S. Government in 1909, and the site of the post was merely a rough mass of lava rock when first occupied by the troops. Assigned to fatigue duty only, the men toiled ceaselessly to build a suitable defense unit. Companies 105 and 139 of the Coast Artillery cleared the parade ground of rock, built roads, cut away underbrush, and, in short, did all the preliminary work that was required for the beginning of the post. In 1912, permanent quarters were completed and turned over to the Harbor Defense unit. Constructed essentially for the defense of the city of Honolulu, Fort Ruger is well situated and adequately equipped to give a good account of itself in times of emergency.

Fort DeRussy, named in honor of Brigadier General DeRussy, was first garrisoned in 1908, and the location, although perfect for the defense projected, presented a terrific construction problem. Situated on the island of

Oahu, the land was covered with stagnant swamps, overrun with mosquitos, and was anything but an ideal spot for occupation by humans. Army engineering, however, again exerted its influence, and in a few months completely changed the aspects of the entire situation. Drainage systems were first built, the land was cleared, and quarters for enlisted men and officers were constructed. The major task of laying foundations for the two gun emplacements first begun in May, 1909, was considerably hampered by the presence of an unlimited amount of sand. Hundreds of piles were driven deep into the beach to secure a solid foundation, and so substantial are these foundations that today the big guns are still firmly lodged and capable of maximum performance.

First known as Fort Upton, the Harbor Defense of Pearl Harbor now maintains headquarters at Fort Kamehameha, renamed in honor of the great Hawaiian ruler, and soldier of many victories. "Kam," as it is more conveniently called, is located in such a manner as to completely overlook and protect Pearl Harbor, and is considered one of the greatest strategic forts under the jurisdiction of the Coast Artillery. This post is rich in native lore. Once members of the royal families of

Hawaii and their subjects lolled on the warm sands of the beach and disported in the crystal clear waters. Now the strand is completely taken up by emplacements for the giant guns, and where swimmers once rode the breakers, battleships and steamers are more familiar sights.

General Hugh Drum, among other things has been active in bringing about the motorization of the Hawaiian Department. As a result of his efforts the mule and the horse, although both essential to the army in many ways, have been almost completely replaced with powerful trucks, and other motorized equipment. Realizing the necessity of good roads for rapid transit, General Drum has made their development and maintenance an important phase of military operation. Roads, not only necessary to the army, but valuable also as an aid to civilian transportation, have been built under his direction. The formation of the Hawaiian Service Command for the mutual protection of civilian and soldier, the development of auxiliary sources of food supply in case of isolation from the mainland, and the promotion of educational and recrea-

tional pursuits, are other projects that have been instituted by General Drum.

The 18th Composite Wing consists of four separate units of the Army Air Force located at the following fields: Luke Field, Wheeler Field, the Hawaiian Air Depot and the Hickam Field. Luke Field, located on Ford Island, was acquired by the United States in 1917, and was occupied first by the 6th Aero Squadron in 1918. Two double seaplane hangars with concrete runways, two wooden land-plane hangars, a repair shop and one warehouse, constituted the field equipment when first occupied. All enlisted men were quartered in canvas tents. Today the scope of the field has been greatly enlarged. Aircraft can now be accommodated in large numbers. Newly constructed machine and repair shops, with the most modern equipment, assure the maintenance of the air fleet in the best possible condition and Luke Field is rapidly becoming one of the most efficient air posts in the defense system.

The Hawaiian Air Depot, at the present time a part of the Luke Field Repair Section, was originally located at the Hawaiian Gen-



Above: Brigadier General James A. Woodruff, Commander of the Hawaiian Separate Coast Artillery Brigade, Fort De Russy.



Left: Major General Hugh A. Drum, Commander of the Hawaiian Department, with headquarters at Fort Shafter.

Below: Major General Andrew Moses, Commander of the Hawaiian Division at Schofield Barracks.



eral Air Depot at Honolulu, at which time its entire personnel consisted of one officer and one enlisted man. When moved to its present location at Luke Field in 1931, the civilian employees alone numbered 111.

Established in 1922 and located at the southern edge of the Schofield Barracks reservation, Wheeler Field is now also a thoroughly modern aviation base, and constitutes not only an important unit of the Island's defensive scheme, but in addition an excellent training school for future army aces.

Hickam Field, which, when completed, will be the largest of all the Hawaiian air bases, is being constructed under the direction of Captain H. B. Nurse, who designed, planned, and completed Hamilton Field in California. This new air defense unit is situated on a 2200-acre tract, bound by Pearl Harbor Channel on the west, Pearl Harbor Naval Reservation on the north, John Rodgers' Airport on the east, and Fort Kamehameha on the south. Construction work was begun in September, 1935, with the clearing of land, grading, road building, laying of railroad beds, sewer and water lines, and the building of four double hangars, an operations building, magazines, dock and landing mat.

Of the 2200 acres constituting the post, 160 acres will be utilized in the building area alone. This area has been laid out in the semblance of an exclusive residential park. Its development will proceed with a consistent adherence to the desire of Major General Hugh A. Drum, that is, to make this post not

only a utilitarian military base, as it fundamentally will be, but also to give it by architectural treatment and layout, as much variety and individuality as it is reasonably possible to do. There will be none of the monotonous, right-angled uniformity of buildings and quarters, which, in the past, the name "Army Post" so frequently brings to mind.

In the technical area, however, the Hawaiian leisure will be abated and replaced with alert efficiency. Mammoth hangars and shops of steel construction, warehouses and three-story barracks of reinforced concrete design, railroad yards and ship docks will give an atmosphere of busy industry.

Preparations of the flying field will involve the construction of a hard surface landing mat. Construction of these mats is a new field of engineering as there are relatively few in existence in the army. However, as army planes are replaced by newer and faster ones, it becomes necessary to provide hard, smooth, landing surfaces.

When completely garrisoned, Hickam Field will be the base of operation for a Wing and an Air Depot. The Air Depot will be the best equipped in the army and will do all of the major overhauling for our Island Air Force.

Hawaii is still a paradise of tropical palms, warm white sands, glistening clear water and beautiful native women, but behind all this, thanks to the vision and energy of Major General Drum, is a highly efficient, thoroughly modern defense system of which Uncle Sam may justly feel proud.



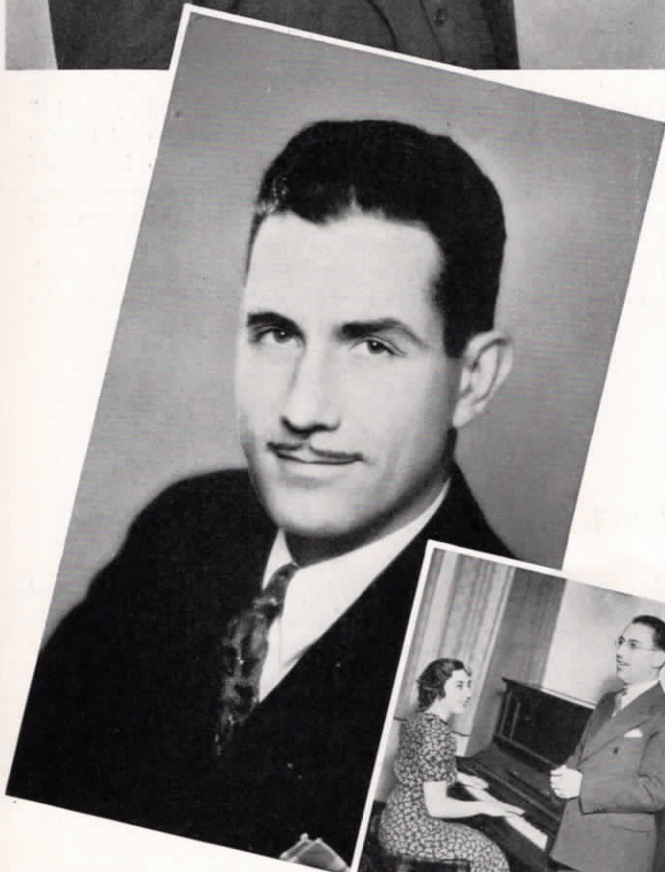
GEORGE WOODHAMS RETIRES

IN THE Banquet Room of the Clark Hotel on the evening of January 26, 1937, a hundred employees of Union Oil Company gathered together to bid not farewell, but adieu, to George C. Woodhams, who, after twenty-seven years of active association with the Company was about to go into retirement. Such an occasion might under ordinary circumstances easily have been dampened by a tinge of sadness, but there was nothing sad about this particular party. Here was a man who had devoted the best portion of his life,

and devoted it well, not only to his job, but more important still to Union Oil Company, embodied in the persons of his fellow employees. Not a soul with whom George Woodhams ever came in contact had an unkind word to say of him, not a person indeed who really knew him, but was ready to sing his praises. And when the time came for "Woody" to step aside and make way for a younger generation, he went out as cheerfully as any man can who, day in and day out for twenty-seven years, has gone through a routine that has



Above: George H. Forster, comptroller, wishes George Woodhams lots of happy days, as the latter retires after 27 years with Union Oil Company.



Left: Irving Hancock, auditor of station accounts, acted as M. C. at banquet in Woody's honor.



Right: Frank Ameral's tenor solos were so good he had to sing three times, and then they weren't satisfied. Annette Frinier's accompaniments were also tiptop.



Above: Albena Carter who, with an accordion and Fred Jonas, provided first-class musical entertainment.

become his very life. George goes out supremely happy in the knowledge that his years of labor have not been in vain; on the contrary, that they have paid him richly in friendships—friendships that will endure as long as he himself endures. That's the way a man should retire. That's the sort of record that equips a man properly to enjoy the rest he has earned, and although George is no longer at his desk in Station Accounts, we know very definitely that his friendly, helpful attitude and the fine pattern of his working existence will long be an inspiration to the younger folks who had the privilege of working with him.

The banquet in "Woody's" honor was staged by the comptroller's department, and with I. J. Hancock as master of ceremonies proved an evening of real entertainment. With the assistance of Albena Carter, Fred Jonas, Annette Frinier and Arthur Ameral, a splendid musical program was furnished, in which the audience joined lustily—if not perhaps too sweetly. Albena Carter played popular numbers on the accordion, while Fred Jonas urged the assemblage to stirring vocal calisthenics. Then Arthur Ameral, with Annette Frinier as piano accompanist, put the audience to shame with artistic renderings of "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," and "Trees." Arthur has a full rich tenor voice that so captivated his

hearers, they couldn't quite get enough of him.

Following the entertainment "M. C." Hancock in a few well chosen and exceedingly humorous words turned the meeting over to George H. Forster, comptroller, who in turn presented A. C. Galbraith, assistant vice-president in charge of personnel. Mr. Galbraith treated the gathering to an especially interesting and enlightening dissertation on the value of mutual understanding in industrial relationships, and ended with a neat tribute to George Woodhams and his splendid contribution to Union Oil Company and to society generally.

Mr. Forster then took the floor and after introducing Mrs. Woodhams, stirred his audience to high good humor with a thrilling ghost story, the ending of which provided an appropriate introduction for the guest of honor. As "Woody" rose to the wild plaudits of the gathering, Mr. Forster went briefly over his history with the Company, extolled his fine character, and presented him, first, with a recent model toy flivver to replace his Model T (the subject of a lot of good-natured banter during the evening), and finally on behalf of his fellow employees with a handsome check, that might be utilized to purchase some more substantial means of transportation.

It was an excellent party and a grand send-off for a grand employee, who will always be a welcome visitor in his old working quarters.



OF ALL THINGS !

Sidney Briggs of the Safety Board office at Los Angeles walked out to the garage a few mornings ago, and bumped into the distressing fact that his car had developed a flat overnight. There was nothing to do but limp to the nearest Union Service Station for repairs, and you can imagine his surprise when the cause of the disaster turned out to be an ancient device known as a horseshoe nail. This strongly supports the contention of certain local scientists that horses were once common on the streets of Los Angeles.

The nail has been turned over to the Archaeological Society and will probably find a resting place in the Southwest Museum.

Gene Power, manager of properties and facilities, is one of those persistent individuals who refuses to be swayed from a worthwhile purpose by anything short of a national catastrophe. At least once a week, regardless of the season or the weather, Gene takes a plunge in the Pacific Ocean down near his home at Santa Monica. So far he hasn't had to break any ice to get into the water, but it is doubtful if even that would stop him.

There are lots of sportsmen in the ranks of Union Oil Company employees, but it is doubtful if there is any other who really gets so fully immersed in his favorite pastime.



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*R. D. MATTHEWS.....	Executive Vice-President
*W. W. ORCUTT.....	Vice-President
*W. L. STEWART, JR.....	Vice-President
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W. R. EDWARDS.....	Secretary
A. C. RUBEL.....	Director of Production
R. E. HAYLETT.....	Director of Manufacturing
V. H. KELLY.....	Director of Sales
W. M. GROUNDWATER.....	Director of Transportation
*A. B. MACBETH.....	Director

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Address all communications to the "BULLETIN," 220 Union Oil Building, Los Angeles, California.

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

FEBRUARY, 1937

BULLETIN No. 2

THE Union Oil Bulletin was first issued in the month of March, 1921, by the comptroller's department, and carried an opening announcement, which said, in part:

"From our readers we earnestly welcome suggestions and issue now a cordial invitation to freely express their opinions and criticisms on all matters which pertain not only to the welfare of this Department, but to the Company as a whole. Especially it is desired to encourage and broaden that Company spirit, which has come to mean so much in the development of business."

The early numbers are now becoming rare, but anyone who has an opportunity to look them over, will agree that the comptroller's department did a fine job. They are simply loaded with interesting informative material, and quickly became so popular that there was no questioning the advisability of issuing such a house organ.

Since that time the Bulletin has changed editorial hands a number of times. It was for many years capably published by the advertising department, and during that time lost nothing of its prestige. Due to the rapid increase in personnel, and the growing importance of industrial and personnel relations in industry, it was recently deemed advisable to utilize the Bulletin more completely as an employees' magazine, and in order to promote this function its issuance was made the responsibility of the industrial and personnel relations department.

The Bulletin now has no private owner. It belongs to no division or department, but to every employee in the organization, and its pages are open wide for their use. There are certain restrictions, however, that must be pointed out immediately in order to avoid future complications and disappointments.

In the first place it contains only thirty-two pages, and it thus becomes necessary to sift out of the contributions those which are of the greatest interest to the greatest number of readers—those which have the best news value. In submitting material, contributors must bear in mind the fact that the Bulletin has approximately 40,000 readers in all walks of life, and in all parts of the world, and should ask themselves—"Will this story of mine be interesting to many people, or just to me and my relatives?"

Process stories, or stories of industry, should be accompanied by photographs—clear, crisp photographs, capable of reproduction, not small, hazy, indistinct ones that are incapable of enlargement. Copy should be typewritten, and names must be complete and correct.

The editor will be happy to discuss proposed contributions with any employee, and give instructions for their preparation. Meantime, send in your news, all you can find, but don't be disappointed if it doesn't appear. Remember, there are 9,000 prospective contributors and only one small Bulletin with a top limit of thirty-two pages.

FIELD DEPARTMENT

T. R. Tinker, production foreman, Valley Division.



T. D. Knowles, boiler foreman.

Ray Judy, field supervisor of personnel.



Above: Rudy Hartmann, production foreman, Coast Division.



Right: H. S. Grinnell, superintendent of service and maintenance.



C. W. Froome, general superintendent, mechanical equipment.



T PERSONALITIES

V. E. Farmer,
safety supervisor.



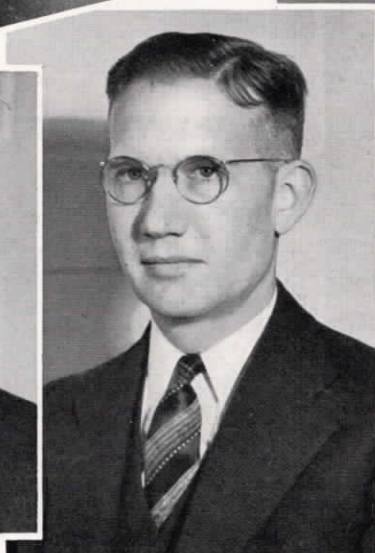
*Photo of Santa Fe Springs
Compressor Plant by
Tom Gill.*



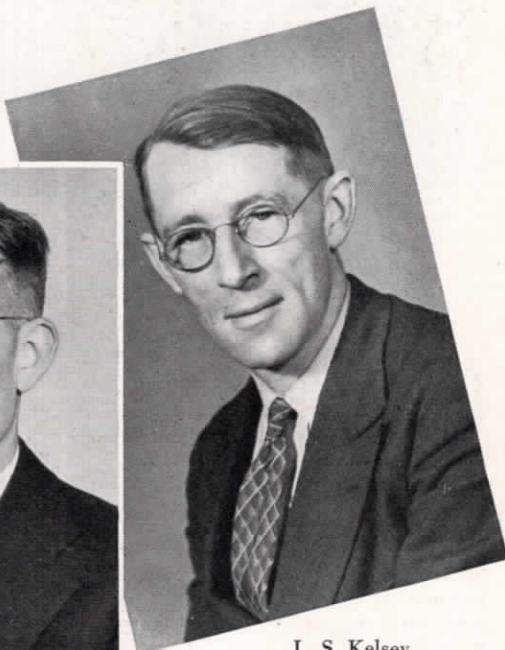
Rex Lane,
mechanical draughtsman.



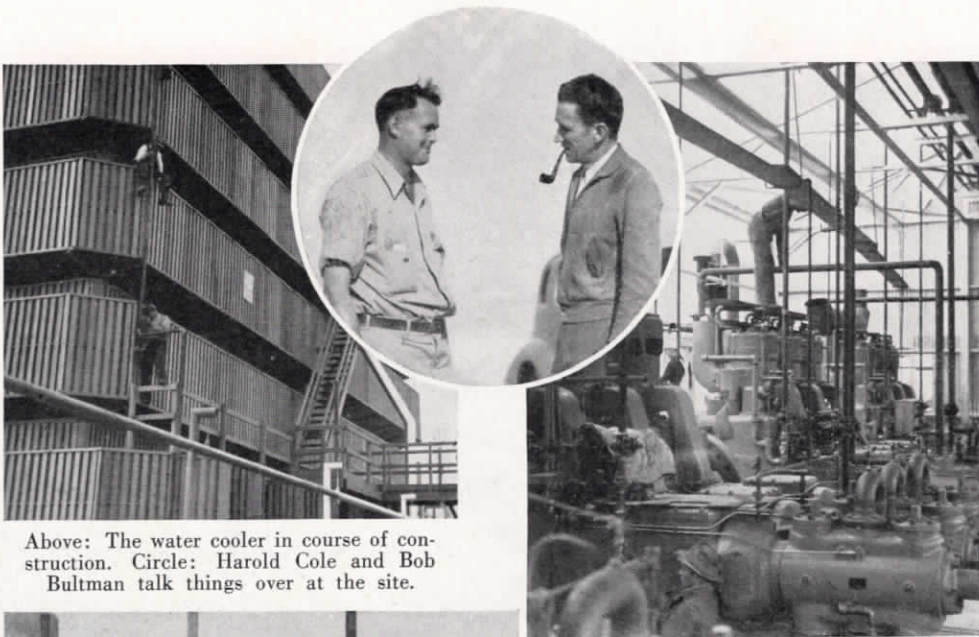
R. E. Battersby,
apprentice engineer.



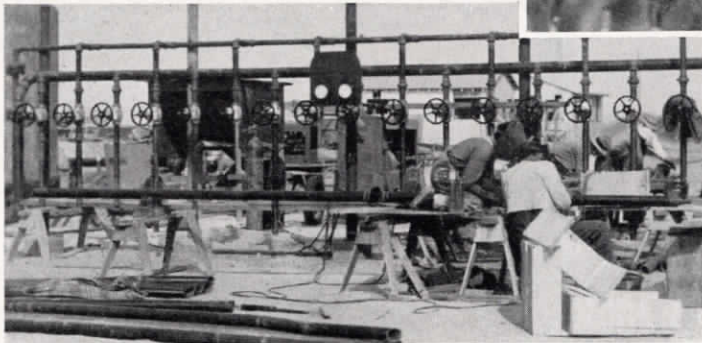
H. P. Wickersham,
mechanical engineer.



L. S. Kelsey,
ass't production
foreman, Dominguez.



Above: The water cooler in course of construction. Circle: Harold Cole and Bob Bultman talk things over at the site.



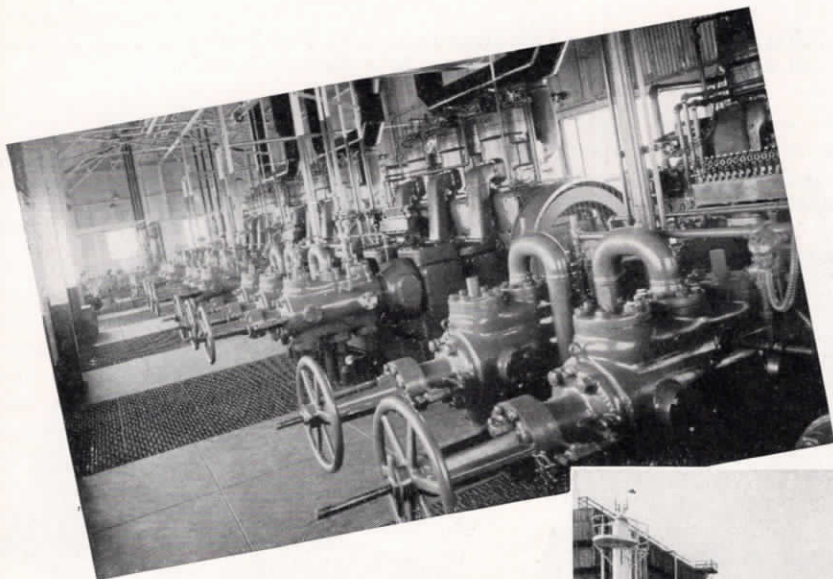
All four of these photographs were taken during the construction period. Above: Installing compressors.

Left: Welders working on gas lift header.

NEW COMPRESSOR PLANT AT KETTLEMAN

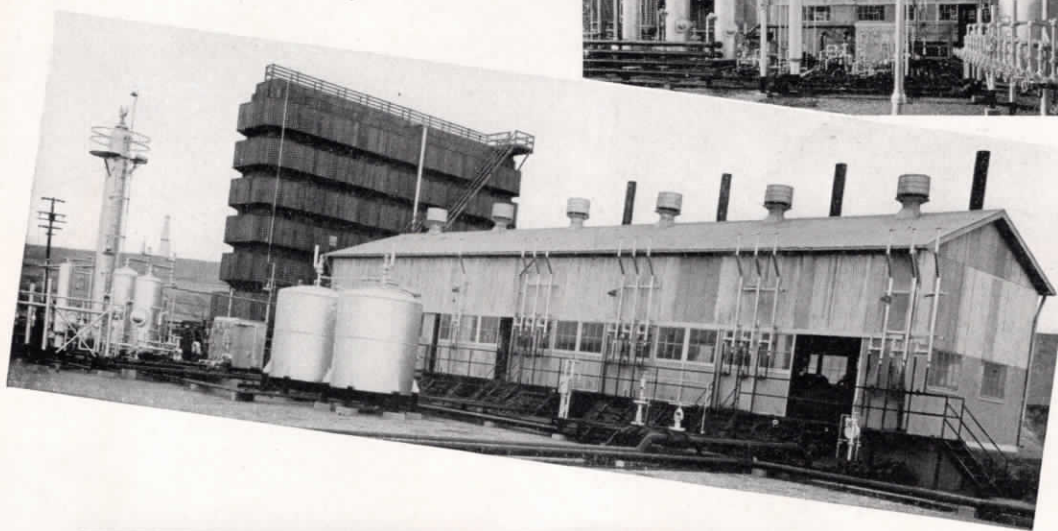
ON THE Amerada King lease in Kettleman Hills North Dome district, Union Oil Company recently completed a gas compression plant of the most modern design. Well pressures in the field had declined to the point where it became necessary to either redesign the existing absorption plants, or build up the pressure on the wet gas to the limits for which these plants were originally constructed. An additional influencing fact was the necessity of maintaining adequate pressures to permit delivery of dry gas through pipe lines to the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas. After due consideration of all the

facts it was finally decided to proceed with the construction of a new compressor plant. Considerable field work was necessary to rearrange the present gathering and delivery systems convenient to the chosen site. This was accomplished by Company forces, but the plant itself was built by the Fluor Corporation of Los Angeles. Design and construction were carried out under the immediate supervision of Union Oil Company's development department in cooperation with the gas and field divisions, and R. A. W. Bultman of the gas department supervised the work of the contractor at the site.

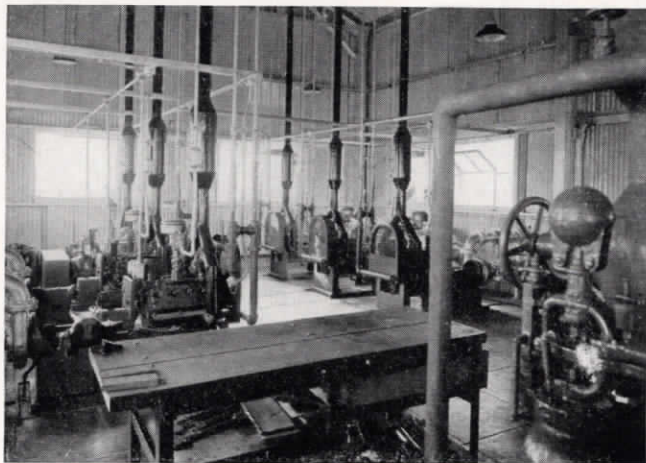


Left: Interior of plant after completion, showing a battery of 300 h.p. Clark angle gas-driven compressors.

Right: Exterior view of the plant, showing stabilizer, cooling tower, and gas lift header.



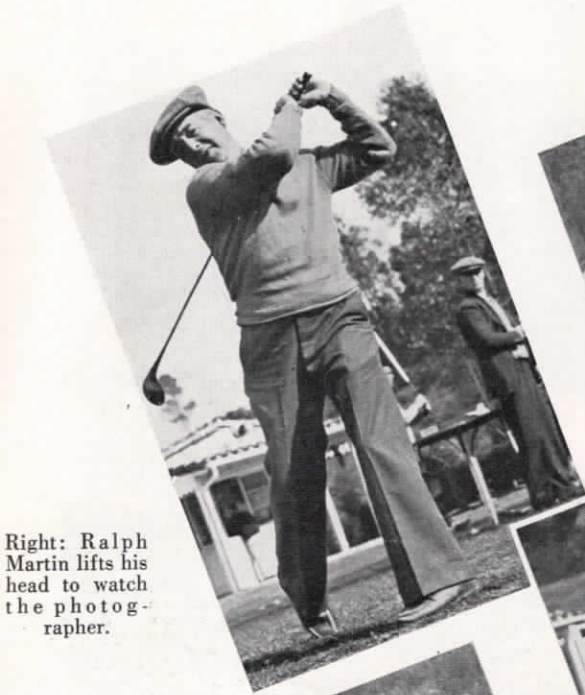
Above: Another exterior view of the plant with stabilizer and cooling tower in the background.



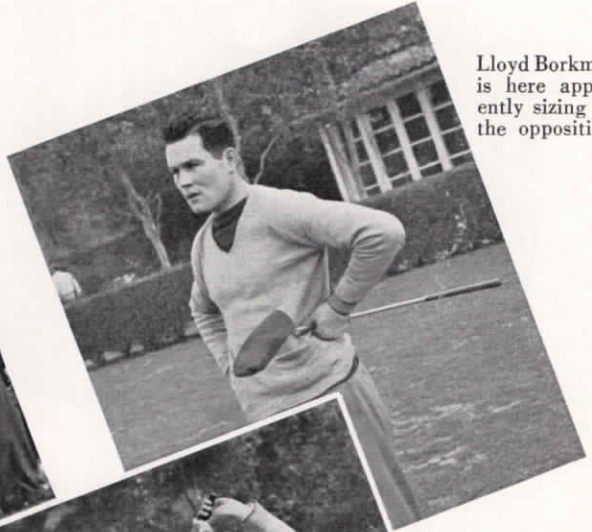
Left: Interior, showing the gas-engine-driven water circulating pumps.

FOLLOWING THE DIVOTEERS

Union Golfers Led in Southern California Petroleum Golf Tournament Until the Last Match, and Then Lost by a Narrow Margin



Right: Ralph Martin lifts his head to watch the photographer.



Lloyd Borkman is here apparently sizing up the opposition.



Bill Hulings keeps his eye on the ball, or at least the place where the ball should be.



Right: Ron Gibbs and Lloyd Morgan waiting for the players ahead to get past the 300-yard marker.



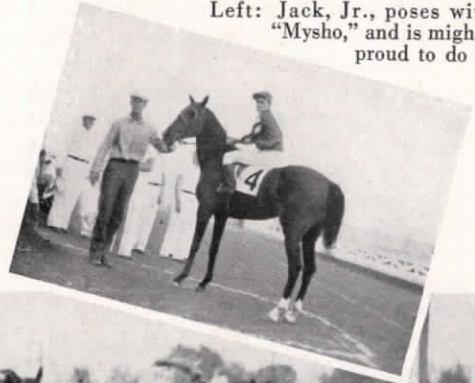
Jack Witter, cashier's office; Chet Beer, pro in charge of tournament; A. W. Anderson, comptroller's office; and Jesse Mac Clocklin, production, Santa Fe Springs.

THE INSIDE DOPE

The ways of oil men are many and devious, and they find relaxation from the ardor of their daily duties in peculiar diversions. There's Jack Gordinier, for instance, foreman for the Los Angeles Pipe Line, whose daily stint requires him to supervise the laying of lines, mending of leaks, installation of pumps, and a hundred and one things of that sort, and whose leisure moments are devoted to the training of thoroughbred horses. Jack doesn't only train the steeds, he owns them, and he races them at the local tracks, much to the embarrassment of other owners who fancy their entries in the same races.

Jack doesn't know himself when he developed his love of horseflesh; in fact, he states very emphatically that he always did, but in any case he has certainly got it, in copious quantities, and training his pets is now the greatest joy of his life. He has a son, inci-

Left: Jack, Jr., poses with "Mysho," and is mighty proud to do it.



Above: "Mysho" in a winning race at Pomona, where the horse won two out of four starts.

dentally, who has inherited the parental tendency, so that while Jack, himself, is held in check by the necessities of his business affairs, the boy takes over the reins, as it were, with the same enthusiasm and with equal capability.



Above: Jack Gordinier with the latest addition to his string, "Flashinpan." Sounds like a cigar lighter.

With a stable consisting of four horses, he has already had phenomenal success at the small tracks, and will shortly take a flutter among the big-timers at Santa Anita. His first assay among the bang tails was at the last Pomona Fair, where his horse "Mysho" romped home in two out of four starts. With the proceeds of this preliminary adventure in the sport of kings, he purchased the latest addition to his stable, "Flashinpan," a two-year-old from which he is expecting big results at Santa Anita and Arcadia.

Overnight Maturity

Following is a clipping from the Los Angeles Herald, Monday, February 15:

"Mrs. Loretta Lando, wife of Alvin Lando, of the Union Oil Company, today was the mother of a bouncing baby girl, born at Hollywood Hospital early this morning. The couple have one other child, F. Stanley, 55. Both mother and infant daughter are reported doing nicely. The Landos live at 5927½ Gregory Avenue."

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Lando on the new arrival, and are sorry that the California climate has made their other child, Stanley, age so rapidly.

DON'T BE DRIVEN

THERE is no better method of learning your way around a strange city than to borrow or rent an automobile and simply drive around. You can, of course, do the sights while driving with someone else, but somehow or other you never really seem to get your bearings that way, and besides out of deference to the wishes of the driver, you may have to include in your itinerary trips in which you are not interested, and conversely, may have to forego others in which you are decidedly interested.

Realizing this fact, R. L. Lail, back in 1919 conceived the idea of renting cars to visitors, tourists, and even to local business men who either didn't have cars of their own, or perhaps didn't have them immediately available. The project proved a remarkable success, and from a modest beginning, in which four Model T Fords constituted the entire equipment, Lail's Auto Livery, Ltd., expanded, until by 1929 the organization was offering its patrons a choice of over 300 late model cars.

Lots of fifteen to twenty-five new cars were purchased at intervals as the old ones became obsolete, and the total yearly turnover mounted to as high as a hundred cars. Customer miles soon ran up into millions, and service departments were added in various convenient locations in the city. At one time three large buildings in the vicinity of the downtown district were occupied by the concern, and Union Oil Company employees in head office will remember the particular branch that was located in the Auto Center Garage. Present headquarters are at 815 South Grand.

Mr. Lail first came to Los Angeles from Montana where he was, for a number of years, engaged as an auto dealer. His early experience in this connection proved very valuable in the project which he later launched here, and in the meantime has been supplemented by an eighteen years' study of almost every type of automobile manufactured in this country. In view of the diversity of equipment controlled by Lail's Auto Livery, Ltd., and the fact that the units are operated by every



Three stages in the growth of Lail's Auto Livery. Top shows R. L. Lail at the door of the first headquarters. Center: One of the first rental autos. Bottom: One of today's models leaving the garage.

kind of driver, it is a fine testimonial for the quality of Union Oil Company products that Mr. Lail has used them exclusively for seventeen years.

The automobiles now include almost every late model from the lower price range to the highest, and the customers of the institution

represent every phase of society, from the leisurely tourist to the brusque business magnate. In spite of the tremendous increase in individual ownership there is still a vigorous demand for the courteous, though somewhat unusual, service rendered by Lail's Auto Livery, Ltd.

Refinery Girls' Valentine Dance

A heavy downpour and heavily-flooded roads somewhat affected the attendance at the Refinery Girls' Valentine Dance, Saturday evening, February 6, but had no visible dampening effect on the enjoyment of those who braved the elements. Lakewood Country Club was the scene of the affair, and Mary Ayres as usual had her various committees thoroughly organized so that the schedule of events ran on like a Triton lubricated motor.

Novelty dances provided plenty of amusement, and for those who take their terpsichore seriously, there were lots of the more dignified measures, for which music was furnished by a first class orchestra. The Clubhouse was decorated tastefully throughout in the Valentine motif, and altogether despite the ugly temper of the weatherman everybody had a swell time.

Promotions for Noble and Hoots

Earl B. Noble, formerly assistant manager of exploration for Union Oil Company of California, has been appointed Chief Geologist, according to an announcement released by Desaix B. Myers, manager of exploration.

Right: Earl B. Noble, former asst. manager of exploration, now chief geologist.



Left: Harold W. Hoots, newly appointed asst. chief geologist.

Noble is well known in geological circles, is a graduate of Yale, with post graduate work in geology at the University of California. He entered the employ of Union Oil Company as a geological scout in 1923. For a number of years prior to his association with Union he was a member of the State Mining Bureau, Division of Oil and Gas, and is a past president of the Pacific Coast section of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists. The position which Noble will now fill has been vacant for several months since the appointment of D. B. Myers as manager of exploration. It is interesting to note that in the 47 years of its existence Union Oil Company has had only three other Chief Geologists—W. W. Orcutt, C. R. McCollom and D. B. Myers.

Named as assistant Chief Geologist is H. W. Hoots, who is the author of a number of government bulletins on the geology of parts of Western Texas, Wyoming and California, written when he was in charge of certain field investigations for the United States Geological Survey. He is a graduate of Stanford University, and joined the staff of Union Oil Company as geologist in 1928.



Tom Gill.

W. E. Russell at his short wave set, over which he has received messages from every state in the Union, and almost every country in the world.

WHAT ARE THE SHORT WAVES SAYING?

"JUDGE" W. E. RUSSELL, distinguished presiding officer of the last Kangaroo court, and short wave operator extraordinary, who also finds time to officiate as chief clerk for the Santa Fe Springs gas department, has just distinguished himself once again under highly interesting and exceedingly unusual circumstances. Being addicted to the prevalent pastime of combing the ether for stray waves, his honor, on the evening of January 25, was perched in front of his short wave set juggling the condensers and burning up one rheostat after another in a frantic effort to tune in on what he terms the 40 meter band—probably some little known rhumba orchestra. In any case, while thus engaged his quick ear suddenly caught a faint call that was evidently not only important, but urgent. Adjusting the dials with the speed and facility of the expert he soon had the sender isolated. It was operator W9SMY, East St. Louis, Illinois, who was vigorously attempting to establish communication with another amateur in order to convey an emergency message from the flood stricken valley of Shawneetown, to the effect that the city, due to the serious nature of the flood conditions, must be evacuated in 24 hours, and would be completely submerged in forty-eight.

The St. Louis sender had been unable to contact any of his fellow licensees in the immediate neighborhood, perhaps because of the general excitement that prevailed during the period of inundation, and Operator Russell was undoubtedly the first to receive the message.

The latter, an erstwhile professional telegrapher, and his son, Bill, have maintained a receiving and transmitting station at Fullerton since 1930, and have established communication at various times with every state in the Union, as well as 54 foreign countries. Their call numbers are W6GHI and W6MTC.

With regard to the particular message mentioned here, Russell, Sr., accepted the relay from the East St. Louis dispatcher, and immediately phoned it to the nearest representative of the United Press—the Fullerton News Tribune—from whence it was again relayed to United Press headquarters at Los Angeles. It was all a simple routine matter in the modest opinion of the receiver, but it constituted a story that was big enough to break the headlines of the local press, and any time an employee of Union Oil Company makes the front page, that's Bulletin News.

Cover Design

The fine illustrations adorning the outside covers of this month's issue of the Bulletin are from photographs by Paul Michels, comptroller's department. They are both scenes in Lassen National Park, California, the front cover being an excellent view of Mount Lassen framed in a gorgeous natural setting, and the back showing Juniper Lake with Harkness Lookout Mountain in the distance. The inside front cover is another interesting example of Bob Byrne's artistry in the handling of "commercials."

SERVICE STATION HISTORY

WHEN R. J. Darling's service station at 732 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica, was first built in 1922, it was just outside the city limits. From Lincoln and Nevada (now Wilshire) north towards Los Angeles there had been little development, and the beautiful homes, imposing business houses, and tree-lined streets that now occupy the area, were conspicuous by their absence. The service station itself corresponded with the times. Only one brand of gasoline was available, and it was distributed by means of the old hand-cranked pump. Oil was received in barrels, and dished out in quart measures, and such a thing as canned oil had not even fig-

ured in the dreams of the technologist. Traffic was also vastly lighter in these days, and people were still able to cross the streets without going to the intersection and waiting for the bell.

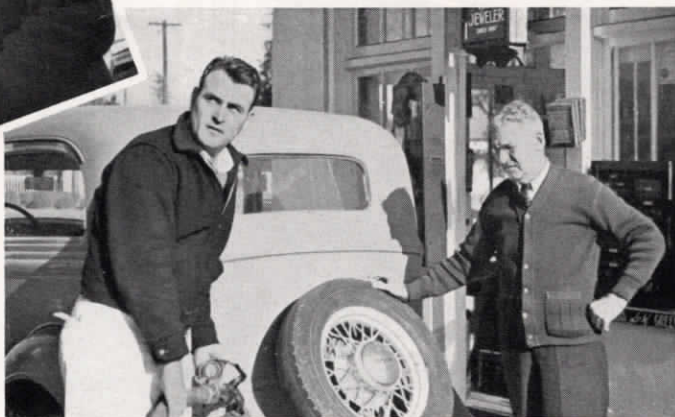
But times have changed, the same service station is now situated (without having been moved) on one of the busiest arterial highways in the world. The single hand-cranked pump has been replaced by three thoroughly modern automatic units. Triton, the last word in lubricating oil, is now dispensed safely and economically to customers from sealed cans. Stop-wear service assures minimum wear to the cars of patrons. Complete service equipment in the form of lubrication hoist, tire repair utilities, battery charging essentials, and all the incidentals necessary to the operation of a first class service station, are now available for the convenience of the customer.

During the fifteen years that this station has been in operation it has continued to dispense Union Oil products to the passing motorist and to a large group of "regulars" in its vicinity. Mr. Darling, the proprietor, personally conducted this very successful business until about two years ago, when he turned over the more strenuous work to his two sons. He himself has long been an active civic worker, and was among the first to propose changing the name of "Nevada" to "Wilshire," and to advocate the widening of the street to its present admirable dimensions.



Above: R. J. Darling has dispensed Union products for fifteen years.

Right: "R. J.," with one of his two sons who are now carrying on the business at Santa Monica.



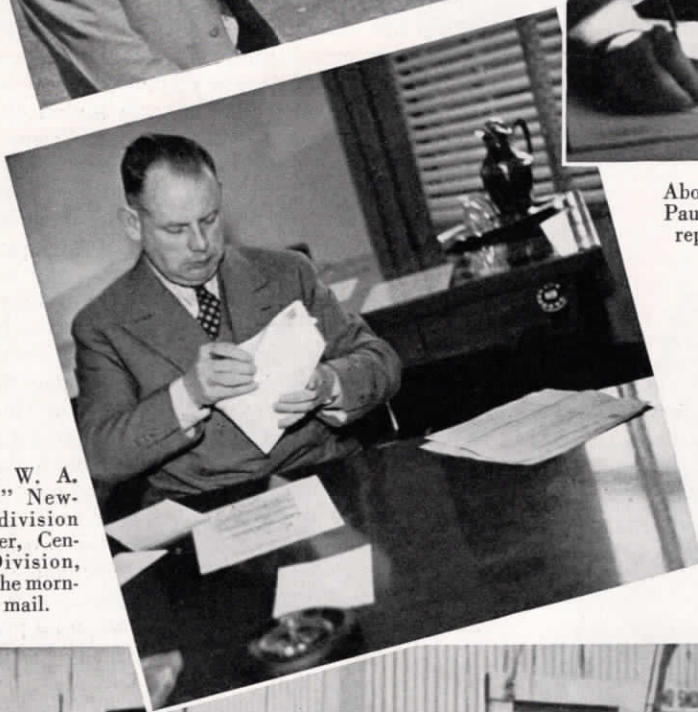
RAMBLING AROUND WITH THE LEICA

Harold McCarty (left), gas dept., Dominguez, has just heard a good one, and is telling it to W. J. "Swede" Larsen, Dominguez production foreman.



Above: Ferne O. Pressey, Santa Paula, checking the production reports from the Torrey lease.

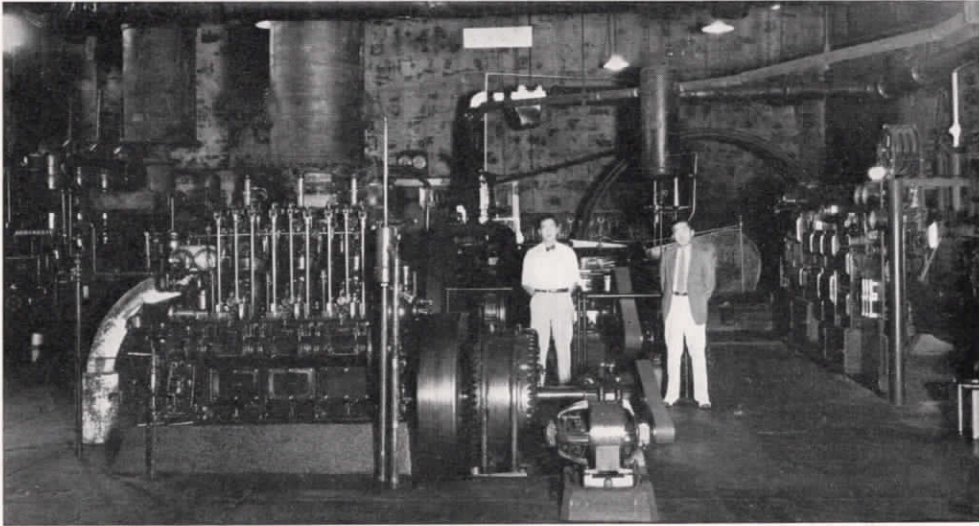
Right: W. A. "Tony" Newhoff, division manager, Central Division, opens the morning mail.



Above: Jim Hill, refinery engineer, Los Angeles, shows why he is president of the revolver and gun club.



Left: Ray Alm, asst. agent, Victoria, B. C., caught in a morning stroll over the company properties.



One of five prime movers in the sake brewery of The Honolulu Sake Brewery and Ice Company, Honolulu. S. Nomura, chief engineer, stands left and M. Tomooka, Union Oil Company sales department, right.

JAPAN'S NATIONAL BEVERAGE

OF ALL the foodstuffs in the world, there is no doubt that rice is the most extensively used. It is the chief sustenance of hundreds of millions of people, and its consumption increases daily. One-third of the world's population utilizes this cereal as its principal article of diet. It forms the staple food of the natives of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and in fact almost all Eastern nations. A Malay laborer consumes about fifty-six pounds monthly, and a Burmese or Siamese forty-six pounds in the same period.

The Eastern nations also obtain their most popular beverage—sake—from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan, and China. Sake is really the only purely native drink of Japan. Its origin dates back some two thousand years, and at present its annual production runs up to five million koku (250,000,000 gallons). Taxes on sake constitute the source of the Japanese government's greatest revenue, and exceed two hundred million yen per annum.

In Hawaii there is now in operation one of the largest and best-equipped sake breweries in the world outside of Japan. It is known as the Honolulu Sake Brewery & Ice Company, and is located in Pauoa Valley, Honolulu.

Sake is brewed very similarly to other fermented liquors, the starch granules first being broken, and converted to sugar by the action of molds and certain agents known as enzymes. The saccharized product is then fermented with sake yeast, until the desired alcoholic content is reached. The finished beverage usually contains about 17 per cent of alcohol, and compared to other alcoholic liquors is said to be both mild and nourishing. Its sustaining quality is due to the presence of glucose, dextrin, and amino acids, all of which may be regarded as partly digested food constituents. Sake may be imbibed either hot or cold, but the Japanese prefer to sip it moderately warm.

It is estimated that the time required to fuel a motor vehicle has been cut in half by installation at service stations of metered gasoline pumps which automatically compute volume and cost of gasoline as it flows into the customer's vehicle.

Natural gas was used for city fuel and light at Fredonia, N. Y., in 1865.

Twenty-five Years

A. S. Daggett
Sales, Nor. Div.



E. H. Canet
Mfg., Avila

S. Knudsen
Gas, Orcutt



Service Emblem Awards



FOR those people who derive entertainment from statistics we suggest that a study of the total man years devoted to the building of Union Oil Company might offer a few enjoyable hours, and incidentally develop some astonishing figures. The roster of long term employees grows month by month, and the average employment period is now a matter of common conjecture wherever two or more Company employees congregate. This entire matter has become such an obsession that no meeting can get properly under way until some budding accountant has first made a calculation of the total employment years represented by those present. In order to comply with the prevailing demand, therefore, we have gone into seclusion for a couple of days with a comptometer and a slide rule, and have emerged with some unusually palatable home made statistics, based on this month's service emblem awards.

Sixty persons were cited this month for long and meritorious service, and we might explain that the word meritorious is added on the simple assumption that length in this particular case is not possible without merit. Of these sixty persons, three have been with the

Company for a quarter of a century each, nine are starting their twenty-first year, twenty-two have just completed fifteen-year terms of profitable, productive, and enjoyable association, and the balance are mere youngsters with ten years to their credit. En bloc, and this is the result of our violent cogitations, they are responsible for the total contribution of 845 years of effort to the maintenance and progress of Union Oil Company. The average term of the group is 14.1 years, which doesn't mean anything in particular, but is another result of our expert manipulation of the slide rule.

Out in front of the twenty-five year trio is Earl H. Canet, who first became attached to Union Oil Company's extensive staff on February 1, 1912, when he was engaged as a laborer at Avila refinery. He was shortly thereafter elevated to a pumping job, and in the intervening years has been variously stillman, pumper, gauger, pipefitter, and mechanic at Avila. One of the most interesting experiences in Earl's career with the company developed in connection with the experimental period of the Cottrell dehydrating plant. He played an active part in the preliminary inves-

tigation of this process, and followed it through with great interest, until it became a practical unit in petroleum operations. Earl is now employed as a craftsman at the same refinery at which he secured his initial engagement with the Company. He is a devoted lover of horses and farming, but just in case the time should ever come when he might be unable to apply himself to these pursuits, he has acquired two other hobbies—leather ornamentation and knot working. We can quite understand the leather ornamenting craft, but what knot working is we are not altogether sure. However, it is interesting to dwell on the fact that when Earl is not working he is knot working.

Following Earl Canet in the twenty-five year group is Simon Knudsen, whose craving for a life on the bounding main first brought him into the Union Oil Company fold. He was initially engaged as an oiler on the now defunct Santa Rita, and was severely injured in an explosion and fire that occurred on this ship about a year later, while she was discharging cargo at Oleum. Despite his injuries, he had the presence of mind to close the hatch on a flaming tank and turn in the steam, thus preventing what might easily have been a very serious conflagration. The adventure, however, cost him two years in the hospital, and when he eventually recovered he was transferred to the Oleum. Simon now recalls the fact that his old ship, the Santa Rita, was commandeered for national service during the war, and on her first transatlantic trip foundered and sank with all hands. In 1912 he abandoned the ships and obtained a shore job as a repairman at Avila refinery, where he remained until 1917. He was then moved to Orcutt absorption plant as a mechanic and has remained there up to the present time. One of Simon's greatest enjoyments yet is an occasional trip to Port San Luis to watch the tankers come and go, and to feel once more the age-old urge of the sea that eternally tugs at the heart of a seaman.

Last of the twenty-five year men is Arthur S. Daggett, who started his Union Oil Company affiliation as a tank wagon driver for the sales department at Seattle, Washington, on January 1, 1909, but left four months later to accept a position in the office of the Seattle city engineer. That original four months in the oil business, however, had thoroughly fired him with petroleum fever, and by Feb-

ruary 16, 1912, he was back on the seat of the tank wagon again. Since that time he has had a wide experience in sales endeavor in the northwestern city, and is as well known among the oil consumers of Seattle as 76 and Triton. He has held successfully the positions of tank wagon superintendent, dock superintendent, plant superintendent, and order, price, and traffic clerk. Since 1919 he has been lending his efforts very successfully to the sale of fuel oil, and is credited in no small way with the fine fuel oil and Diesol sales record established by the Seattle district.

Art has three outstanding hobbies, two boys and one girl—grandchildren, who think their grandpa is a pretty swell sort of a chap, and a great many people in Seattle approve and endorse their opinion. He has two incurable weaknesses—golf and bridge. The former he plays left-handed, but as for the latter, shucks, he plays a good game with any old hand that comes along.

Leading the twenty-year delegation for the month of February is Joe Montez, pumper on the Fox, Hobbs, Dome and Newlove leases up at Orcutt, the district in which he has served the entire period of his employment. Joe is one of the many field employees who was with the old Pinal Dome Oil Company when it was taken over by Union, and has been a stout booster for this company and its products ever since. His twenty years of effort have been expended in such variegated phases of field work as well pulling, tool dressing, rig building, and pumping. In his younger days Joe found it difficult to stay home when the hunting season came around, but now he is quite content to slump in a comfortable chair in the evening and hunt through the pages of a good book for his excitement. That is, of course, when his attention isn't demanded by one of the six fine girls who proudly call him dad, and make him pretty proud of their pride, if you get what we mean.

Next comes Henry A. Pierce, another worthy derivative of the Pinal Dome Oil Company, who was brought into Santa Maria from Cat Canyon when Pinal was absorbed by Union, and continued to work in the production department of Union Oil Company in that district for six years. He was then transferred to the Bell lease at Santa Fe Springs, and with the exception of one tour at Long Beach has worked the balance of his twenty years on the various Santa Fe Springs leases.

Twenty Years



J. Montez
Field, Orcutt



H. A. Pierce
Field, So. Div.



E. V. Jones
Gas, So. Div.



L. Hilton
Gas, Orcutt



E. E. Gray
Sales, Seattle



J. Cowie
Marine, Ventura



W. Quill
Mfg., Oleum



W. Gerkin
Sales, So. Div.



W. A. Nott
Gas, So. Div.

Here he has exhibited an unusual faculty for getting in on the big excitement. In 1926, when the Getty well blew in, and broke into a spectacular blaze, he was firing boilers on the Bell lease quite close by; and a short time later the roof of a Bell pumphouse was the only thing that saved him from a rock and mud shower when Bell No. 18 blew in. When not engaged in the hunt for oil he is usually to be found with his two sons, also oil men, out in the wilds hunting something equally elusive.

Ernest V. Jones, like most of the world's Joneses, was born in Wales, the birthplace of another very famous individual — Lloyd George. He came to California when he was

just twelve years of age and as soon as he was old enough to distinguish a good oil concern, he affiliated himself with Union Oil Company. Starting as an oiler at the Orcutt compressor plant, he has since worked as plant operator and engineer in a number of districts. His experience apparently very closely paralleled that of Bill Nott, and he is now also in the Dominguez absorption plant, holding down the post of operator. Ernie makes his home in Gardena, where he devotes his spare moments to plant propagation and horticulture. When he gets tired digging in the garden, however, he applies himself vigorously to digging divots on the local golf courses.

Lemuel Hilton first came to work for Union Oil Company February 9, 1917, as an oiler at the Orcutt compressor plant, and four years later was promoted to the position of plant engineer. He remained in this capacity until 1925, when he was transferred to Orcutt absorption plant as operator. Lemuel is a native Californian, and was born up in the Paso Robles district where his dad ran a stock farm. The family apparently has a peculiar flair for natural gas and gasoline operations, for his brother Ralph is a compressor plant operator at Santa Fe Springs.

It has been our privilege to do the city of Seattle with Ernie Gray as mentor and host, and the experience was one we shall long gratefully remember. Ernie is marine salesman for the Seattle sales department, but he is more than that—he is a walking encyclopedia, a gentleman and a scholar. So far as selling capacity is concerned his reputation is thoroughly established, but the qualities that are outstanding in his makeup are a profound and sympathetic interest in his fellow employees, an unusual acquaintance with the finest things in literature, and a general philosophy of life that is vastly comforting not only to himself, but to everyone with whom he comes in contact. Ernie has no "accounts" in the cold sense of the word. He doesn't sell Union Oil Company products—he sells Union Oil Company, and he sells himself. Long may he continue.

James Cowie, a native of Old Scotia, is well known to every officer and sailor on Union Oil Company's tanker fleet, for he has been active as wharf foreman at Port San Luis and Ventura for the past fifteen years. First employed at the Los Angeles Garage, he was transferred two years later to San Luis Obispo as a machinist on the Producer's Pipe Line. In 1922 he was again transferred, this time to Port San Luis as wharf foreman, and here he remained until just a few months ago. He is now wharf foreman at Ventura. Jim hasn't lost much of his original Scotch brogue, and tells more stories on his fellow countrymen than a vaudeville comedian.

William Quill originally started to work for Union Oil Company at the Oleum refinery in the year 1910, but left in 1916 to try his hand at the hotel business. For a few months he operated the Quill Hotel in Rodeo, near the Oleum plant, but found it impossible to get the oil business out of his system. He returned

to his old love, therefore, on February 20, 1917, and has remained faithful ever since. Bill is now a stillman No. 1 at the refinery, and has specialized largely on the operation of asphalt stills. He is an expert fisherman, and is reputed to have scared all the bass out of the Carquinez Straits.

Walter E. Gerkin entered the employ of the Company as yardman for the sales department at Santa Ana, and was selling from the seat of a tank wagon when war was declared. After some very exciting adventures in France, as a supply sergeant, he returned in 1919 and again was assigned to the yard at Santa Ana. Via the position of tank truck salesman, and city salesman, he was eventually appointed agent at Santa Ana, which position he now holds. Among his outstanding sales achievements was the furnishing of Union Oil Company products for the building of Santiago Dam. Walter has a fine barbecue pit in his garden, so that even without his fine personality, he would still have lots of friends. His hobbies are really his home and its surroundings, but a pair of tickets to a good football game will lure him away any time.

William A. B. Nott, last of the twenty-year group, was employed first at the Pinal Dome absorption plant when he was a mere stripling of twenty-one. After the merger he, like his fellow employees at Pinal, became a member of Union Oil Company's forces, and has never been sorry. He has remained active in various gas department operations down through the years, having served as plant engineer, operator, and mechanic at many of the gas plants in the Valley and southern divisions. He is at present a mechanic in the Dominguez absorption plant. Away from work Bill is a rabid huntsman, and any kind of game that moves on the earth, or in the water under the earth, is his prey. It is said of him, in fact, that he always walks in his stalking feet.

The complete service emblem list follows:

Twenty-five Years—February, 1937

Canet, E. H., Mfg., Avila Refy.
Daggett, A. S., Sales, No. Div.
Knudsen, S., Gas, Coast Div., Orcutt.

Twenty Years—February, 1937

Cowie, J., Field, So. Div.
Gerken, W. E., Sales, So. Div.
Gray, E. E., Sales, No. Div.
Hilton, L., Gas, Coast Div., Orcutt.
Jones, E. V., Gas, So. Div.

Montez, J., Field, Coast Div., Orcutt.
 Nott, W. A. B., Gas, So. Div.
 Pierce, H. A., Field, So. Div.
 Quill, W., Mfg., Oleum Refy.

Fifteen Years—February, 1937

Blackford, H., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Boye, J. C., Sales, Vancouver.
 Burke, D. J., Field, So. Div.
 Carey, C. R., Auto. Div., No. Div.
 Carrier, H. C., Gas, So. Div.
 Creelman, P., Sales, Vancouver.
 Dennis, H. W., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Dettweiler, J. W., Gas, So. Div.
 Drake, E. L., Transp., So. Div., L. A. P. L.
 Duvall, E. C., Field, So. Div.
 Farrell, J., Field, So. Div.
 Hartman, R., Field, Valley Div.
 Johnson, C. V., Sales, No. Div.
 Kruger, J. A., Transp., Head Office.
 McBryde, A., Sales, Vancouver.
 O'Connor, L. R., Sales, Vancouver.
 Ollivier, J. W., Sales, Vancouver.
 Parish, R. A., Sales, Vancouver.
 Power, T. A., Sales, Vancouver.
 Shanahan, J. J., Field, So. Div.
 Smith, C. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Wilcox, E. W., Sales, Vancouver.

Ten Years—February, 1937

Barber, A. P., Field, So. Div.
 Beaudro, S. A., Transp., Head Office.
 Flannigan, E. G., Sales, Cent. Div.
 French, J. S., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Graham, J. W., Sales, Head Office, Foreign.
 Greenhalgh, C. B., Sales, So. Div.
 Herrod, F., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Hunter, D. P., Sales, So. Div.
 Jones, H. H., Transp., So. Div., L. A. P. L.
 Kasal, E. J., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Kenson, R. G., USS, Head Office.
 LaPierre, L. J., Cashier's, Head Office.
 MacLean, W. W., Gas, So. Div.
 Mikesell, J. J., Gas, So. Div.
 Okerstrom, R. E., USS, Cent. Region.
 Owens, J. C., USS, Cent. Region.
 Paige, M. B., Sales, Vancouver.
 Phillips, J. E., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Shepherd, W., Sales, Vancouver.
 Swartz, T. L., Purch., Head Office.
 Tiessen, M. T., Sales, So. Div.
 Wasser, L. E. S., Sales, No. Div.
 Weiss, W. A., Transp., So. Div., L. A. P. L.
 Werling, G. L. Transp., Prod. P. L.
 Williams, C. A., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Wyckoff, J. R., Mfg., L. A. Refy.

New Lake Discovered on Farwell Lease

Lake Judy, so named after its discoverer, Ray Judy, is now the eighth wonder of the world. Whether it was caused by the completion of Boulder Dam and the backing up of the Colorado, or by a leaky radiator in the parking lot, is not certain, but it has already attracted a flock of brilliant decoys to its glassy surface, and will provide some fine hunting for the boys at Santa Fe Springs this fall, if it doesn't in the meantime run down the storm drain.



Photo by Tom Gill

REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

The motorist with the big hands had driven into the fair grounds early, and to rest himself for the forthcoming festivities had slumped in the back of his car and fallen asleep. It was hot and he allowed his hand to dangle out of the open window while he snoozed. Some time later he was awakened by someone pulling his fingers and squeezing them gently one after the other. "Hey! What's the idea?" he yelled as he straightened up; and a dear old lady just outside the window inquired, "How much are you asking apiece for the bananas?"

And, believe it or not, we had a letter from an exasperated reader a short time ago, in which he very bluntly described us as "an unmitigated ass." It made us feel pretty badly, until we arrived at the end of the epistle and found it signed "Yours fraternally."

Which reminds us of the editor who received a contribution, and the following letter: "Dear Sir: Please read the enclosed poem carefully and return it to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire." The editor returned the manuscript, with a brief letter, reading, "Dear Sir: I would suggest that you remove the irons and insert the poem."

Poems are ordinarily anathema to editors of magazines or newspapers that don't run special departments for them, and one individual was so callous on the subject as to announce to his readers, "No more poems will be accepted. We are now heating this office with electricity."

Isn't it a queer thing also that the rockers on a chair always stick out twice as far when the lights have been doused and you're wandering around in your bare feet?

And isn't it an odd circumstance that the draft in which you are now sitting will later be cashed by some doctor?

Nothing in recent years has surpassed in scholarly eloquence the plea of an enthusiastic young lawyer who recently tried his first case. "Gentlemen of the Jury," he said, with the greatest earnestness, "if there ever was a case which, more than any other case, challenged comparison with similar cases, that case is this case."

And we have often wondered why lawyers insist on designating their documents as "briefs."

Returning again to the subject of diction, the small boy whose cat ran afoul of a pugnacious canine, vented what is perhaps one of the finest pieces of descriptive English extant, when, speaking of his cat's part in the fray, he said, "First she humped her back as high as ever she could, then she made her tail as big as ever she could, and finally she just jumped in and blew her nose right in the dog's face."

Then there was the lady who swore that she had baked over a thousand pies during her married life, and could have proved it if her husband had lived.

In addition to that the workman who had to get off in the afternoon to carry the banner for the unemployed now has a buddy who can't tell how long he has been idle until he finds his birth certificate.

And imagine the surprise of the householder who went to the water company to protest that his supply of aqua had been shut off, only to find that it had been shut off for over two months.

We have lately had a tough time trying to decide whether it was accident or a desire to confess that made the doctor write his name on the death certificate in the space reserved for "Cause of Death."

Junior, however, is convinced that the cousin who bunked in with him for a few days must be part Indian, because every time he moved he took the blanket with him.

Also, when his little sister was told to go quietly into the bedroom and see if Uncle Henry was still asleep, she returned with the information that "he's all asleep but his nose."

"What can we do to interest the public in our organization?" asked the president of a local organization, and one visiting press reporter suggested tersely, "Disband."

It is stated, incidentally, on good authority that the surest way to stop sleeping sickness is to adjourn the meeting.

And it is quite interesting to note that when sleigh dogs are traversing land on which there is no snow, they are provided with boots. Some of the dogs in our neighborhood are given boots without regard to the terrain over which they are obliged to travel.

On the subject of dogs, we have studied the face of the Pekingese very intently, and are now more than ever convinced that the habitual pucker in his countenance is due to the fact that his hide was originally cut for a much smaller dog.

It seems odd, too, to find a Fox terrier working in Paramount pictures.

With which few remarks we conclude. Remember that if you give a salesman enough rope, he'll soon smoke the place up.

And these geologists take altogether too much for granite.

