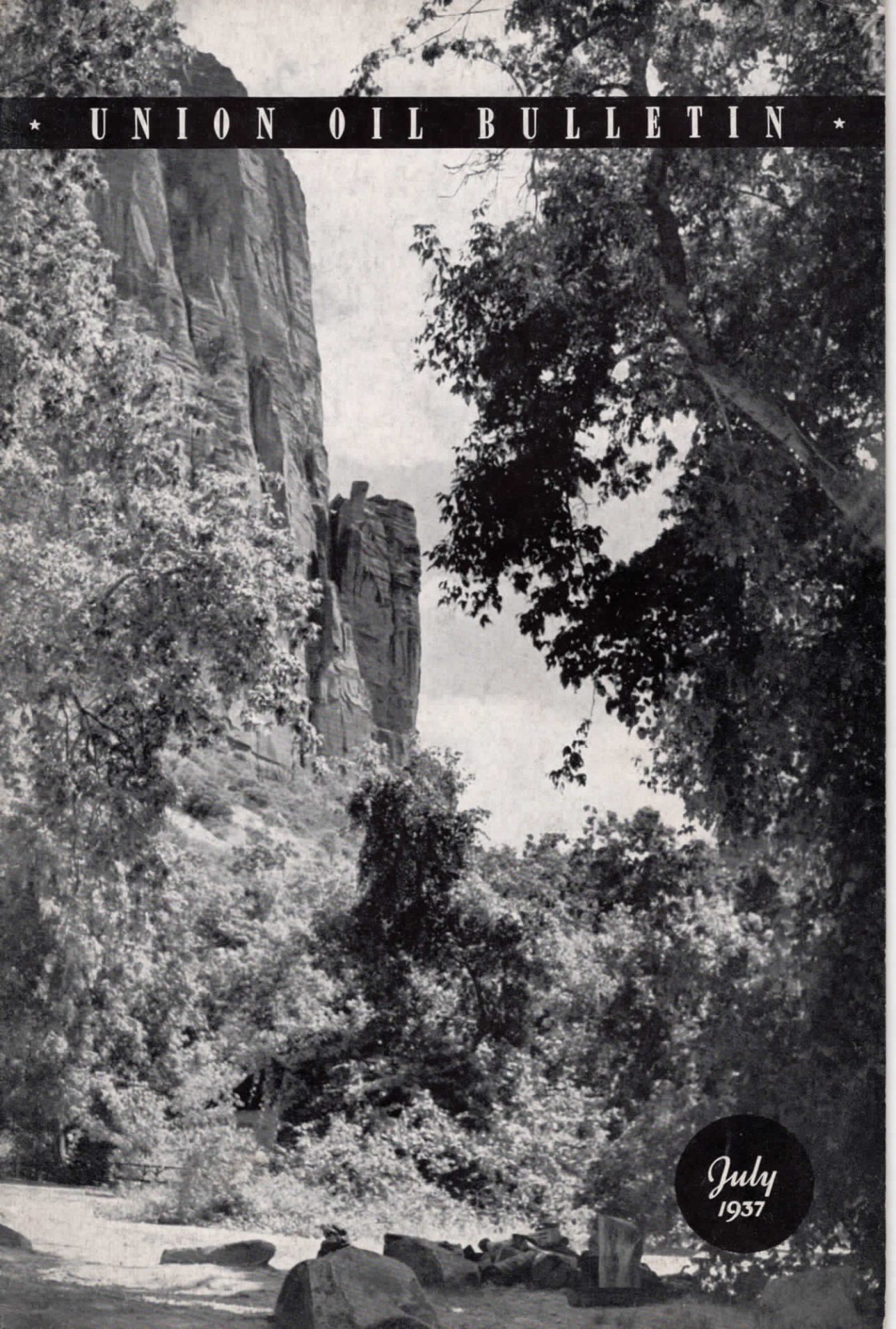
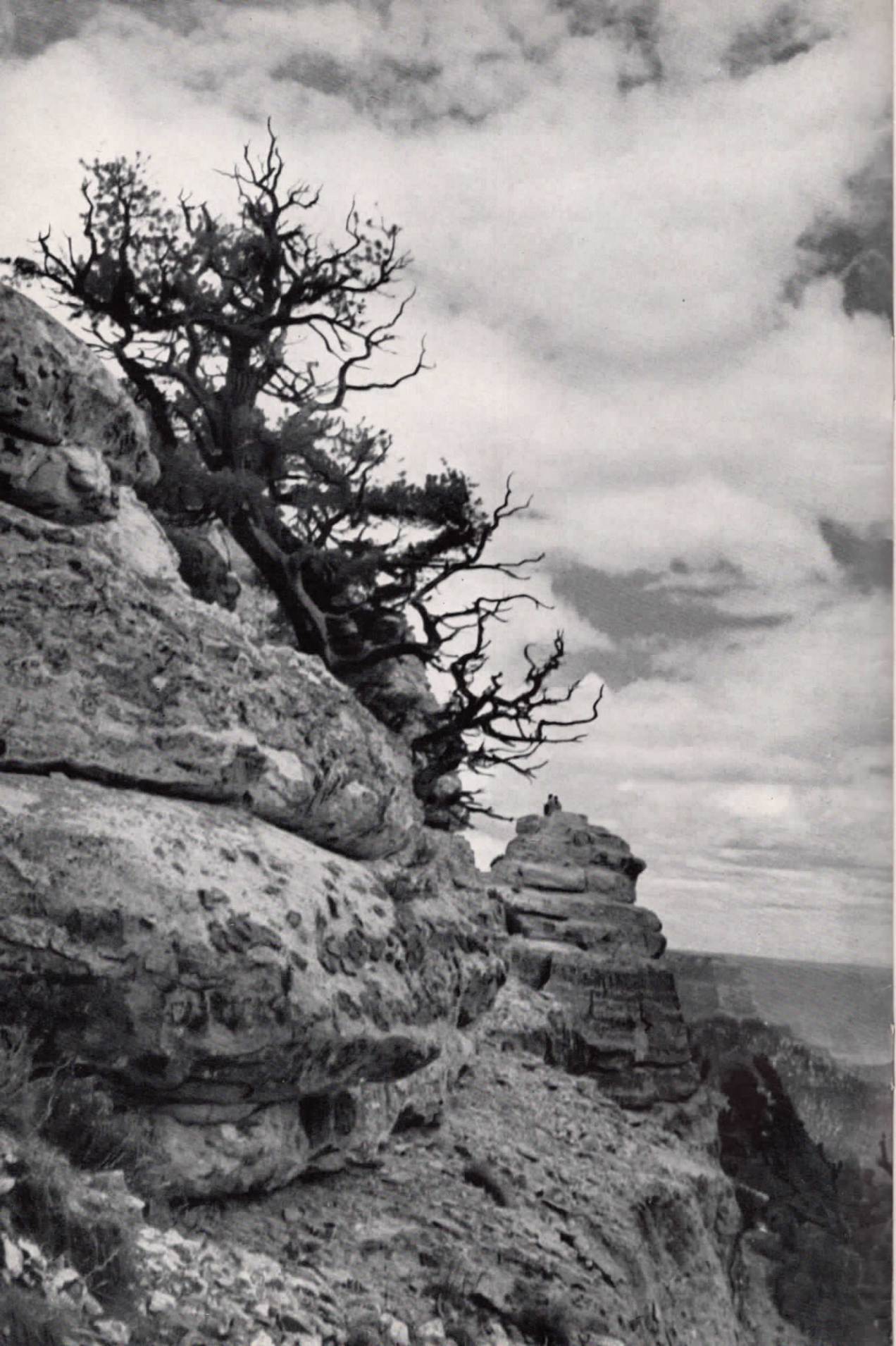


★ UNION OIL BULLETIN ★



July
1937



U N I O N O I L

B U L L E T I N

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

JULY, 1937

NUMBER SEVEN

GRIFFITH PLANETARIUM

THE white blankness of the domed ceiling with its realistic silhouette of the Los Angeles city skyline slowly darkened as the lecturer's voice flowed on and on. Deepening shades of blue crept slowly over the expanse and turned to hues of early nightfall. Where, a few minutes before, there had been bright light, the room was now becoming midnight-black.

As the walls receded into the darkness the lecturer's soft tones described the beauty of the night, the glory of the heavens; then, without warning, the plushy "sky" above was studded with a million diamond-points that were the stars.

Large, luminous, beckoning, the vista shimmered for a few moments, then, to the accompaniment of a soft hum, as if from a far-distant motor, the sky changed again.

"This," said the speaker, "was the way the heavens looked to our ancestors hundreds of years ago. And this," he continued, as the glazed facets moved again, "is how they will appear to your great-great-grandchildren."

How was this? How is it possible for any-

one to show you the sky as it was in the prehistoric past and will be in the dim future? The answer is simple: Through the magic of the Griffith Planetarium.

When the great philanthropist, Colonel Griffith J. Griffith, died, he provided in his will for what is now Griffith Park, and, more particularly, for the Griffith Planetarium. His aims, as expressed in that will, were: "I am anxious to have these improvements instructive and attractive, fully believing that thereby many people can be lifted out of the trenches of ignorance and superstition, and placed on a higher plane of intelligence.

"If my efforts result in teaching such people to look up instead of down I shall ever consider that the donation of the park and these improvements was not in vain."

Today, situated on the south slope of Mount Hollywood, overlooking the city of Los Angeles, stands Griffith Park and Observatory, a fitting memorial to the man who was so anxious that humanity be taught to look to the stars.

This classic example of modern Grecian

architecture, with its three copper domes glistening in the California sun, rests at the end of an exhilarating scenic excursion up Hollywood Drive, with a private bird's-eye view of the entire metropolitan Los Angeles area lying within the traveler's gaze. But even without this added attraction, the observatory itself, with its trim, well-kept lawns and imposing masonry, is a sight well worth seeing. This, you realize as you cross the portals, is more than an observatory in the ordinary sense of the word. It is, rather, an exposition of the sciences, as interesting and intriguing to the schoolboy and schoolgirl as it is to the most profound physicist, chemist, or astronomer.

In one of the two small domes which flank the large central arch is a twelve-inch refracting telescope through which one may view the actual night sky, which seems somehow prosaic when balanced against the scientific wonders of the planetarium. In the other dome is a triple coelestat, a machine for observing the sun without the usual attendant discomfort, and in a much more intimate manner.

The halls are lined with displays of technical apparatus and demonstration cases of scientific phenomena, which, providing a commentary on human curiosity, are all the more interesting because it is we, the sightseer and observer, who are allowed to set the operating machinery in motion.

Here, in the geological section, is a cast showing the supposed structure of the earth from crust to crust; there is a miniature oil field showing all the stages of the process by which black gold is extracted from the earth, and, incidentally, giving a graphic picture of the reasons why some wells produce while others do not. In one glass-fronted case certain mineral specimens flash back illumination in brilliant variegated tints, teaching the phenomenon of fluorescence, and a little farther down the hall is a nervous seismograph reeling out records of artificial earthquakes.

Suspended from a forty-foot steel wire in the center of the main foyer is a brass sphere called the "Foucault Pendulum," which swings in a pit of marble and glass. The pit is graduated in small sections to show the deviation in the swing of the pendulum, and, although to the casual eye it always appears to be swinging back and forth in a straight line, because of the rotating motion of the earth it actually makes a complete circuit of the pit in a fraction over forty-two hours at the latitude of the observatory.

If one were poised in a space ship a mere five hundred miles from the moon, one could get no better view of the lunar surface than is provided by an enlarged cast of the dead planet which rests in one of the glass cases in the planetarium. Touch a nearby button and a brilliant shaft of light travels over the scene, simulating in its progress the waxing and waning of the lunar day, and showing in greater clarity all the craters, depressions and eminences, precisely as they are seen by the astronomers as they study them through their high-powered telescopes.

Those who are afflicted with abnormal curiosity bumps find an attractive playground in the physics section. Here, with no more effort than that involved in the pressing of a few buttons, you can view such a diversity of electric and magnetic phenomena as may rarely be found. Attraction and repulsion by magnets, electric arcs, the generation of currents, the relation between currents and magnetic fields, and endless electrical principles are demonstrated in the simplest manner by the exhibits, and such developments as fluorescence, luminosity, heat and X-rays, caused by electrical discharges under various conditions, are displayed with a simplicity which will delight those unacquainted with the field.

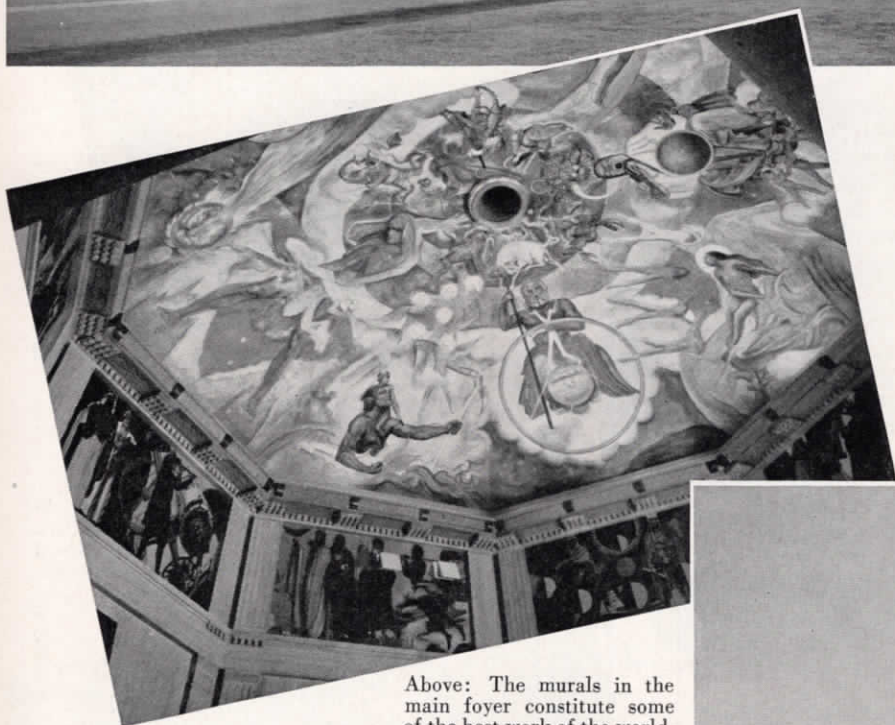
Do you like mathematics? Then search out the mathematics section when you visit the hall. Is your interest in chemistry, meteorites, or general astronomy? You need take but a few steps to discover exhibits in your field. Or, if you care for pure art, you will find it well worth your while to study the series of murals in the foyer, generally acknowledged as some of the finest work of the world-famous artist, Hugo Ballin. No matter in what field of the sciences your interests lie you will find some means of expansion during your visit to the planetarium.

But it is inside the planetarium proper that you must go to find the biggest thrill offered by the display. Passing from the hall into the planetarium you find yourself in a large circular room with a white-domed ceiling. An usher takes you to a comfortably upholstered chair which revolves and pivots so the "sky" may be seen without too much neck strain.

After seating yourself the first thing you notice is an apparatus resembling a huge dumb-bell in the center of the room. A profusion of dimly-lighted circular glass facets dot either end of the affair, which is attached at the middle to a comparatively frail framework.

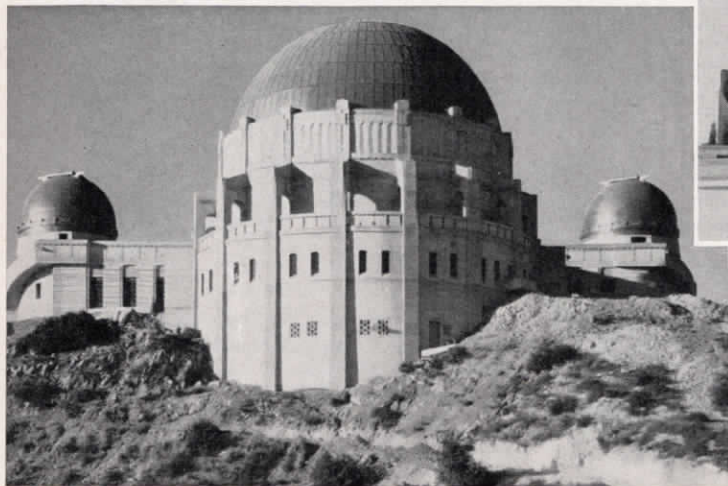


Above: The imposing architecture of the observatory makes Griffith Planetarium one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in the world.



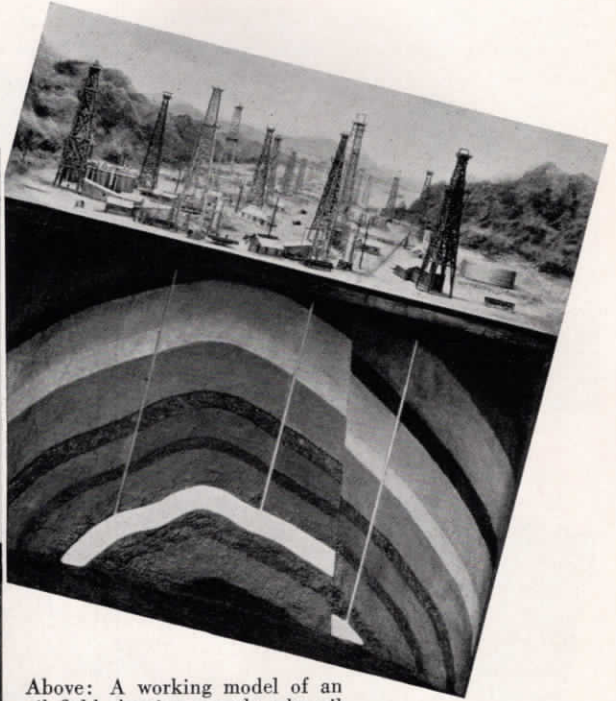
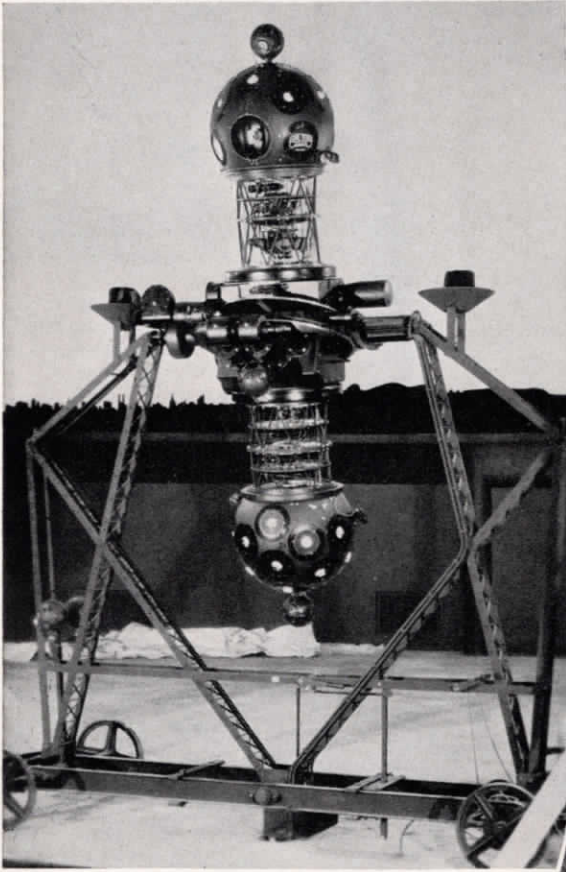
Above: The murals in the main foyer constitute some of the best work of the world-famous painter, Hugo Ballin.

Below: A rear view of the observatory with the Planetarium dome in center.



Above: This beautiful column which stands in the forecourt of the observatory is dedicated to the earliest explorers of the heavens.

Below: The remarkable Planetarium projector, by means of which the stars are flashed on the dome of the projection room exactly as they appear in the sky.



Above: A working model of an oil field showing exactly why oil is found in some places and not in others. This display is part of the geological exhibit at the Planetarium.

Below: The actual observing at Griffith Park is done through a twelve-inch refracting telescope.



Left: Part of the triple coelestat which reflects the image of the sun into the exhibition rooms so that the ball of fire may be examined closely without the usual eye strain.

This machine is the planetarium projector, a tribute to the progress of optical science in general, and to the wizardry of the Carl Zeiss workshops in particular. Through the revolving of the spheres at either end—but wait . . .

Back of one section of the assembled audience—there are seldom less than 200 present—stands a small rostrum flanked by a myriad of electric buttons. The room darkens; the gloom deepens, and with the seeming approach of night the audience sits hushed. Suddenly, coming apparently from nowhere, a voice begins to weave its spell. Unknown to the group the speaker has entered, and now stands at his rostrum, his hands resting near the switchboard.

He speaks of past ages, when men trembled at the approach of the blackness of night. Then he tells of the development of astronomy, and with that development of the increased knowledge of the universe that has come to

banish our fears. Now, he explains, man welcomes the night that he may revel in the beauties that become visible only in the darkened sky.

Suddenly stars dot the dome overhead. The projector gyrates, and the planets, stars and constellations assume their correct positional and dimensional relations to each other. This is the sky today. Another button is pressed, and again the projector turns, revealing the heavens as they appeared before the dawn of history. Still another button is pushed, and now we are looking at the sky-picture generations hence.

The speaker concludes his lecture. In a hushed silence the audience leaves the planetarium. As they pass through the door each person instinctively looks to the sky. And that is exactly what Colonel Griffith would have wanted them to do.

“ . . . To look up, and not down!”



SANTA MARIA VALLEY OIL FIELD

THE time is a short five years ago; the place a sunny street corner in Santa Maria. Two men are in conversation as the stream of morning shoppers hurries by.

“What makes you so sure there’s oil out there?” This with a wave of the arm to the south.

“Well, I don’t know. It just seems that there should be. I guess it’s just a feeling but I’ll bet—”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. But what evidence have you got? Why should there be oil here any more than on the top of Mount Shasta? Believe me, friend, if there was anything there one of these big companies would’ve spotted it by now.”

“Oh, I’m not so sure. There’s plenty of places where there might be oil that ain’t been found yet. Why I’ll bet—”

“Yeah, you’ll bet—but you’re betting on a hunch. Why, all you’ve got is a feeling. And most of the time feelings don’t pay off!”

“I know that, but you just wait. Some day Santa Maria will be another Signal Hill—or maybe a Santa Fe Springs. And when that day rolls around—”

“Yeah, when that day rolls around address

me at St. Peter’s Dome, Apartment Three. Well, I’ll be seeing you.” And the skeptic strolled on down the busy street.

That was just five years ago. But on May 12 of this year G. A. Martin, in his Santa Maria Daily Times, announced:

“With a quarter-million-dollar job just completed, Union Oil Co. will soon begin work on further extension of its pipe line system in the South Santa Maria oil field.

“Announcement of the extension of the pipe line is accepted as proof that Union officials are fully satisfied that the field has been proven in the southwestern section . . . The new pipe line to Avila is operating to near capacity of 1,000 barrels per hour from the new pumping and warming station in the northwestern corner of the Battles ranch.”

Behind the passage of time in those five years is a dramatic story of failure and success; of discouragement and elation. But with the final proving of the new field, no other district in California, at the present time, is commanding so much attention from the western branch of the oil industry.

Long before any actual attempt was made

to explore the area for potential oil production, the general feeling that pervaded the atmosphere about Santa Maria told residents and oil experts that there was something here, besides what had already been found at Orcutt, just eight miles south. Somewhere nearby the elusive black trickle that was oil was just waiting to be tapped. Sometime, somehow, it would be.

But through the depression years optimism waned and development sluffed off considerably. Prospective oil lands, once held tenaciously, gradually began to pass to a seemingly endless succession of owners and lessors. Then, with the sudden promise of an extensive, highly productive horizon, interest flared. All transfers of property rights stopped immediately. And now it would take a king's ransom to secure a release of ownership on any property within twenty miles of the present established producing area, known variously as the Santa Maria Valley field, the South Santa Maria field, and the Adam field, lying from two to two and one-half miles south of Santa Maria.

Just when the field was first geologized is difficult to say, but it is known that the first systematic survey was made by a major independent in the latter part of 1932. One of the tests made by the company indicated a possibility of production, but the well proved dry and was abandoned.

Nevertheless, upon the showings provided by the well, Union began a survey on the Rice property just south of where the former well had been drilled. Evidence was found which warranted the spudding in of a well on the lease, and so, on February 23, 1934, the first company venture in the new territory began.

The geology of the area indicated that the potential producing horizon was an overlap of Monterey shale lying on Franciscan schist. But the well, started with so many high hopes, turned out to be a keen disappointment, for after drilling to a depth of 2,280 feet, with a penetration of 140 feet into the Franciscan schist, it proved a duster.

"See, that's two of 'em. And they didn't find anything. I tell you you're crazy!"

"Don't be so sure. They're still trying, aren't they? Some day I tell you . . ."

"They," meaning in this case the Union Oil Company, certainly were still trying and, in June of 1934, the company spudded in the second well on the lease, Moretti No. 1, lying in the adjoining section and due west of the

first well, Rice No. 1. Down again went the drills, biting into the Monterey shale at 2,174 feet. Still deeper the rig drove its bit into the Franciscan schist at 2,370 feet. Then, just 19 feet deeper, Union brought in the first producer in the new area. True, it was a small well, bringing in but 50 barrels per day on the pump, but it was at least a producer and it gave a new impetus to the drive for the riches stored in nature's vaults. Moretti No. 1 was followed by another well, lying just southwest, Enos No. 1, which, upon completion, yielded 30 barrels per day of the same type of crude as the Moretti well.

With no particular cause yet for excitement in the east end of the field, the drilling crews moved over to the west side, where, after drilling the Leroy well to 3,436 feet without even encountering the Monterey shale, they retired with a worthy effort marked up as their only reward.

Up to this time no other company had become actively interested in the territory, but, on the completion of the next well drilled by Union, all petrolic eyes turned to the area.

The reason? Union Oil Company's Adam No. 1—the fifth well to be drilled by the company in the Santa Maria Valley area.

Started March 1, 1936, and located just to the east of the old Moretti No. 1, the first producer in the field, the Adam well was drilled to a depth of 2,526 feet. An excited group of geologists and oil experts studied the showings of this well that was so different from all the rest. In fact, it was so different that they decided a production test was not only desirable but imperative. On March 31, just one month after the well was first spudded in, the casing was cemented. And through that 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch shell came 2,376 barrels of oil the first day. Flowing oil, reaching the surface and flooding into the rundown tanks without being pumped! And in addition to the oil the well yielded a gas flow of 306 thousand cubic feet.

"See—I told you so four years ago. I knew they'd find oil in Santa Maria Valley!"

"Well, maybe so. You may have been right, but just wait. It'll go dry in no time."

Following the completion of the Adam well, Union next drilled Battles No. 1 due south, and on July 6 brought her in flowing for a potential of 1,783 barrels, and, while this well was being drilled, a new operator, Hancock-Bush, entered the field with a location due north of the old Moretti well. After being car-



Left: B. R. "Russ" Griffith, District Engineer, Coast Division, Orcutt.

Below: C. R. Canfield, Coast Division Paleontologist at Orcutt.



Below: First producer in the Santa Maria Valley Field, Moretti No. 1.



Right: Ernie Smith, Engineer at Summit Pump Station.



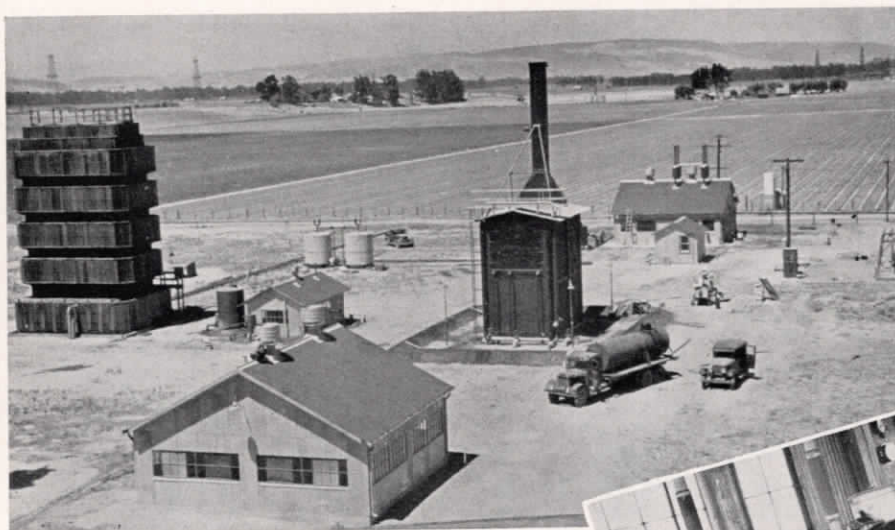
Above: Victor Gambetti, Engineer at Santa Maria Pump Station.



Left: Adam No. 1 well, the first big producer in the Santa Maria Valley Field, came in for about 2,500 barrels. Note that the derrick is gone, and nothing left but the "Christmas tree."



These two gentlemen are J. G. Battles (right), Union Oil Company lessor, and J. G. Ruckley, who met with the cameraman on the Battles lease.

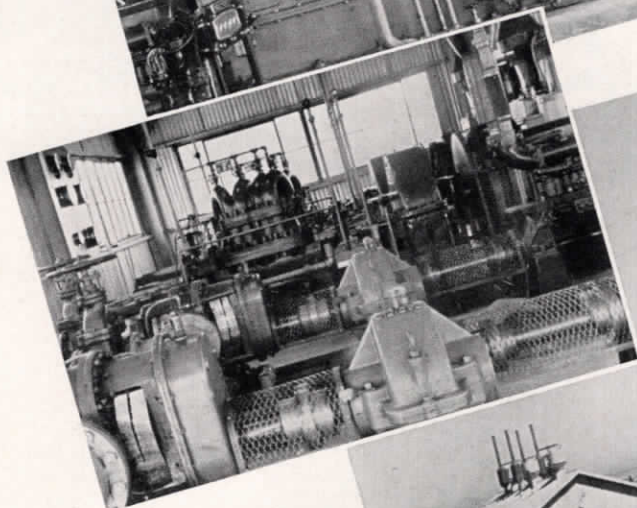
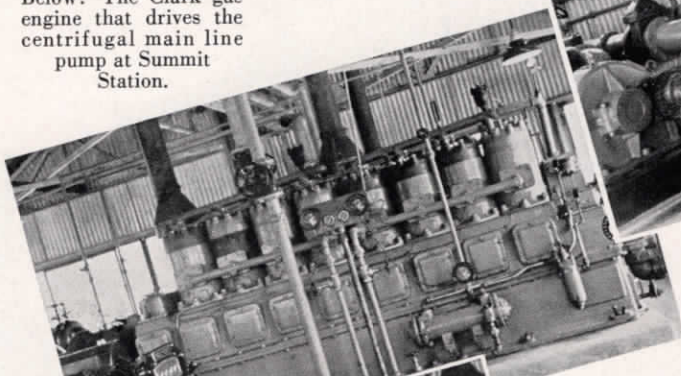


Left: Union Oil Company Pumping Station at Santa Maria, from which the production of the Santa Maria Valley Field will be pumped to seaboard at Avila.

Below: The Clark gas engine that drives the centrifugal main line pump at Summit Station.



Above: One of the large Hall-Scott engines that drive the booster pump at Summit, sending the oil out on the last stage of the journey to Avila.



Above: A general view inside the pump station at Summit. Both Santa Maria and Summit stations have the same type equipment.



Above: The Summit pumping station, showing the huge oil heater in the foreground.

ried to a depth of 2,004 feet a production test proved negative and the site was abandoned.

But after Union had completed another producer, Bettiga No. 1, east of the Adam well, the Hancock interests drilled a 2,000-barrel producer on the Brown lease south of the Moretti. Then Union drilled two more to be rewarded with an addition of 1,181 barrels per day. Hancock-Bush, moving a little farther to the southeast, brought in a potential of 885 barrels, flowing, on the California Lands, Inc., property.

Arthur N. McCrate was the next operator to start action, and his two wells, Rice No. 1 and Fernandez No. 1, situated just to the west and south of the Moretti No. 1, brought him 580 barrels per day on the pump. Meantime, Union had skipped down to the southeast on the Vincent property, right next to Hancock.

Here the company drilled the Vincent No. 1 to a depth of 4,211 feet, and late in 1936 brought it in flowing, the best producer in the field up to this time. More than five thousand barrels of crude flowed from the Vincent well in a twenty-four hour test, and, when a second attempt back on the Mahoney property developed another well of about the same capacity, the Santa Maria Valley field began to be taken for granted.

Adam No. 2 was the next completion, and 5,000-plus the result. Vincent No. 2, however, pumped only 125 barrels per day, but Vincent No. 3, completed in June of this year, gave another 5,000 barrel potential.

Hancock-Bush had not been idle, however, while Union pushed its vigorous drilling activities, and in March of this year brought in a well for 3,000 barrels. Since that time there have been a number of smaller completions for a few hundred barrels from the pump, but except for Union's Vincent No. 3 no large flows have been recorded. At present the drilling campaign is still going on, with Union, Hancock-Bush, A. N. McCrate, and Petroleum Properties the joint participants.

As to the quality of the oil produced at Santa Maria, it is not of a particularly desirable type. It is low in gravity and consequently expensive to pump, and high in sulphur, consequently corrosive. It has a low gasoline content, and at the moment it may not be in great demand, but the oil industry is sufficiently alert and inventive to find a use for its commodities and then to develop a demand. A cargo of the Santa Maria Valley crude has already been shipped by the Union

Oil Company to Europe, so there has been established a market for at least part of the supply at present.

Two men stand in the scant shadow cast by one of the 122-foot steel derricks that dot the landscape. The time is June, 1937. One of them is our old friend, the skeptic. He speaks:

"Well, I'll have to hand it to you. This Adam field is some layout, isn't it?"

"Adam field nothing! This is the Santa Maria Valley field and don't you forget it. It's one of the most modern in existence. Every one of these wells was drilled utilizing only the last word in equipment. They've got everything."

"All right, all right. Don't get so excited. Say, you've become quite an oil man lately. How come?"

"How come, man! Why don't you wake up? Everybody in Santa Maria has become oil conscious. It's great—sorta like—"

"Yeah, I know—Signal Hill."

"Well, just about."

"Say, tell me, now that you've got all this oil, what are you doing with it?"

"Well, you see these small tanks? They're called lease tanks. After building eight miles of pipe line to carry the oil to the main line, Union built an extra $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles to gather the oil from those tanks and take it to the two new main storage tanks in Santa Maria. Those storage tanks, by the way, hold 39,500 barrels apiece. From there the oil goes into the main line pumps through a direct fired heater which heats the oil from 60° F. to 295° F. Part of this heated oil is sent back into the main tanks to warm the oil stored there and thin it down so the pumps can handle it. The rest mixes with a part of the cold oil to form a mixture at 170° F. when it is sent out into the main line pumps. There are two of these pumps, and as much as 1,100 barrels per hour has been handled by them. Then there's another pumping station at Summit about 12 miles north of here where the same thing is done and the re-heated oil pumped on to Avila to be stored for ship's cargoes. They tell me that the equipment to do that cost the Union Oil Company \$265,000."

"Boy, with all that going on land must be at a premium around here."

"Is it? Every bit of land south of Santa Maria for five miles and from east to west over a fifteen-mile front has been leased. Union Oil alone has about 16,000 acres."

“Whew! Sixteen thousand acres—Say, that’s a lot of land!”

“Oh, yeah, but after all, Union is the pioneer producer here. The Orcutt field, you know, just down below, was developed by the company years ago. In fact, the town of Orcutt was named after W. W. Orcutt, Union’s vice-president. And then, Union has the facilities, is taking all the oil produced in the area by contract from other producers who haven’t any

means of shipment, and has a big enough investment to want to protect it. Besides, having such extensive holdings, they will see to it that the field is developed in an orderly way. Did you know that they were already laying a big 22-inch pipe line to the ocean to dispose of water so that the agriculture lands wouldn’t be affected?”

“No, I didn’t. That’s swell. I guess Union is doing all right by Santa Maria!”



PORT OF STOCKTON

ONLY five years ago Stockton sat idly on the banks of a meandering stream and looked longingly to the west; looked toward the Port of San Francisco and the great ocean-going ships that ploughed through the Golden Gate from its wharves, carrying precious cargo bound for far-away lands.

Then the City of Stockton turned its eyes to the north and the south, where lay the rich Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys with their almost inexhaustible resources—products that were waiting for adequate transportation

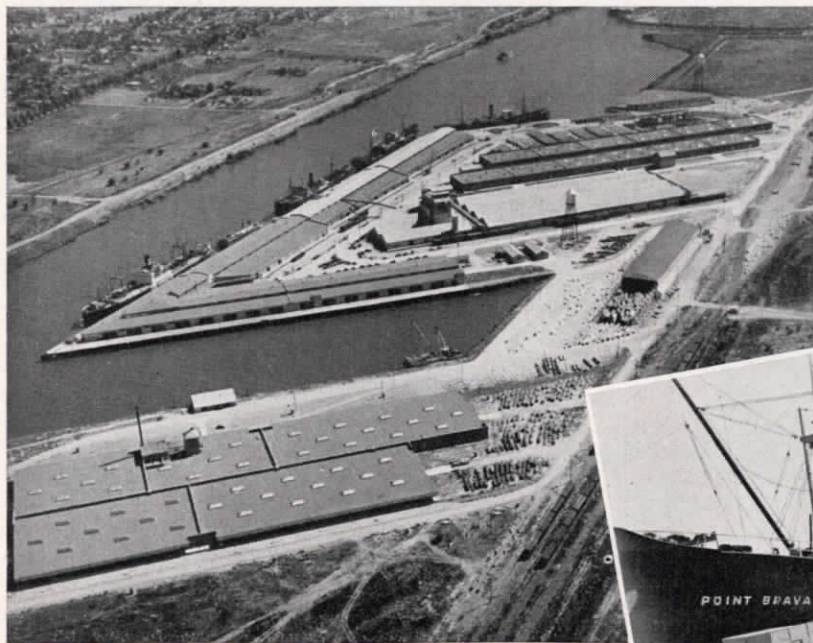
facilities so that they might be carried to the ends of the earth.

“If only—” Stockton mused, “If only it weren’t for that 88 miles of slough and shallows between us and the Golden Gate.”

Then, in 1932, the musing turned to a determined “Why not?”

“Why not make Stockton a central port, adequately equipped to move the tons upon tons of produce that pour from our rich valleys?”

Today the eyes of Stockton, when they turn



Above: An air view of Stockton’s modern inland port.

Below: The one-thousandth ship to dock at the port is loaded from wharves comparable to any in the world.



toward the west, follow an ocean-going vessel down a well-dredged channel. And Stockton knows that aboard that vessel are the products of Central California, loaded at its own docks from modern warehouses at inland wharves second to none in the world.

And today, when Stockton turns to the north and the south, it is proud in the knowledge that it has provided California's two most fertile valleys with the essential outlet.

At the present time there are twenty-six steamship companies serving this new port, the Port of Stockton, in intercoastal, gulf, foreign and coastwise shipments. There is also a belt-line railway connecting with three transcontinental lines serving the territory about the city, giving more than adequate transportation facilities to the twelve brick shipside warehouses from which the ships are loaded.

Stockton began its venture in transportation with only a determination to link these fertile central valleys with 4,000 world ports, and by the initiative and energy of its citizens enlisted the cooperation of the state and federal governments in their ambitious program of building a new deep-water port. The result has more than justified their faith and has made Stockton today the gateway of an empire.

The channel that makes the port such an important outlet has a depth of 32 feet at low

tide, a minimum bottom width of 200 feet and a minimum top width of 300 feet, adequate to accommodate the direct calling of ships from every port in the world. The terminal consists of two open wharves and seven fireproof transit sheds. Berths for eight ships at one time are available at the ocean terminal, and space for one ocean-going tanker at the publicly-owned oil wharf. There are no privately-owned deep-water docks at the port, berths for a large number of river steamers and barges being maintained at the public shallow draft docks.

Over \$8,000,000 has been expended in developing the port and its adjuncts, but this expenditure has enabled manufacturers and agriculturists to save as much as \$1 per ton on their shipments. It has also aided Stockton in many other ways. New industries have invested over \$1,500,000 in factory and plant developments since 1934, and the local payroll has been increased directly through the development by \$1,296,000, which includes the \$844,000 payroll for industries actually located on port property or incidental to loading and unloading of vessels.

The fact that over 1,000 ocean-going vessels have docked at the terminal since its dedication in 1933 attest the value of the Port of Stockton to the state, to agriculture, and to industry.

GUEST AT



W. W. Orcutt
Vice-President

STANFORD

W. W. Orcutt, vice-president of Union Oil Company, was recently a guest at Stanford University at a dinner given in honor of Dr. William Frederick Durand, professor of engineering at the peninsula school, who announced his retirement in May.

Durand has been associated with Stanford University since 1904, and is internationally known for his contributions to engineering, especially in the field of aircraft engineering. Speakers at the dinner were Harry F. Guggen-

heim, of New York City; Samuel B. Morris, dean of the Stanford School of Engineering; Captain Edwin C. Musick, of Pan-American Airways, and Dr. Durand.

While at Stanford Mr. Orcutt attended a conference of the executive heads of the engineering department of the school and of other prominent engineers to discuss the future of engineering, and the opportunities and requirements of the engineer in the industrial field today.

TRITONS OF THE SURF

By DEREK POVAH

FIFTEEN years ago a tourist, intrigued by the possibilities of the sport, brought two surfboards to California from the Hawaiian Islands. That date marked the start of surfing in this country—a sport that has grown by leaps and bounds until now its devotees enthusiastically proclaim that it is destined to become one of the major all-year recreations of the Southland.

A surfboard, to the uninitiated, is a trim slab of redwood, or, in most cases, balsa wood ribbed with redwood. Roughly resembling an ironing board in shape, it is in reality a beautifully rounded and polished arrangement, extremely well-suited to its career of slipping along the waves. The sport consists in riding the surfboard along the shoulder of the waves as they form far out from shore. It sounds easy but just try it sometime—some time when an experienced surfer is not around to fish you out of the water.

The surfboard itself originated among the Australian aborigines as a necessity—a means of locomotion from one coastal point to another. Their first boards were merely roughly-hewn logs, but at present the Australians have evolved a board that resembles a shoe horn, rather than the more common ironing-board type, to protect them from the sharks which infest the waters of the South Pacific.

It was the Hawaiians, however, who really developed surfing as a sport. A naturally pleasure-loving people, they took great pride in the speed which they could attain, and the length of run they might achieve. Their first boards were extremely heavy, weighing about 150 pounds, but at present they prefer much the same type of board as used in California, and, as a matter of actual fact, many of the surfboards now in use in the islands were manufactured here.

Along the Southern California coast, notably at Malaga Cove, San Onofre beach, Hueneme beach and Santa Monica's state beach, shelf formations under the sea result in waves which form far out and roll considerable distances before breaking. These formations, with their attendant waves, make ideal conditions for surfing, and have placed the sport here on a par with that attained in more

publicized locations, as the Islands and Australia. Indeed, the rollers at San Onofre beach are said by experienced surfers to be the best in the world for long rides on the waves.

In order to understand the strange popularity of surfing, one has only to talk with one of these strange individuals who has been bitten by the bug and spends most of his recreational moments bobbing up and down in the briny on the queer ironing board that is the trade mark of the clan. In a language filled with strange words he will tell you of his love for the sport, and spend hours talking about those moments when he slides perilously and rapidly along the face of a fifteen-foot wave with nothing but a quivering sliver of wood beneath his feet and the powerful surge of water all around him. Invariably, your surfer is a splendid specimen of humanity with wide shoulders and a healthily-tanned body.

Surfing, he will tell you, combines the grace of high diving, the thrill and exhilaration of ski-jumping, and the muscular action of rowing, and, in a very short time, is going to recruit more enthusiasts than any other single sport, for it can be practiced all year 'round, and, in addition, can give the devotee a feeling of freedom and speed, combined with abundant exercise, that is to be found in no other sport.

Contrary to the popular belief, the surfer does not ride straight for the shore, but rather slides either to right or left upon the shoulder of the wave, if possible, streaking away from the break, or "soup," which, as any water dog knows, starts at one end of the wave and progresses amid a cloud of spray to the other extremity. A proficient surfer can ride a wave from one end to the other and back again, taking advantage of its reformation. In this manner surfers at certain California beaches accomplish rides of a quarter-mile or more.

The speed of these rides is a question which is much discussed when a group of surfers, tired but still enthusiastic, return from a day's surfing which started perhaps at five a.m. and ended at seven p.m. Opinions, based on the speed of the wave and the degree of the angle at which the surfer is progressing, vary be-

Below, left to right: Jack Power, "Fritz" Skinner, compt.; Derek Povah, compt.; Charles Edge, USS; Eugene Power, manager, properties and facilities; Trevor Povah, USS; Jack Brechtel, USS; Stanley White, USS; and Ted Elliott, USS.



Below: Gene Power, manager of properties and facilities, rests after a ride.

Right: The surfing devotees engage in an impromptu paddle-board race.



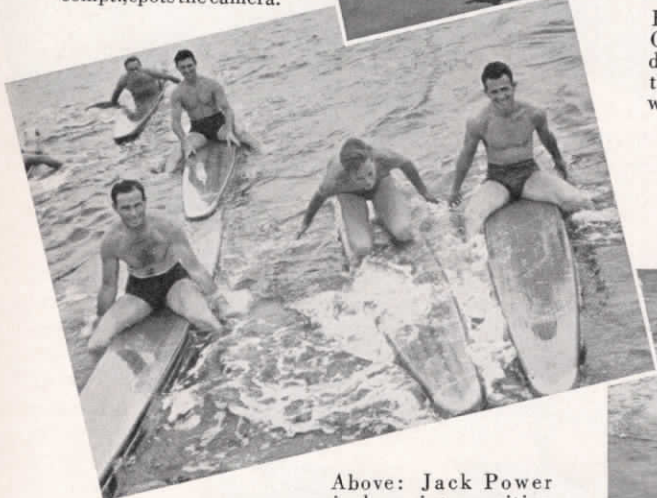
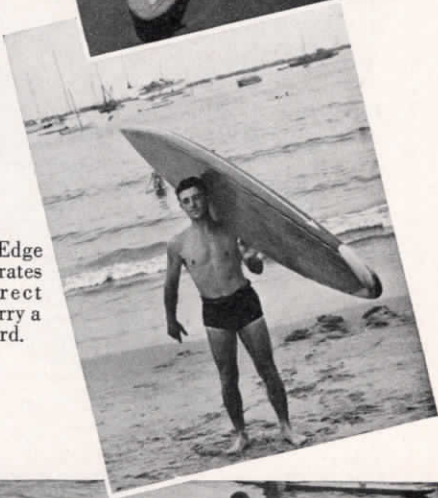
Above: Jack Brechtel cools off in a dive from his board. No, he wasn't thrown off—he did it on purpose.



Right: Derek Povah, compt., spots the camera.



Right: Charles Edge demonstrates the correct way to carry a surfboard.



Above: Jack Power jockey's into position between Jack Brechtel and Ted Elliott, while Charles Edge and Gene Power move into the background.

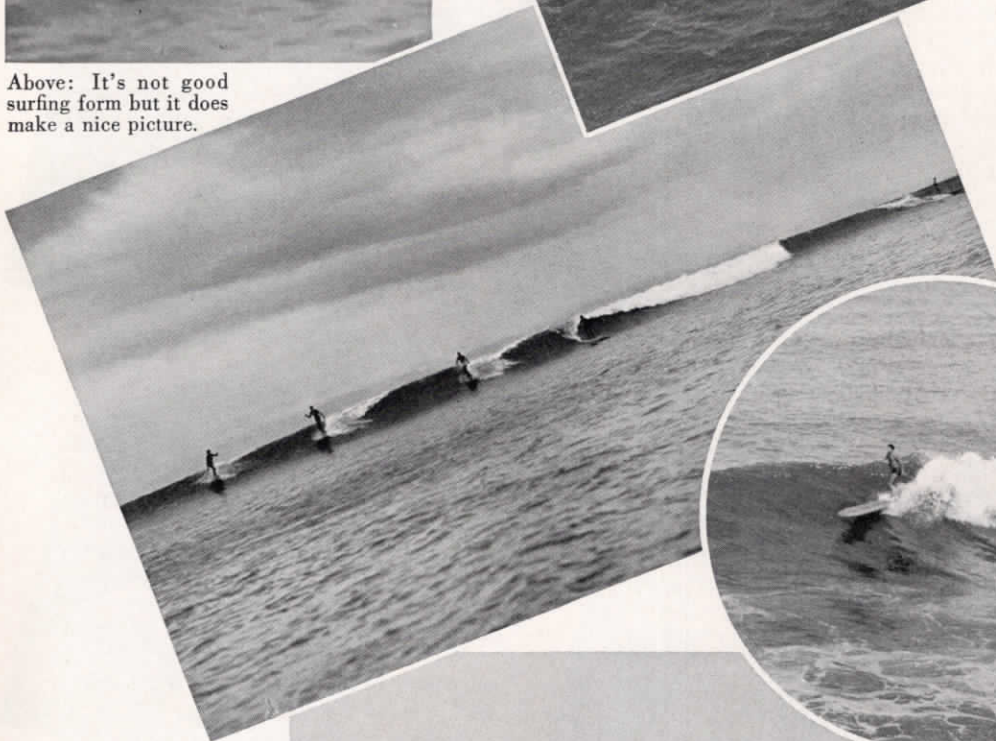
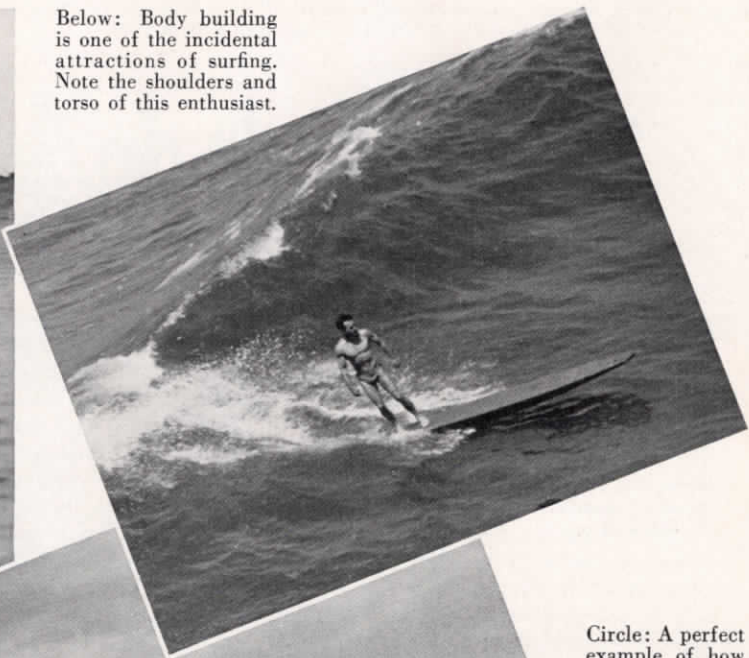
Right: Derek and Trevor Povah and Jack Brechtel relax after a ride on the waves.





Above: It's not good surfing form but it does make a nice picture.

Below: Body building is one of the incidental attractions of surfing. Note the shoulders and torso of this enthusiast.

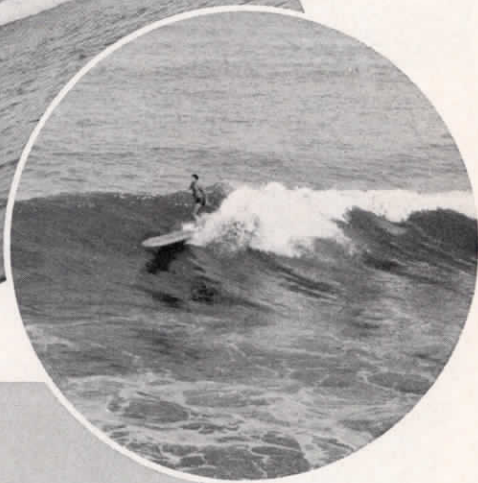


Above: Surfing silhouettes.

Right: This one was included to avoid a surfeit of men. The young lady on the left appears more comfortable than the mere man on the right.



Circle: A perfect example of how a good surfer rides the waves.



Photos by
Dr. J. R. Ball

tween twenty and forty-five miles an hour, but among his friends, gathered at what in golf would be called the nineteenth hole, the surfer may excusably furnish his own estimate, much as the fisherman tells his cronies about "the one that got away."

Surfers disagree among themselves concerning their sport only in regard to the relative merits of the hollow surfing paddleboard and the regulation solid surfboard. The boards, as mentioned previously, are constructed of balsa wood, mahogany, and redwood in most cases, weigh from fifty to ninety pounds, and vary in length from eight to fourteen feet. Depending upon the type of board, steering is accomplished by shifting the weight from one foot to the other or dragging one foot overside, and, generally speaking, the surfing paddleboard is preferred for average sized, fast "humps" and the heavy board for "granddaddies" or "bluebirds" which are over twelve feet from base to crest.

Silhouetted against the sky as he slides along the waves, sometimes half hidden beneath the crest, the surfer makes a striking picture which will thrill even those who are totally unacquainted with the sport. But there is another phase of surfing, less thrilling pictorially, but equally enjoyable—paddling. Both in trying to catch the wave and in getting back "outside" the breakers at the end of the ride, it was found necessary to contrive a means of fast locomotion. By lying prone on his stomach and moving his arms simultaneously in a swimming motion, the surfer discovered that he could make a speed of approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Kneeling on the haunches, if one is able to maintain his balance, was found to be a restful alternative position and just as fast.

Surfers soon took to paddling for the splendid development of the lungs, chest and shoulders which it offers, and competitive paddling was a natural outcome. Racing boards, patterned closely after surfboard design, evolved into sleek speed craft from 14 to 20 feet in length and racing paddleboard building is today as intricate an art as the building of a Pocock rowing shell. Annual races, among them the Catalina to Santa Monica forty-mile relay race, and the one-mile Coast Championship race at Hermosa, have an enthusiastic following. Four clubs devoted to the art and its enthusiasts have sprung up in Southern California. These groups, interested in promoting the pastime to what they feel is its rightful place in the field of sports, sponsor many events designed to increase the number

of surfing devotees. The oldest club in the field is the Santa Monica Paddleboard Club, which was founded in September, 1934. Strangely enough, nine Union Oil Company employees are members of this club, which was fathered by Eugene Power, manager of properties and facilities, who is still a member of its advisory committee. The Union Oil Company enthusiasts are "Fritz" Skinner, Comptroller's; Derek Povah, Comptroller's; Stanley White, Charles Edge, Jack Brechtel, Ted Elliott, and Trevor Povah, all of Union Service Stations. One of the Club's top ranking paddlers is Jack Power, son of Eugene Power. Trevor Povah has held the office of president of the club for the past two years.

Almost any Saturday or Sunday you may see this group in action at Santa Monica, slithering along the waves, bouncing over the crests, and sometimes ignominiously being tossed into the water. But they've discovered a new and interesting sport, and know that they are but the vanguard of a host of Southern Californians who will take up surfing in real earnest in the future.

Fishing Trip Successful

When twenty members of the field department of the southern division chartered the "Sportfisher II" at San Diego for a game-fishing trip to the Coronado Islands off the coast of Mexico, during the latter part of May, "a good time was had by all," even by those who were so unfortunate as to suffer the pangs of sea-sickness for a time.

When the group made an inventory of its catch at the end of the trip, it was found that they had averaged about one yellowtail per member. Highly satisfied with their success, plans are already being made to duplicate the adventure.



John Anderson of the Santa Fe shops displays his catch.

Below: Jack Geary welcomes President L. P. St. Clair to his party.



Below: A. C. Galbraith presents silver service on behalf of employees of Head Office.



Right: Mrs. W. F. Lewis and W. W. Orcutt enter the banquet hall.



Right: Mr. Kelly is not thumbing a ride. He is just telling Jack it's time to go inside.



Left: Jack talks to his old pals in San Francisco, Portland and Seattle to the evident amusement of Mrs. W. L. Stewart, Jr. and V. H. Kelly.

Above: A. C. Galbraith tells another one on Jack, while W. L. Stewart, Jr., listens in.

Photos by Bob Byrne.

Los Angeles, California.
July 20, 1937.

TO MY GOOD FRIENDS OF THE UNION OIL COMPANY:

Through the courtesy of the Union Oil Bulletin I desire to extend my sincere and heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all my dear associates in the Company for their wonderful display of true friendship, as evidenced at that marvelous banquet tendered to me on Thursday, July 15, 1937, at the Jonathan Club, in honor of my retirement from the grand old Company.

My gratitude to my loyal friends in the Company *everywhere* for their thoughtfulness and generosity in presenting me with that princely gift—an exquisite silver service, with their felicitations so beautifully inscribed on the tray.

In this regard, the gift was truly an exemplification of their loyalty and friendship and one which will serve always to remind me of those sterling co-workers, coastwise, whose honest and efficient helpfulness have made my life so happy and complete during my connection with the Union Oil Company of California.

Sincerely,
J. M. GEARY.

JACK GEARY HONORED

REPRESENTATIVES of every department in the head office of Union Oil Company gathered on the evening of July 15, at the Jonathan Club, to sing the praises of Jack Geary, and to give him on the occasion of his retirement a tangible expression of their regard in the form of a beautiful silver service. Jack and Mrs. Geary were guests of honor at a banquet to which 125 of their friends, including President L. P. St. Clair and other members of the executive group, came to pay their respects, and at which many who couldn't come in person were given the opportunity to pay their respects anyway. This latter circumstance was contrived by a novel telephonic hook-up, over which Jack conversed with his friends in San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle, and the guests of the evening were enabled to play the kibitzer act, through an amplifying system that made the conversations audible to the entire gathering.

V. H. Kelly opened the evening with a nice tribute to Jack, and his fine record, after which he turned the meeting over to A. C. Galbraith, assistant vice-president, who assumed the duties of master of ceremonies for the evening. Mr. Galbraith first read a letter from R. D. Matthews, executive vice-president, apologizing for his unavoidable absence, and paying warm tribute to Jack Geary for his sterling contribution to the history of Union Oil Company. The master of ceremonies then proceeded to lay bare some of the darker chapters in the life of the guest of honor, and undoubtedly would have succeeded in bringing a blush to his handsome face, if it hadn't been for the fact that it had already acquired a permanent blush during a yachting trip on the preceding day.

Vice-presidents W. W. Orcutt and W. L. Stewart, Jr., were next introduced in turn, and added their personal eulogies to the chorus that was being sung for this prince of good fellows. Mr. Orcutt told of an episode in which Jack had come to the rescue of the field department during a somewhat trying period, thus demonstrating that his influence had reached into all phases of the business. Mr. Stewart pointed out the fact that at intervals down the way of progress, men of unusual characteristics and aptitudes, like Jack Geary, arose on hypothetical pedestals to symbolize the real history of Union Oil Company, and to

inspire younger generations to similarly prove themselves.

Numerous other speakers from various branches of the sales department added their praises of Jack's fine qualities, and their thanks for the many kindnesses received at his hands.

The presentation of a silver service, on behalf of friends in head office, was made by Mr. Galbraith, who extolled Jack's many virtues, and told interesting highlights in his colorful career. In his speech of acceptance, Jack was eloquent in his expression of the joy he had found in his long association with Union Oil Company, and the pride he now holds in the many friendships this association has brought him.

The affair concluded with the projection of a motion picture in which Jack Geary was the leading performer, first being shown in his erstwhile headquarters, saying *au revoir* to his old friends in the sales department, and later leading a life of leisure on a yacht on the high seas.



This Month's Cover

All three of the cover illustrations on this month's Bulletin are from photographs taken by J. R. Humphreys of the comptroller's department during his summer vacation this month.

The front cover shows a scene in Zion National Park and the rear cover is a reproduction of a photograph taken in Kaibab National Forest on the north rim of the Grand Canyon. The inside front cover reveals a striking view encountered on Bright Angel Trail, also at the Grand Canyon.

June Jubilee Dance

Honoring members of the cast of the "76 Varieties," Union Oil Company minstrel show, over 250 couples attended the June Jubilee dance held June 25 at the Oakmont Country Club.

"Varieties" performers presented a number of selections from the minstrel show as special entertainment, and Herb Adkins' orchestra drew many compliments on the manner in which it presented the music for the affair.

WORLD'S LARGEST TRUCK

There may be a few people left who still can't enjoy an auto-ride because they fear tire trouble, and, if such there be, we hope they are never required to operate a vehicle such as that owned by E. A. Heyn, head of the H. & J. Truck Company of Vernon, California.

For Heyn owns the largest truck in the world, and on it is forced to use only the biggest and best tires—thirty-four of 'em—and a complete new set costs him \$4,100.

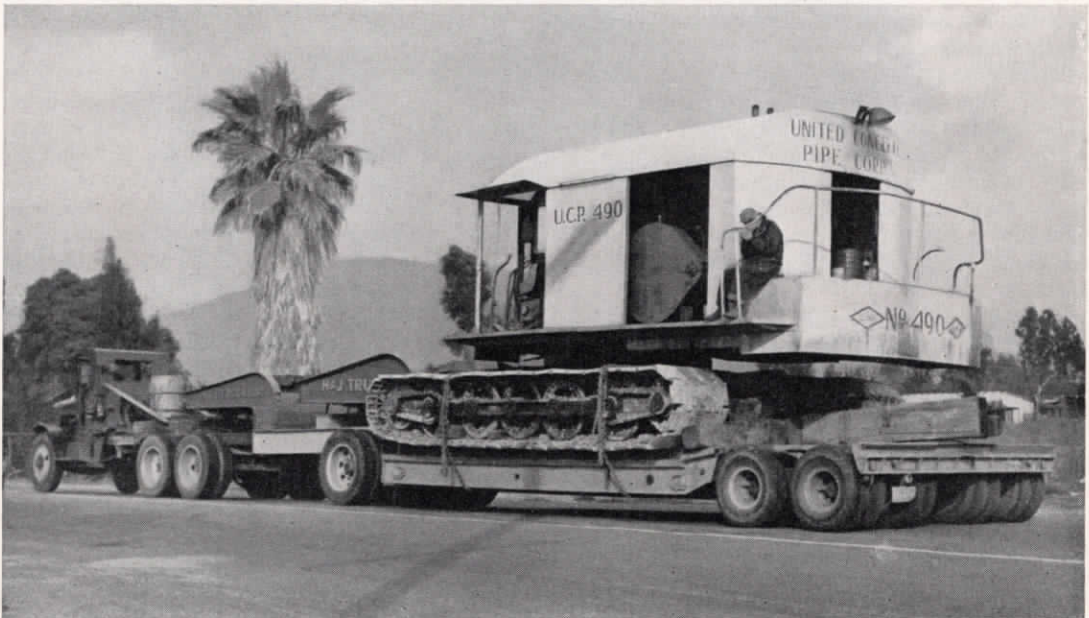
But in spite of this seemingly depressing tire situation Heyn is extremely proud of his equipment. The vehicle which lays claim to the heavyweight hauling title of the world is 75 feet in length, so wide that it requires a special state permit to travel California's highways, and is able to carry a load of from 38 to 50 tons without particularly straining itself. And it can haul this load at a speed about twice as fast as other trucks in its field because it is mounted on pneumatic tires instead of the more commonly used solid treads.

For convenience the truck is made in two parts, the truck proper and a semi-trailer,

attached to the truck with a double gooseneck joint. Twenty-four of the largest stock-size tires manufactured are used on the trailer, sixteen on the rear and eight on the front. Ten more pneumatics, standard size, carry the truck proper. In spite of its 75-foot length, the vehicle, because of the double gooseneck, is able to make a complete turn in a 60-foot street.

Heyn is one of the pioneer truck men in Southern California. Starting in the flat-bed business and later branching out into low-bed trucking, he has designed and developed many of the important features now being used throughout the industry. Among these are improvements on the pneumatic braking system, designing of an improved type of trailer with pneumatic equipment for heavy hauling, and an improvement on the gooseneck connection swivel for low-bed trucking.

A firm believer in the fact that to get the most from one's equipment one must use only the best quality products, Heyn has been a consistent customer of Union Oil Company for the past 18 years.



The largest truck in the world, owned by E. A. Heyn of the H. & J. Truck Company in Vernon. Note the double row of eight tires on the rear.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE* AND OFFICIALS

*L. P. ST. CLAIR.....	President
*R. D. MATTHEWS.....	Executive Vice-President
*W. W. ORCUTT.....	Vice-President
*W. L. STEWART, JR.....	Vice-President
*PAUL M. GREGG.....	Vice-President and Counsel
A. C. GALBRAITH.....	Assistant Vice-President
GEORGE H. FORSTER.....	Comptroller
J. M. RUST.....	Treasurer
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

Published Monthly by the UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA for the information of its employees and stockholders.

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Address all communications to the "BULLETIN," 320 Union Oil Building, Los Angeles, California.

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

JULY, 1937

BULLETIN No. 7

PRIDE in co-operative accomplishment should be just as thrilling, and perhaps even more satisfying than that which ensues from individual effort, because, after all, the achievements of harmonious and co-operative endeavor are immeasurably greater.

One man by his sole effort didn't perhaps do so very much towards the construction of the San Francisco Bay Bridges, but an army of men finally erected two structures that amazed the entire world, and in which jointly they must take a tremendous pride. This is real achievement, the joy of which is still further enhanced by the fact that the beautiful structures that they built will benefit mankind for centuries.

Joseph B. Strauss alone could never have built these bridges, but under his guidance a group of men dovetailed their labors, and slowly but surely the immense structures took shape, until now they stand completely beautiful and serviceable, gorgeous monuments to co-operation. There is no question that Joseph B. Strauss is proud of this tremendous achievement, but we feel very sure that a large part of his pride is directly derived from the fact that in his charge a capable corps of workmen performed harmoniously and well to turn his plans and designs into glorious realities.

As employees of Union Oil Company we have similar reason to be elated. Taken individually perhaps some of us haven't a very spectacular contribution to boast about, but the engine wouldn't run without the oiler, and

the old coaled steamships could have done nothing but drift, without the lads in the stoke-hole. So, each of us, no matter how insignificant his part, has done something towards the building of this institution we call Union Oil Company, now a significant factor in one of the most gigantic industries in the world.

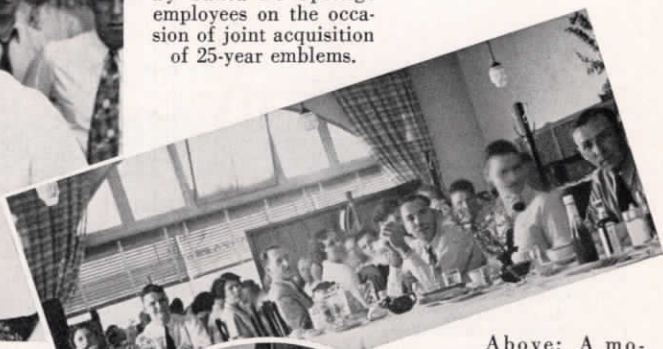
And it is really something of which to be proud. In the forty-seven years of its existence Union Oil Company has been responsible for important developments in every phase of the business, and her pioneers have helped substantially to blaze the trail down which the western petroleum industry has progressed to its present highly-satisfactory status.

The list of Union Oil Company "firsts" furnishes a fine story of accomplishment, which we hope some day to tell for the benefit of Bulletin readers. The initial use of fuel oil in locomotives, the building of the first west coast tanker, the introduction of such innovations in drilling and production technique as cementing and gas lift, respectively, the installation and operation of new type gathering and trunk lines for transportation of oil from distant fields to refinery and seaboard terminals, the advancement in methods of distillation and the development of new processes and products in the laboratories and refineries. These, and a multitude of similar contributions, constitute co-operative achievement, in which we may all be justly proud, and in which we may find real inspiration for further progress and achievement.

A STORY IN PICTURES



Left: Agnes Davis and Clarence Peck are feted by Santa Fe Springs employees on the occasion of joint acquisition of 25-year emblems.



Above: A moment of relaxation between speeches.

Right: Chris Rector as master of ceremonies at the dinner in Whittier.



Left: A candid shot of Tom Gill getting a candid shot.



Below: A sort of seventh inning stretch after dinner.



1st above: The male representatives don't look so bad either. Cast your eye over this group, ladies!

2nd Above: Just a few of the female representatives. Don't you wish you worked at Santa Fe Springs?



Left: Just a corner outside the Black Cat at Whittier, where the celebration took place.



John G. Uhren

CAPTAIN JOHN G. UHREN DIES

Captain John G. Uhren, master of a number of Union Oil vessels during the 22 years of his service to the company, died July 13 at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco after a long illness.

Uhren, who was captain of the "Deroche" for ten years, had been ill for six months, but had seemed to be improving in health when the end came. The news of his death was a great shock to his friends in all departments of the company.

Born in Aalesund, Norway, on March 2, 1881, Captain Uhren started his career as a seaman in Norwegian sailing vessels at the age of fourteen. He made his first trip to America in 1902, sailing around the Horn in

an American windjammer, and has remained on the Pacific Coast since that time. In 1908 he became an American citizen, and was in seasonal service from time to time on the Alaska Packers' sailing vessels. Before entering the employ of the company he was in charge of the pilot boat for San Francisco Bay.

Uhren was first employed by Union Oil Company in April, 1915, as third mate on the old S. S. Coalinga, and had served in various capacities from third officer to master until May 30 of this year, when he was stricken with the illness which caused his death.

He is survived by three sons, Helge, Peter, and Clarence, all of San Francisco. His wife passed away about five years ago.

NEW STORAGE PLANT AT JUNEAU

One Union Oil Company storage plant was completed and a new one started in Alaska this month. Work was begun at Juneau on a wharf and a number of storage tanks bringing the company's storage facilities within the limits of the Alaskan city, and the erection of storage tanks at Sitka was completed the first of the month.

Until this time all storage facilities have been some distance from the receiving point at the Juneau dock, but they are now being moved directly to the waterfront and a company wharf is being built. An increased capacity will result from the building operations, and the equipment will be completely modern. All possible safety devices are also being incorporated, according to J. E. Boyle, district manager for Alaska.

Construction of the new plant will be under the direction of K. B. Stevens, Union Oil Company resident engineer at Juneau. Two engineers from the Sitka project will assist him.

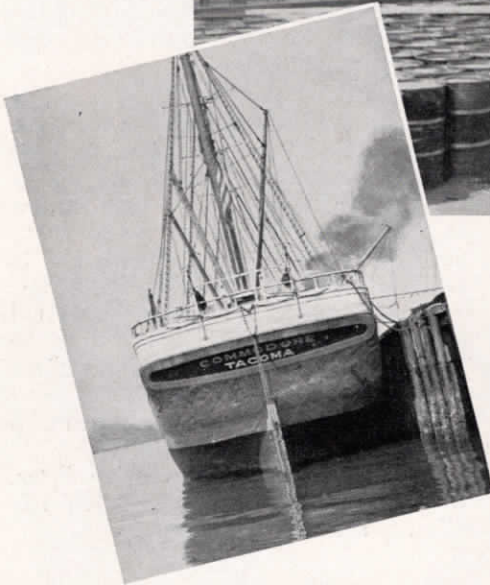
One advantage of the new plant will be that more summer grade gasoline may be stored at Juneau. The lighter grade gasoline, the same as is used here during the summer, is in great demand in Alaska during the summer months.

Eureka Celebration

When Eureka staged its annual General Grant celebration July 3, 4, and 5, Union Oil Company representatives there rehabilitated two ancient vehicles—a surrey and a spring wagon, as their "floats" in the parade of antique means of transportation. Both had to be completely overhauled to be usable.

The vehicles entered by the company led the parade, and the spring wagon carried the supervisors of Humboldt county along the route. Eureka's city council followed the Union entry in the latest 1907 model International truck.

Right: Just a part of the load carried by the historic old sailing vessel.



Left: The "Commodore," once a queen of Pacific maritime lanes, as she was towed alongside the Union Oil Company dock at Seattle to take aboard a shipment bound for Chitina, Alaska, at the head of Cook's Inlet.

THE COMMODORE "SAILS" AGAIN

Still retaining something of the glory that characterized her reign as queen of the old four-masters, the "Commodore," once the proudest ship of the Pacific's maritime lanes, but now ignominiously being hauled behind a tug, recently put in at the Union Oil Company dock in Seattle to take aboard a shipment bound for Chitina, Alaska, at the head of Cook's Inlet.

It was only two years ago that the "Commodore" sailed to all parts of the world under her own power, but at that time she was taken from the trans-oceanic service and pressed into the coastwise trade lanes. The days when her billowing canvas carried her to picturesque ports is gone, and now she lashes savagely at the towline as she makes her long journeys up and down the coast.

The cargo taken aboard by the "Commodore" at Seattle consisted of 6,312 barrels of fuel oil, 62 barrels of Diesol, 2,900 gallons of

gasoline, 318 gallons of kerosene, 532 gallons of lubricating oil, and 835 pounds of grease, all of which are to be delivered to the Inskin Drilling Company, which is drilling for oil at Chitina.

Accounting Reorganization

The accounts for the field and gas operations in the coast division are now being kept in the Orcutt office and those for the valley division are being handled in the Bakersfield office, under an order from the comptroller effective July 1.

The accounts at both divisions are under the supervision of W. J. Chase, division accountant, who will also be in charge of the accounting in the Producers Pipe Line office at San Luis Obispo. The affairs at Orcutt and Bakersfield are directly under the supervision of district accountants R. L. Thompson and R. A. Powell, respectively.

SERVICE STATION TAKES NEW ROLE

Training in first aid has long been an important part of the instruction of Union Service Station employees, but it is not often that the station itself actually plays a part in any safety program. When the company decided to rebuild its station at Laguna Beach, however, it actually happened, for the old structure was presented to the city which placed it in its new field.

The City of Laguna Beach merely stripped the building of its canopies and shifted it over to the beach, where it now stands, a full-fledged lifeguard station, featuring now in an entirely new, but decidedly different role.



STOCKTON FIVE WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

Composed entirely of company employees, the Union Oil basketball team of Stockton this year captured the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley Industrial League championship, winning 24 out of their 25 scheduled games.

The only loss experienced was to a quintet representing a major university, which the Stockton five met on one of its frequent barnstorming tours. During these tours they made many one-night stands on various college and independent courts, meeting only teams of the highest caliber.

The team, which has gained the reputation of being one of the fastest fives seen in Valley play, is made up of men practically all of whom earned their letters on the varsity squads of their respective alma maters. Much of the success of the season was due to the efforts of Verne Gillespie, head coach; P. H. Goodwin, assistant coach and publicity director, and S. C. Barss, manager and press agent.

Employees of the Stockton district and the central division are rightfully proud of the record hung up by their team.



Standing, left to right: "Bud" Gould, forward; "Hal" Thompson, guard; "Al" Moni, center; and John Barrows, forward. Seated: P. H. Goodwin, assistant coach; "Bob" Blakeslee, forward; "Verne" Gillespie, guard and head coach, S. C. Barss, manager; "Verne" Willard, guard; "Les" Gainor, guard; and R. M. Livingston, business agent.



Earl Cooper, automotive test engineer for the company, has ample reason to smile as he stands beside his new supercharged Cord. Oh, yes, that's a Union Service Station in the background.

FORMER RACE DRIVER HONORED ON TRIP

Memories of his old days on the track crowded hard on Earl Cooper, automotive test engineer for Union Oil Company, when he flew East recently to take delivery on a new Cord supercharged sedan for the company, and to attend the annual 500-mile automobile race classic at Indianapolis where he was a guest of honor at this year's race.

Cooper, until recently the only man to win the coveted American Automobile Association championship three times, is well known in racing circles, and his perennial duels with Barney Oldfield, in the early days of the sport, constitute some of the most thrilling chapters in race-track history. In addition to actually "turning the bowl" in practically all the racing classics in the United States, Cooper is credited with many developments in racing-car design.

He left the track in 1928 to join the Auburn-Cord Corporation as experimental engineer, and played a large part in the development of

the famous Cord front-wheel drive. In January, 1932, he joined the Union Oil Company.

After visiting friends and former racing cronies at Indianapolis, Cooper conferred with the technicians of a number of automobile plants, after which he returned to Los Angeles overland at the wheel of the new automobile.

Aid in Accident

About 6:30 p.m., April 16, an unknown motorist stopped suddenly in front of the Union Pipe Line Pump Station at Antelope, jumped from his car and shouted:

"Hey, there's been an accident up the road."

"How bad?"

"Must be four or five dead. Can you do anything?"

Pausing only to telephone Paso Robles for a doctor and ambulance, Daniel Sinclair, M. H. Schlegel, and John Paul Schultz, atten-

dants at the station, grabbed their large first-aid box and started down the road in their car.

Arriving on the scene they found a Packard in flames, and, lying partly on top of the Packard's hood, a Ford pickup, with the front end completely demolished.

According to available reports concerning the accident, the Ford, traveling west from San Luis Obispo where its eight occupants had been hunting work as pea-pickers, collided with the Packard about six miles east of the pump station. The accident evidently had just happened when the passer-by came on the scene, and, as the road is little traveled and there are few habitations nearby, those in need of first aid were extremely lucky that the motorist chanced to arrive in such short time and was able to report it to the pump station, which had the necessary equipment to be of service to the injured. All of the four

men riding in the cab of the pickup, one of the four in the back end, and the driver of the Packard were killed. The single passenger in the Packard escaped with serious injuries.

The three Antelope boys immediately took charge of the situation, and apparently did so in a highly-capable manner if we are to judge by the following letter sent by the attending physician to the personnel office in Los Angeles:

"Please allow me, through your office, to compliment the men of the Union Oil Station at Antelope on their very efficient first aid rendered in the case of an accident, which occurred Friday night, about five miles from their station, in which six people were killed and four injured. Their work was prompt and efficient.

Cordially yours,
(Signed) GIFFORD L. SOBEY, M.D."

SERVICE STATION SUPERVISOR



L. B. "Pat" Patterson

Since L. B. "Pat" Patterson was adopted by the Union Oil Company in 1928 he has probably worked on intimate terms with service station attendants in more different places than any other man with the company.

Not at first, of course. In fact, when he was first employed with Union he was "one of the boys" himself — service station operator at Wilshire and Serrano in Los Angeles, but during 1928 he became a truck driver and, in October of the same year, was sent to Sacramento on sales promotion and remained there for about a year.

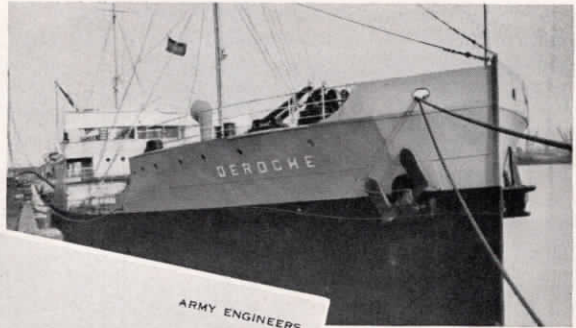
Next he was transferred to Los Angeles as sales promotion supervisor under J. B. Williams, then to Modesto, as special agent for the Fresno district, where he was stationed until July, 1931.

For the ensuing three and a half years Pat was employed as instructor in the service station department in Merced and San Francisco and was later made supervisor of service stations in San Jose and San Francisco. In November, 1936, he made his most recent transfer, this time to the Southern Region office in Los Angeles as personnel supervisor of service stations. It is in this work that he has made a legion of friends.

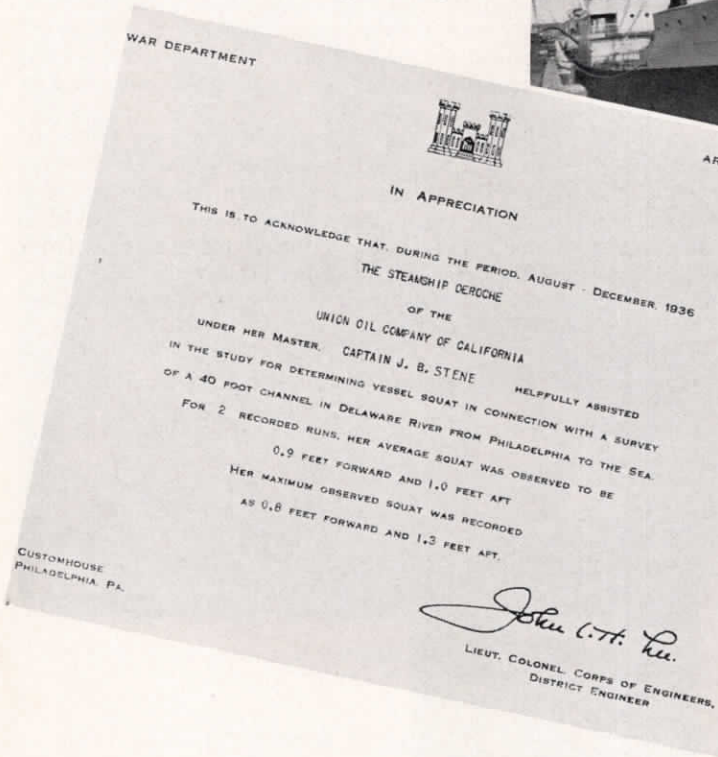
Pat has been in the oil business for nineteen years, working with companies in the East before joining Union. Once, when asked why he left his position in Chicago to come to Los Angeles, he replied:

"Well, I came out here on my vacation, and the first thing I knew I had a job with Union. And a Patterson never goes back!"

Right: Union Oil Tanker, "Deroche."



Below: A reproduction of the certificate presented to Captain Stene for his assistance in determining vessel squat.



Captain John B. Stene, master of the "Deroche."

TANKER CAPTAIN HONORED

Next time you are down at the beach watching the boats glide about, see if you can determine how much they are "squatting." No, it's not a riddle, but an actual fact—vessels do squat.

Vessel squat is the difference in draft when a vessel is lying idle and when it is in motion. When a ship gets under way it settles down in the water, or "squats," to a definite, measurable extent, depending on the speed it travels and the depth of channel in which it is moving.

All of which brings us to the fact that the Union Oil tanker, Deroche, has an average squat of .9 feet forward and 1 foot aft. This was brought to light late last year when Captain John B. Stene, master of the Deroche, took the ship East, and, while at Philadelphia, assisted the U. S. Army corps of engineers in

surveys upon the channel from Philadelphia to the Atlantic Ocean to determine the amount of squat for a vessel such as the Deroche.

For his able assistance in this regard, Captain Stene this month received the certificate of appreciation which is reproduced herewith. It is considered an honor to be singled out for aid of this nature, as perfect co-ordination between the ship's master and the shore crews is necessary in making the measurements, which are determined by sighting from fixed elevations on the banks of the channel to marks placed on the hull of the ship.

The maximum tonnage and speed which may safely be allowed in a channel of known depth is determined from the surveys of squat, which are made on a number of ships of various tonnages and speeds.

Twenty-Five Years



G. L. Johnson
Gas, No. Div.



Agnes F. Davis
Compt., So. Div.



J. G. Marshall
Mfg., L. A. Refy.



RECURRENT as the seasons, the first of the month brings a new list of employees who have earned their service emblems for lengths of time varying from ten to twenty-five, even thirty years. And, also like the seasons, these lists are continually varying. Last month eighty employees received their emblems, but during the month of July only forty-nine became eligible for the awards.

Heading the list are two men and one woman who have been employed by Union Oil Company since 1912. Ten more have completed twenty-year terms, and the remaining thirty-three are just beginning to settle down with ten and fifteen-year periods of service.

AGNES F. DAVIS

Miss Agnes F. Davis of the Santa Fe Springs comptroller's office celebrated her silver anniversary with Union Oil Company July 9, and on another page of the Bulletin will be found a picture story of the celebration that was staged by her Santa Fe Springs friends in

honor of the occasion. She was born in Bristol, England, came to Los Angeles in 1905, and shortly thereafter moved to Colton, California. She first became associated with the company, however, under W. L. Soleau, comptroller at the old offices at 7th and Spring streets in Los Angeles. After a year or two there she transferred to the field department office.

In 1921 Miss Davis was transferred to the Coalinga field office and the next year to Maricopa headquarters, where she lived on the famous Lakeview lease until 1930. When the Maricopa office was closed she was transferred to the comptroller's office at Santa Fe Springs, her present location.

A somewhat unique record to which Miss Davis may legitimately lay claim is that during her twenty-five years of service she has probably worked with more district accountants than any other employee. Like most women, Miss Davis has an intense interest in horticulture, and most of her spare time is

spent cultivating a wide variety of blossoms in her home garden at Whittier.

GEORGE L. JOHNSON

George L. Johnson, still-room operator in the gas department at Orcutt, is one employee who can easily understand why the massive pachyderm was trapped in the *brea* seepages in bygone ages, because he can remember vividly his own struggles while trying to set cable poles in the *brea* from the old central power station about the turn of the century.

He started to work for the company in 1898 at Four Forks in the Santa Paula district, but his service record actually dates from 1912 because of an interruption in service. His first job was rig builder, and later he worked on the pipe line from Los Angeles to Norwalk and from Brea Canyon to Terminal Island.

Johnson has been employed at Orcutt as tool dresser on a cable rig and driller, and for some time also as pumper, the position which he held until 1930 when he was transferred to the gas department there.

He is a valiant nimrod, and searches avidly for news of the opening of the season on any kind of game. During open seasons he spends all his spare time tramping the hills. When there is no opportunity for him to exercise his trigger finger, Johnson satisfies his restless nature with amateur sports, participating in all refinery activities, and tending his lush garden, of which he is very proud.

JESSE G. MARSHALL

With twenty-five years service in the company to his credit, Jesse G. Marshall was still able to show the younger fellows a thing or two this spring when he walked off with the Triton Trophy at the 1937 Golf Tournament. But, although his golf is a constant interference, our informant assures us that Jesse's real hobby is being distillation foreman at the Los Angeles refinery.

Marshall started with Union Oil at the Maltha Refinery in 1912 and stayed at that place, with time out for the war, until 1924. During the Big Show he saw nine months' service overseas in addition to active duty on the Mexican border. He ranked as sergeant at the close of the conflict.

In 1924 Jesse was transferred to the L. A. refinery as treater helper, Cross plant helper and stillman, a position which he held until 1927 when he became Cross plant foreman. At present he is distillation foreman at the Los Angeles plant.

Marshall's greatest interest in life is his

four-year-old son, Philip, who is being trained as a caddy so that he may be able to meet his father occasionally, even though he does play golf. Jesse is a profound student of economics, and sees a radical change for the better in the attitude of employer and employee towards safe work and recreation during the past twenty-five years.

Since winning the golf championship this spring, Jesse spends a good deal of time putting a high polish on the trophy, and has succeeded so well that he has taken to wearing glasses so the shine won't weaken his eyes.

C. F. ADAM

C. F. "Fritz" Adam, superintendent of lubricating oil operations at the Oleum plant, started work with Union Oil Company twenty years ago at Oleum. About a year after he joined the company he was sent to the Maltha refinery to handle the testing of all products at that point, where a new laboratory had been built to replace one destroyed by fire. After a few months at Maltha he was transferred back to the Oleum plant and put in charge of the inspection laboratory.

As the Oleum plant has grown so has Adam's job increased. First he was put in charge of the lube agitators and treating plant, then, in succession, came supervision of the asphalt filling, compound, Edeleanu and dewaxing plant.

When Fritz first started to work for the company, the entire world was at war, and, at the present time, twenty years later, he is waging a personal war at his home where weeds threaten to exterminate the garden he has so patiently built up. As Fritz is using all his spare time in the battle, his friends predict a successful outcome.

For several years he has been an ardent camera enthusiast, and has attained such proficiency in this field that many of the results of his efforts have been reproduced by photographic magazines and featured in exhibits. In photography, as well as in his work at the Oleum plant, he is always expanding his abilities, and, because of this, is continually getting better and better results in both places. If it weren't for those weeds taking up so much of his time . . .

HARRISON A. DIKE

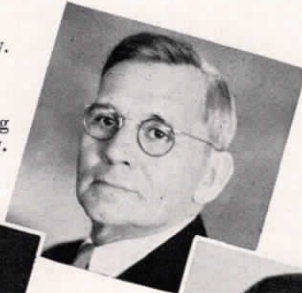
When Harrison A. Dike joined the company in a minor clerical capacity in 1917 he probably had little thought that he would be enjoying his twentieth anniversary at one or another

Twenty Years



C. F. Adam
Mfg., Oleum

Right:
F. L. Loyd
Field, So. Div.



Below:
Mary K. King
Sales, So. Div.



Ida Ruppert
Sales, No. Div.



Left:
C. R. Hand
Sales, So. Div.



Below:
R. N. Brown
Gas, So. Div.



Above:
W. H. Gray
Purch., Head Office

Right:
E. M. Campbell
Sales, No. Div.



H. A. Dike
Sales, Panama

Left:
L. G. Metcalf
Mfg., Head Office



of the palm-fringed beaches of Panama, where he is now assistant district manager.

After working at the old offices of the company at Sixth and Mateo streets in Los Angeles, Harry was transferred to Monrovia as yardman. Then followed in succession the jobs of salesman, relief agent, service station collector and auditor for the Los Angeles district. Some time later he was transferred to the comptroller's department at Fresno as auditor and held the same position in the San Francisco and Sacramento offices.

From auditor of the Sacramento district Dike entered the division of export sales and was promoted to assistant district manager of the Panama district in September, 1931.

It was at this time that the company activities were expanded to include the sales of gasoline in the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone, and since that time Harry has been overseeing the fortunes of "Gasolina 76" throughout the territory.

His favorite form of spare-time diversion is sea bathing, and, situated as he is in one of the best places in the world for such sport, Harry has no difficulty in enjoying his hobby to its fullest extent.

IDA RUPPERT

Twenty years ago Miss Ida Ruppert left West Seattle high school to start her career with Union Oil Company, and since that time

she has worked for no one else and doesn't care to change employers at the present time.

When Miss Ruppert was first employed by the company, the Seattle offices were located in what is now the company warehouse on Elliott avenue. About ten people were employed in the accounting, stock and sales department, and Miss Ruppert was given the position of billing clerk.

After a short period she was promoted to order clerk, a position seldom held by a woman, and here Miss Ruppert gained high praise from all sales representatives whose orders she handled.

As the years brought their inevitable personnel changes Miss Ruppert held various positions of responsibility, as secretary to the assistant district sales manager and clerk in the sales promotion department. When the department was reorganized as a division office she became a member of the stenographic department and has held this position ever since.

Brightly-colored travel literature holds an especial lure for Miss Ruppert, and in 1930 she toured France, Germany and Switzerland extensively. An inveterate auto traveler, hardly a week-end passes that she does not cast a speculative eye at the open road. Last summer Miss Ruppert "did" California completely.

In addition to these diversions she is also an ardent basketball and hockey fan, and, during the long, cool Seattle summer, is an inveterate gardener.

EDWARD M. CAMPBELL

After a continuous career as refined and fuel oil truck salesman at the Willbridge plant in Portland, Edward M. Campbell this month completes twenty years of meritorious service to the company with the boast that there is not a town of any size in the State of Oregon which he has not visited with a company truck.

Because of his experience and qualifications as a safe driver, Campbell was chosen in 1932 to drive company trucks in their transfer from the Northern Division to substations in Washington and Oregon. This duty entailed hazardous trips in all kinds of weather, but, according to G. L. Culp, plant superintendent at Willbridge, Campbell is unexcelled in the field.

His record of driving safety again paid Campbell dividends when in February, 1934, he was selected as one of the test drivers in the now-famous 60-day, 60,000-mile run in the Studebaker stock-car test during the initial proving of Triton motor oil.

During the infrequent times when Campbell is not on the road he may be contacted at the Portland ball park, where he is an enthusiastic and constant backer of the Beavers. One of the outstanding memories of his twenty years with the company, he says, is the astounding growth of the Willbridge plant, and the corresponding growth of the number of marketing stations in the Northwest.

"Why, I can remember back in '17," he will tell you, "when there were only four substations in all of Oregon. And now look at them!"

FRANK L. LOYD

Doing business at the same old stand on one of the original leases of the Union Oil Company, Frank L. Loyd this month completes twenty years of service and receives his third award for merit.

In 1917 Loyd started work on the Robertson lease in the Santa Paula district, one of the company's earliest producing properties. Frank began as a pumper on one of the older wells, and as new shafts were sunk on the lease has steadily improved his capacity in his chosen field.

During much of his spare time he tinkers with a Buick six, which he purchased the same year he started with the company. It is always in perfect trim, although twenty years old, but when Frank really wants to step out he abandons the old bus and turns to his Packard.

Frank is equally at home with a hoe or a trowel and uses the former when he comes home in the evening and steps into his garden. The trowel comes in handy in producing the choice flowers which Loyd seems to grow when no one else can and which add that extra touch to the landscaping of his home.

RHEUBEN N. BROWN

Back in 1917, when it took both brain and muscle to handle one of the pesky things, Rheuben N. Brown, just turned twenty, became a truck driver for Union. This month, just turned forty, Brown, now gas accountant in the Dominguez field, completes twenty years with the company with which he began his career.

Shortly after he began his job as truck driver at Los Olivos, Rheuben became a linewalker. Some time after this he was promoted to the position of gas tester which function he performed so capably that he was eventually promoted to the rank of inspector.

With the passage of time the sterling manner in which he performed his duties brought Brown the position of dispatcher and from that post he progressed to his present job as gas accountant.

Ocean fishing and hunting provide Rhuiben's chief diversion and keep him busy checking up on open season dates. When there is nothing to occupy him in this line he drags out his golf clubs until there again occurs an opportunity to exercise his trigger finger.

LESTER G. METCALF

From pipe-line worker to manager of refineries is the record of Lester G. Metcalf. Originally employed in 1913 as a machinist helper, he later became assistant chief engineer on the pipe line but left the service in 1915, returning at Oleum Refinery in July, 1917, as refining engineer. There followed 18 months service in the American forces during the World War, returning to Oleum in 1919 as machinists' foreman, then refinery engineer, and, in 1920, Metcalf became superintendent of the plant. In 1926 he was promoted to assistant manager of refineries with his offices in the Los Angeles building.

Metcalf held this post until May, 1930, when he became manager of refineries, the position he now holds.

Educated at Pomona College and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Metcalf gained state-wide recognition as a football player while at the former school. He still retains a great interest in sports and is a perennial entrant in company tournaments, whether they be in bowling, tennis, or golf. In all these fields he is an outstanding performer, but, as though they were not enough to keep him busy, he has joined his son and daughter in one of their projects and they have made an ardent sailboat enthusiast out of him.

W. H. GRAY

Invited to join the Union Oil Company back in 1917, W. H. Gray this month celebrates the completion of twenty years to receive a second ruby in his service emblem.

Gray, a practical printer before becoming associated with Union Oil Company, explains that the only reason he took the minor job offered him was because of the promising future, and, looking back on his career, says he has never been sorry that he did so.

After a year in the multigraph department, Gray was placed in charge of the stationery

warehouse in 1918 and from that position was transferred to the head office stationery division. When a consolidation of activities took place, he entered the purchasing department, still in charge of buying the masses of stationery and office forms used by the company.

At present his duties in the purchasing department have expanded to include the buying of stationery, advertising printing, office furniture and accounting machines.

For relaxation Gray does not follow any definite bent, spending his spare time keeping his yard and garden in shape, or piling his grandchildren into his car for an all-day excursion to the beach. He still retains his interest in practical printing by collecting old newspapers and specimens of fine reproduction.

CLARENCE R. HAND

When we found that C. R. Hand was due to receive his twenty-year service pin this month, we phoned him and asked him to tell us something of his career. "Career?" he answered, "This hasn't been a career—it's been a series of consequences!"

Be that as it may, Clarence began the "series of consequences" with the company in 1917 as a relief office boy at the old offices in what is now the Bartlett building. Then came a period in the comptroller's office, followed by a shift to assistant accountant for head office engineering accounts. In 1924 he was transferred to Oleum, and for the next four years served as chief clerk of the engineering department there.

In 1929 he took over special assignments in the Southern Division sales, but in 1930 became assistant district accountant at San Diego. 1933 found him transferred to Los Angeles as assistant division accountant in the retail department where he remained until 1936, when he took over the job he now holds, assistant division accountant in charge of wholesale accounting for the Southern Division.

Hand was guest of honor at a banquet given for him by his friends in all departments of the head office upon the occasion of his twentieth anniversary of service to the company. He claims that at present he has no other hobby but his work, having given up golf six years ago to let some of the other fellows have a chance to use the links. We happen to know, however, that in the presence of a few congenial friends he will anchor at the keyboard of a Steinway and derive considerable enjoyment from banging out a succession of popular tunes.

MARY K. KING

Now in charge of all the comptometer operators in the tabulation department, Mary K. King, who started with the Union Oil Company as a comptometer operator herself twenty years ago, this month receives another gem in her service emblem in appreciation of her excellent work.

Starting as a comptometer operator in July of 1917, in December Miss King became invoice clerk, which position she held until 1923. In that year she was promoted to transmittal clerk and until 1930, held that position at the head office.

In 1930 Miss King was made assistant tabulation clerk, the position she now holds, and later was put in charge of the comptometer operations in the department.

Extremely modest, saying nothing about herself, Miss King prefers to talk the language of the flowers, and can name any posy that is brought to her attention. She used to be an ardent gardener of rare species of flowers, but lately has let this phase of her relaxation rest in favor of travel. She loves nature study and is entranced by desert scenes, which she visits whenever possible.

The complete service emblem list for July follows:

Twenty-five Years—July, 1937

Davis, A. F., Field, So. Div.
Johnson, G. L., Gas, No. Div.
Marshall, J. G., Mfg., L. A. Refy.

Twenty Years—July, 1937

Metcalf, L. G., Mfg., Head Office.
Campbell, E. M., Sales, No. Div.
Gray, W. H., Purch., Head Office.
Hand, C. R., Sales, So. Div.
King, M. K., Sales, So. Div.
Loyd, F. L., Field, So. Div.
Brown, R. N., Gas, So. Div.
Ruppert, Ida, Sales, No. Div.
Adam, C. F., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Dike, H. A., Sales, Panama.

Fifteen Years—July, 1937

Andrews, E. L., Transp., Prod. P. L.
Balcom, R. J., Sales, Vancouver.
Blackmore, C. F., Field, So. Div.
Clarke, P. S., Mfg., Head Office-Oleum.
Fawcett, E. J., Sales, So. Div.
Honeycutt, W. J., Gas, So. Div.
Houx, O. D., Compt., Head Office.
Johnson, W. F., Field, So. Div.

Kerin, W. J., Field, So. Div.
Kilian, J. G., Field, So. Div.
King, A. K., Field, So. Div.
Marcos, M. R., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Morris, G. R., Field, So. Div.
Morrison, W. E., Transp., So. Div. P. L.
Shafer, J. L., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Clementson, C. C., Sales, Cent. Div.

Ten Years—July, 1937

Adams, G. F., Sales, Vancouver.
Akins, B. G., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Bailey, C. A., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Beeson, J. R., Mfg., Maltha Refy.
Fender, R. V., Sales, Cent. Div.
Gallagher, G. M., Sales, Cent. Div.
Gerz, P. N., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Holbrook, H. I., USS, Head Office.
Inman, G. I., Sales, No. Div.
Irons, R. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Ludwig, A. P., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Lynn, J., Sales, So. Div.
Miller, W. D., Field, So. Div.
Moore, M. T., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Murakami, M., Sales, Honolulu.
Pasquini, L. L., USS, So. Region.
Souza, J. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Tobin, R. C., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
Vargas, F. S., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Williams, E. B., Sales, So. Div.
Winschel, W. L., Mfg., L. A. Refy.

Assistant Tax Manager

As announced by Mr. L. P. St. Clair, president, effective July 13, the handling of all property taxes, formerly under the jurisdiction of A. W. Milford, assistant secretary, who died last month, was transferred to the comptroller's office, under the direction of D. L. Shepherd, manager of the tax division. Concurrently with this change, Arthur Mackenzie was appointed assistant manager of the tax division, and is to have direct supervision of real and personal property taxes.

Mackenzie, who has been associated with Union Oil Company since November, 1916, has previously served as a clerk in the secretarial department, assistant to the secretary at San Francisco, and then, when the stock transfer office in the central division was closed in 1919, became a member of the tax division in Los Angeles. Since that time he has held various positions in the department. From 1929 to 1932 he was assistant secretary-treasurer of Union Oil Associates.

REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

An educational authority deprecates the practice of giving little home savings banks to children, because he is convinced that it makes the youngsters miserly. We might also suggest that it makes robbers of the parents.

You remember the old story about the little fellow who picked up his bank, shook it, and when there was no rattle, asked, "When did daddy come home?"

And, of course, you've heard of the lad who was waiting for the banks to close so he could cash a check.

A local church had been much in need of funds for some worthy project, but they were not forthcoming in spite of every appeal, and the minister just last Sunday made the following candid announcement: "We have tried sincerely and honestly to raise the money for this great work, but have failed. Now, we are going to see what a jumble sale will do."

Then there was the Scotch preacher who began, "St. Paul says . . . and I feel somewhat inclined to agree with him."

By the way, one of these perennial comics was visiting the home of a Scotch family in San Francisco a short time ago. He was especially proud of his ability to imitate the Caledonian tongue, and all through the evening told story after story in his best Scotch accent. When it was about time to leave, he cornered his host and asked, "What part of Scotland would you guess I came from?" You could have knocked the poor guy over with a haggis, when the genial host replied, "Oakland."

And the young lady who had money to burn finally found a dandy match.

One of the great disappointments of our long and checkered career is that we have never been able to get out of that particular classification which in the newspaper reports follows a long list of names, and is referred to by the simple term "and others."

Also, if you are a lodge man, never tell your wife you'll be home on Friday night at ten o'clock. You don't know anything about it. Just ask her to have breakfast ready at the usual time.

In this connection we know one lady who stayed awake for four hours waiting for her husband to come home, while over at the convention hall he waited four hours for her to go to sleep.

And a recently composed poem entitled, "Song of the Farmer," very appropriately commences, "Ho, brothers, ho!"

There may be no truth in this story, either, but it is reported on good authority that a Mexican citizen recently died at the age of 112. He had smoked cigarettes all his life, which just goes to show that the weed will get you sooner or later.

Then there was the artful lad who celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. He hadn't really been married twenty-five years, but he needed the silver.

And we often wonder why women continue to wear heels on the middle of their feet.

On the other hand, while women are perhaps not so strong as men physically, mentally they are . . . well, women stopped wearing stiff collars years ago.

It is interesting to note now in the report of the vital statistics department that in one of the larger American cities, five thousand people were married in June of this year, and of that number, curiously enough, exactly half were women.

And figures don't lie. Not, at least, until they get into the hands of the statisticians.

Here we might explain — the lad who has been boasting that he recently fell into some property, actually tripped on a platform and flopped into an oil sump.

But to diverge for a moment, Junior says he never will forget the day when that bee backed into him and pushed.

A bee, you know, always hums as if he were really happy, but he carries a painful tail.

In conclusion, remember it's in school that class hatred actually begins.

And although vacation is not over yet many of the school boys are already pursuing their steadies.

