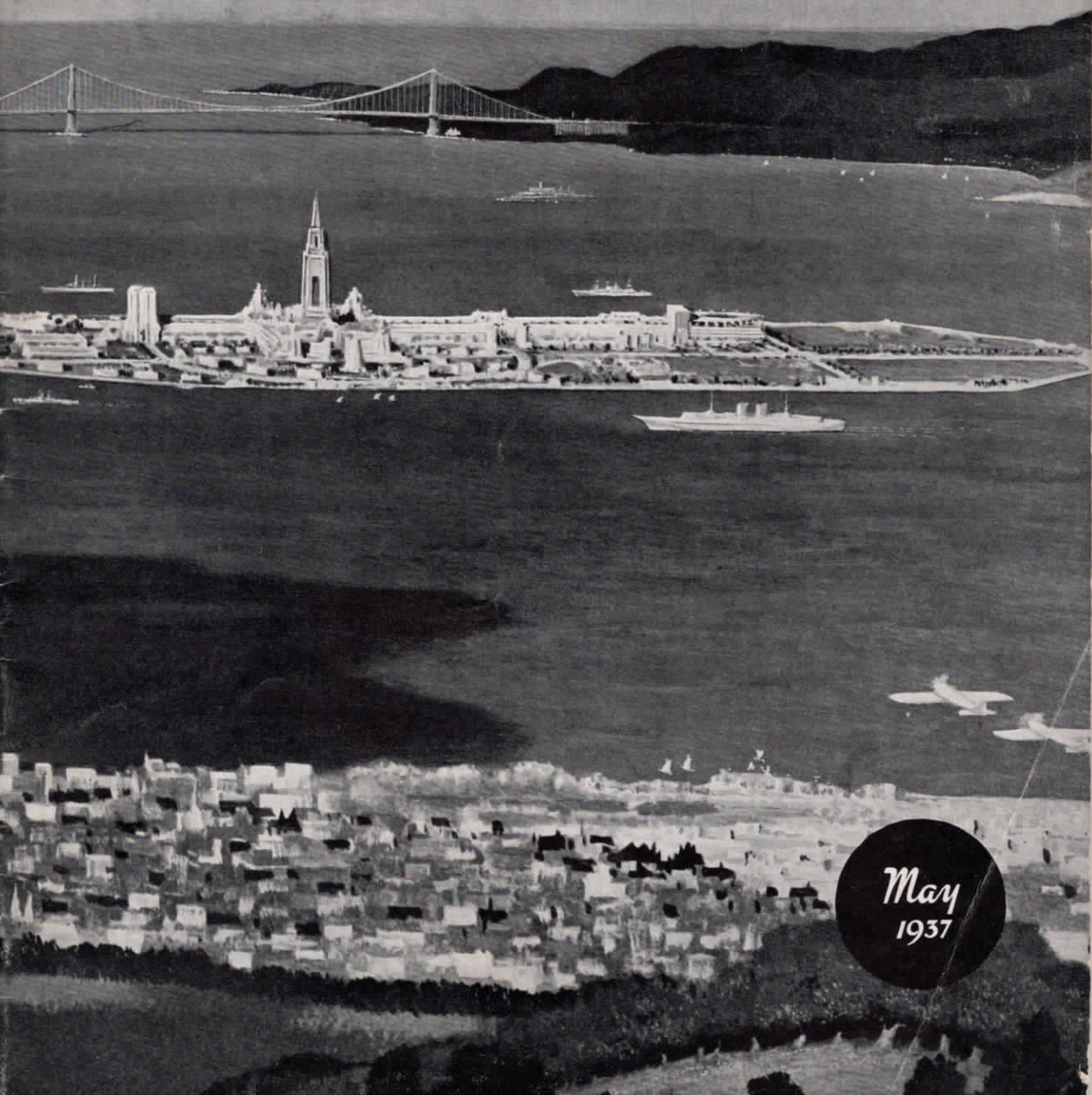


★ UNION OIL BULLETIN ★



May
1937



U N I O N O I L B U L L E T I N

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

MAY, 1937

NUMBER FIVE



THE STORY OF

THE BANANA

AMONG all the accounts of man's endeavors on this amazing earth, two general classes of stories stand out as perennially interesting: Those which tell of the discovery and development of important foods, and those which relate the progress of great mercantile companies. Sometimes the two are combined in one, as is the case in the story of the United Fruit Company, which is also the story of the banana in modern life.

Of course the banana is somewhat older than the United Fruit Company. The latter was born in 1899, whereas the delightful yellow fruit was probably eaten by mankind long before the beginning of history. The banana

is thought to have developed first in the humid tropical regions of southern Asia. From there it moved slowly and surely westward.

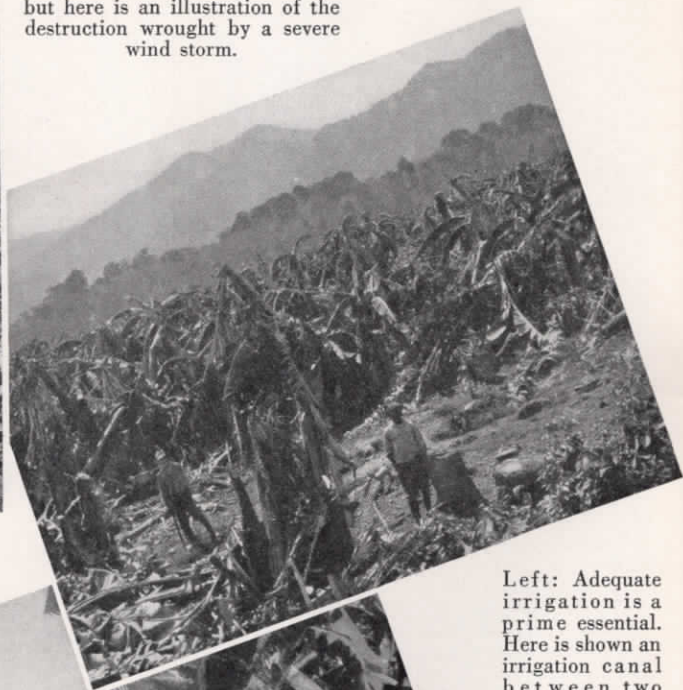
Alexander the Great found the fruit along the Indus three centuries before Christ. The Arabs carried it to the Holy Land, to northern Egypt, to the east coast of Africa, perhaps also across the dark continent to the west coast.

When the Portuguese arrived on the Guinea coast, looking for slaves and gold, about ten years before Columbus sailed for the "Indies," they found the banana, liked it, carried it under its African name, banana, to the Canary Islands. From there, probably in the year 1516, it went on to the new world, where now,



Above: Young banana plants three months after planting. Even at this early stage they show considerable growth.

Below: They may have no dust storms on the banana plantations but here is an illustration of the destruction wrought by a severe wind storm.



Left: Adequate irrigation is a prime essential. Here is shown an irrigation canal between two rows of plants.



Left: A banana grove six months after planting. Note the difference between this and the results of three months growth.



Right: Removing the under brush, in preparation for lining and planting new stock.



thanks largely to the United Fruit Company, this much traveled fruit has found its most prolific home.

(In its movement westward the banana followed a course very much like that of the orange, which first grew wild in oriental forests and was developed by the Chinese; it was carried west to Africa, where the crusaders found it, took it home for plantings in Spain and Portugal; from these countries it moved across the Atlantic to the new world. But the orange, of course, found its greatest development in North America, while the banana could grow only in the tropics. An important food "migrating" in the opposite direction was the American potato, which went eastward to the old world and now, oddly enough, is known as the Irish potato.)

The banana first appeared in the United States early in the nineteenth century. The few people who bit into the odd-shaped fruit were inclined to say, with Benjamin Disraeli, "The most delicious thing in the world is a banana." But of what use was this enthusiasm, when there were months, even years, between bites?

The real founders of the banana industry were Captain Lorenzo D. Baker and Minor C. Keith, the former making his first venture in 1870 and the latter two years later.

Captain Baker, stopping with his little 85-ton schooner "Telegraph" at Port Morant, Jamaica, for a load of bamboo, also shipped a few bananas. The fruit proved profitable. Captain Baker became a man with an idea. He had his ups and downs, with the ups somewhat in the majority. The Boston Fruit Company was organized in 1885; in 1890 it was incorporated, with Captain Baker as president and Andrew W. Preston as the Boston manager. Being efficiently managed and supplying a real need, this company, as the saying goes, just grew and grew.

In the meantime, fulfilling his destiny on the tropical Caribbean coast, Minor C. Keith was building railroads. Keith a banana man? No, by thunder! He was a railroad builder—and what a builder! His road from Port Limon to San José, slightly more than one hundred miles, cost nineteen years of struggle and at least five thousand lives.

To Minor C. Keith, bananas were just something he needed to give the railroad freight and make it pay. A road must have something to haul. During the next twenty-five years he

developed his banana business until he was shipping, to the New Orleans and New York markets, large quantities of the fruit from Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Colombia.

In 1899 Keith's interests were merged with those of the Boston Fruit Company, headed by Baker and Preston. The new firm was the United Fruit Company and its president was Andrew W. Preston.

Here was another company that just grew and grew, and for the same good reasons of efficiency and usefulness. Eventually the United Fruit Company came to employ 70,000 persons. Its few ships grew into the Great White Fleet of around a hundred vessels. Its one chief occupation developed a hundred other occupations.

In addition to bananas, the company produces, transports and markets other tropical products, such as sugar, cacao (from which come cocoa and chocolate) and coconuts. The annual amount of this business can easily amaze the casual reader, until he remembers that quite a lot of items may be carried in a hundred big, busy ships. The company also transports a great deal of coffee for Latin American planters, and carries on a large passenger and freight business.

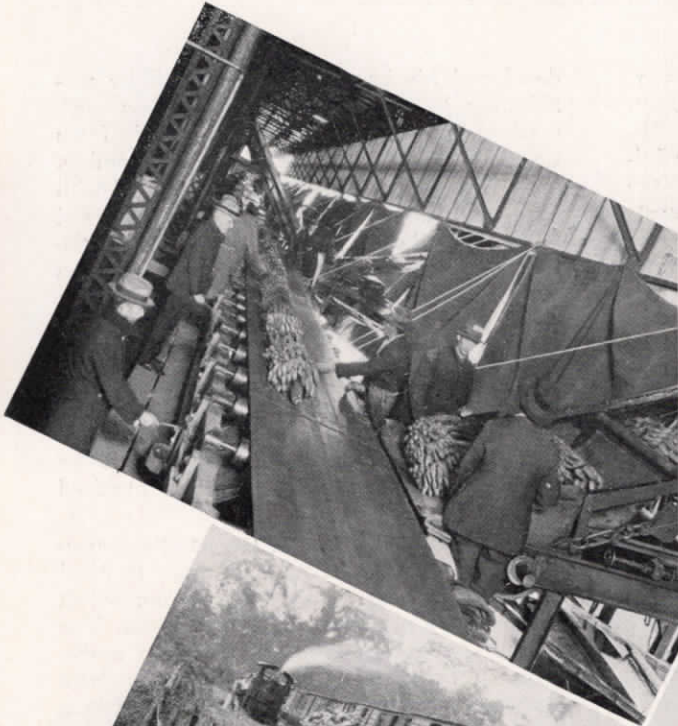
Land? Well, the company owns or leases 3,500,000 acres in Cuba, Jamaica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and Colombia,—about as much land as there is in the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island. That would constitute a big company almost anywhere.

Naturally, because it must supply the needs of thousands of people in newly-opened territory, the company does a huge merchandise business, creating outlets for large quantities of American-made goods.

A subsidiary, the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company, through powerful radio-telephone and telegraph stations connected with the chief communication systems of the world, serves not only the parent company but the general public over a large area.

Every year more than 200,000 persons receive medical attention from the company's modern hospitals and field dispensaries in the tropics. This is a record of which the company may well be proud, but even more important is its work in combatting tropical diseases. Through the labors of scientists in the employ of the United Fruit Company, some of the most unhealthful places in Central

Below: Conveyor belts carry the bananas to the loading platform where they are picked up in bucket conveyors, and transferred to the cars.



Above: Harvesting the bananas. This is done by means of a cutter, and the fruit is always harvested green.

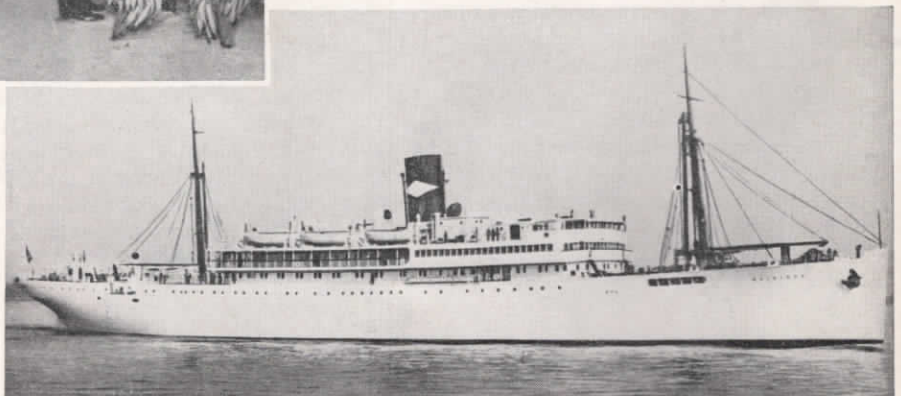


Left: Delivering the fruit via steam tram directly to the railway.



Above: Banana ripening room, where temperature, humidity and ventilation must be carefully controlled to maintain the required conditions.

Below: United Fruit Company's turbo-electric liner "Quirigua," a modern banana carrier.



America have actually been changed into health resorts.

All this—70,000 people employed, 200,000 people treated for ailments, 100 ships kept busy, an area the size of two fine states occupied—is for the chief purpose of producing bananas. Well, then, how are bananas produced?

Not from the seed—if you wish to grow bananas you must first obtain a dried piece of rootstock showing at least one good “eye” or bud. From this rootstock will grow the banana plant, which is often called a tree, but is not a tree. On each plant will grow a single bunch of bananas.

When the United Fruit Company is opening a new banana plantation, carefully selected because of satisfactory soil, climate, drainage, an immense amount of work must be done. After the surveying comes the construction of a wharf, railroads, bridges, tramways, telephone lines, buildings. The underbrush must be cleared, the main drainage ditches dug. Finally comes the planting.

After the rootstocks have been planted and before the young plants appear above ground, the larger jungle trees are felled. Here is confusion further confounded. The visitor would never believe that an orderly banana farm is in the making. But thus it is. Rights of way are cut through for the tramways. Banana plants which somehow fail to come up are replaced. And all that tremendous quantity of underbrush, stumps and logs goes to the making of fertile ground for the young plants.

Every three or four months after the planting the farm must be cleaned of weeds and new jungle growth. The rootstocks send up new shoots, or suckers, most of which must be cut down. Within about twelve months the trees have reached a height of fifteen to thirty feet. By the tenth or eleventh month the blossom has appeared. Three or four months later (if wind, or flood, or fire, or disease has not brought destruction) the bunch of bananas is ready for cutting. The bunch droops downward, but the individual bananas, or fingers, turn upward.

A bunch, or stem, is made up of six to nine hands, or clusters. Each hand contains ten to twenty individual bananas. The average weight of a nine-hand bunch is from fifty to sixty-five pounds. The heaviest fruit comes from Central America, the lightest from Cuba. When considering the plant and its fruit, one

should not forget the astonishing leaves, which are eight to twelve feet long and two feet or more in width.

There is no advantage to be gained in permitting the banana to ripen on the tree. Even the natives pick the fruit green and ripen it. Tree-ripened fruit is likely to be split, insect bitten, and dry.

At least once a week, and sometimes twice, fruit is cut in a given section. The harvesters (usually) are a cutter, a backer and a muleman. The cutter, with a knife fitted in a long pole, nicks the trunk of the tree below the bunch, which is caught as it bends downward, is trimmed by the cutter and carried by the backer to the nearest packroad. The mulemen with their pack animals take the fruit to the trams, and on these it goes rapidly to the railway, where it is loaded quickly and carefully on railway cars and carried to the loading dock.

At the wharf, the loading of the waiting steamship continues without interruption day and night until completed. Cutting orders and trains are arranged so that the flow of fruit is continuous. A cargo of 85,000 bunches is taken care of in from twelve to fifteen hours.

Bananas are not any too easy to handle in shipment. They must have ventilation; they must not be permitted to get too warm or too cold; and they must arrive at their destination within a reasonable time. Importations at the gulf ports, and at Jacksonville and Charleston, are sent by rail through the south-east and the central west. Fruit arriving at Los Angeles and San Francisco is distributed in the states west of the Rocky Mountains. Importations at north Atlantic ports go to the eastern states. Many shipments, of course, go to Europe, and thirty ships are employed in the European trade.

The Fruit Dispatch Company, a large subsidiary, handles the sales in the United States, where most of the fruit is marketed through wholesalers. However, especially in Atlantic ports, some bananas are sold at auction.

The fruit is usually received green by wholesalers and ripened in specially-constructed rooms, where temperature and humidity are carefully controlled. A temperature of 64 degrees F. is regarded as standard.

From the wholesaler the fruit goes to the retailer; from the retailer to the person for whom all this tremendous equipment and

efficiency exists, Mr. or rather Mrs. John Doe. There was a time when Mrs. Doe bought her bananas by the dozen, but now she buys them, in almost all markets, by the pound.

And what does Mrs. Doe buy, in this fruit which is a vegetable? She buys food whose quite unusual value can be shown only in long tables of comparative analyses. There is an excellent showing of carbohydrates—22%, a small percentage of protein, a fair showing of fat, and 460 calories per pound. It is a sanitary food, brought in nature's own sanitary wrapper (no cellophane needed!). It is easily digested when completely ripe.

The partially ripe banana, yellow with green tip, should be cooked as a vegetable; it is about as starchy as raw potato. The next stage, when the banana is yellow ripe, without a trace of green, produces a fruit firm enough for cooking and ripe enough for eating. But the best stage for eating out-of-hand comes when the banana is fully ripe, yellow flecked with brown. The flavor is then at its finest; and anyone who can't digest it is just, as the boys say, out of luck.

And so through long years of progression and development, the banana trade has grown to immense proportions and with it has

grown, co-incidentally, the United Fruit Company through whose efforts it was first



The largest banana terminal on the Pacific Coast, located at Puerto Armuelles, Panama. This photo was taken by Captain Dahllof from the Santa Maria, the bow of which shows in the lower right.

brought to the attention of the world. Once known only to dwellers and travelers in the tropics, it has since become almost a dietary essential in every country under the sun, and we can imagine the consternation that might result if for some reason this delicacy were suddenly to become unavailable to our own American chefs and household food purveyors.



CALIFORNIA'S RAISIN INDUSTRY

BACK of that familiar package of Sun Maid raisins on the pantry shelf is a fascinating chapter in the history of California—a story of Spanish exploration, of thrilling voyages around the Horn, and the final development of a thoroughly modern organization that has sent the raisins of the Fresno district into the uttermost corners of the earth.

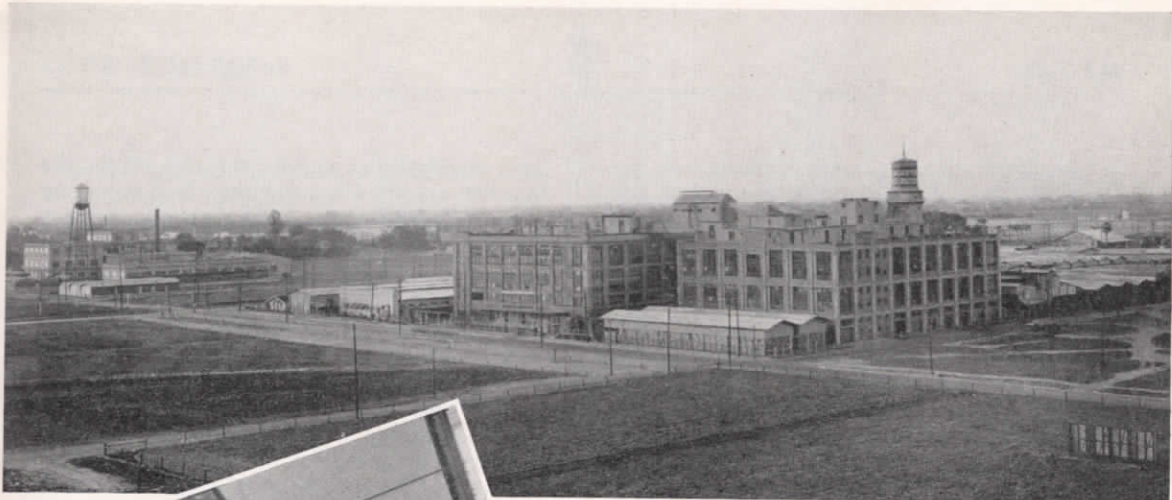
From that remote time when the Spanish adventurers first brought grape cuttings to the mission settlements, until the present day, the growth of California, and the evolution of the raisin industry have been as inextricably intertwined as the convolving limbs of the grape vine itself.

It is difficult to believe, now the product is such an essential of everyday diet, that raisins were once a rare delicacy, costly and difficult to obtain, but it is true, nevertheless, and it is due largely to the efforts of the Sun Maid

Raisin Growers' Association that they are now inexpensive and available almost everywhere in the civilized world.

Thousands of years before the territory of California was visited by the Spaniards, raisins were known and greatly prized in Asia Minor. It is even recorded in the Bible that King David of Israel accepted raisins as payment of taxes; and in 430 B.C. a Babylonian mortgage, the earliest known document of its kind, called for the settlement of both principal and interest in dried grapes.

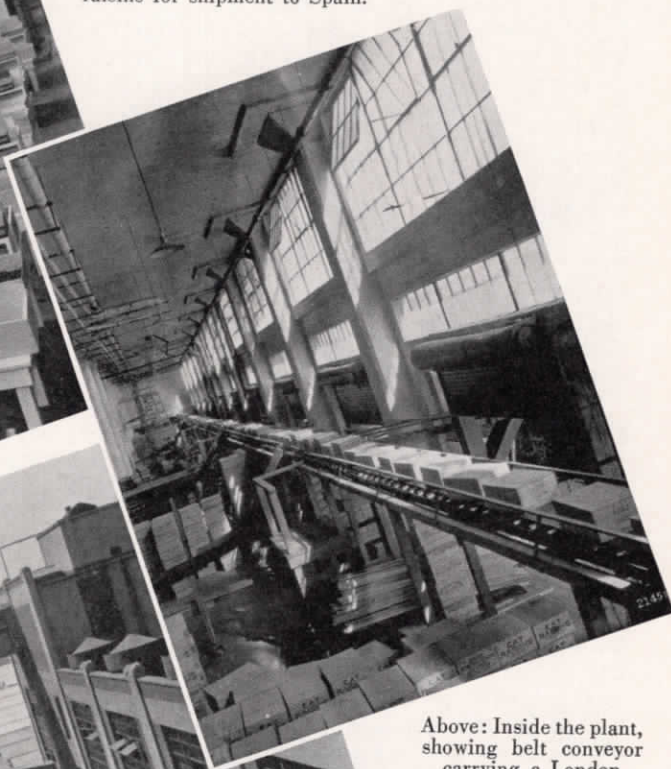
From its earliest beginnings in Asia Minor, raisin growing spread to the sunny plains of the territory that is now Italy, and from there was transplanted to Spain, which for centuries was the great raisin producing country of the world. It was then that the Spanish adventurers brought cuttings to California to be planted in the mission gardens.



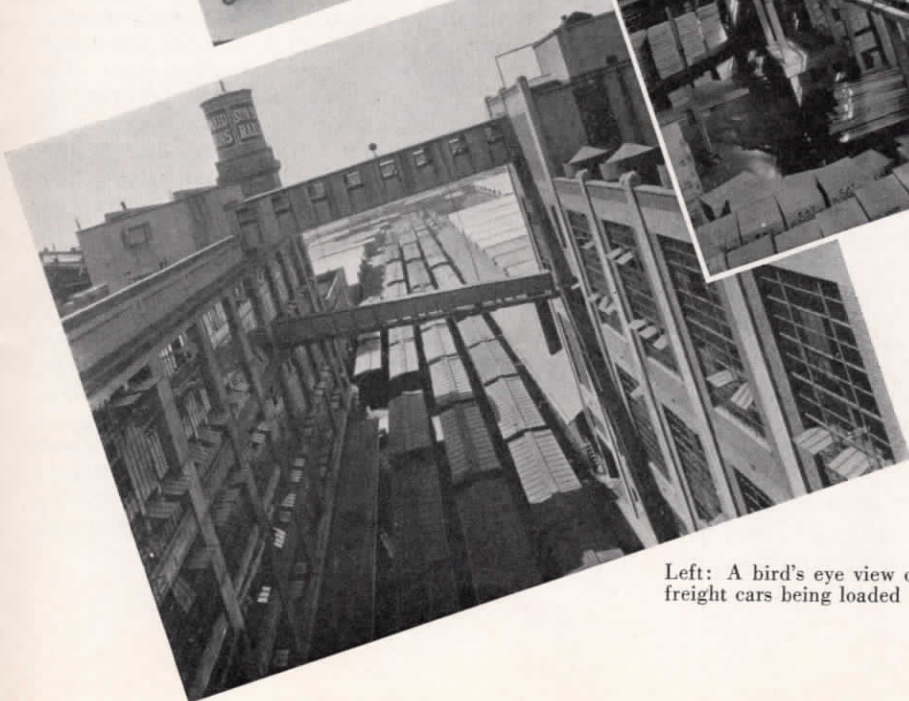
Above: A general view of the Sun-Maid Raisin Plant at Fresno, largest in the world.



Left: Girls packing nickel cartons of raisins for shipment to Spain.



Above: Inside the plant, showing belt conveyor carrying a London shipment to cars.



Left: A bird's eye view of the plant, showing freight cars being loaded for eastern shipment.

But the California raisin industry as we know it today did not begin until after the California gold rush. Many of the early American settlers, who had flocked to California in search of gold, found nothing but disappointment, and later turned to agriculture.

Soon after the California farmers started growing raisin grapes, it was found that certain sections of the state were far better adapted to the production and drying of this fruit than others. Settlers discovered that the climatic conditions of the fertile San Joaquin Valley were peculiarly suitable. The winters provided rains, and in the early spring the snows that had fallen in the nearby Sierra Nevadas during the winter melted and ran down to furnish water for irrigation purposes in the growing season. Even more important was the heat of the San Joaquin Valley during the summer months, for it was rare for rain to fall any time between May and late October, and this insured the farmers an almost perfect drying condition for their abundant grape crops.

Fully appreciating these climatic conditions, the pioneer farmers began to plant and irrigate, and by 1878 they had achieved an annual raisin crop of 500 tons. By 1892 the old leader, Spain, had been displaced, and the California growers supplied the world with more than 30,000 tons of raisins.

With this success, the California raisin growers began to realize the need for an organization to maintain a uniformly high quality for their product, and after many discouraging attempts, they at last organized what was to become one of the largest and most successful growers' co-operatives—the Sun Maid Raisin Growers' Association. Thus, the raisin growers of California were among the very first to experiment with the co-operative plan of merchandising and distributing agricultural products. Raisins grown and packed by the members of this association are favorably known throughout the world—a reputation based on care and skill in all the operations of planting, cultivating, picking, drying, and marketing.

The grape-vines that bear Sun Maid quality fruit are planted in parallel rows eight to ten feet apart, and each year are cut back to permit cultivation between the rows. These vines begin bearing in three or four years and continue to produce from twenty-five to one hundred years thereafter. When the grapes

have reached the ripest, sweetest stage, the bunches are cut from the vines and carefully laid on trays exposed to the hot sun. After a few days the trays are turned to expose the opposite side of the bunches, and thus exposed, the hot sun evaporates water from the grapes and literally preserves them in their own fruit sugar. In this dried state, the grapes are known as raisins.

After they have been properly dried, they are taken to one of the plants of the Association to be prepared for the market. Here, the raisins are sorted to eliminate from food channels all but the best—the very highest quality of fruit.

Plant 4, located at Fresno, the California raisin metropolis, is the largest unit of the grower-owner group and has the distinction of being the largest raisin packing plant in the world. Its modern equipment makes possible many of Sun Maid's exclusive processes, including the "puffed" process. For years the seeded muscat raisins when packed in boxes or cartons reached the consumer as a sticky, solid block of raisins which had to be picked apart one by one before they could be used, so Sun Maid developed a new raisin, known as the puffed variety, a muscat which flows out of the box or carton for immediate use. The growers also developed a new type of seedless raisin which retains far more of the aroma and juice of the natural grape than the old-style seedless variety. The Sun Maid Growers' Association has carried on an extensive advertising campaign designed to educate consumers as to the outstanding food values contained in raisins. Through this advertising they have taught millions of housewives that raisins are not merely an after-dinner luxury, to serve with fruits and nuts, but that they are readily adaptable as a fruit for salads, pies, cakes, cookies and many other dishes. It was the Sun Maid Raisin Growers' Association, too, that pioneered the idea of raisin bread and the use of raisins in many other bakery and confectionery products. These outlets for raisins today use thousands of tons annually. Thus, the organization of progressive growers has been responsible almost entirely for the tremendous popularity which California raisins enjoy today as a universally favorite fruit food.

What the people of other nations were unable to do in thousands of years in producing a better, more uniform, higher grade raisin, American farmers, taking advantage of

superior soil and climatic conditions, have accomplished in less than a century of carefully planned research and untiring effort.

Today, California is the undisputed raisin center of the world. Ninety-five per cent of all the raisins eaten by the American people come from California's fertile valleys. Thousands of tons are exported each year to foreign

countries. The California raisin industry of today, with its annual yield of more than four hundred million pounds, with its returns to the growers of more than twelve million dollars a year, and with a record of worldwide dominance for its product, tells indeed a fascinating story of success and achievement in the field of agriculture.



BOULDER POWER TRANSMISSION

WHEN the gates had dropped into place over the mouths of the four diversion tunnels at Boulder Dam, and the waters of the mighty Colorado River started to form a lake behind the huge concrete structure, five major benefits, affecting thousands of persons in the southwestern part of the United States, began to materialize. The construction of the dam itself had provided employment for an average of 3,500 men over a period of four years, but the further construction of canals and aqueducts was to furnish work for thousands more for a long time to come. And then, too, there was the subsequent opening up of enormous tracts of land, once practically useless but now to be provided with an abundance of irrigation water from the Colorado; Imperial Valley need no longer face the menace of floods, and there would still be ample water for domestic consumption. Lastly, but of great importance, a supply of cheap power to both inaccessible parts of the southwest and metropolitan areas awaited only the construction of power lines and the first revolutions of the great power turbines in the powerhouse below Boulder Dam.

The first power from the project was generated slightly over five years after the date of starting the diversion tunnels—two years ahead of the time allotted for completion. This alone is a tribute to the efficient co-ordination and careful engineering that have characterized the project since its inception, and without which such record-breaking progress in the face of enormous natural difficulties could never have been accomplished.

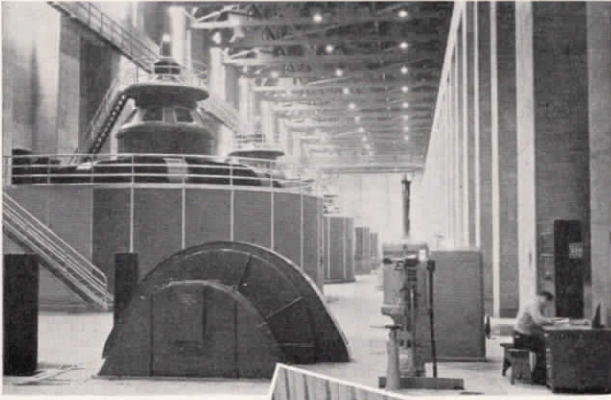
From an engineering standpoint, the dam is a study in superlatives. The concrete structure is the highest ever built and creates the largest man-made lake in the world. But that story

has already been told, and we are for the moment dealing with power transmission. Here is a phase of the Boulder Dam project that is a trifle difficult for most of us to understand, but one thing that is quite clear is this, the utilization of the immense power available has called into play some of the greatest engineering skill of the age, and has developed such mammoth equipment as the world has never known. The whole process of power transmission on this prodigious scale presented an entirely new problem to the transmission engineers.

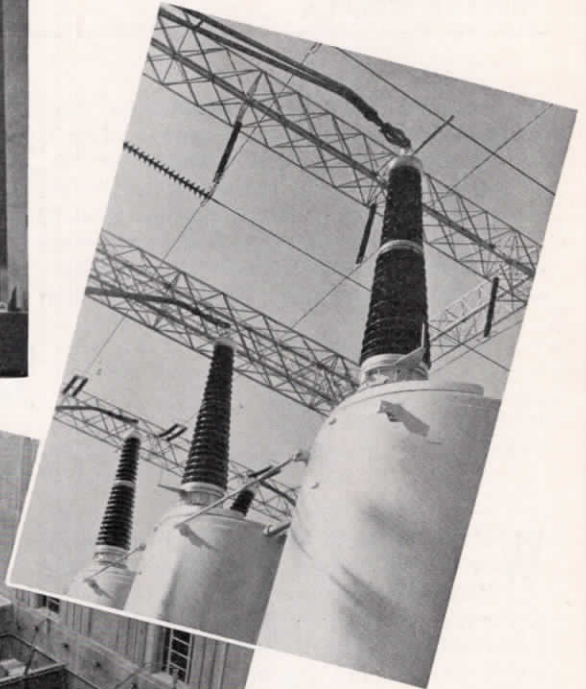
Although the greatest amount of the Colorado's potential energy could be made cheaply and easily at the site of the dam, the biggest market obviously lay in the metropolitan areas of Southern California, almost 300 miles away. A study of the transmission of the huge blocks of energy made available by the project revealed that the usual maximum carriage of 220 kilovolts would not be practical from an economic standpoint, when factors such as stability, reliability and dissipation losses were considered. Finally it was decided by the engineers that a load of 287 kv. would be most practical for all purposes. Any greater transmission would make the cost of equipment prohibitive, while the designated load promised to be more economical than any other by approximately 17 per cent.

The Los Angeles Bureau of Power and Light contracted for the power of the first four main generating units, and to this concern goes a great deal of the credit for pioneering work which has made possible the bringing of power to the metropolitan area.

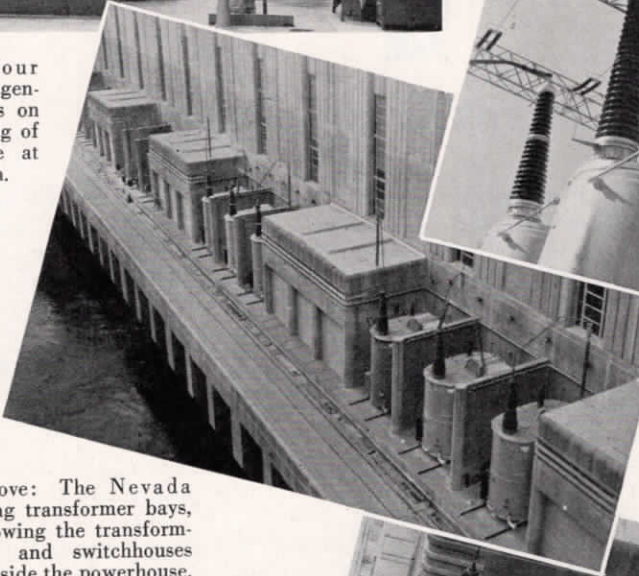
The equipment installed at the powerhouse for transmitting the energy is of a magnitude that is almost beyond conception, and compares



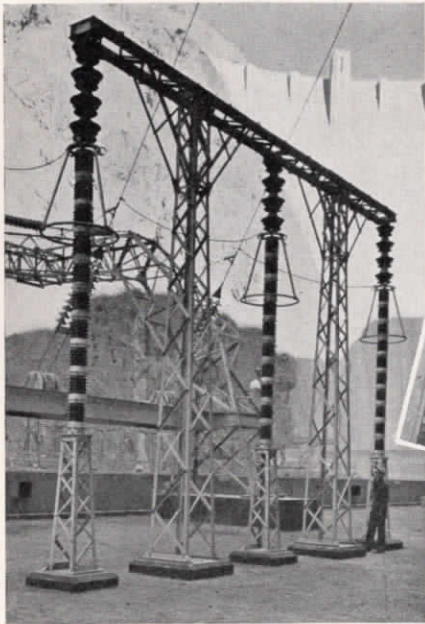
Above: The four gigantic power generating turbines on the Nevada wing of the powerhouse at Boulder Dam.



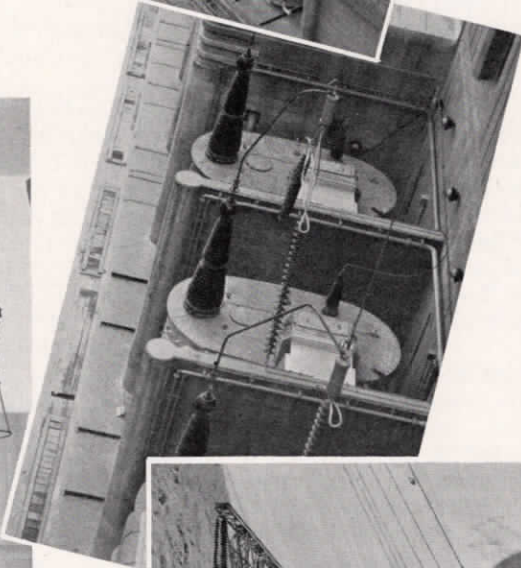
Above: Three of the Westinghouse high-speed oil circuit breakers at the Boulder Dam switchyard.



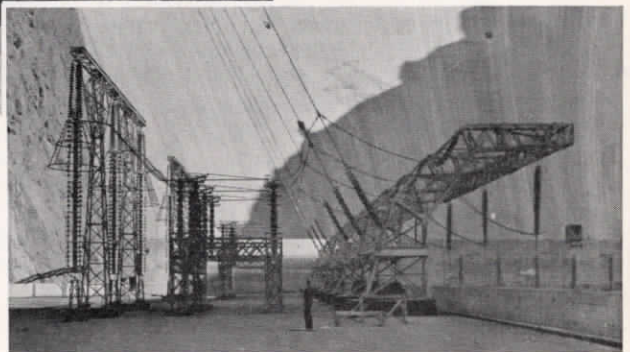
Above: The Nevada wing transformer bays, showing the transformers and switchhouses outside the powerhouse.



Above: A close-up of a three phase lightning arrester unit on the roof structure.



Left: Top view of a transformer bay, where the power generated is stepped up to 287 k.v. for transmission.



Below: The take-off structure on the powerhouse roof, showing circuit conductors and lightning arrestors.

in every way with the hugeness of the remainder of the project. Transformers, switches, circuit breakers, lightning arresters and all the other multiple essentials of the scheme were built and installed largely without the benefit of previous experience or precedent, yet by June 1, 1937, according to a recent announcement, the dam will begin its routine power production, two years ahead of schedule.

Among the more interesting and unusual pieces of machinery are the transformers, which step up the 16.5 kv. primary voltage to 287 k.v. for transmission over hundreds of miles of cable. Physically, these units are the largest in the world, and operate at the highest voltage ever used commercially. Each one is 32 feet in height, and weighs 385,000 pounds, 150,000 pounds of which is accounted for by the transformer oil which they contain. In design they are of the circular-coil, non-resonating type, and a shielded, high voltage winding is used. A water curtain for fire protection is also provided. These units were built by General Electric especially for installation at Boulder Dam, and constitute examples of the pioneering work that has been necessary in this field. Because of the limited space in the canyon for outgoing circuits, two generators serve one bank of three transformers. The necessary primary switchgear for each generating unit is installed in the switchhouses built on the platform outside the main wall of the powerhouse, and between each switch are housed three transformer bays in which are installed the transformers, supplied with current from adjacent generators inside the power plant.

Although oil circuit breakers are not a new invention, the ones being used on the power lines at Boulder Dam are probably more nearly perfect than any yet designed. Known as Westinghouse high-speed de-ion oil circuit breakers, they are constructed so as to interrupt 2,500,000 kva. in less than three cycles, or 0.11 seconds. These breakers are located at the switching station at the Boulder Dam yard, and

represent a new design for a process once thought to be impossible with the large equipment necessary for circuits of such tremendous capacity. Oil circuit breakers are also part of the equipment installed at the other two switching stations along the route to Los Angeles. Designed by General Electric to meet the ultra-high speed requirements, these breakers have eight breaks in series housed in a horizontal insulating tube. As the breaker opens, impelled by a strong spring, oil under 100 lbs. pressure is forced across each break to extinguish the arc formed there. Each group of single units occupies a space 22x54 feet and stands twenty-seven feet high. Only 2,600 gallons of oil, one-tenth of that required by a conventional breaker of this size, is required for a three-phase unit, and of this amount only 210 gallons are exposed to the arc. This feature preserves insulating qualities of the oil, limits the weight of the switch and simplifies oil handling in isolated locations such as those of the desert switching stations.

Lightning arrestors for the switching stations and switchyards present an unusual appearance. The central columns are composed of 287 kv. Thyrite arrestors, supported further by three strings of insulators around the outside. The bottom of the assembly is secured to the base through a spring attachment that serves to prevent swaying. Electrostatic stresses are distributed over the entire length of the arrestors by means of circuit shields which present the appearance of lamp shade frames.

The profit to be derived from this tremendous venture can never be fully determined. The mere marketing of power, and the value of such power in terms of dollars and cents mean nothing compared with the inestimable value of pioneering achievement. The great progress in electrical and other engineering science engendered by the immensity of the project are heritages that will continue to benefit our progeny long years after the entire cost of the dam and all its appurtenances has been fully and finally liquidated.

UNION AWARDED NAVY CONTRACT

Confirmation of a United States Navy award, calling for delivery of some 3,250,000 barrels of oil fuel to the Navy on the West Coast starting July 1, was recently received by Union Oil Company. Under the terms of the award Union will

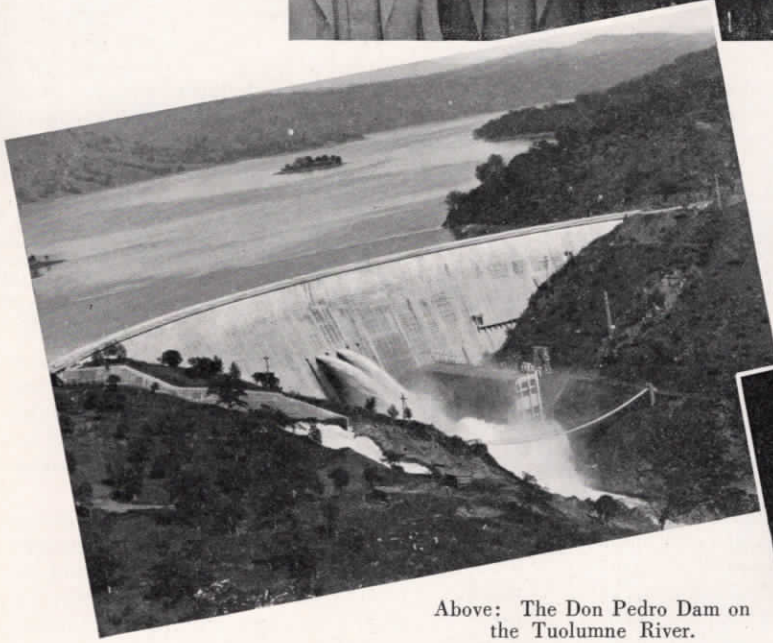
receive approximately three million dollars.

The bulk of the deliveries will be made to the Navy at Los Angeles harbor. Other deliveries will be made at San Francisco, Honolulu, San Diego, Columbia River and Puget Sound.

Right: Board of Directors, Turlock Irrigation District: D. C. Thornburg, E. O. McCombs, President; C. N. Ahlem, W. F. Commons and John McCabe.



Below: R. V. Meikle, Chief Engineer, Turlock Irrigation District.



Above: The Don Pedro Dam on the Tuolumne River.



GOLDEN JUBILEE—TURLOCK IRRIGATION DISTRICT

FIFTY years ago the Turlock-Modesto district in the northern part of the San Joaquin Valley gave no indication of the fact that it would one day be termed the "Melon Center" of the State of California. It was then just a vast, unattractive stretch of arid plain that might have been satisfactory for grazing purposes, if it hadn't been for the drifting sands that covered up the sparse grasses.

Like many another section of the west country, however, the area merely awaited the introduction of water to spring to life, and blossom into a prosperous farming community. This fact was first realized by an aspiring young agriculturist who traveled through the northern part of the Valley away back in the seventies, and whose realization of the agricultural potentialities of the territory resulted in the formation of the Turlock Irrigation District.

Old record books, with entries in longhand, reveal the birth date of the organization as

June 6, 1887, and preparations are now being made for a big Golden Jubilee Celebration, which will take place on Friday and Saturday, June 11-12.

During the first few years of its existence the Turlock Irrigation District project progressed very slowly, but with the awarding of a contract for the construction of the La Grange Dam on the Tuolumne River, on June 23, 1891, things immediately began to happen. So rapidly was the available supply of water used up that it became necessary in 1923 to build another dam—the Don Pedro—on the Tuolumne. The latter towers to a height of 288 feet above the river bed and has created a reservoir thirteen miles long which impounds a net storage of 262,000 acre feet of water.

At the present time the Turlock Irrigation District maintains 1,150 miles of irrigation canals, supplying 181,000 acres of fertile land, and serving 7,000 electricity consumers, located in the Modesto, Livingston, Turlock,

and Oakdale areas. This whole extensive territory has now grown into a fine diversified farming district, and has become famous the world over for its luscious melons.

R. V. Meikle, now chief engineer of this progressive publicly-owned utility corporation, has held the office since 1914, and is in no small measure responsible for its success. The Board of Directors consists of D. C. Thornburg, John McCabe, C. N. Ahlem, W. F. Commons, and President E. O. McCombs. These gentlemen are all deeply interested in

irrigation and agricultural development, and it is an interesting fact that in the fifty years since the Turlock Irrigation District was organized, only thirty-eight men have served on the Board.

Lots of excitement prevails locally as plans are formulating for the Golden Jubilee festival on June 11 and 12, when the entire area will demonstrate its pride in fifty years of constructive development, that has turned a wild, untamed section of wilderness into a big, beautiful, productive garden.



CAPTAINS THREE

Oskar S. Carlson
S. S. La Placentia



Otto Phillipsen
S. S. Cathwood

Erik G. E. Belin
S. S. La Purisima



In spite of the fact that there are ten Union Oil Company tankers plying constantly up and down the Pacific coast, it is astonishing how seldom they dock at the same port at the same time. Thus when three captains called at the office of William Groundwater, director of transportation in Los Angeles, on the same day in the month of May, the occasion was so unique that it called for a mild celebration. The three captains were Oskar S. Carlson, master of the La Placentia, Erik G. E. Belin, master of the La Purisima, and Otto Phillipsen, master of the Cathwood, and it is doubtful if at any other time in their long experience, (they average twenty years of Union Oil Company employment) they have ever been able to make a joint visit of this sort.

We land employees never quite appreciate the vicissitudes of life at sea. It all looks very comfortable when we go on an ocean voyage in the summer time, but it is really a strenuous life, and it takes real men to shoulder the

responsibilities of transporting precious lives and valuable cargoes from port to port, without regard to the state of the weather. When it storms on land, the normal inclination is to rush for cover, and there are few of us who oppose this inclination, but when it storms at sea it is more than ever essential for the ship's officers and crews to be out on the job, battling wind and wave, in order that the cargoes might be carried through on schedule, and the ships brought safely into port.

These three captains could no doubt tell some hair-raising stories of adventure at sea, but you would never think so to talk to them casually. Storm and waves are all just a part of their normal lives, and perhaps in after years they will recall as their greatest excitement that day when three of them by a strange coincidence were all at the same time guests of William Groundwater on an enjoyable little dinner and theatre party in Los Angeles.

THE OLD-TIMER

By VIC SMALL

Production Dept., Brea District

TAKE a drive on a bright Sunday morning to the Union Oil Company Stearns' lease out Brea way. Ride over the hills and enjoy the panorama of country that lies to the south. Take in the whole sweep of Orange County down to the sea, and note in the heat haze the restfulness of the neatly plotted orange groves, the symmetry of a thousand derricks garlanded in deep green, and the shimmering outline of Catalina Island far in the background.

Automobiles race along the boulevards, and as you look a bright, shiny late model slows up and turns into the lease. Out steps a pumper, intent on his daily routine. "Quite a view from these hills!" you remark, and he pauses.

The wrinkles around his eyes, caused by a thousand winds and suns, crease into a smile as he shuts off the motor. "Well—yes. But I sometimes wonder if we've improved it."

You are interested. Here's a real old-timer, and he looks as if he could tell you a story so you ask a question. "You must have worked in these parts for a number of years to notice any great difference in the scenery?"

"Yes, I've worked for the Union Oil Company about 34 years." He speaks with pride—the pride of years of faithful service and achievement. "I've seen great changes in the last 30 odd years. I remember when I first came to work for Union, a tract office was the only building in Brea. Fullerton was our nearest town. We had no automobiles. Those were the horse and buggy days.

"All material and supplies used for the few wells on the Stearns' Lease and the six or eight wells which we had at Sansinena—you know Sansinena is north of La Habra in the foothills—had to be hauled from Fullerton. We only had one gang of four men in those days, and we used to meet in Brea Canyon at seven in the morning. Well-pushers were paid \$2.50 for a ten-hour day, and the pumpers got the same pay for a twelve-hour shift. The gang-pusher got \$80.00 per month."

You encourage him to continue—"Quite a difference in the pay today, eh?"

He laughs, "Yes, I'll say there's a difference. The pumper today gets \$7.85 for eight hours' work, and the other jobs are paid in proportion. But the wages are not the only change." He hesitates.

You offer him a cigarette and prepare to hear some of his experiences.

"Well, thanks. I can only stay for a few minutes; got a tank to switch in the Canyon, and, by the way, we'd better go out on the highway to smoke." He draws on the cigarette a couple of times with evident satisfaction. "As I said, the wages are not the only change. Take the job of laying oil lines. If the team wasn't handy in the old days, and we had a pipe laying job on the lease, we would drape the lay tongs around our necks; and with the fittings strung from our shoulders, and a firm hold on the dinner pail, start tramping. Or suppose we had a job of pulling tubing or rods. Today we use heavy wire lines, but when I first came here we used manilla rope. We hadn't got to the efficiency of steel lines. If the team happened to be hauling supplies from Fullerton, and the gang had finished a job, the four men would take a coil of the manilla rope; string out Indian file fashion, and tramp over the hills to another job."

"You mean to say that, if you had two wells to pull, you carried the lines from the first to the second well?"

"Sure. It wouldn't do to leave the rope hanging in the derrick. Of course, the job took longer then, and we had our troubles. Heaving sand in the wells was one of our greatest problems. I remember Stearns No. 28. We'd get the tubing out; and I've seen it happen when we left the well, say for an hour, and then went back to run the tubing, we'd find the sand had heaved up in the hole two or three hundred feet."

"What did you do then?"

"O, we'd run a bailer and bail out the sand, then try again to get the tubing down. But that wasn't the only difficulty we had with old No. 28." He paused to take another puff at the cigarette, then continued, "No, why we'd get the tubing in and run the pump in

the tubing. But before we got the pump right in, a man would get on the end of the beam and we'd start the beam bobbing. Then just as soon as the pump was in, the man on the end of the moving beam would quickly make connections. We daren't let the pump stay stationary in the hole, even for an instant. If we did, the well would sand up and we'd have the job to do all over again. The pump used then was the old cup and bolt-spring type. When we got the well going, the oil was run into an open sluice box for about 150 feet; and a man was kept constantly on duty shoveling out the sand as it settled. Why, I've seen the sand piled so high you'd have thought it was the refuse dumped out of a mine pit."

Pointing over to some wells in the distance he continues, "Hear that popping noise? Well, that's the exhaust from the gas engines at the wells. When I first came here, we used steam engines. I remember when we installed the first gas engine at Power No. 1. The usual layout was to have two pumpers, working twelve-hour shifts, looking after a well and one boiler. Sometimes there would be two or three boilers supplying steam to half-a-dozen pumping engines. One string I worked on had nine wells and four boilers—three of the boilers fired with coal. The steam lines from the boilers to the engines were laid on top of the ground and encased in closed wooden troughs to prevent condensation of the steam.

"Talking about boilers, I remember the job we used to have at Sansinena No. 10. Take over an hour getting there in the wagon. The boilers at No. 10 were fired with crude oil. It sounds easy 'fired with crude oil' but you should try it sometime. You have to nurse the old boiler along to get up enough steam to force the oil to spray into the fire box. Sometimes it would take four hours, including a couple of shut-downs to clean flues, to get sufficient steam to start work. Then in the evening, if the team hadn't arrived, the gang started walking home. We had another well called Mineral Springs No. 2. The well was so situated that we had to climb 63 steps from the boilers to get on the derrick floor. We used a slide at No. 2 to pull tools and pipe up to the derrick. The team would drop the pipe and tools at the bottom of the steps; and, by fastening a cable from the rig to the equipment, start hoisting." He chuckles as he remembers an amusing incident. "One time we

were all set for a nice easy day at No. 2; all we had to do was mix a hundred sacks of cement—in those days we didn't use cement mixing machines—just elbow grease and shovels. Well, as I was saying, we got the cement mixed ready to pump down the casing; then we were going to pump water down to force the cement into the formation when we discovered the water tank was about empty. Well, we had to keep shoveling and turning that cement over and over most of the afternoon, to keep it from setting, until we got enough water to force it down the casing into the formation."

A quizzical expression comes into his gray eyes, you have a feeling as if, in a friendly way, he is giving you the once over. You glance over the car he is driving, and murmur something about it being pretty soft—just to drive around in a modern automobile and watch a few wells.

"Well, it might look pretty soft but when you are in charge of a string of pumping wells it carries with it quite a responsibility." He nods in the direction of a passing car. "That's the gauger. You talk about soft jobs. Well, I remember when that job was just a country drive in a two-wheeled cart drawn by a single horse. You know, a cart where you sit up close to the horse's tail." He chuckles, "We had a gauger years ago who used to gauge the oil around here. Well, one day, it was after a heavy rain, and the roads were no cinch in those days; the gauger had a production man with him, and they were perched on this two-wheeled cart, talking and laughing, on their way to gauge a tank. Some mud must have balled up in the horse's shoe. Anyway, the horse kicked out to get rid of the mud like they will sometimes. And the production man kidded the gauger that the horse was trying to kick him out of the cart. Well, that gauger quit—yes, sir, quit cold. He didn't want any job where there was a danger of the horse knocking his teeth out." Pulling out a plug of tobacco, he inquires, "Chew?"

"No, thanks just the same."

"Well," he laughs, "I chew. You see the Company don't want us to smoke near the wells. Danger of fire. Good idea. The Company spends a great deal of time and money on safety these days. But oil companies weren't so safety-minded in the early days. I'll tell you of a close call I had years ago—I was cleaning one of the oil tanks. It was a

Right: The old-time pumper is just stepping off his old-time Packard, to mount the derrick floor.

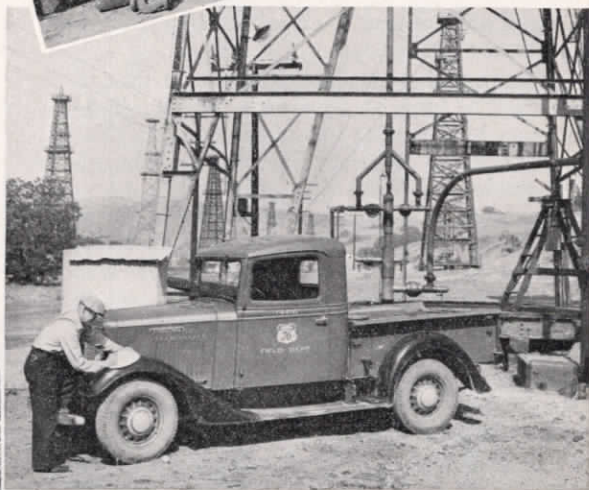


Below: Drawing a sample for the production department.



Left: A close-up of the lead line sampling operation; now almost as obsolete as the horse and buggy.

Below: Off to the next rig.



Above: A modern pumper makes a stop at a modern well in the course of his routine. Note the difference in the transportation equipment.

small wooden tank about eight feet in height and 250 barrels capacity decked over with flooring with a hatch in the center. I was in the tank cleaning out the sand through a small hole in the bottom when I guess I was overcome with gas. Anyway, I was walking around inside that tank waving my hands in the air and singing, just like I was practicing for the opera. Luckily one of the men was passing and heard me singing. He came running over and peered down the hatch. At that moment, I happened to be waving my hands just under the opening. He reached down, and grabbing hold of my wrist, yanked me out. It took four men to hold me down though. That's once when singing lessons weren't necessary. Of course, that couldn't happen now. When we clean tanks today, we use instruments to test the air in the tank; and every precaution is taken to safeguard the men." The pumper pauses to take another bite on the plug of tobacco.

Your glance takes in the sweep of country before you—the oil wells, the orange groves—an airplane drones overhead on its way to Los Angeles. You look up and visualize the passengers sitting comfortably in their seats taking everything for granted.

The pumper glances up at the airplane, and seems to read your thoughts. "They pass over here often. You know, these young fellows working in the oil fields today don't realize the great changes that have taken place. Why, take this morning, I heard a neighbor's boy ask his father if he would take him to the show tonight. It appears there's a picture showing called 'Tarzan.'" The pumper grinned as he continued, "If that kid had only

been born thirty or forty years earlier. Going to Anaheim in those days was a day's outing. Many's the time I've driven into Anaheim; had to get out of the buggy, and wade through mud over my shoes to tie the horse to the hitching post. And as for getting to Los Angeles, well, that was a real event. The population was only about 40,000. The street cars crawled along drawn by horses. Hitching posts outside the stores on Main Street were taken for granted. The favorite hang-out for the oil boys in Los Angeles was Nattick House, a hotel on Main Street. I don't know whether it's still there. Yes, I've seen great changes in the last thirty-four years. I wonder what it will look like thirty years from now. Guess the pumpers will be wanting radios in the company cars by then." He laughs. "You know, a little jazz music as they drive from well to well," He looks at his watch, and his face gets serious as he remembers the present. "Guess I've got to be moving if I don't want that tank to run over."

You thank him for an interesting talk.

"O, that's Okay. Come around again sometime."

You watch him drive away. In a few years he'll go on tour for the last time, and then retire to a little rancho back there somewhere on the neatly-cultivated slopes. His car passes out of sight around the bend, but his laugh and that smile still linger.

He is just one of the faithful—one of the thousands, who have helped to build this oil industry into the huge affair that it now is. And you try to imagine what a wealth of story material you could get if you could only talk to them all.

TRAP AND RIFLE SHOOT

JUNE 13, 9 A.M. TO 4 P.M.

AT the Club's new range, near Callender No. 4, half-mile north of Dominguez Warehouse. • **FOR** every Union Oil Co. trap enthusiast, member or non-member. • **BRING** your lunch and ammunition. Some 12 ga. shells will be available at cost.

Apply Jim Hill, L. A. Refinery, for further particulars.

UNION OIL GUN CLUB



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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.

ON SEVERAL occasions we have announced through the pages of the Bulletin the institution of certain contests which we have believed to be of especial interest to employees. These contests, if of the right character, provide a form of exercise for the mentality that is stimulating, and it is our intention to continue to present them when they appear to have an appeal to a sufficient number of employees.

We have just received a circular giving the details of an award of \$5,000, offered by the Orchard Heating Committee of the Fruit Growers Supply Company for the development of improved frost protection equipment, in the form of a heating device or other effective means of ameliorating the frost hazard.

The desired improvement must take into consideration the following factors: The interest of public welfare; the practical elimination of smoke under operating conditions in citrus orchards; quickness and ease of lighting; cost of manufacture, i.e., low cost to the grower; diffusion of heat; ability to consume completely fuel readily available in large quantities in southern California, such as diesel oil carrying as high as 0.5% of carbon residue as determined by the Conradson Method; performance under both high and low burning rates; adaptability to orchard installation and operation; adaptability of existing orchard heating equipment; saving in labor requirements for actual operation.

While most of these conditions apply to

heating devices, this prize is open to all methods of frost protection.

Working models of proposed devices must be submitted at the request of the judging committee for experimental purposes not later than December 15, 1937, which is the closing date of the contest.

The committee will judge the contest and announce their decision concerning the prize on or before March 1, 1938.

To win the prize a device must be a substantial improvement over existing orchard heating devices as judged by the committee and nothing in the conditions of this contest shall require the judging committee to award the prize if in its judgment no device submitted encompasses such substantial improvement.

Entrants agree, as a condition of entry, to negotiate with Friut Growers Supply Company for the manufacture and sale of whatever devices may be deemed of merit by the judging committee.

Another contest that we are sure will interest many employees, especially in the south, is announced by the Newport Harbor Chamber of Commerce. This is a photographic contest in which prizes will be awarded for photographs taken in the Newport Harbor area, any time between May 1 and July 17, 1937. Many Union Oil Company employees have become photographers, and many of them also vacate during the summer in the Newport Harbor district. We will be glad to furnish particulars of either contest to employees who may be interested.



Above: George Hollfelder, horologist, of Oleum Refinery, working at the miniature lathe, which is an important requisite in the equipment of the watchmaker.



Left: Making a fine adjustment.

ANOTHER HOBBYIST DISCOVERED!

EVERY once in a while in our peregrinations around Union Oil Company territory we bump into individuals with unusual hobbies. Someone has said that a man with a hobby is never unhappy, it's the next door neighbor of the man with the hobby who is unhappy. But that, of course, can only be the case when the hobby is playing the bagpipes, or some such disturbing practice. In any case, a nice, quiet avocation like watchmaking can be carried on in an unobtrusive manner that is conducive to the real happiness of the addict, and at the same time presents no problem whatever for the fellow next door.

George Hollfelder, head treater at the Oleum refinery dewaxing plant, is an exponent of this fascinating and exacting business, which, incidentally, to the highbrow world is known as "horology." George first became a miniature machinist a number of years ago, through a friend who made his living as a watchmaker. This friend taught him some of the fundamentals of the craft, and so excited him over the business that he later enrolled

in a watchmakers' school in San Francisco and completed a course of technical training that simply made him more avid than ever for the work.

Following this study, he immediately set out to acquire all the paraphernalia that constitute the stock-in-trade of the profession, and to fix up his home workshop so he could actually make alarm clocks, and all that sort of ting. . . .

Today he has a completely-stocked laboratory, and can handle the most delicate operation in horology with all the expertness of a Swiss master.

Watchmaking and clockmaking, like most other professions, has its own peculiar glossary of terms, to designate the different tools, and the various types of work which they are used to perform. We can't go too deeply into the mysteries here, but with the help of an Encyclopedia Americana, we can probably, with profit, throw a little light on a rather obscure practice.

The capacity to operate a lathe is an im-

portant requirement, and this phase of the business demands an accuracy and precision that are essential to few other crafts. The cutting tools used in lathe work frequently have to be manufactured for the shaping of unusual parts, and it is here that the real watchmaker "struts his stuff." These tools are known as "gravers," and they play an important part in the whole process, being used for turning, facing, shouldering, jewel setting and all sorts of other necessary operations.

Arbors, or axles, for the wheels are intricate parts in themselves and require the finest of workmanship. Balance staffs, which operate with a hair spring, are extremely delicate little

gadgets, and must be just right or your watch will behave in an atrocious manner, and so on and so on.

The watchmaker who really means business has to familiarize himself with more types of escapement than Houdini, and the whole procedure requires a knowledge of theory and technique that is almost bewildering. George Hollfelder, however, has it all down pat, and is in fact a member in good standing and fine repute of the Horological Association of California, which includes all the proficient watchmakers in the state, so if your ticker is misbehaving send it up to Oleum, but don't say we told you.



UNION 76 VARIETIES

Union Oil Girls' Club stages at the Wilshire Ebell Club, on June 9, almost its ninth anniversary, what undoubtedly will be the biggest event in Club history—a musical revue and minstrel show, for which they are vigorously rehearsing at the present moment under the capable direction of Lou Ashe of Fanchon and Marco. The girls have unearthed hidden talent among the employees of a calibre that is tops, and while it would spoil the fun to give details at this time, we might mention two cases specifically: Pat Patterson, the talent scout, has located among the sales employees

two big-time vaudeville performers, one who has worked many years with the Four Marx Brothers, and another who played with Bob Burns in "Rhythm on the Range," and is more like the Arkansas Sage than Bob himself.

The minstrel show is coming along in first-class shape, and we are willing to bet our last winter's fedora, that this affair is going to be due for some repeat performances. Don't miss it. It's going to be the finest show ever staged by any Union Oil Company organization—a night of real music, real fun, and real entertainment.



Dorothy Landry, and Ad Faucet sign up some talent for the big musical revue and minstrel show.



J. M. Geary

JACK GEARY

IT'S HARD to realize after these long years of association, but it's a fact, nevertheless, that our good friend J. M. Geary, the man with a heart as big as a pumpkin, the man who has made more boosters for Union Oil Company than almost any other person in the institution, the man whose adventures and stories constitute a large part of the history of the sales department, is laying down his tools on July 1, and is going to enjoy a well-earned rest.

Ever since that remote day in 1907 when J. M. Geary was engaged as a salesman in the San Francisco area, he has been selling himself in big, good-natured hunks to the employees of the Company and to the customers, with whom he has always stood ace high. As a raconteur he is without an equal, and many a group of Company banquetters have been hilariously regaled by his own inimitable accounts of actual and fictitious sales experiences. His capacity to mix with, and his fine humanitarian regard for, people in all strata of society, have rewarded him richly in the things that constitute real happiness. Jack has the genuine love of a vast concourse of people up and down the Pacific Coast, and that is his most treasured possession. He has no regrets. He has had his pleasures and disappointments in the thirty years that he has spent with Union Oil Company, but the sum total has been a wonderful experience that he has thoroughly enjoyed, and he states vigorously and enthusiastically that if by some queer freak of circumstances he were enabled to live his life over again, he would unhesitatingly make the same affiliation.

We can't dismiss the subject without recounting at least one of Jack's most noted adventures, and particularly that refreshing episode of his first sales attempt. It was in San Francisco, early in his career that he was sent out on his first assignment—to put over a kerosene sale at a local general store. He was young and none too sure of his sales ability then, and he wasn't a bit over-confident when he finally crossed the threshold of his first prospect. Nor did his condition improve when he found himself obliged to listen to a violent protest from a lady customer who had bought some meat from the proprietor, and was just telling him in a torrent of well-chosen words how disgracefully she had been duped. The proprietor was a good salesman himself, and finally managed to get into the conversation long enough to assure the ruffled client that he was sorry, and would exchange the meat for a better piece. This he did, finally sending the lady on her way, apparently completely satisfied. Then came the reaction: No sooner had she left the store than the owner grabbed the meat cleaver, and with a vicious swing buried it deep in the chopping block, at the same time almost yelling in his chagrin, "Blankety-blank-blank — some people are never satisfied."

Just at this moment he spotted our young salesman, and without removing the demoniacal expression, he turned swiftly and barked, "And what can I do for you, sir." By this time the knocking of Jack's knees was distinctly audible in Oakland, and being a stout believer in that old adage about discretion and valor, he quakingly replied, "Gimme five cents worth of soda crackers."

That was Jack's first sales attempt, but it is a good indication of his innate ability that without any prompting from headquarters, he went back a little later to the irate grocer, made him a present of the soda crackers, told him the whole story of the purchase, and sold the kerosene and himself by this candid confession of ordinary human weakness.

He has always loved his work, and the associations it involved, although it has been no picnic. His introduction to the sales business came at a time, when transportation was in a very elementary state, and it was necessary for the salesman to devise his own means of traveling from town to town. He has on occasion waited all day in some outlying town for a train, has become impatient and hopped a freight, and then has been kicked off the latter in the middle of the wilderness, and forced to walk the remaining miles to his destination. He has traveled over the mountain trails in Washington and Oregon, with imaginary cougars breathing on the back of

his neck all the way. But he has never been discouraged.

Through all the vicissitudes of a long and checkered experience he has never lost the capacity to look on the sunny side of his escapades, and his versions of them are now gems of human interest material that are enjoyed by everyone who has the privilege of his acquaintance.

His achievements in sales effort are purposely omitted from this little story—they will be found in another chapter. Here we merely seek to paint a picture of a grand character—a man who has given of his efforts faithfully and well to the happiness of others, and who has thus by the inexorable law of nature earned real happiness for himself. Jack steps out still a comparatively young man, and it is, we are sure, the earnest hope of his friends, and they are legion, that he will long live to enjoy the happiness that he so richly deserves.



AULD LANG SYNE

Elvin Townsend, Union Oil Company salesman in the Chino district, found his inspiration for this outfit in the March issue of the Bulletin, and he made a fine job of copy-

ing, too. It was entered in the Chino Fiftieth Anniversary Parade on April 24. The wagon was supplied by W. C. Clive, Uplands contractor, but Elvin dug up the iron hat himself.



Ole Berg, Jr.,
Northern Division Manager



F. W. Pemberton,
Central Division Manager



W. A. Newhoff, Manager of
Refined Oil Sales

REALIGNMENT OF SALES PERSONNEL

A REALIGNMENT of sales personnel throughout Union Oil Company's Pacific Coast marketing area, including the retirement of J. M. Geary, is announced with the issuance of a bulletin from the office of V. H. Kelly, director of sales. The changes will affect twelve members of the Company's extensive marketing staff.

Following thirty years of continuous service, J. M. Geary, manager of refined oil sales, will retire on July 1. Mr. Geary joined the sales department in 1907, and has been active in that phase of the Company's business ever since. He was initially employed as a salesman in the San Francisco area when Union Oil Company was still struggling for coastwide recognition, and two years later was transferred to Seattle as one of the first two Union Oil Company salesmen in the state of Washington. His pioneering work among the cities of the northern state substantially contributed to the fine business which the Company now enjoys in the northwest. After four years in the Seattle territory, he was sent to San Francisco to handle Union's asphalt sales, and here also was instrumental in establishing new records. He later took over the post of district manager at San Jose, and in 1916 came to Los Angeles as district manager. Two years later he was promoted to manager of refined oil sales, which position he has held for the past nineteen years.

Mr. Geary will be succeeded by W. A.

Newhoff, division manager at San Francisco, who has been a member of Union Oil Company's sales staff for the past seventeen years. He began his career with the Company as a clerk at Ross, California, in 1920, and rose rapidly through various capacities in the sales organization. His post as assistant district manager at Los Angeles came in 1929, and before the year was out he had been transferred from Los Angeles to San Francisco to take up the duties of manager. In 1930, he was transferred to Oakland, but a year later again returned to the Bay City as manager. Promotion to manager of the entire central division, comprising northern and central California and Nevada, came in 1933, and since that time Newhoff has earned an enviable reputation as a sales leader. In his new post as manager of refined oil sales, he will maintain headquarters in Los Angeles.

F. W. Pemberton, northern division manager for Union Oil Company since January, 1934, takes over the former responsibilities of W. A. Newhoff and becomes central division manager with headquarters in San Francisco. Like the latter, Pemberton began his Union Oil Company career as a clerk, and received most of his early training at that post in the comptroller's office at Los Angeles. He then rose, through the positions of traveling auditor, cashier at Seattle, and cashier of the northern division, to that of operating manager of the northern division in 1927. The following year

Right: H. H. Ramsay,
Division Sales Man-
ager, Oregon.



H. F. McDowell, Dis-
trict Sales Manager,
Walla Walla, Wash.



R. C. Copeland, District
Sales Manager, Long Beach,
Calif.



Right: Ray C. Ingram, Di-
vision Fuel Oil Supervisor,
San Francisco.



Left: J. G. Fulton,
Station Inspector,
Northern Division.



George Hurst, So.
Division Fuel Oil
Supervisor.



H. E. Golding, District
Sales Manager, Wenatchee,
Washington.



E. J. Swailes, Dis-
trict Sales Manager,
Riverside.

he was appointed sales promotion supervisor, and later was transferred to Sacramento as district manager. In 1931 he was made district manager at Los Angeles, and in 1934 was transferred to the northern division.

Following F. W. Pemberton as manager of northern division is Ole Berg, Jr., who for the past two years has held the post of sales manager for the Oregon territory, with headquarters in Portland. Just 33 years old, Berg is one of the youngest men ever to hold such a position with the Company. He first started with Union Oil Company in 1921, when he was employed as an office boy in the San Francisco office. He soon showed unusual aptitude for sales work, which eventually resulted in his promotion in 1933 to the position of district

manager at Spokane. He was later transferred to Portland as division sales manager under F. W. Pemberton, and with his latest appointment will officiate in Seattle.

H. H. "Pete" Ramsay, for four years Long Beach district sales manager for Union Oil Company, is promoted to division sales manager for Oregon, replacing Ole Berg. Ramsay has been with the sales department since 1917, when he was employed as agent at Gilroy, California. He served in the army during the war, and returned to the Company in 1919 as agent at Chico. From that post he advanced rapidly through various assignments in the sales department, to assistant manager in the Portland area, and came to Los Angeles in 1933 in the same capacity. He later was

transferred to Long Beach district as sales manager, and leaves that post to become division sales manager at Portland.

Included in the realignment of the sales force is the advancement of R. C. Copeland, district sales manager of Riverside for the past three years, to the Long Beach district in the same capacity. Copeland has been at the Riverside district for eight years, and came to Union Oil Company in 1927. Following two years as a tank truck salesman in Hollywood, he was transferred to that locality as a salesman in 1929. In the same year he was made agent at Perris, and in 1931 was moved to San Bernardino as salesman, later becoming agent at this point. He was the company's Water District representative at Coachella for some time, and took over the duties of district sales manager at Riverside in 1933.

Succeeding Copeland as district sales manager at Riverside is E. J. Swailes, who has been fuel oil supervisor for the southern division for the past two years. He first joined Union Oil Company's sales staff in 1927, as a service station operator in Los Angeles, and afterwards was appointed salesman in the same area. For some time during 1928 he devoted his time to the marketing of fuel oils, and thereafter progressed rapidly until in 1934 he was appointed service station superintendent. One year later he was promoted to supervisor of fuel oil sales for the southern division.

In the central division, Ray C. Ingram, export and marine sales supervisor at San Francisco, is appointed division fuel oil supervisor, replacing Frank H. Hamlin, retired. The position and title of export and marine sales supervisor will be discontinued, and F. M. Jacobs will represent the export department in the Bay City. Ray Ingram came to Union Oil Company in June, 1921, and was initially engaged in the pipe yard at the Brea warehouse. Thence he was later transferred to the warehouse at Santa Fe Springs as assistant to the storekeeper, from which he skipped to the comptroller's department, eventually becoming field auditor in charge of all partnership drilling and production in the division. He was active for some years as personnel supervisor in the southern division field department, and then at the Los Angeles refinery and continued in personnel work on his later transfer to San Francisco. For the past few years he has been associated with the fuel oil and export department.

George Hurst, Union Oil Company agent at

Culver City, is appointed fuel oil supervisor of the southern division, filling the vacancy left by Swailes. Hurst has made rapid advancement during his comparatively short career with the Company. Starting as a credit clerk in the Portland office in 1928, he became assistant district credit manager a year later, and in 1931 was transferred to Los Angeles in the office of the general credit manager. Hurst was later promoted to district credit manager in San Diego, and then held the post of credit supervisor there. His appointment to the Culver City agency came in 1935.

In the northern division, H. E. Golding, district sales manager at Walla Walla, Washington, for the past four years, is transferred to Wenatchee as district sales manager. Golding's career with Union Oil Company began in 1919, when he was employed as a clerk in the Sacramento district office. He served in various clerical capacities until 1926, when he was transferred to Oakland as cashier. His next move was to San Diego as district accountant in 1928, and the following year he was appointed assistant district manager of operations in that area. He later became district personnel supervisor, then was sent to Portland as assistant manager of operations. He was appointed district sales manager at Walla Walla in 1933.

Golding is succeeded as sales manager at Walla Walla by H. F. McDowell, district sales manager at Wenatchee, who came to Union Oil Company in 1923, has held the various positions of tank truck salesman, agent at Port Angeles, and special agent at Yakima.

J. G. Fulton is appointed station inspector in the northern division. He was first engaged by Union Oil Company in 1925, as an office boy at Portland, and for a number of years held various positions in the accounting department there. In 1931 he was transferred to the operating department of the Portland office, and with the organization of the northern division in 1933, was placed in charge of the motor equipment. In his new post as station inspector, he will assist the men in the field with their operating problems.

Gordon Reid Goes to San Francisco

Gordon Reid, formerly of the Los Angeles fuel oil and asphalt sales department, has been transferred to San Francisco where he will be employed as assistant to Ray C. Ingram, central division fuel oil supervisor.



Paul H. Goodwin, District Sales Manager at Stockton, Calif.

Goodwin Heads Stockton Aeronautical Association

Paul H. Goodwin, district sales manager for Union Oil Company at Stockton, has long been interested in aviation in all its phases, and his continued activity in aeronautical affairs has just brought him signal honor. On April 5, he was elected president of the Stockton Aeronautical Association, which has now been in existence for two years, and numbers on its membership roster thirty-five local licensed pilots and plane owners.

Paul is no ground flyer, and as a sportsman pilot has participated in many air shows and air tours since his introduction to the flying business. He has passed the written examination of the U. S. Department of Commerce for a transport pilot's license, and as we go

to press writes to inform us that he has just completed the flight tests, and is now a duly qualified transport pilot.

The efforts of the Aeronautical Association are mainly directed towards the improvement of both commercial and private flying, and good-will week-end tours to various places of interest constitute an interesting and enjoyable phase of activity. As many as twenty-five pilots take part in these excursions, and Paul Goodwin is one of the regular performers. His introduction to the community took place in July, 1936, when he was transferred to Stockton from Chico, and it speaks well for his interest in community affairs, that he has so quickly gained this recognition.



REGIONAL MECHANICS IN ANNUAL MEETINGS

FOR the purpose of discussing the various problems related to mechanical maintenance and repair procedure, and further strengthening and expanding safety practices, regional mechanics in the northern, central and southern divisions of the sales department attended annual meetings held at Portland, Ore-

gon, Emeryville, California, and Los Angeles, respectively, during the month of April.

The regional mechanics are members of the automotive division of Union Oil Company's sales department, and each one is assigned a specific area and is held responsible for all vehicle maintenance in that area. Every phase

NORTHERN DIVISION

Back: O. H. Steffen, A. Marti, F. C. Phillips, T. S. Coulson, B. F. Bressler, A. C. Dockrell, J. R. Kimberly, J. Richardson, G. Soper.

Front: R. S. McGarigle, E. C. Stevens, H. P. Thayer, C. C. Bakala, D. D. Barker, L. R. Austad, W. H. Bookwalter, G. Bjelland, C. R. Carey, E. B. Littell, W. E. Thompson.



SOUTHERN DIVISION—Right

Back: V. Unger, D. Stockall, W. H. Brimhall, S. Mock, A. L. Sullivan, C. Vanderlin, H. E. Spear, J. Salvatori.

Front: P. M. Ghys, W. C. Kenck, C. F. Johnson, E. Beem, J. E. Knabb, R. W. Thompson, Miss L. C. MacLeod, H. C. Johnson.



CENTRAL DIVISION—Left

Back: E. J. Myers, F. G. Crandall, R. B. Simorly, G. A. Trimble, E. V. Cosner, F. E. Mains, J. D. Marley, G. Mayo, J. C. Sheldon, F. L. Plath, I. J. Jacobson.

Front: B. R. Williams, A. H. Tickner, H. Heyer, G. A. Saari, L. C. Hengel, G. Watkins.

of repair and maintenance is taken care of by these mechanics, so that each becomes exceedingly familiar with the automotive equipment under his charge, and is thus able to keep the vehicles operating with the maximum efficiency, economy, and safety.

The important part played by this division of the sales department in keeping the automotive fleet in first class running condition is only understandable when the enormous amount of mileage registered over a year's time is considered. The aggregate mileage of all sales truck equipment is 8,000,000 miles approximately,

the equivalent of sixteen round trips to the moon, or 320 trips around the equator. It would take 46 years for a single truck traveling 20 miles an hour, 24 hours a day, to record the annual mileage figure registered by all the vehicles used in this department.

The annual meetings provide an opportunity to discuss changes in automotive design—both engine and chassis—and enable the mechanics to keep abreast of the latest development, so that they may adopt standard practices for the repair and maintenance of every type of equipment.



Above: The Oleum Refinery Lady Bowlers and Coach. Back row, Josephine Smith, Katherine Cox, Art Smith (coach), Rosamond Brusatory, Ruby Fitzgerald. Sitting, Agnes Hogan.

Below: Metcalf Bowling Trophy won by Lube Oil Division at Oleum Refinery.



Right: Oleum Inter-Departmental Champs — The Lube Oil Division Quintet. Left to right, M. Wanlass, Jack Fischer, Robert LeBeuf, Mike Kelly, and Leo Doty, captain.



OLEUM NEWS

OLEUM girls recently formed a bowling team known as the Tritonettes, and in their first match these redoubtable pin smashers came within an ace of defeating a quintette of men entitled the Tulloch All-Stars. They did take one game out of three, and this so inspired them they challenged the Oleum superintendents and administered such a drubbing as the latter will not survive for many a day. In a recent invitational game they won by a narrow margin from the Grace Brothers' girl team of Oakland, and just how good they are is indicated by the fact that in this game Agnes Hogan, captain, rolled an average of 162 with 184 as her high game. Rosamond Brusatory was not very far behind with 147 average and a high of 164. The girls' efforts are creating lots of excitement around the refinery, and large galleries are urging them to mighty effort. They expect to compete for the Burnham trophy next year.

After 21 weeks of play the lube oil team won the L. G. Metcalf bowling trophy. The team was composed of Robert LeBeuf, Leo Doty (captain), Mike Kelly, Jack Fischer, M. Wanlass and Lou Kenny. Second place went to the machine shop five.

Inter-departmental softball opened on May 3 for the Oleum Refinery Employees. There will be a six team league including a Rodeo town team. The refinery is divided into five divisions from which men for the five refinery teams will be chosen. Games will be played twice weekly, with the opening game of the season between the Tarzans and Tritons.

Sponsoring the league is the Union Oil Company, all the equipment being provided by the company. The schedule has been divided into two halves, with winners meeting in a championship playoff in August. Over 100 employees will participate in the Inter-departmental softball league.

Twenty-Five Years



Lawrence Wolff
Fuel Oil and Asphalt Sales



FIFTY employees were cited for service emblem awards during the month of May, which is quite a considerable drop from the record of the previous months. We try every time we come to this feature of the Bulletin to find some reason for the fluctuations that take place in the employment rate, but have developed nothing so far but wrinkles. The factors that affect employment are apparently too multifarious and too complicated for this small mind to grasp, and we are forced eventually to abandon our cogitation and weakly recount the facts, leaving the reader, if so inclined, to find his or her own explanation. One employee became eligible in May for a twenty-five year pin, and seven received twenty-year awards.

Twenty-five years ago, according to Jack Geary, a little curly-haired lad, with an ingratiating smile, and a world of enthusiasm applied for a position in the San Francisco office. He apparently had what it takes to sell one's self, because he was immediately started in as office boy in the fuel oil and asphalt department. That little boy was Lawrence Wolff. He still has the smile and the enthusiasm, but the curly hair is not quite so conspicuous, and he is now assistant manager of the department in which he began his Union Oil Company career.

Lawrence was born in Oakland on the site

now owned by Union Oil Company at Eighth and Harrison Streets, and has never worked for any other concern, so he might also be termed a Union Oil Company native son. When the fuel oil and asphalt department headquarters were moved to Los Angeles in 1915, he remained in San Francisco to take charge of departmental interests there, and did it so well, that in 1921 he was transferred to Los Angeles as assistant manager of the department. He has occupied this position ever since, and evidence of his fitness for the responsibility is to be found in the capable manner in which he handles the many large industrial fuel oil and asphalt accounts. The recent award to the Company by the U. S. Navy of a contract for some three and one-quarter millions of barrels is a classic example.

Lawrence is a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, and is a director of the Asphalt Institute of which he was chairman during the year 1936. His greatest diversion is traveling, and he has journeyed extensively in Mexico, Canada, Central America, and the United States. When confined to Los Angeles he plays golf without pressure, and will play bridge if provoked. He modestly confesses, however, that at bridge he usually doesn't score much higher than he does at golf.

Heading the twenty year group is Patrick Gallagher, one of Union Oil Company's

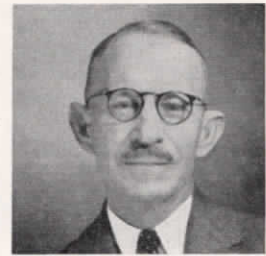
Twenty Years



P. Gallagher
Gas, So. Div.



E. P. Hadewig
Transp. L. A. P. L.



J. W. Traylor
Field, So. Div.



C. H. Mann
Sales, So. Div.



J. E. Faria
Field, So. Div.



W. R. Ralph
Sales, So. Div.

first string operators at the Stearns absorption plant. There is no need to state that Pat was born in Ireland. Anybody with that name is either an Irishman or the descendant of an Irishman. We might mention, however, that he lived on the "Ould Sod," until he was eighteen years old, when the lure of the U. S. A. became too much for him. He landed in Lompoc, California, in 1912, and almost immediately began work with Union Oil Company on a pipe line project at Orcutt. He left the Company, however, for two short periods in the succeeding years, and his employment record actually dates from May 2, 1917, when he was taken over as an employee of the Pinal Dome Oil Company. From that time he has been employed in the gas department, and is at present repairman and operator at the Stearns absorption plant. Pat is a devoted trout fisherman, and gardner, but we rather suspect that his energetic efforts in the garden have an ulterior motive—to get more worms for trout fishing.

Ernest P. Hadewig was first employed as stillman at Brea refinery, and, with the exception of the time he served overseas as a member

of the 116th Engineers, 41st Division, has spent his entire period of employment out in the Brea-Richfield district. On his return from the war Ernest took up his old stance at Brea refinery, and was foreman when the latter was abandoned in 1930. He was then transferred to the pipeline department in which he has since remained. He is now senior engineer at the Graham and Loftus pump station.

Away from his duties he devotes much of his time to various ex-service clubs, and has an interesting hobby in the raising and training of carrier pigeons. We understand he is at present trying to cross the carriers with parrots so that when they get lost they can ask the way home.

John W. Traylor considers himself a native of California, for he came to this state from Arkansas with his parents when he was just four ears old. He first settled in Pasadena, attended the city schools there, then studied liberal arts at Pomona College for three years, and followed this with a year's study at the California Institute of Technology. After six years he tired of the daily routine of office work for a Los Angeles concern, and sought outdoor

employment. The oil industry seemed to supply the answer to his problem, and accordingly he joined forces with Union Oil Company on May 16, 1917, as a member of the production department, southern division. Following a year on the Hole lease, he received a transfer to the La Merced property near Montebello, and he is at the present time pumper on this property. John is an ardent sportsman, and for many years was a member of the Pasadena Gun Club. Each year, for the past fifteen, he and Mrs. Traylor have packed into the mountains for trout fishing, and we understand that these trips are usually productive of some real trout dinners.

Clyde H. Mann entered the employ of Union Oil Company at Sacramento on May 24, 1917, as a member of the credit department, and after two years was advanced to the position of credit manager at that point. He continued in this responsibility until March, 1932, when he was transferred to Los Angeles in a similar capacity. One year after the transfer he was appointed credit manager of the southern division, and still holds this position. During his entire period of service C. H. Mann has maintained an alert and active interest in all credit affairs, not only through his own work, but also through his affiliation with credit men's associations, and he has established a sound reputation as an efficient and capable manager. His only weakness, so far as we have been able to learn, is an affinity for golf, a game at which he is no mean performer.

Joe E. Faria has spent all of his twenty years' service with Union Oil Company at the Oleum Refinery, where he was initially engaged May 28, 1917, as a member of the yard crew. Two months after his initial appointment he was delegated to the pipe fitting department, where he remained for about a year. His next move took him to the operating department of the refined oil division, and here he seemed to find his place in the scheme of things, remaining in that phase of refinery operations for fourteen years. Joe is still active at the refinery as a member of the maintenance department, in which capacity he has been employed for a short time. He spends much of his time fishing for bass in the Carquinez Strait, but his greatest enjoyment is in his home, his garden and his chickens. A garden and chickens don't ordinarily make a very good combination, but Joe has learned that the one sure way to tell the weeds from the plants is to turn a chicken loose in the garden. No self-

respecting chicken will disturb the weeds.

William R. Ralph joined the staff of Union Oil Company on May 30, 1917, as a tester in the lubrication warehouse laboratory. He later engaged in various office duties, and eventually became a member of the marketing division. For some time he devoted his efforts to the marketing of lubricating and other refined oils, and then was assigned to the sale of fuel oil exclusively. Bill has been handling fuel oil sales in the southern division for more than fifteen years, and is still occupied in this phase of sales work. He takes so much real joy in his work that he spends long hours in the field, in the capacity of handy man to various engineers and apartment house owners, aiding them insofar as he can in their burner problems, and helping them to utilize the fuel to the best advantage. In his spare time he applies himself to the building or repairing of radios, a diversion that has interested him since the very earliest days of wireless. Bill is a son of the late C. W. Ralph, who, at the time of his death, was Union Oil Company's director of sales.

The complete list of service emblem awards follows:

Twenty-five Years—May, 1937

Wolff, L., Fuel Oil, Head Office.

Twenty Years—May, 1937

Dike, H. A., Jr., Sales, Panama.
 Faria, J. E., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Gallagher, P., Gas, So. Div.
 Hadewig, E. P., Transp., L. A. P. L.
 Mann, C. H., Sales, So. Div.
 Ralph, W. R., Sales, So. Div.
 Traylor, J. W., Field, So. Div.

Fifteen Years—May, 1937

Behm, R., Compt., Head Office.
 Blokland, W. J., Sales, No. Div.
 Busse, E. C., Transp.-Eng., Head Office.
 Conn, J., Field, So. Div.
 Everett, A. F., Gas, So. Div.
 Foster, W. L., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Froome, G. I., Field, So. Div.
 Hall, H. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Hancock, H. W., Field, So. Div.
 Hinton, H., Transp., L. A. P. L.
 Ingram, J., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Jones, J. L., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Judd, A. L., Field, So. Div.
 McCallum, A., Sales, Vancouver.
 McNichols, W. H., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Madsen, C. F., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Mary, J. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Mealing, F. C., Sales, Vancouver.

Nelson, N. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Olsen, N., Compt., Head Office.
 O'Shaughnessey, H. E., Whse., So. Div.
 Smith, E., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Van Marter, C. H., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Van Neman, P. D., Transp., Prod. P. L.
 Walker, D. J., Purch., Head Office.

Ten Years—May, 1937

Beirne, O., Transp., Prod. P. L.
 Bramston-Cook, H. E., Sales, Head Office.
 Caswell, E. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Downey, C. M., Sales, So. Div.

Fredell, G. P., Transp., L. A. P. L.
 Harris, A. R., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Jenkins, L. L., Sales, No. Div.
 Kellogg, F. H., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Lowrey, P. T., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Murphy, L. C., Mfg., Research.
 Myers, O., Sales, No. Div.
 Nelson, M. M., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Nisbet, J. C., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Norfolk, S., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Sjosten, V. H., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Taylor, G. A., Sales, No. Div.
 Thomson, D. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.

Cover Design

MILES away from the sound and turmoil of metropolitan traffic, but only a few minutes by Bay Bridge and fast boat from the center of the city of San Francisco, is Treasure Island—the largest island ever created by man. Here is being built the splendor of towers and palaces that will house the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1939. In a setting unparalleled in the history of world expositions, this World Fair, sponsored by California and the cities of the San Francisco Bay, is rising like a modern Atlantis, from the heart of America's westernmost seaport and the world's largest land locked harbor.

An artist's conception of the huge undertak-

ing, sketched from the architectural plans, furnishes the design for this month's Bulletin cover. The artist is Chesley Bonestell, and he has depicted the scene at San Francisco Bay as it will appear upon the completion of the construction work at the exposition site. On the inside front cover is another sketch by the same well-known artist, giving an idea of what the Central Tower, which dominates the entire architectural scheme of the World's Fair, will look like at night. Four hundred feet high, it will compete in stature with the towers of the nearby bridges. The tower was designed by Arthur Brown, Jr., chairman of the exposition's architectural commission.



LOS ANGELES REFINERY GIRLS' CLUB DANCE

The Los Angeles Refinery Girls' Club staged another fine dance at the Recreation Park Clubhouse in Long Beach on May 1, when about two hundred employees and friends danced the wee sma' hours away to the alluring strains of Steve Zack's orchestra. Mary Ayres and her energetic committee are to be complimented for the excellent manner in which these affairs are arranged. The refinery dances are always thoroughly enjoyable, and the May Day shindig was no exception. Every-

body had a grand time, and all the participants are looking forward to the next dance, which will be held at Royal Palms Grove, Palos Verdes, Saturday, July 17. Just how the girls can provide such fine entertainment for the small admission fee they usually charge is a matter that is being studied by other social organizations in the district, but so far the secret remains with the financial committee, and Mary Ayres refuses to divulge it to club competitors.

REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

An eastern newspaper claims that the Mary who was immortalized in the "little lamb" jingle, is still hale and hearty although eighty-four years old. That may be so, but the lamb is dead, there's no question of that. We ate a piece of it last week.

And, of course, you've heard of the ambushade scale that lies in weight for fishermen.

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and his relatives have spent three months looking for him. It is feared that he found the bear.

Also, a local debating society recently debated the question, "Did Hep Widner's hay barn burn up or down?" It was decided that it did.

And when a man really becomes firmly convinced that he is a genius, it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form on the bottom of his trouser leg.

A college professor has calculated that if men were actually as big as they feel, there would be just room in the United States for two senators, three quarterbacks, one radio announcer, and one society editor.

Much excitement has been stirred up recently over the birth of a calf that is covered with wool. We see no reason for all the ado. As soon as we get our socks darned we will have two calves covered with wool.

"And now, my dear brethren, what shall I say more?" thundered the long-winded minister. "Amen!" came in sepulchral tones from the absent-minded deacon in the back of the church.

Which reminds us of another preacher who was inclined to verbosity.

Young Man (to sexton at church door): "Isn't the sermon about over?"

Sexton: "Almost an hour yet. He is only on his 'lastly'."

Young Man: "Will it take him an hour to get through his 'lastly'?"

Sexton: "Oh, no, but there's the 'one word more and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient, your girl won't spoil."

Incidentally, the scalawag who stole the sausages from a local butcher shop will be convicted for sure. The evidence against him is complete. Not a link is missing.

As an incentive to young ambition it would be interesting at this point to know how many prominent men in our part of the country used to have to go to bed while they were having their trousers patched.

And after all, as the song says "There's no place like home." Especially if you're on third base with two men down.

We have just learned that some of the little dairymen cool milk by hanging it down the well, and have been wondering if some of them are not a trifle inclined to use too much rope.

Fishermen, by the way, will no doubt be interested to know that there is no especial change in the style of fishing tackle this year, excepting that the crock has more body and not quite so much neck.

And it's a peculiar fact that the best looking photograph we ever had taken was the time we had another fellow sit for us.

Then there was the dear old lady who was vastly disturbed over the fact that she had given her boy a good Christian upbringing, but in spite of it all he eventually turned out to be an acrostic.

We have often meant to make a survey, and determine once for all whether the preference here in the west is for the type of self-rolling blinds that work with a spring and won't stay down, or the ones that are raised with a cord and won't stay up.

And the ability to emit a college yell is really of no particular use at the moment, but if we ever develop the business of vending fish through the streets on a wheel barrow in this country, as they do in England, it will become a valuable accomplishment.

There are few disappointments in life equal to that experienced by the man who expects he is going to sneeze and suddenly discovers that he can't.

A well-known philanthropist died some time ago and left \$15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. That isn't half enough. It would take millions to build a house big enough to hold them all.

Which brings us to the end of another outburst of insipidity. Please remember that for close application to business nothing has been found on this earth to compare with a mustard plaster.

And the difference between a plaster and a lottery ticket is that the plaster usually draws something.

