



★ UNION OIL BULLETIN ★

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CALIFORNIA'S FIRST EASTER SERVICE

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

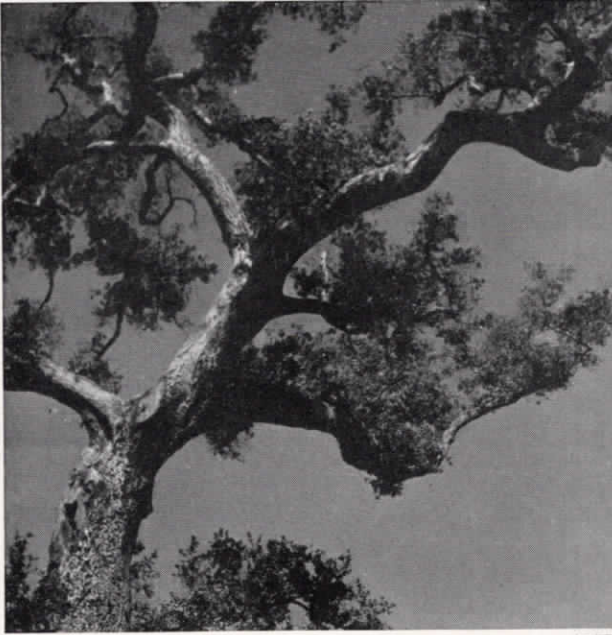
ON THE east rim of the Arroyo Seco in South Pasadena stands a large, gnarled oak tree. To a casual passer-by it may appear as just another oak tree, but to those who are familiar with the early days when California, as we know it now, was just in the making, it has become a significant marker in the history of the State. It was under this very tree that Fray Juan Crespi, a Mallorcan friar, in the year 1770, held the first Easter service in California of which there is any authentic record.

The tree itself has been identified beyond doubt for it is adjacent to the only natural spring in the district—a fact noted in Father Crespi's diary. The Oneonta Park Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution have dedicated it with a bronze plaque. Today, beside the little spring almost under the old tree's sheltering boughs, the Y. M. C. A. have

a camp. Boy Scouts, too, have a camp not far away and this year established a precedent by holding Sunrise Service under the landmark in commemoration of that first Easter in Alta California. They plan to continue the gesture by holding a service under the patriarchal oak each year.

The discovery of San Gabriel Valley, and the facts leading up to the dedication of the old oak tree as an Easter shrine, constitute a fascinating chapter in the early development of California.

Through the golden glow of a California sunset, a trail-weary caravan of leather-jacketed horsemen, barefoot Indian guides, sandaled friars, mule-teers and pack mules, filed over a ridge of the San Rafael hills to halt on the green slope beyond. At the head of the straggling line rode stern-visaged Gaspar de Portola, Catalan officer of dragoons, Gover-



One hundred and sixty-eight years ago the San Pascual Oak sheltered the altar improvised by Father Crespi. Today, gnarled and weather-beaten with the years, it has again become an Easter shrine and is venerated by grateful Californians.



The bronze plaque shown below was attached to the tree several years ago by Daughters of the American Revolution, who felt that it should be recognized as one of the state's historical landmarks.

nor of The Californias. With him were eleven mounted curassiers from the presidio of Loreto. It was April, 1770. Portola was returning from his second march in search of "Viscaino's Haven"—the mystic Bay of Monterey.

Fray Juan Crespi was among those of the company who trudged afoot: Despite his robe of sackcloth, symbol of the Franciscan Order, Fray Juan Crespi was a scholar, a writer and a number-one reporter. He had accompanied the expedition on its former journey when the line of march, after traversing the San Fernando, proceeded along a meandering stream course which he named the Porciunculu, honoring Our Lady of Los Angeles.

It was the usual order for camp to be pitched early each afternoon, so that the land might be explored. Today they traveled longer. Fray Crespi was thinking of tomorrow—Easter Sunday, when a celebrating Mass would be observed at sunrise to be attended by all the company. When the caravan paused, he hurried forward to speak to the Governor.

He discovered Portola sitting motionless in the saddle, gazing in evident amazement at the scene that spread before him: Flaming poppies and other wild flowers made the whole land a picture of marvelous beauty. He swept his hand in a wide gesture.

"Magnifico!" he ejaculated.

But the devout Fray Crespi, standing by, his gaze also on the blooming valley, saw in this picture of beauty a divine manifestation. "*La Sabanilla de San Pascual!*" "The Great Altar Cloth of Holy Easter!" he murmured reverently.

The caravan continued, and as noted in the friar's faithfully-kept journal, "came to an arroyo among green marshes, where grew willows and wild grapes, blackberries and Castilian roses."

Father Crespi was referring to what we now know as the Arroyo Seco. Traveling a short distance farther south, the party made camp near an Indian village and a small spring. Here an altar was set up under an oak tree.

Picturesque was that first sunrise service. The brown-robed friars intoning the solemn

Easter Mass, while the motley company of leather-coated dragoons, grizzled mule-teers and swarthy Indians stood in hushed silence. The Indian chief himself was present, with a number of his people. To him and to his dusky followers it was a strange rite. They looked on in awesome wonder, as if they sensed the power and presence of the White Man's God.

These were the Hahamogna tribe, in possession of the present site of Pasadena. Hahamovic, their chieftain, showed much hospitality on the coming of the palefaces. "They invited us to their village," writes Juan Crespi in his journal, "where in the afternoon, they gave a feast and a dance. They live in this delightful place among the oaks and willows, in huts of thatch. As a token of friendship, their chief brought strings of beads made of shells, and threw us three handfuls of them. Some of the old men were smoking pipes made of clay, and they puffed us three mouthfuls of smoke—a symbol of good will. We gave them tobacco and glass beads and they manifested great evidence of pleasure."

Joyous and fateful was that historic Easter: Names were bestowed, sites and places dedicated which have remained as enduring guide-marks in the progress and destiny of Southern California. *La Huella de los Espanoles*—Footprints of The Spaniards! A saying, ages old, yet still true. Whenever the Spaniard planted his footsteps, or wrote his firma, neither the passing of centuries, nor later occupation by the stronger Saxon race, could erase his marks. Even in this fast-moving

swift-changing land of dreams, the imprints made here in the long ago by the intrepid explorers bearing Spain's banner of the Cross still endure. The footprints of Fray Crespi's sandaled feet still show the way of the El Camino Real—of the long trail from Loreto to San Francisco. Castilian names, so delightful to the visitor, so genuinely cherished by the pioneers, still prevail for our cities, mountains, streams and highways.

The journal of Fray Juan Crespi, noting the route of that memorable trek, could yet be used by the Chamber of Commerce as an authentic guidebook. He saw everything worth seeing. Accurately detailed and spiced with human interest were his constant observations. Also, he recognized the richness of the land, the promising glory of this undiscovered country.

"Here is a valley of many leagues of good land," he said of the San Gabriel—the San Miguel Arcangel. "In the midst of it runs a good channel of water which when measured was found to have a volume of three quarters of a square yard. It can be easily used to irrigate the large area of good land that the valley has. It is the most favorable site for a mission of any I have seen."

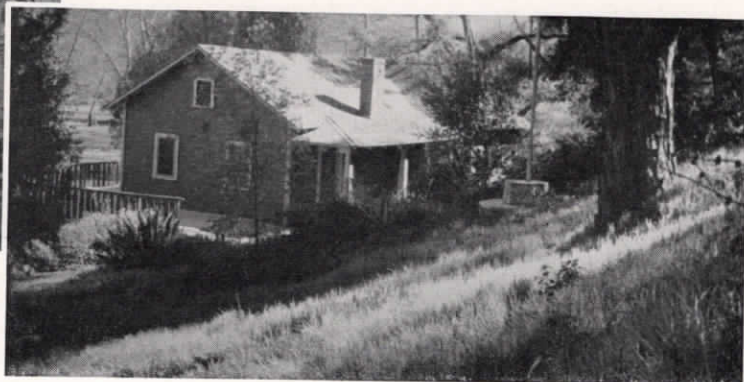
Prophetic were those lines of Fray Juan Crespi, for here, in the San Gabriel, was developed the largest and richest of all the California missions.

No doubt they broke camp on the Arroyo Seco with feelings of regret, yet with a promise to their dusky host, Chief Hahamovic, to come again. They marched on deeper into the



Easter Sunrise Services were instituted this year by the Boy Scouts. Girl Scouts and civic minded Pasadenans also participated in the event.

Nestled in the Arroyo Seco bed, not far from San Pascual Oak, is a Boy Scout cabin. The area surrounding the cabin is a park where one finds tennis courts and picnic grounds.



valley for their next halt, "four leagues from the former one, and the distance we have marched today." Twelve miles! A mere fifteen minutes spin over today's four-laned boulevards—but a sizable trek for Gaspar de Portola's slow-moving caravan.

"In the afternoon we felt another earthquake," recorded the official reporter, indicating there had been previous shakes. But they were nothing to worry about. Crossing the San Gabriel with that long string of pack-mules gave them more concern. "It was necessary to make a bridge of poles," because the mules stubbornly refused to risk the miry river bed.

At seven the next morning they were on their way again, taking a route which turned them back almost on their own trail, west by northwest. "We traveled about two leagues through brush and low woods, which delayed us for a long time, making it necessary to cut the brush down at every step that was taken. We felt another earthquake, and traveled about three and a half leagues."

Those eleven hard miles "to the west northwest" considered in the light of what happened there, were a big day's work. "We halted not far from the river which we named the Porciuncula—" the Los Angeles, and their camp would be placed at a point near Downey Avenue, now North Broadway. "This Tuesday was a day of rest, for the purpose of exploring, and especially to celebrate the jubilee of Our Lady of Los Angeles de Porciuncula. We said Mass, and the men took communion, performing the obligation to gain the great indulgence." At ten in the morning the earth trembled. The shock was repeated with violence at one in the afternoon, and one hour afterwards we experienced another."

Were they disturbed? Not a bit of it! They went right on with their jubilee, as has always been the way in the joyous city of Our Lady of Los Angeles. Instead of telling the world about it, over all the networks, the soldiers "went out for a hunt, and brought in a fat antelope, with which this country abounds. They are like wild goats, but have horns rather larger than goats. I tasted the roasted meat. It was not bad."

The old earth must have had a spell of the chills, or was having a big laugh. Anyhow, put down Father Crespi, "we had three consecutive earthquakes in the afternoon and night." The only apparent effect the temblors had was for the good padre to add two expressive words to the already elongated name

that was to become a famous pueblo, making it "Our Lady of Los Angeles de Porciuncula los Temblores."

The longer he tarried here, the more was the wise padre impressed with the richness of the land. "After crossing the river" (the Los Angeles), "we entered a large vineyard of wild grapes and an infinity of rose bushes in full bloom. All the soil is black and loamy, and capable of producing every kind of grain and fruit which may be planted."

If there is any weakness in the journal of Fray Crespi, it is that it gives no character portrait of the expedition's commander, Portola. Such references as are made, however, show us not a brilliant man, but one who was "pleasant to be with and thoroughly reliable." The manner with which he conducted his difficult and hazardous march, through an unknown wilderness, the prudence with which he provided against contingencies, the skill with which he managed circumstances and overcame obstacles, all marked him as a capable leader. Certainly, California owes to him a debt of gratitude. We are fortunate that he passed this way. Had it not been for him and his spiritual advisor, historian and reporter Juan Crespi, there might have been no San Gabriel Mission and no Los Angeles—on the sites they now occupy. It is true that Palou and Serra had much to say about the ultimate placement, particularly of the Mission San Miguel Arcangel, but it was the keenly observant Juan Crespi who first recognized the desirability of the locations.

So for the whole length of the Long Trail, up and down the Californias, we find the enduring footprints of the sandal-shod padres: The Castilian tongue is still spoken, the architecture retains its time-honored place; trees, flowers and shrubs still are known by their sweet, Spanish names. Like simple-hearted children, Fray Juan Crespi and his superiors Junipera Serra and Francisco Palou applied these names because they seemed to describe the spots at the time of discovery.

The Spanish place names still remain in use today—mute reminders of the Padres, who pioneered the land in which we live. San Pascual Oak definitely marks an important period in California history, and it is extremely fitting that under its shade an annual Sunrise Service should be conducted as a tribute to Father Crespi, to whom Californians are greatly indebted. As a result of the innovation, the venerable tree will grow day by day in significance as the years roll by.

Below: A Pitcairn Islander wheels a load of crated oranges shoreward, where they will be transferred by lighter to a ship anchored off-shore. Pitcairn Island has no sheltered harbor and only a few boats make the stop, exchanging manufactured commodities for fruit produced on the island.



Above: The good ship "Bounty" as reproduced in the filming of the Nordhoff and Hall book, "Mutiny on the Bounty."



Below: Remnants of the Bounty still remain, although the ship was burned when the motley crew arrived at Pitcairn. This gudgeon was discovered on the shore only a few years ago. Other items retrieved from the old hull, which still rests at the bottom of Bounty Bay, include an anchor and some spars.



PITCAIRN ISLAND

By ALMA BERTSCHIN

WHAT a relief, at last, to board a boat flying an American flag. Only a few days previous, the last Hankow-Canton train, guaranteed not to be bombed, had carried us southward through the rice fields of interior China. Among its complement of worried passengers were a number of Americans. Friends who entrained a week later said that air-raid signals made it necessary to jump off the train and scamper for sheltering bushes every few hours. They were also delayed many hours while coolies repaired bomb-damaged bridges and tracks.

While on the train, we watched passing troop-trains filled with thousands of young men going to the front from China's western provinces—"dedicated to die" as one of them told us. We later learned that the railway station at Canton had been bombed. One man in our party had remained behind to look after luggage. What was his fate, we wondered? And, if still alive, would he succeed in getting our things shipped?

At Hongkong, we discovered we were not the only party forced to flee. A long line of people were waiting to book passage on the freighter "Jeff Davis," operated by the Roosevelt Steamship Company. Our passage from China's war-torn shores had been secured on this boat through the courtesy of the American Consul. The freighter had taken on 7,000 tons of sugar at Manila and not even the Captain knew where it would finally be delivered, for it would probably be sold on the stock market many times before arriving at its destination. Soon we were steaming slowly away from Hongkong, one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, although scarred just then by a terrible typhoon which had demolished roofs, shattered windows and tossed four great liners upon the rocks.

Our voyage lasted twenty-nine days with no stops, but Captain Leknes and Steward Otto proved to be wonderful hosts. They shared with us many experiences and books as well. They were most enthusiastic about Pitcairn



Alma Bertschin, who wrote this story of Pitcairn Island, was treasurer of the Bible Seminary for Women at Kiang-Wan. Before going to China, she was an employee of Union Oil Company.

Island, where they had stopped en route to Australia. Many of the following facts we culled from an old history written by Amelia Young, a daughter of one of the original settlers.

Captain William Bligh, you'll recall if you saw the cinema version of the Nordhoff and Hall book, set sail with a crew of forty-five men on the good ship *Bounty* in the year 1787. Purpose of the expedition was to gather bread-fruit trees, which the English government wished to propagate on other island possessions. Captain Bligh was his own worst enemy and his despotic, domineering attitude soon caused trouble. Finally, under the leadership of Fletcher Christian, master's mate, half the men mutinied, seized the ship and set Bligh and eighteen others afloat near Tahiti in an open boat. This unhappy party travelled 3,600 miles, finally reaching Batavia. Here passage to England was secured and the Captain lost no time acquainting the government with what had taken place.

Meanwhile the mutineers had disagreed again. Some were content to live the easy life of Tahiti; others feared the long arm of English law. Christian took eight of the latter, together with six Tahitian men and twelve women, and sailed to Pitcairn Island. He had heard of this island, discovered by Captain Carteret in 1767 and named for a midshipman who first sighted it. On January 23, 1790, the motley group reached Pitcairn. Strange hieroglyphics on rocks, stone axes, skeletons and other remnants told of former inhabitants, but only the subdued tweet of a little brown bird without a song and the call of sea-birds disturbed the quiet of the deserted island. Everything possible was removed from the *Bounty*. Then they burned their bridges behind them by setting fire to the ship.

In due time England sent a certain Captain Edwards to Tahiti in search of the mutineers. His cruelty to the fourteen men he found and conveyed to England, bound and crowded into a small room of his ship *Pandora*, was apparently indescribable. In England three of the

men were executed and the others released because no real part in the mutiny could be proved against them.

Pitcairn's little band of settlers had not left behind, nor burned with the *Bounty*, their own disputatious natures—often inflamed by spirits concocted from roots of the tee plant and brewed in a still which they brought with them. As might have been predicted, the first dispute was over a woman. One of the women met with a fatal accident while gathering eggs on a ragged cliff and, when her English husband demanded the wife of a Tahitian, a bloody battle ensued. Five of the nine white men were slain. Later the remaining Englishmen, assisted by the Tahitian women who apparently preferred them to the native men, killed off the Tahitian males. Within ten years only one man, Alexander Smith, alias John Adams, remained. Possibly the absence of mature competition gave him time to think. At least he repented his former life and set about teaching the little folks from a Bible and a prayer book—the only literature available. He succeeded so well that when an English warship called in search of the mutineers, the Patriarch of the little colony was forgiven under the law of expiation and allowed to remain. The work begun by Adams was continued by a teacher who joined the settlement after his death in 1829.

By 1856, the community had grown to 194 and the English government removed them to Norfolk Island where each family received a plot of fifty acres. Notwithstanding the better prospects of the new home, some pined for the independence of Pitcairn and soon forty people returned. Today, this strange island, which is only five and one-half miles in circumference and one thousand feet above sea-level at its highest point, is inhabited by about two hundred descendants of the original settlers. To this number have been added only a few who could contribute something to the welfare of the community. Poultry and goats are raised. Sweet potatoes, beans, sugar cane, melons, oranges, bananas, pineapples, arrow-root and coffee are exchanged for other commodities carried by ships that occasionally stop off-shore and are met by small boats from the beach. The Islanders are described as friendly and honest. The mischief-making still, brought to the island by the mutineers, was destroyed years ago and today life on the tiny island is truly unique in its wholesome simplicity.



Above: The Union Oil Company float which paraded at Panama City during the Carnival season consisted of a huge Triton can, mounted on an army trailer. Notice Bif poster on side of float.

Below: The Union entry was bedecked with pretty señoritas, dressed to represent the spirit of the occasion. The float was towed by an army truck.



Above: Down Panama's main thoroughfare comes the Triton float. Crowds swarmed Central Avenue for many hours while the long parade moved by. The Carnival celebration is staged each year.



Triton Parades at Panama

Virtually the entire population of Panama City in the Canal Zone turned out March 1st. to witness a gay parade climaxing the city's Carnival season which, Latin-American fashion, started February 26th. Crowds jammed the length of Central Avenue for hours as marching bands, floats and sundry celebrants moved down the thoroughfare.

Along with many others, Union Oil Company entered a float, which paraded first in the commercial division on Sunday night, February 27, and subsequently in the main event

of March 1st. Only the best commercial floats were permitted to appear a second time.

The Union float consisted of a huge Triton can mounted on an Army trailer. Bedecked with pretty girls, it was towed through the streets by an Army truck, also filled with pretty girls, dressed in costumes typifying various periods in the history of Panama City.

The four-day celebration reached its peak with the parade and, according to our Canal Zone reporter, girls on the Union float did their share to keep the festive spirit going.

Cover Illustrations

Our cover illustrations for this issue mirror certain phases of the California industrial scene, a subject which can be dramatic and inspiring if interpreted by a discerning cameraman. On the front and back covers are two views of a distillation column in Union Oil Company's new crude unit at Oleum, California. This most modern of refinery installations was photographed with a Leica camera

by J. V. Walsh. The picture on the inside front cover was made, late one afternoon, by Raymond J. Krantz, a Seattle photographer. It shows the Foss Company tug Wanderer delivering a Union Oil Company barge up alongside the North Sea, a Northland Transportation Company steamship which operates between west coast ports and Alaska.

Seattle Employees Dance



Employees of the Seattle division office, the Seattle plant, the sales department and wives, husbands, friends and/or sweethearts stepped lightly to the melodic strains of Frank Ross' dance orchestra on the evening of March 4th., at the Queen Anne Club in Seattle. Approximately 175 were present and everyone entered into the festive spirit of the occasion. Added

to the dancing were some swell floor show numbers by capable entertainers. This Seattle dance was the second within a year, both being under the very able supervision of Paul Tychsen, who was assisted by Jessie Stranahan, T. E. Coleman, and Carletta Reckner. Those attending feel indebted to this hard-working committee for an excellent evening.

Eight Year Safety Flag Awarded



Pictured at left, during their annual meeting, are Central Division garage personnel and regional mechanics. Seated directly behind figure 8 on the flag is George A. Trimble, automotive superintendent for the Central Division. The insert below tells the story of their eight year record.

The sales department's automotive regional mechanics keep Union Oil Company trucks in safe mechanical condition, and carry on a constant educational campaign to acquaint delivery personnel with the proper way to maintain and operate these vehicles. Regional mechanics are skilled in automotive engineering, truck maintenance, and are conversant with various phases of safety work. Last March Central Division regional mechanics, who practice what they preach, hoisted a new safety flag, signifying their eighth year without a lost-time accident. This is an outstanding safety record.



EMPLOYEES FEDERAL CREDIT UNIONS PROSPER

THE first of thirteen Union Oil Company employee credit unions was organized about two and one-half years ago, with the cooperation of the representative of the Federal Government Credit Union section. During formative stages, Union Oil Company's thirteen credit unions have been able to show excellent balance sheets.

Their primary purpose has been to encourage thrift through the steady purchase of credit union shares. How well they have accomplished this can be seen in the greatly increased share credits purchased during the past eight months. A second objective is the extension of credit facilities at reasonable rates to employee members. In this field, too, the company credit unions have made a great advance—total amounts loaned having increased more than 100 percent during the same eight month period.

Today most of the credit unions have reached a point where they are able to extend their field of activity. They are now in a position to help members make a considerable saving by the cash purchase of those necessities which most of us are forced to buy on expensive time contracts.

A recent amendment to Federal laws governing credit unions now permits loans between various units of the Union Oil Company credit union system. This will enable units to keep member savings working 365 days of the year, inasmuch as units whose applications for loans to members exceed available funds may contact other units where a reverse condition prevails. Pooling resources in this manner should increase the yield of all units and facilitate prompt service in the borrowing units.

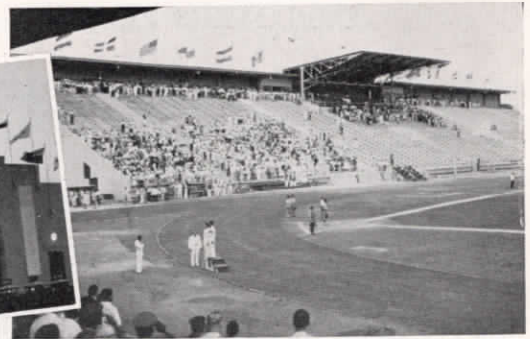
The scope of activity at Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Sixth & Mateo unions has been greatly increased recently. These unions can now serve sales and service station employees in the State of Washington, the State of Oregon, the Central Division, and the Southern Division respectively. Their size will increase greatly as a result of this widened field, and other units must hump to keep pace.

The following tabulation of pertinent data tells the story of the thirteen Union Oil Company federal credit unions better than words can. Note the increased percentages in the eight month period.

STATUS OF THIRTEEN UNION OIL EMPLOYEE FEDERAL CREDIT UNIONS As of December 31, 1937

Location of Unit	Members	Shares Account	Average Saving Per Member	No. Loans Since Organization	Total \$ Loaned	Average Loan	Dividend Rate Year 1937	Loss
Portland.....	97	\$ 3,191	\$32.90	102	\$ 7,270	\$71.28	5%	\$
San Francisco	305	5,307	17.40	234	15,721	51.54	5%
Dominguez	264	8,747	33.13	290	23,130	79.76	4½%
Bakersfield.....	151	6,543	43.33	199	18,012	90.51	6%
San Luis Obispo.....	194	7,492	38.62	182	17,158	94.28	5%
Orcutt	233	7,467	32.05	270	19,700	72.96	6%
Seattle	238	10,865	45.65	271	25,346	93.53	6%
Oleum.....	291	4,664	16.03	140	10,474	74.81	5%
Wilmington	509	28,097	55.20	619	62,817	101.48	6%
Santa Fe Springs	323	9,675	29.95	341	25,131	73.70	6%	22.67
Sixth & Mateo, L. A.	350	4,821	13.77	220	12,006	54.57	5%	13.24
Brea	103	4,011	38.94	113	10,248	90.69	4½%
Union Oil Building	551	25,880	46.97	853	79,881	93.65	5½%
TOTAL	3,609	\$126,760	\$35.12	3,834	\$326,894	\$85.26		\$35.91
								Loss .01 of 1%
TOTAL as of								
April 30, 1937	2,744	\$ 73,886	\$26.92	2,225	\$163,232	\$73.36		
Percent Increase								
in eight months	31.5%	71.6%	13.0%	72.3%	100.3%	15.4%		

Below: Five members of the Panama Olympic Baseball squad warm up before a game. Carlos Alvarez, Union Oil Company employee in the Canal Zone, is the central figure in this picture.



Above: The Panama Olympic Stadium is capacious and well designed. This photograph shows the west grandstand which overlooks the track and baseball diamond. The city also built a fine swimming stadium on the Olympic grounds. Center insert shows the entrance to Panama's handsome Olympic Stadium as it looks just at dusk.

Fourth Central American Olympics

R. C. Worsley, Union's district manager in the Panama Canal Zone, sent the above pictures of the Fourth Central American Olympics which officially closed on February 25th. Union employees in the Canal Zone were particularly interested in the Olympic baseball games this year because Carlos Alvarez, who has worked for the company some four years, played left field on the Panama team. Alvarez apparently played first class ball for he finished up the season with a batting average of .265. He was the only player who got a hit in

every game and was generally conceded to be number one batter on the Panama outfit.

According to Worsley the Fourth Central American Olympics were by far the most successful yet held and are unquestionably becoming an important factor in developing a common interest among peoples surrounding the Caribbean. The Latin-American countries take these meets seriously. Panama built a handsome Olympic Stadium and athletic field to accommodate competing nations and the events drew a large audience every day.



Santa Fe Girls Stage Dance

By far the most outstanding dance that it has been our privilege to attend for many a month was the initial social event of the newly formed Santa Fe Springs Girl's Club, held Friday evening, March 11, at the Whittier Women's Club. Pouring rain proved to be more of a stimulus than a damper. Approximately 175 couples were on hand, swinging merrily to the music of Ray Isnor's band. Marjorie Walker gets our nomination for permanent dance chairman, and Blanche

Kelly, president of the newly organized club, proved herself a delightful hostess. The affair was well planned and well managed, from the gay Irish decorations about the hall to the cleverly fashioned green paper caps which we wore. And the ever-flowing punch bowl, over at one side of the dance floor proved beyond doubt that pink lemonade can be delicious as well as decorative. We liked the grand march, too. In fact, we enjoyed the entire evening.



Ray Isnor's band provided music for the dancing feet of those who turned out for the St. Patrick's Day dance staged at the Whittier Women's Club by Santa Fe girls. The affair was highly successful.

Sadie McIsaac and P. R. Kendrick, Santa Fe employees shown below, served as ticket sellers for the evening.



At The Santa Fe Girls' Dance

It rained steadily the night the newly formed Santa Fe Girls' Club gave their first dance, but that didn't keep people away from the event. Talking things over at left are H. J. Craig, Maxine Miley and Fay Wittenberg.



Above: Elizabeth Jackson, publicity chairman for the dance, and Blanche Kelly, president of the new girls' club, paused for a moment to have their picture snapped. At right is another view of the festivities. Judging from the smiling faces, it must have been a swell evening.

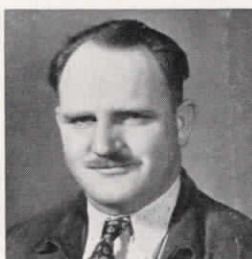




Edmund Jussen



Ted Miles



W. J. Larson



J. D. Robinson

ORGANIZATION SHIFTS

Recent organization changes in Union Oil Company affect the following people:

Edmund Jussen, Jr., manager of field operations since June 1, 1936, announced his retirement from Union Oil Company, to take up private practice as consulting engineer in the petroleum field. Mr. Jussen entered the company in October of 1924 as scout in the geological department, after spending three years with the Pacific Oil Company. In 1925 he was appointed geologist and, in August, 1929, entered the field department as chief petroleum engineer. Mr. Jussen is a graduate mining engineer from the University of California.

Ted Miles, formerly production superintendent of the Valley Division, was appointed manager of field operations, effective March 23, 1938, according to an announcement re-

leased by A. C. Rubel, director of production. Miles first became superintendent of production for the Valley Division on August 15, 1936. Prior to that time, he was assistant general superintendent of the Northern Division.

W. J. Larson, production foreman at Dominguez, was transferred to the San Joaquin Valley, to take over the job vacated by Miles. Larson's transfer was effective February 17, 1938, and he has now assumed the duties and title of production superintendent of the Valley Division.

Joseph D. Robinson, production foreman at Bakersfield, replaced Larson as production foreman of the Dominguez district, effective February 17.

Robert L. Talley was appointed production foreman at Bakersfield, succeeding Robinson.

Insurance Department



Gerald Blue

Other organization changes, effective January 1, 1938, were announced by R. D. Matthews, executive vice-president of Union Oil Company.

Gerald G. Blue, manager of insurance, resigned from the company in order to devote his attention to the formation and management of an independent insurance enterprise.



W. F. MacPherson

Employees' Group Life and Disability insurance, formerly under jurisdiction of Mr. Blue's insurance department, is now handled through the industrial relations and personnel department.

William F. MacPherson has been appointed insurance representative in charge of Fire, Casualty, Fidelity, and Surety insurance.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE* AND OFFICIALS

*L. P. ST. CLAIR.....	President
*R. D. MATTHEWS.....	Executive Vice-President
*W. W. ORCUTT.....	Vice-President
*W. L. STEWART, JR.....	Vice-President
*PAUL M. GREGG.....	Vice-President and Counsel
A. C. CALBRAITH.....	Vice-President
GEORGE H. FORSTER.....	Comptroller
J. M. RUST.....	Treasurer
W. R. EDWARDS.....	Secretary
*V. H. KELLY.....	Director of Sales
*R. E. HAYLETT.....	Director of Manufacturing
*A. C. RUBEL.....	Director of Production
WM. GROUNDWATER.....	Director of Transportation
*A. B. MACBETH.....	Director

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WE remember a number of years ago making the statement in writing that almost every worthwhile product or process was once just a hazy idea. Jules Verne, Sir Francis Bacon, Edward Bellamy, and other great writers of the past have allowed their imaginations to take wild flights into the future and have predicted with uncanny accuracy such great inventions as the airplane and the radio. To what extent the actual development of these modern conveniences was instigated by the "crazy ideas" it is difficult to say, but it is almost certain that subconsciously the ideas became suggestions, the suggestions became working problems, and the actualities were finally brought about.

It is interesting to look back into the history of the oil industry, and note the crudity of the early methods, and it is perhaps more interesting to look into the future and speculate on what these same processes might be fifty or a hundred years hence.

Back in 1864 the doodle bug operators and divining rod experts were making a comfortable living locating sources of oil for gullible customers, but that they hadn't sold their arts completely even then may be gathered from this statement by Professor Benjamin Silliman of New Haven, "The pretensions of diviners are worthless. The art of finding fountains or minerals by a peculiar twig is a cheat upon those who practice it, an offense to reason and common sense, an art abhorrent to the laws of nature, and deserves universal reprobation."

Although these more or less psychical systems of oil finding were not endorsed by the

technologists, they were, nevertheless, instrumental in initiating searches for scientifically sound methods. They promoted a more intense study of the problem by the skeptics, and in themselves may be regarded as preliminary steps towards the development of geo-physical prospecting. There has been, of course, a long series of steps in between, but without question, there is a direct line from the forked twig to the seismograph.

The same is true of every process we now utilize in the industry. The earliest efforts at distillation were made by the aid of a stick and the heat of the sun. George Henry Loskiel tells us that the first American refiners—the Indians—stirred the oily emissions from the salt water wells "violently with a stick." They then threw away the top oil "as it smells stronger than that below it," and collected the remainder. It's lucky for the Indians there were no conservationists in those days or they might have been called severely to task for this wanton waste of the light petroleum fractions.

The collected oil was later freed from the salt water by boiling in a kettle—the first still—and thereafter was used "chiefly for external complaints," although "some take it inwardly, and it has not been found to do harm. It will burn in a lamp. The Indians sometimes sell it to the white people at four guineas a quart."

So there we have the beginnings of distillation, specialty manufacture, medicinal use, and marketing, all wild ideas that have developed into one of the greatest industries in the world.

FAREWELL PARTY FOR GERALD BLUE



Earl Cooper, above, and Ted Laidlaw, at right, take a second (?) whack at the ball.

On Saturday, March 19, friends from the head office staged a farewell party at the Oakmont Golf Club for Gerald Blue, who left the company to enter private business.



Right: Henry Dean minds "teacher" and keeps his eyes where the ball was, not where it's going. Below: W. F. Lewis and J. B. Arthur watch the boys tee off at the first hole.



The guest of honor, Gerald Blue, is the center figure in this group.



Above: H. B. Dean and Ted Laidlaw take time out for a good story.



Ed. Leabow starts one toward the cup.



Left: Time out for party-goers Earl Cooper, Phil Subkow, W. K. Hopkins, Jack Rearden, and Henry Dean.



Right: L. V. Shepherd has just lifted one onto the green.

A. O. PEGG HONORED IN EAST



A. O. Pegg, superintending engineer for Union Oil Company's marine department, completed thirty-five years of service with the company on April 1st and, since at the time he was in Baltimore, Maryland, the transportation department had to present his service pin by remote control. A. C. Ness, eastern representative for the company, took charge of the arrangements and, with friends, gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Pegg.

Insert below shows Mr. Ness presenting a thirty-five year pin to the honor guest, A. O. Pegg.



OLEUM WINS BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP

WITH the largest roster of teams ever to compete in the event, the Burnham Trophy telegraphic playoff was won by Oleum refinery's No. 2 team on the evening of March 18. The win gives Oleum a second leg on the cup, and brings them up alongside of San Jose, also a two time winner. Competition in the big event was exceptionally keen this year, and the Oleum boys were obliged to roll a 2848 series in order to beat their own No. 1 team. The latter finished just 103 pins behind, with Los Angeles No. 1 team a close third.

Ever since 1927, when Major Burnham generously presented a trophy for the Bowling Championship of Union Oil Company, this competition has been growing steadily, and the annual playoff is now without question the greatest sports event on the company calendar. Swelling the list of competitors this year were two newcomers, Bakersfield and Vancouver, and both teams gave a good account of themselves in their initial attempt. With these two teams added, and Spokane back on the list, it is doubtful if any other

employee contest is so completely representative of all districts and all departments in the company.

Headquarters for the centralization and correlation of results was the new Hollywood Recreation Parlor on Vine Street, and the Southern District teams, aided by Bakersfield, performed on the unusually fine alleys before a large gallery of enthusiastic rooters. It was a close fight all the way, and there was lots of excitement as the wires began arriving from the northern exponents. Both Oleum teams, however, carried on consistently through the series, and when the No. 2 boys kicked in with a final game score of 1015, it was all over. That, incidentally, would be a mighty nice single game total for any bowling team. It represents 203 pins per man, and we take off our hats to this brilliant quintet.

Meantime, the local fans had the pleasure of watching R. O. Jones of the Los Angeles No. 1 team roll up a fine three game series of 634 to capture the W. L. Stewart, Jr. prize for the high series of the tournament. Bob

Below: Bakersfield entered for the first time this year and captured fifth place. Left to right: M. Collett, C. Henderson, H. Ambrosier, P. Lade, L. Zimmer.



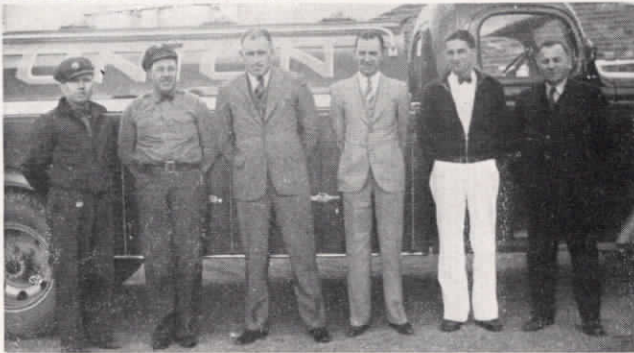
The Los Angeles No. 1 team shown above capture third place. Left to right: E. R. Broadbent, P. Bowen, T. H. Luckham, E. F. Mondon, and R. O. Jones. Jones, incidentally, carried off the W. L. Stewart prize for high series score.



Winners of the Burnham Trophy above who comprised the No. 2 team are: R. B. LeBeuf, C. C. Costa, C. A. Poulsen, L. O. Olivotti. As a result, the team now has two legs on the score.



Right: The Spokane bowlers, left to right: R. H. Wilson, R. J. Morse, W. R. Jeffers, B. R. Harden, W. K. Bennett, and A. I. Branthoover.



Right: The Portland team, left to right, back row: J. Leptick, H. E. Fleetwood. Front row: A. Parker, K. Smith, and C. Reynolds.



HOW THEY F

1. OLEUM REFINERY No. 2
2. OLEUM REFINERY No. 1
3. LOS ANGELES No. 1....
4. LOS ANGELES No. 2....
5. BAKERSFIELD
6. SPOKANE
7. PORTLAND
8. LOS ANGELES REFINERY
9. SAN FRANCISCO
10. VANCOUVER
11. DOMINGUEZ
12. SANTA FE SPRINGS.....
13. SEATTLE

Below: The Vancouver team competed for the first time this year and one member, E. G. Woodside, won the A. C. Galbraith prize for the highest individual game score. The team, left to right, back row: J. Kemp, E. G. Woodside, J. Darney, R. Cameron. Front row: R. Sims, P. Lockhart.



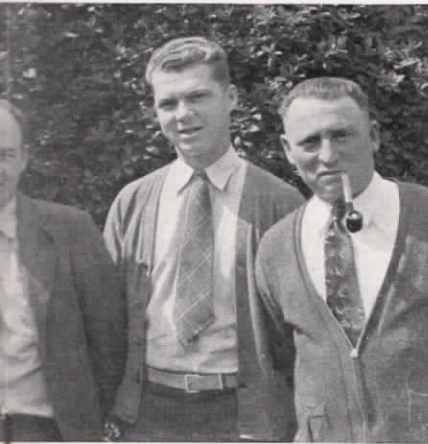
Above: The Los Angeles team, left to right, back row: W. Schacht, F. A. Baker, R. Oswald, and R. R. Ferrel. Front row: R. Kelso, KMTR sports editor interviews J. P. ...



Above: More spectators at the Hollywood Recreation Parlor, where southern teams bowled, and where telegraphic results from northern matches were correlated.



PHOTO PLAYOFF



Left: Oleum No. 1 placed second in an exciting finish. Left to right: C. E. Wind, J. A. Chokae, A. A. Smith, A. Micoli, and W. B. McLain.

Right: The Los Angeles Refinery team. Left to right: J. Robertson, C. McCreary, C. Pollock, R. Smith, C. Rozelle. Inset circle: A. Hammond who substituted for Pollock in the playoff.



by this year were the five men Oleum team. Left to right they are: M. L. Wanlass—Captain, as a result of their victory, Oleum second Burnham Trophy.

FINISHED—

2.....	2848
1.....	2745
	2723
	2710
	2632
	2622
	2610
	2587
	2579
	2563
	2497
	2493
	2437



Left: Dominguez bowlers, left to right: G. E. Triggs, J. E. Green, F. H. Billington, W. McIntosh, R. F. Judy.



Left: San Francisco team, left to right: H. Applebaum, C. B. Miller, W. J. McCreery, N. J. Malstrom. Kneeling: G. Eisenzopf.



es No. 2 team. Left W. T. Kolar, H. A. Front row: O. J. enton. Below: Bill orts announcer, . Rockfellow.

Below: Last year Santa Fe Springs won the Burnham Trophy. This year they didn't do so well. Left to right: G. C. Root, W. C. Perry, D. Summerville, M. L. Varner, and A. H. Laemmel. At lower right are a few of the spectators who thronged the Hollywood Recreation Parlor.



will thus have a new bowling ball to smack them over with next year.

The highest single game score was rolled by E. Woodside, Vancouver, who scattered the pins for the considerable total of 247, as a result of which he will be equipped by A. C. Galbraith with a nice new pair of bowling shoes.

An interesting interlude in the big contest this time was a broadcast direct from the Hollywood Recreation Alleys over radio KMTR. Bill Kelso, studio sports announcer, carried on an interview for fifteen minutes with J. P. Rockfellow, through which the world was informed of the momentous event that was going forward, and was, in addition, apprised of the methods by which a telegraphic playoff is conducted.

The tournament was, as usual, a big success, and indications are that the next bowling season will be well under way before the post mortem on this one has been completed. There are further indications that the committee in charge may have to do some tall scheming to find accommodations for future leagues and contests, unless interest in the "spare" and "strike" pastime experiences a recession in the next few years.

Thompson Transferred



Howard V. Thompson, until recently gas foreman of the Valley district stationed at the Amerada King compressor plant, was transferred to Bakersfield last March to supervise construction of the new gasoline plant at Rio Bravo. His last day at the Amerada King

plant was a busy one, as the accompanying photograph, snapped by A. W. Shaw, proves. Congratulations and good wishes kept both phones on his desk buzzing all day long. Men at the compressor plant also presented a handsome electric clock to the departing boss in appreciation of a pleasant association.

The Valley Gas District has been divided into a Bakersfield and a Kettleman District. Thompson is now foreman of the newly created Bakersfield District, while Lester C. Johnson, formerly gas foreman of the Richfield District, heads the Kettleman District.

Win Metcalf Trophy



Back row: C. Fitzgerald, B. Nisson, C. Poulsen, W. Nultmeier. Front row: F. Cronan, E. Armstrong, E. Logg.

After a hotly contested intramural bowling season at the Oleum Refinery, the Laboratory Department team finally carried away the handsome Metcalf Trophy for 1938. Eight departmental teams contested for the trophy during the 1937-38 season, each team playing 21 matches. The winning team is determined by a tabulation of the total points at the end of the tournament, points being awarded for high total in each game and for high total in each three-game match. This year a play-off was necessary to break a tie between the Laboratory Department and the Lube Oil team, who were defending champions.

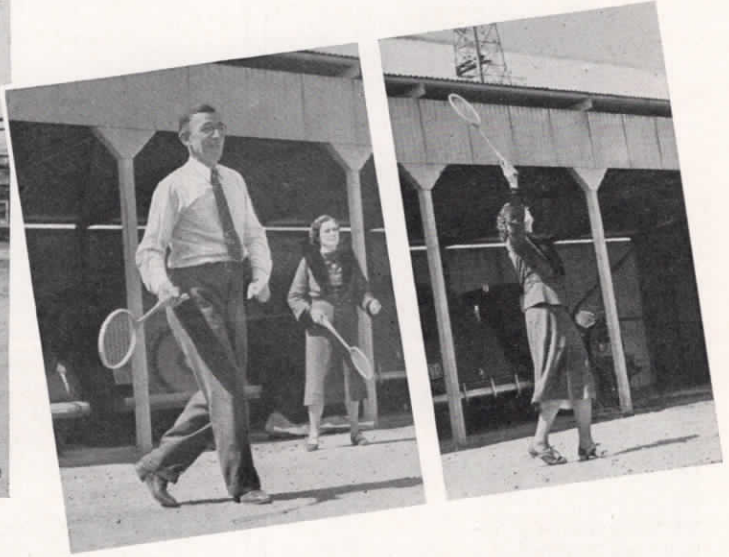
Enough for Everybody

It would take 12,000 wells 30 years to produce the oil in proven reserves of U. S. fields today! More than 15 billion barrels await the drill in fields developed or partly explored—enough to load a line of tankers stretching two-thirds around the earth!



C. J. McGourty, runner-up for the Santa Fe Springs paper-cup, gets set to make a sizzling return.

Center: W. E. Russell, Santa Fe Springs strategist, steps into one, while partner Pearl Hyde backs up at the base line.
Right: Pearl Hyde, other member of winning doubles combination, reaches for a high one.



BADMINTON—SANTA FE STYLE

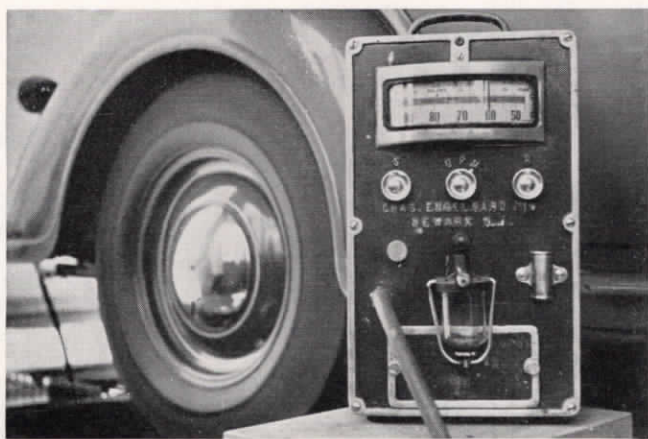
OUR Santa Fe Springs correspondent reports that he has become the involuntary witness of a singularly entertaining event that takes place daily, just outside his office door at the plant. Upon discreet inquiry, he has discovered that a somewhat similar game is known as badminton, although he suspects that the noon-hour contestants are quite unaware of the fact.

From his personal observation, this game apparently brings into play every known muscle in the human body and is even developing three hitherto undiscovered ones. This, he believes, is due to the weird contortions adopted by the Santa Fe exponents in order to produce the required strokes. Pearl Hyde, for example, completely demoralizes the opposition by winding up for a terrific drive and then, at the last instant, patting the bird gently into the forecourt. Her partner, W. E. (Skip Gap) Russell, radio operator, relies chiefly on deception of a different kind. He sets himself to hit the bird, tells his opponents he intends to hit it, and then just misses it completely. While this species of subterfuge results in the loss of a point it reduces the opponents to a state of passivity in which they become perfect prey for Miss Hyde's "pat" technique.

Team play and tactics of this caliber have already won for Pearl and "Skip Gap" an oversize paper-cup, symbolic of the "Lunch Bucket Championship." In second position at the present time are "Slats" McGourty and "Small Claims" Guderian, who by consistent if not inspired play have managed to retain their position for several months. The champions, it is understood, have issued an open challenge to any mixed team in the Union Oil Company. To maintain their strictly amateur standing, however, they have restricted this challenge to include only teams that can present satisfactory evidence to prove they have never before seen or played tennis, ping pong, or badminton. The pure Santa Fe Springs type of badminton must not be defiled by any taint of sordid professionalism.

Another Hole-in-One

As we go to press, word comes via carrier-pigeon that Frank I. Bescos, comptroller's department employee, made a hole-in-one on the Hacienda Golf Course. According to the legend printed on the sand-box, it was exactly 215 yards from tee to cup.



The rear wheels of the car at left spin on rollers of the Dynamometer, while the gauge at right analyzes the gas mixture from the exhaust fumes.

Below: Earl Cooper explains to fair customer just what all of the gauges on the complex Dynamometer mean. At the moment they're testing fuel consumption.



One of Mr. Cooper's assistants is using the Synchrograph to adjust distributor.



MOTOR CLINIC DELUXE

AS MANY backyard mechanics have sorrowfully discovered, the motor under the sleek hood of today's automobile is a pretty complicated piece of machinery and, unlike cars of earlier vintage, it rarely improves after hit-or-miss adjustments. To run properly and deliver full power, a modern motor must be tuned accurately, which, in itself, is difficult if not impossible by "rule-of-thumb" methods.

Earl Cooper, former race-driver and now test engineer for Union Oil Company, believes that the only logical way to keep a motor running right is to administer a periodic tune-up using the most advanced precision equipment available. Cooper supervised the installation of Union's up-to-the-minute Motor Measure Unit at San Diego last summer. After extensive research in that area, Cooper moved the unit to Union's handsome station at Wilshire Boulevard and Wilton Avenue, where it now serves Los Angeles motorists.

To the uninitiated this Motor Measure Unit naturally appears to be a pretty mysterious affair. The amazing assortment of gauges, gadgets and machines contained in it actually constitute a complete scientific laboratory where automotive ailments are analyzed by competent "Doctors."

First thing Mr. Motorist's sick automobile undergoes is a thorough clinical examination. It is driven onto a Bendix Dynamometer, a very complex testing device which can duplicate almost any road condition right in the shop. As the wheels spin, the rollers of this Dynamometer are hydraulically braked to simulate steep hills or level roads. Technicians simply read a panel of gauges to find out exactly how much power is being delivered to rear wheels at various speeds, how the motor reacts to a tough pull and how it performs on open throttle. Even gasoline mileage can be checked on a special metering gauge. Exhaust gases are also analyzed to determine the carbu-

retor mixture. All these findings are carefully noted down and then cylinder compression readings are made. If weak cylinders show up, the car owner is advised that his car should be taken elsewhere for major repairs. It is interesting to note here, however, that Cooper and his assistants have found comparatively few cars of recent manufacture that are really worn enough to warrant an overhaul.

If the clinical examination reveals no fundamental ailments, technicians proceed to remove carburetor, distributor and spark plugs. Both carburetor and distributor are taken apart, cleaned, checked and adjusted for accuracy on special machines and then reassembled.

Not until all this has been done, does the final tune-up start. The car is again road-tested on the Dynamometer. Carburetor adjustments are made with the aid of the exhaust analyzing

equipment. Another machine, the Allen Motor Tuner, registers ignition output and timing under various road conditions. More adjustments are made here, if necessary, and then the car is put through its paces once more. Delivered horsepower is checked against pre-tune-up figures, gasoline mileage at cruising speed is observed and only if a satisfactory all-around improvement is shown, can the car be considered ready to drive away.

Cooper, who has tabulated records on over a thousand cars thus adjusted, finds that gasoline mileage improves from two to three miles per gallon in almost every case and horsepower increases more than five per cent. The Motor Measure Unit has already proved an economy to Los Angeles motorists for it has saved many an expensive and unnecessary overhaul job.

Man the Pumps



Above: The Carroll Service Station at Orange Cove looked like this during several nights of Southern California's flood, last March. The water was almost a foot deep, over the entire yard and, when illuminated by artificial light, it appeared to the camera as a huge expanse of waxed linoleum.



Below: Operator Carroll, standing ankle-deep in the water, served distressed motorists during the deluge and meanwhile his station served as a haven for those marooned by the storm.

No longer news, and perhaps well forgotten, is Southern California's disastrous and embarrassing inundation of March 1938, but belatedly came the above pictures which seemed worth publishing if only for the sake of their high decorative value. They depict the Carroll Service Station at Orange Cove during the wettest night of the flood. Most of the area immediately surrounding the station was under several feet of water at the time Don Burk, Orange Cove agent, snapped

these dramatic pictures. Station operator Carroll, a 100% Union dealer for the past ten years, stayed with his pumps and served faltering motorists throughout the downpour. His station and the adjoining restaurant served as shelter for a number of marooned motorists and neighboring residents during the flood's worst stages. There are a number of people in the Orange Cove section who insist that Mr. Carroll deserves nothing less than a Carnegie Medal for this service.

FRIENDS FETE GEORGE ANDERSON



The party honoring Anderson was held at the University Club, Los Angeles, on Thursday evening, March 10th, with George H. Forster, Comptroller, as Master of Ceremonies.

Below: R. M. Teal, H. H. Hannah, L. C. Glendenning, F. C. Owen, and C. R. Austin were also among the comptroller department employees who attended the banquet.



Above: M. G. Kerr and Bert Mason congratulated fellow worker George Anderson, center, upon completing 25 years' service with Union Oil Company.



Attending the George Anderson party were A. C. Galbraith and Miss Jessie E. Johnson, who were snapped while talking things over.



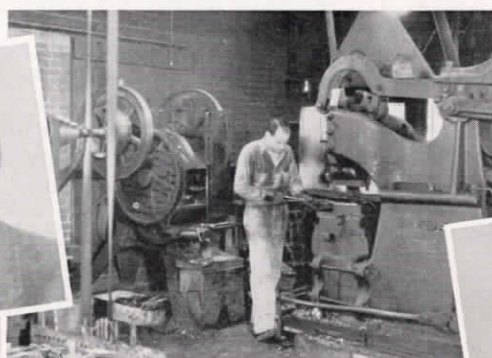
Above: M. G. Kerr, A. H. Hand, G. C. Woodhams, and Fred Morrison push their coffee cups aside and listen attentively to the after-dinner speeches. Right: Clara M. Boggeman was among those present.



Clarence Peck and Bill Chase, the inseparable district accountants, attended the affair.



Below: John Cartwright III became a junior partner in the firm two years ago.



The man shown at left is making blades at the forging machine. Despite its small size the Cartwright factory is very modern and completely operated by electricity.



At right is John Cartwright II, son of the company's founder who died 34 years ago.



In the Cartwright factory at Malaga, California, are made some of the world's finest pruning shears.

PRUNING SHEARS—AN UNNOTICED INDUSTRY

WHEN John Cartwright married his boyhood sweetheart and started across the plains in a covered wagon for California in the middle Nineteenth Century, he little knew or cared that trees, to insure proper growth and production, must be correctly and scientifically pruned. Indeed, some years went by after he reached this state, during which time he engaged in blacksmithing and wheat raising before he was forced to recognize the necessity of pruning vines and trees properly.

It was only when he moved his family to Malaga, near Fresno, and planted his new land to vines and orchard trees that he became aware of the necessity.

And at that time, as he soon discovered, it was impossible to do the job in a manner satisfactory to his comfort and peace of mind.

For John Cartwright was a portly man, and not given to bending his back too much for too long a time, or crawling about on his hands and knees beneath the vines, and this he must do as long as the only implement for the job of pruning was a pair of hand shears, then manufactured in Eureka.

And so, one day, he strode from the field into his small blacksmith shop where, with the help of his sons Newton and John, he fashioned the first pair of long-handled pruning shears.

From that time on it was much easier for Cartwright to clip the small branches without the back-breaking drudgery that previously was necessary.

Then one of the neighbors borrowed the shears. Another did likewise. And when the next pruning season arrived a dozen pairs were made and sold to the neighboring farmers. The dozen pairs became a hundred the next year, and the following twelve-month turned them to several hundred.

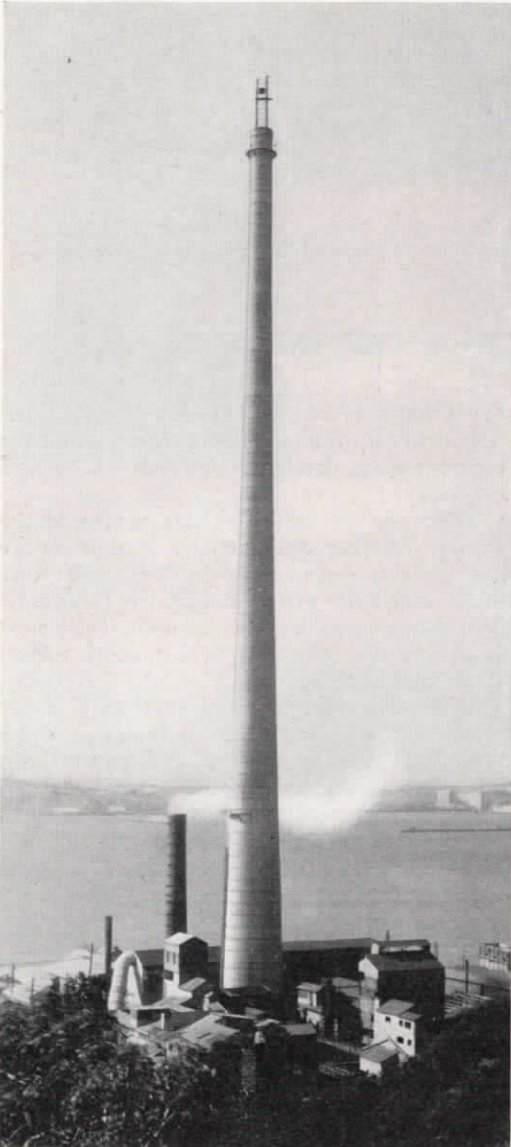
To meet the demand for the shears, power machinery was installed, and as the years passed the steam engine replaced the treadmill and was followed by the gas engine. Today the plant of Cartwright & Son is entirely electrically operated.

Willow trees cut from the river bottom were the material from which the first handles for the shears were made, but the firm now uses only second growth ash handles, purchased in the East. The blades are of fine quality forged steel, highly tempered, but the hammer and anvil method of forging and tempering by quenching in cold water, as practiced in the beginning of the company, has given way to forging by machinery. The cheaper method of drop forging is not used, and tempering today is under complete pyrometer control.

For three generations the firm of Cartwright & Son has been handed down through the family, and another three generations of Cartwrights today are ready to carry on the business founded so long ago. And for at least one generation of the firm's existence Union Oil Company products have been used to facilitate production of the leading pruning shears.

For these pruning shears, built to fill a special need in the fruit-growing business, have never been replaced in popularity, and today it is possible to ask any person who uses pruning shears the kind of tool he prefers and receive, in most cases, the answer "Cartwright" or "Malaga," the latter being the finest shears manufactured by the company.

WORLD'S TALLEST CHIMNEY



First take 222 tons of steel. Mix with 20,500 bags of concrete. Add slowly 1,123 tons of coarse aggregates; stir in 791 tons of sand, and mix well. Mold the product carefully and you have the tallest chimney in the world

At least, that was the result at Selby, near the Oleum refinery, when the American Smelting and Refining Company decided to build a structure that would dissipate the fumes from the smelter before they passed into the air.

Five feet taller than the former record holder, located in Tokyo, Japan, the new champion towers 605 feet into the air. It rests on an octagon-shaped foundation sixty-eight feet in diameter, is forty-four feet in diameter at the base and fourteen feet, two inches in diameter at the tip.

Construction of the chimney started last November under the direction of A. K. Reynolds, field construction superintendent of the Custodis Chimney Construction Company of New York, who brought a crack crew of chimney workers with him. The members of the crew have erected a total of 3,000 feet of chimney without a lost time accident.

Reynolds chose Red Line Unimold form oil to aid in casting the concrete and steel forms which make up the chimney.

Vancouver District Party

The Point Grey Golf Club was filled with gayety on the evening of March 11th., for on that night the Vancouver District threw a first class party. To the melodic strains of a four-piece orchestra, Vancouver employees danced most of the night. There was some community singing and a little good humored, amateur vaudeville in between numbers, too. And among other incidental entertainment, a short motion picture about a dog. Reports from Vancouver indicate it was grand fun.

LOS ANGELES BOWLERS DINED



The Los Angeles office division team, having won the Union Oil Company League Bowling Championship for 1937-38, was tendered a dinner at the Los Angeles Athletic Club by M. W. McAfee. Picture above shows the winning team receiving a cup symbolic of their victory. Left to right are E. R. Broadbent, O. J. Oswald, C. R. Hand, M. W. McAfee, T. H. Luckham and T. L. Morris.



Above: T. H. Luckham, member of the winning team.



Above: Discussing the recently concluded bowling season over the banquet table are, left to right: C. H. Mann, C. R. Hand, T. L. Morris, O. J. Oswald, M. W. McAfee, J. S. Swanson, T. H. Luckham, and Roy Linden.



Above: W. F. Lewis, C. E. MacLean, and E. J. Munn, attended the dinner honoring the L. A. office gang.

Above: At the other end of the banquet table were E. R. Broadbent, Roy Linden, W. F. Lewis, and C. E. MacLean.



Above: E. R. Broadbent and Roy Linden caught in the act of listening to an after-dinner speech.



Left: Mann, Hand, and Morris (with cigar) apparently listening to the same speech, which must have been good, judging from the intent expressions of this trio.

Right: J. S. Swanson, sales division accountant.



Thirty-Five Years



A. O. Pegg
Transp., Head Office

Service Emblem Awards



IN YEARS now past the month of April must have been an unusually busy one, for our service emblem list for this issue includes seventy-nine names. This long list incorporates the names of men and women who have served the Union Oil Company for ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five years. It might be regarded as a composite picture of Union Oil Company personnel for it includes employees from every branch of company service. Men who have spent their lives working in the fields and refineries, men who have worked long at the prodigious task of keeping company books straight, men who have crossed the seas on Union's ships, and men who have spent their time governing the organization can be found in the listing. It is a list of successful employees—employees who, by steadfast service and tenacity of purpose, have surmounted difficulties, disappointments and setbacks. No man can work for a company for very long without encountering disappointment at least once or twice, and no man can stay with the company for ten years or more without conquering difficulties. Accepting this view, employees who this month receive service emblems are successful people.

A. O. PEGG

When A. O. Pegg joined Union Oil Company on April 1, 1903, a sailing vessel, two barges and one small tanker were the extent of the company's offshore oil carriers. During his busy thirty-five years of service, he has

seen the Union fleet grow to a point where it now embraces eleven ocean-going steamships, three inland water motorboats and numerous barges.

Pegg entered the company as first assistant engineer of the S.S. Whittier, the company's first steam tanker. He was later dispatched east to serve as first engineer on the S.S. Lansing, when that ship was purchased. For a period of eight years he was chief engineer on several company tankers. From this berth he was transferred to shore duty as assistant superintending engineer. Since 1917 he has been Union's superintending engineer in the marine department. Most of the tankers now operated by the company were built under Pegg's supervision. At the present time he is in Baltimore, Md., supervising construction of another new ship.

Because A. O. Pegg was some 3,000 miles from home at the time his 35-year service emblem fell due, it was necessary to devise some appropriate means of presenting the pin. Mr. A. C. Ness, eastern representative for the company, was delegated to officiate and, on Saturday evening, April 2, he and Mrs. Ness went to Baltimore where they, together with several officials of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, celebrated the occasion with a dinner in honor of Mr. Pegg. Subsequent correspondence indicated that Mr. Ness did a fine job of presenting the pin and that a good time was had by all.

Thirty Years



Hans Ehlers
Sales, Cent. Div.

HANS EHLERS

Hans Ehlers' service with the company began on April 4, 1908, as a deck-hand on the barge, "Wing and Wing" (not to be confused with "Buck and Wing," which is a barge of another color). After three years on the "Wing and Wing," he was transferred to Barge No. 9, where he served for four years. At the end of that period he was assigned to duty on the barge, Santa Paula. Ehlers served eighteen years on the Santa Paula and when that barge was decommissioned in July, 1933, he was shifted to Barge No. 1922, in the capacity of bargeman, a position he has filled capably up to the present time.

Hans' spare time and vacations are spent enjoying the relaxation and comforts of his summer home in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Fishing is a diversion of long standing with him and much of his leisure time is spent sitting on a river-bank, waiting for an extra big one to come along.

MURRAY B. HATFIELD

Murray Hatfield first became associated with Union Oil Company in 1906 as a well puller and tool dresser. He worked in this capacity for a period of shortly over a year. Following that comparatively brief period of employment, he resigned from the company.

Hatfield's twenty-five year service record actually started on April 1, 1913, when he started to work for the company once more. Upon his return to the ranks, he was employed as a driller in the Orcutt territory. In 1922 he was transferred to the southern division and spent most of his time in the Orange County fields. He was transferred to Stearns as a well puller in 1931 and was subsequently made head well puller, a position he occupies at present.

Murray owns a five-acre orange grove south of Anaheim and he can often be found during leisure hours cultivating citrus trees.

ARTHUR J. ROSEMAN

Arthur Roseman, known variously as Art and "Pop" to fellow employees, began a twenty-five year association with Union Oil Company on April 10, 1913, as an office boy. He used to carry messages on a bicycle as part of his work.

He next became a cash and order clerk, a position which he held until August, 1918, when he enlisted in the United States Navy. Upon receiving an honorable discharge on January 4, 1919, he returned to the L. A. plant as assistant superintendent of deliveries. Two years later he became property clerk. On June 25, 1923, Art became superintendent of deliveries, a post he held for five years. He was then transferred to the head office, but returned to the L. A. plant in 1930 as assistant superintendent for the sales department. He holds this position at the present time.

Art is well liked by the men he works with. Customers and employees alike rely upon his mature judgment. His chief hobby is tennis and he likes to spend Saturdays on the Griffith Park courts.

RUSSELL A. BRAND

Russell Brand has spent twenty-five years with Union Oil Company, in the Seattle district. He began his service as a clerk on April 14, 1913, and at that time the entire force of the Seattle office consisted of just four employees. In 1915 Brand was promoted to the position of marine salesman and, according to reports, there never has been a better known

Twenty-Five Years



Murray B. Hatfield
Field, So. Div.



Arthur G. Roseman
Sales, So. Div.



Russell A. Brand
Sales, No. Div.



W. H. Steele
Compt., Head Office

and well-liked person in Seattle's maritime trade than Russ.

In 1926 he was appointed special agent of marine sales and during that year he opened the first four Alaskan stations for the company. He was later transferred to the position of lubricating sales engineer and held this position for five years. Since 1936 he has been supervising marine sales at Seattle.

After twenty-five years' continuous service, Russell Brand's loyalty to the company remains unwavering. His outside interests are many, chiefest of which is baseball. At the time when the Seattle office had a team, Russ was a star third sacker. Today he follows the game as enthusiastically as ever.

WILLIAM H. STEELE

After serving several years with the Tri-State Railway and Electric Company of Ohio, W. H. Steele came to California and, on April 22, 1913, joined Union Oil Company as a clerk in the crude oil division. After filling a variety of positions, Bill Steele was named chief of the crude oil division in 1926. Shortly thereafter he consolidated the pipeline, steamship and field divisions to form the present production and transportation accounts division. In October, 1928, Steele was promoted to chief of general accounts and, in March, 1931, he assumed the position of auditor of general accounts. Today he is auditor of station accounts.

Bill Steele is an ardent sports fan in his spare time. Baseball, and variations thereupon, is probably his favorite pastime. He has charge of Union's softball league and takes an active interest in the job. When the World's Series rolls around, you will find Bill with his ear to the radio. Bill is also a number one Trojan fan. He plays basketball, handball, and goes deer-hunting in his spare time.

JAMES POWNING

James Powning entered the employ of Union Oil Company through the disbursements division of the comptroller's department. The date of his employment was April 1, 1918. He remained in the disbursements division until 1923, when the Provident Fund was established and he was placed in charge of the office. Powning has been one of the "main cogs" in the Provident Fund machinery ever since.

Friends and fellow employees know him to be steady, reliable and courteous at all times, and these enviable qualities have won him many friends during his twenty years with the company.

His pet diversion is a small ranch near Van Nuys, where he can be found during leisure hours tending his livestock and cultivating productive fruit trees.

HUBERT C. FERRY

Hubert C. Ferry spent his college days leading a dual life. He acquired both a legal and an engineering education at the University of Southern California. While there he was Student Body President at the College of Law and a member of Skull and Dagger, an honorary society.

Ferry started working for the Union Oil Company on April 2, 1918, as a member of the engineering department, and was admitted to the bar in 1921. In 1922 Ferry was transferred to the land department and that same year was made National Director of the American Association of Engineers, a post which he held for two years.

In 1923 he organized the franchise and right-of-way department. On November 1, 1929, he became an attorney in the legal department

Twenty Years



R. W. Foster
Sales, Cent. Div.



James G. Powning
Prov. Fund, Head Office



Hubert C. Ferry
Lease, Head Office



Patrick J. Broderick
Mfg., Oleum Refy.

handling sales department matters. Next year he become a member of the legal and engineering committee which set up the Kettleman North Dome Association. He took charge of Union citrus operations in 1931 and was subsequently made assistant manager of land and leases. Continuing at a dizzy and unabated pace, H. C. Ferry took charge of the administration of oil leases on June 1, 1936. Latest promotion in Ferry's busy career with Union Oil Company came on March 14, 1938, when he was made manager of leases.

Hubert confesses that he has always been too busy to take up any hobby seriously, but admits that he hopes to do so before long.

PATRICK J. BRODERICK

Twenty years ago, about the time automobiles supplanted the horse and buggy, Pat Broderick deserted his blacksmith shop and began a search for some other more lucrative occupation. His quest ended on April 8, 1918, when he was employed as a fitter's helper at Union Oil Company's Oleum refinery.

A few months later, however, Pat was back at forge work, becoming a blacksmith's helper under Frank Higuera. These two men worked together for eighteen years. Eventually Pat's health demanded more fresh air and he once again became a fitter's helper, a job which keeps him out in the open all day long.

Pat boasts no particular hobby, but finds real enjoyment in his home and his family. In his twenty years with Union, he has acquired a long list of friends at the Oleum refinery and this, too, is a source of pleasure.

JOAQUIN JOSE COSTA

Joaquin Costa, better known as John to his associates, takes real pride in performing his work in a thorough-going fashion. This is the

reason he is perhaps more familiar with every phase of operations in the packaging of asphalt than any other employee at Oleum. He has, during twenty years of service, acquired a thorough knowledge of such operations, from cooping of the soft wood barrels to filling, stenciling and double-heading.

John Costa first went to work for Union Oil Company on the morning of August 6, 1914. He resigned in 1917 and was re-employed on April 8, 1918. He went to work at the Oleum refinery and has been there ever since.

His greatest pleasure, during leisure hours, is derived from exploring along the bay shore. He is familiar with every nook and cranny of the shoreline in the area, and each hold a particular fascination for him. His ultimate ambition is to own a truck garden and, if this ambition is some day realized, he will undoubtedly make a success of the endeavor because he takes great pride in detail.

GABRIEL J. SCURI

At the age of nine, Gabriel Scuri sailed from Italy as a stowaway to seek his fortune in America.

Following three years' service in the Italian Navy and four years in the United States Navy, he was employed by Union Oil Company on April 11, 1918, as watchman at Port San Luis wharf. On July 12 of the same year he was promoted to wharfman. Since 1934 he has held the position of roustabout.

His knowledge of ships that dock at Port San Luis is astounding. He can relate in detail every ship movement in that area and he knows every captain who has docked there.

He boasts that Union is the only company to work for. He also admits that he is especially fortunate to have a position which permits him to live near the sea he loves so well. Gabriel is an ardent huntsman and has jour-

Twenty Years



Joaquin J. Costa
Mfg., Oleum Refy.



Gabriel J. Scuri
Transp., No. Pipe Lines



Frank Dezarn
Field, Valley Div.



Oak Wasson
Field, Coast Div.

neyed as far as Alaska in pursuit of his hobby. Being a modest person, he refuses to divulge the results of his prowess.

FRANK DEZARN

In the days when the oil industry was in its infancy, wells were drilled from scratch and the duties of the driller and helper consisted of rigging the well, moving machinery and sometimes even skidding the rig to a new location. Wells drilled on the King fee property and the Gibson lease were from 800 to 900 feet in depth and required about thirty days to complete.

It was in those days that Frank Dezarn was employed by Union Oil Company. He started at Belridge on April 15, 1918, as a tool dresser. In 1920 he was promoted to driller and a year later was transferred to the southern division, where he remained for twelve years.

Returning to the valley division in 1933, he once again worked in the Belridge area. This time on deep wells, using modern machinery—a far cry from the methods employed years before on the adjoining wells. Frank is now working in the newly discovered Rio Bravo field and has had the thrill of helping complete the deepest producing well in the world, Kernco 1-34.

Frank Dezarn is still a young twenty-year man. He is but 38 years of age and he looks forward to many more years of enjoyable and active association with the company.

OAK WASSON

Oak Wasson entered the service of Union Oil Company as a well puller and pumper on April 15, 1918. He was later assigned to a regular pumping string and is engaged in this work at the present time.

Oak is proud of the fact that he is a native

son. He was born in Tulare County, California, and when he was thirteen years of age his family moved to Mexico, where his father engaged in the wheat growing business. He assisted his father on the ranch until age twenty-six, when he returned to the United States. Wasson started with Union shortly after his return.

Oak is especially interested in mechanical tools and has built a fine little machine shop on his property. All of the equipment, which includes drill-press, shaper, and power hack saw, was built from discarded automobile, motorcycle and washing machine parts. His other hobby is salt water fishing and he takes pride in the fact that he made all of his piscatorial equipment, including poles, reels and various fishing lures. Oak doesn't divulge what results he gets with this equipment.

ROBERT W. FOSTER

R. W. Foster, or Bob as he is better known to intimates, started a twenty-year association with Union Oil Company on March 18, 1918. He started as a collector in the San Francisco area, a position which he held for approximately five years. In 1923 he became a salesman for the company and has engaged in this work ever since that time. Bob is cheerful, friendly and conscientious in his work and has consequently acquired many friends during his long association with the company.

Among his favorite pastimes are hunting and fishing—he is an ambitious nimrod and not above dishing out a little unauthenticated information about his fishing prowess. Bob plans to go hunting in Africa some day, if things work out right. He likes all sports, but his first love is tennis and he plays a respectable game.

Twenty Years



John Anthieny
Sales, Cent. Div.



Granville E. Jones
Sales, So. Div.



Harold S. Prior
Mfg., Oleum Refy.

JOHN ANTHIENY

John Anthieny started working for Union Oil Company on April 22, 1918. At that time he took a position as a tank truck salesman and apparently did exceptionally well at the job, because, after only seven months of service, he was promoted to the position of agent at Newman. Mr. Anthieny has been under the jurisdiction of the central division sales department ever since that time. During this long association, Anthieny has made many friends in the area around Newman and is probably better known to retailers of that area than any other Union employee.

John's principal pastime is duck-hunting. He claims to be the champion duck-hunter of the "West-Side," no small distinction for there are plenty of good men in the area. When the duck season is over, John can be found at home week-ends.

GRANVILLE E. JONES

While still in school back in Ohio, Granville Jones entered the wholesale and retail tobacco business. This early commercial venture met with disaster when the Ohio flood of 1913 destroyed his property. He then decided to come to California, where he entered the employ of Western Union Telegraph Company. Shortly after his marriage, he decided to try farming and so took up a homestead in Antelope Valley. This did not prove to be the type of work he liked so he returned to Los Angeles, and to Western Union once again.

It was while at the telegraph company that he decided to become a credit man. He studied this work at the Bradstreet Company and, upon completion of his studies, he resigned from Western Union to enter the credit department of Union Oil Company on April 23, 1918. Two years later he was transferred to the sales

department and then to asphalt sales, where he pioneered in the sale of special grades of asphalt for roofing, painting, pipeline coating, etc. Three years ago Jones was transferred to the Glendale marketing station as salesman.

He enjoys golfing, bowling and is enthusiastic about all sports. He claims he is outclassed by his son when it comes to fishing, but nonetheless still enjoys a day of it, now and then.

HAROLD S. PRIOR

Two months after he attained voting age, Harold Prior came to California from Seattle and, on April 23, 1918, secured employment with Union Oil Company. His first job was that of inspector in the laboratory at Oleum.

In January, 1920, he realized one of his early ambitions when he was promoted to assistant lube oil treator. In August, 1933, Harold received another promotion to foreman of the lube oil treating plant. Recently his abilities were again recognized in the form of a promotion to foreman in charge of all lube and refined oil treating operations.

His safety record is one to be proud of. Since becoming a foreman in 1933, not a single man in his charge has had an accident. When conducting safety meetings he takes an active part in leading his group into basic analysis of human behavior, which cannot help but be of real value to each member of the group.

Harold is something of a fisherman, but he has never acquired the knack of spinning yarns about the big ones that got away.

Thirty-five Years—April, 1938

Pegg, A. O., Transp., Head Office

Thirty Years—April, 1938

Ehlers, H., Sales., Central Division.

Twenty-five Years—April, 1938

Brand, R. A., Sales, No. Div.
 Hatfield, M. B., Field, So. Div.
 Roseman, A. G., Sales, So. Div.
 Steele, W. H., Compt., Head Office

Twenty Years—April, 1938

Anthieny, J., Jr., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Broderick, P. J., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Costa, J. J., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Dezarn, F., Field, Valley Div.
 Ferry, H. C., Lease, Head Office
 Foster, R. W., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Jones, G. E., Sales, So. Div.
 Powning, J. G., Prov. Fund, Head Office
 Prior, H. S., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Scuri, G. J., Transp., No. Pipe Lines
 Wasson, O., Field, Coast Div.

Fifteen Years—April, 1938

Allaire, C. H., Field, So. Div.
 Barrett, P., Gas, Head Office
 Biswell, J. W., Gas, So. Div.
 Brockman, A. W., Sales, So. Div.
 Brown, K. W., Field, Coast Div.
 Buckner, N. W., Field, Valley Div.
 Clegg, F. A., Whse., So. Div.
 Conner, R. T., Field, So. Div.
 Engler, G., Fuel Oil, Head Office
 Farmer, V. E., Field, Head Office
 Fisher, E. C., Field, Valley Div.
 Giltwedt, W. B., Field, So. Div.
 Hendricks, A. N., Transp., So. Pipe Line
 Jackson, J. W., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Johnson, C. A., Sales, No. Div.
 Kehoe, J. J., Field, So. Div.
 King, G. W., Sales, So. Div.
 Marshall, H. C., Gas, So. Div.
 Mecartea, J. A., Sales, No. Div.
 Nesbitt, E. J., Sales, So. Div.
 Panosch, J. F., Sales, So. Div.
 Phillips, J. D., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Rizor, G. A., Sales, No. Div.
 Roberts, F. W., Transp., So. Pipe Lines
 Rohning, W. C., Field, So. Div.
 Silva, M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Small, V. H., Field, So. Div.
 Smeal, H., Transp., Head Office
 Stockdale, J. F., Prov. Fund., Head Office
 Sullivan, A. L., Auto., So. Div.
 Thomas, M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Tilton, G. I., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Venus, J., Sales, Vancouver Div.
 Wadge, R. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Witt, J. U., Sales, No. Div.

Ten Years—April, 1938

Bartel, S. I., Sales, So. Div.
 Berry, G. L., Field, Valley Div.
 Carlson, C. H., Constr., No. Sales
 Condon, D. C., Field, So. Div.
 Cooper, B. F., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Costa, C., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Crawford, A. N., Field, So. Div.
 Davis, L. C., Field, So. Div.
 Erickson, O. E., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 French, B. V., Sales, Vancouver Div.
 Gallan, T., Sales, No. Div.
 Germain, R. A., Field, Coast Div.
 Gilfilen, L. O., Sales, So. Div.
 Haw, W. G., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Hill, H. W., Field, So. Div.
 Jones, S. W., Sales, Vancouver Div.
 Kemp, W. E. G., Sales, Vancouver Div.
 Kuestner, W. H., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Northrup, C. B., Sales, No. Div.
 Olsen, A. J., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Paulson, A. L., Sales, So. Div.
 Porter, V. A., Adv., Head Office
 Powell, C. R., Compt., Head Office (Seattle)
 Reh, P. E., Sales, So. Div.
 Stalnaker, H. F., Transp., No. Pipe Lines
 Waters, E. B., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Wendt, J. W., Sales, Cent. Div.

**Too Big to Classify**

Compilers of industrial records find it impossible to classify the petroleum industry. Other industries are listed under mining, manufacturing, transportation, or trading, but the petroleum industry is a top-notcher in all of them.

The oil produced in 1936, believe it or not, was worth more than all the gold mined that year. It was valued at more than a billion dollars. The gold was worth a mere 150 million.

Among more than 300 manufacturing industries listed in the last census, petroleum refining holds fourth place. Petroleum pipe lines rate four stars in any transportation report. They carry a billion barrels of oil annually. Ranking first among shippers of manufactured products by rail, the industry contributes more than \$250,000,000 to rail freight revenue every year. Also it holds first place as a producer of tax revenue.

REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

This month we are happy to report that the popular employee who was recently laid hors de combat with a severe attack of acute indigestion is now completely recovered and will soon be able to eat the things that don't agree with him again.

We understand, incidentally, that the doctors made a great fight for his life—and almost got it.

Which recalls an amusing misprint that appeared in a local paper recently. After describing an automobile accident in which a passenger was slightly injured, the account stated, "The victim is now under the car of the doctor."

And now comes a report that there are four thousand Poles in New York. Boy, what a place to raise dahlias!

Also, much to our distress, the international situation is becoming more serious every minute. George Prussing tells us that one of the boys had to quit work the other day because a foreign body had lodged in his eye.

Another lad came to work a few days ago with his fingers all bandaged up like a handful of tamales, and the explanation that he had been showing his wife how simple it was to operate the new potato peeler he bought her for Easter.

"The boss can't see you this morning. He has a very weak back," said the secretary, and the insistent salesman replied, "Heck, I don't want to wrestle with him. I just want to talk to him for a minute."

And the fire department of a small town not a hundred miles from Los Angeles, proudly announces that it has been responsible for every fire that hasn't happened in the district for the past five years.

One of the lads out at Santa Fe Springs used to be proud of his ability to imitate any kind of a bird, but he gave it up several years ago when his girl asked him one night to imitate a homing pigeon.

"Is your boss in?" asked the visitor breezily, and the bright office boy answered, "If you're the guy he was gonna play golf with, he's in. If you ain't, he ain't."

It's a funny thing, by the way, that you can never get a golfer started before tee time.

Now, music lovers will be interested to learn that in an oratorio the voices come in one by one and the audience goes out the same way.

And there's many a first violinist who plays second fiddle at home.

The muse isn't functioning so well today, and we can't just remember whether or not we have told you about the lad who found himself parked in a one hour parking zone and got so mad about it that he left in twenty minutes.

There seems to be a prevalent belief that Englishmen are a trifle diffident, but this is all nonsense. We know a lad who once rowed on the Oxford eight, and he got to know all the other rowers quite well—all excepting the little fellow who sat away back in the stern.

And the political situation at the moment would indicate that we are gradually drifting back to the muddle ages.

It is queer the sort of things that come to worry us nowadays. We heard a fellow just a few days ago bemoaning the fact that his daughter had become so popular that he couldn't find a parking place within three blocks of his own home.

Then there was the ambitious youth who was supposed to be firing the boilers, but was caught reading a book. Needless to say, he lost the place.

A newly appointed gang foreman found at his first job that the boys were unable to get all the dirt back in the hole, so he promptly made the boys empty it out again and dig deeper.

"I'm going to quit this job right now," raved the indignant rousty, "and ten thousand men wouldn't stop me." "Yeah," calmly replied the foreman, "and I'm one of them."

And the most we have got out of the family automobile so far is nine times in a block.

Although indications are that the building business is in a very healthy condition, we are informed on good authority that lighthouse construction is absolutely on the rocks.

There is no truth, however, in the story that the six day bicycle riders are to be put on a five day week.

And have you heard about the man whose hair turned grey overnight, or have you a son in college yourself?

All of which brings us to the end of another fruitful session. Remember, even if you have a family tree, you are still obliged to get out and root for yourself.

And there is only one place for the knocker—outside the door.

