★ UNION OIL BULLETIN ★

August
1938

UNION OIL
BULLETIN

VOLUME NINETEEN AUGUST, 1938 NUMBER EIGHT

CAMELS IN THE SOUTHWEST

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

TWO sunbrowned riders, trailing dusty pack mules, brought their cavalcade to a halt in the scant shade of a bluff at Death Valley's eastern rim. It was late summer, 1855—and the first time either of the riders had seen the torrid basin.

Kit Carson, one of the two, sat motionless in the saddle. Familiar as he was with the desert and the west, this vast, heat-seething caldron filled him with awe. After several minutes had passed, he turned to his companion and quietly remarked: "Looks like Hades —and almost as hot! The Indians rightly named it Tomesha—meaning Ground Afire."

He pointed to the gyrating funnels of silt and sand in the bottom of the sun-flaming sink: "Look at those stifling whirlwinds. It's an inferno down there! Nothing could live in

such smothering air. Neither horses, mules or men."

"How about camels?" the other interjected.

Carson gave him a surprised glance. This young navy officer, who had been traveling with him for the last two months, had some queer notions. And made peculiar comments —often jokingly. But this time, as the scout was to learn, Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale was in earnest.

"Camels would be right at home in Death Valley—or anywhere else on the western desert," young Beale declared. "Arabian dromedaries are the animals I'm talking about: Asyrian camels from the Sahara. They're accustomed to terrific heat and glaring sand, and can go many days without water."

Kit Carson shook his head. "I don't know much about camels," he admitted. "They always remind me of a menagerie—or a circus parade. I'm afraid they'd find Death Valley a hotter place than the Sahara."

"But not the rest of the desert," the navy officer persisted. "I've done a lot of thinking about this vast western country during these weeks, and I'm convinced that camels would solve the transportation problem. Think of it —dromedary caravans carrying gold from California! Other caravans journeying to far-flung pueblos, oases and trading posts. What better way to link the Far West with the East and the South? To more closely bind the two widely separated portions of our country? Really, sir—I think it a great scheme! I shall bring it to the attention of Washington officials when I return to the capital."

His evident enthusiasm in the bizarre proposal brought an admiring twinkle into the scout's gray eyes. "Ships of the desert!" he smiled. "Nobody but an officer of the navy would have thought of bringing them into our country. Well—I'm still strong for mules. Just the same, young man, I wish you luck. And if you fetch any of those humped brutes out this way—I want a chance to ride one of 'em."

"That chance may come sooner than you imagine," Lieutenant Beale declared.

Almost three years from that sweltering day when he and Kit Carson talked about camels at the edge of Death Valley, two shiploads of dromedaries, seventy-seven in all, were purchased in Arabia, and seventy-two of them safely landed at Indianola, the port of Galveston, Texas. Camp was established at San Antonio, near the historic Alamo, and the caravan organized for the long trek to California. In addition to the camels, many mule teams, wagons, saddle horses and equipment made up the train for the journey which was later to be known as the "march of the dromedaries."

No one but a young romanticist with the enthusiasm and zeal of Lieutenant Beale could have conceived of so novel a scheme. He confidently believed the introduction of camels would prove the solution to the problem of conquering the vast desert regions of the southwest—and of bringing California closer to the East.

When he returned to Washington, he immediately conferred with Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of State under President Pierce. Davis was favorably impressed with the idea. He had a genuine interest in the southwest, particularly in the surveying of new trails and wagon roads to California through what appeared to him as the most feasible route—Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Davis at once urged Congressional action "in the interests of camel transportation—for military purposes, for expresses and for reconnaissance." Accordingly, a bill was passed, appropriating $30,000 for the experiment, and Fitzgerald Edward Beale's dream swiftly developed into a reality. He was assigned the commission to go to Arabia and Syria and select the dromedaries which were to be used in the first contingent. If they proved adaptable to the conditions and climate of the American desert, others would be brought from the Sahara.

Lieutenant Beale was likewise placed in command of the "camel march"—and of carrying out the orders of Jefferson Davis, not merely to take the dromedary caravan to California, across two thousand miles of uninhabited wasteland and wilderness, but to survey and establish permanent trails, mail routes and freight roads.

In all his adventurous career, Fitzgerald Edward Beale, who was later to distinguish himself for courage and gallantry in the Civil War, never accomplished anything more extraordinary than that long march of the dromedaries across Texas, through the barren lands of New Mexico and Arizona, and thence over the Colorado into the blazing Mojave desert of Southern California, at the southern tip of Death Valley but a short distance from the spot where he and Kit Carson stood when he made his fabulous prediction.

Nearly six months were consumed in the long trek. The camels themselves, had they been alone, could have covered the distance

in a much shorter time. Just how readily the dromedaries adapted themselves to the new country, so far removed from their native Sahara, is told in the journal of Lieutenant Beale. Six hundred miles out of San Antonio, but still in Texas, he wrote: "We have crossed a terrible country, and it is a subject of constant surprise to us how the bare feet of these animals can possibly stand such cruel treatment as has been given them for the last ten days.

"But the camel has no shuffle in his gait. He lifts his feet perpendicularly from the ground and replaces them without sliding, as a horse, or other four-footed animal would do. This, together with the coarsely granulated and yielding nature of his foot, which though very tough, yields sufficiently without wearing off, enabling him to travel in a country where no other barefooted beast would last a week.

"As for food, our camels in the caravan live on anything, and actually thrive. Yesterday, they drank water for the first time in thirty-six hours, and though the day had been excessively hot, they seemed to care little for it."

Beale had been told that camels could not swim, so he looked forward with fear and uncertainty to crossing the mud-blackened waters of the Colorado. In that early day there was no ferry, no bridge, no means of portage except by rafts. On reaching the swirling stream, two crudely-constructed rafts were made ready, each capable of carrying one camel.

The first camel led down to the water's edge refused to go aboard the flimsy transport. Kicking and squealing in mad frenzy, the terrified dromedary had finally to be taken back to the waiting caravan. Another one was tried, with the same result. Then the largest animal of the herd was brought down the slippery bank. To the astonishment of the drivers, this huge brute utterly ignored the raft, waded boldly into the water and started swimming. Being a recognized leader of the herd, his shrill whistle put quick movement into all the others. Hurriedly they were tied together, in troops of five, each one to the saddle of another, and without the slightest difficulty, they all swam the wide river, carrying their packs and their riders.

On they marched, over the mesas and badlands toward the sun-blazing Mojave. "My admiration for these noble beasts continues daily," Beale recorded, late in September, when the caravan had been more than four months en route. "The harder the test they are put to, the more fully they seem to justify all that can be said of them. They pack water for the horses and mules for three to five days at a stretch and never get a drop; they pack heavy burdens of corn and oats and never get a grain for themselves, subsisting entirely on the bitter greasewood and desert shrubs. They are as docile as dogs and content with whatever fate befalls them."

Depending on Indian guides to direct him, Beale many times found himself leading the strange caravan into regions where white men never had gone before. The primitive savages of the desert watched the passing of the strange company with fear and awe. Those long-necked, hump-backed beasts, carrying the great packs, many times heavier than a mule or horse could support, were things of wonder. Superstitious fear, as Beale twice learned, alone saved the train from attack by hostile Apaches and Yumas.

The remarkable endurance of the camels and their ability to carry enough water to sustain the entire caravan for a period of five blazing days on the Mojave prevented the whole company from succumbing with thirst and exhaustion on the final, terrible trek into Southern California.

Late in the year the trail-worn company, with half its horses and mules missing, their bones left to bleach on the desert, and every one of the dromedaries that had left San Antonio still in line, filed down the red gorge of the Cajon to make camp near San Bernardino.

The long march ended at Los Angeles in early January, 1858, in the strangest parade this city of parades and spectacles has ever witnessed, before or since. Only fourteen of the camels were in this completing demonstration, and they made the journey of seventy miles from San Bernardino to Los Angeles in eight hours.

In the Los Angeles Star, of January 8, 1858, there appeared this story of the camel parade: "General Beale and his dromedaries stalked into town last Friday, and gave our streets quite an Oriental aspect. It looks oddly enough to see, outside of a menagerie, a herd of these ungainly 'ships of the desert' with men riding them like horses. They bring to mind visionary pictures of far-away lands—of the mosque, crescent or turban, and the pilgrim mufti, shrine of Mecca and Jerusalem, and the burning sands of the Sahara.

"These camels, under charge of General Beale, are all grown and serviceable, well broken and gentle. All belong to the one-

hump variety except one huge hybrid, a camel-mule of colossal proportions. They are admirably adapted to Southern California, and their introduction was a brilliant idea. The largest one packs a ton, and can travel sixteen miles an hour. They are to be used in surveying a new and better wagon route from Los Angeles to Yuma, Arizona, and on through the southwest region across New Mexico to Texas. We heartily hail you, General Beale—and your camel caravan! We predict that many more such worthy and efficient 'ships of the desert' will be seen wending their way from one distant oasis to another in our vast desert domain."

This prediction was not fulfilled. During the early days of the Civil War Confederate soldiers are said to have captured all but fourteen of the herd. Later, in an engagement not far from the Texas-Mexico line, a Confederate Colonel, Bethel Coopwood by name, is supposed to have captured the remaining fourteen and driven them across the Mexican border. At the close of the war the remainder of the herd were repossessed by the government. In 1866, however, the government decided to liquidate the camel experiment. Colonel Coopwood showed up once more, purchasing the camels at a dollar a head. These he drove into Mexico to join the fourteen previously captured. Sometime later he returned to Texas with the entire herd, whereupon the government seized the lot, claiming they were the ones the Colonel captured during the war. In retaliation Coopwood filed a claim against the government, but except that the government refused to reimburse the Colonel, ownership of the camels has never been settled. Coopwood's relatives revived the suit a few years ago.

In less than two years after the government reclaimed the herd, all of those seventy or more camels were scattered and lost—wandering singly and by twos and threes over the wide wastelands of the southwest — for no other reason, apparently, than that American drivers could not manage and control them as had the native Arabian drivers who accompanied the first caravan.

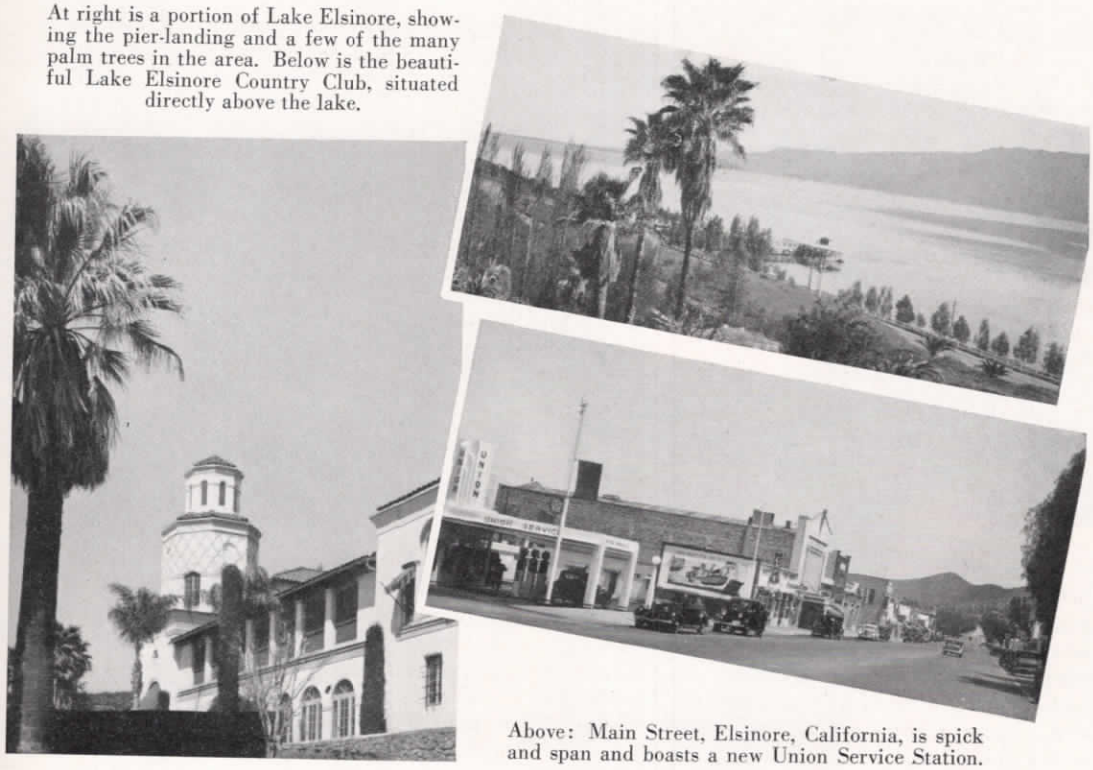
For many years, reports were made and stories told by desert prospectors of camels being seen on the Mojave. No doubt they were seen at infrequent intervals for a decade or longer after the "march of the dromedaries." But by the close of the century all of the noble beasts which participated so splendidly in that historic trek from San Antonio to San Bernardino, had perished.

Even yet, some gray-whiskered old-timers will tell you they hear camel bells ringing on silent, Mojave nights, and in the dreadful heat shimmer of noontime see a line of long-necked hump-backed beasts moving in a straggling file—like a distant mirage.

Russian River Scene of Santa Rosa Employee Picnic

The happy group above are Santa Rosa District employees, friends and families who attended the employees picnic held at Guerneville, on the Russian River, last July. The picnic arrangement committee consisted of J. L. Panick, agent at Sebastopol; E. H. Wentland, Santa Rosa agent; A. J. Nicholson, San Rafael agent; J. W. Billings, agent at Petaluma; and P. P. Greuner, District clerk at Santa Rosa. A feature of the day was a softball game between two employee teams.

At right is a portion of Lake Elsinore, showing the pier-landing and a few of the many palm trees in the area. Below is the beautiful Lake Elsinore Country Club, situated directly above the lake.



Above: Main Street, Elsinore, California, is spick and span and boasts a new Union Service Station.

LAKE ELSINORE

THE fast growing little city of Elsinore, on the north shores of beautiful Lake Elsinore, is in the southern part of Riverside County, 78 miles southeast of Los Angeles. It draws commercially from a population of about fifteen thousand and, possessing one of the few accessible lakes in California, is patronized by thousands of pleasure seekers. Aside from such attractions as speedboat racing, sailing, swimming, fishing, and golf, it is renowned as a health resort. Each year its equable climate and health giving mineral waters draw to this community a large contingent of people who seek physical rejuvenation.

Elsinore is governed by a city board composed of a mayor and five councilmen. The city boasts an adequate City Hall, an efficient fire department, and an attractive street lighting system. Several stage systems and the Santa Fe Railroad serve the city on regular schedules, making it convenient for non-motorists to reach Elsinore from nearby Riverside, Los Angeles, San Diego, Long Beach, and other Southern California cities.

On week-ends and holidays the valley teems with visitors on a pleasure bent. Last year fifteen thousand sportsmen, residents, and visitors turned out to make opening day of the bass fishing season a gala event. On the lake, too, are held some of the fastest outboard speedboat races. These breath-taking, thrill-packed events are staged under the supervision of the National Outboard Racing Association. Motor craft and sailboats dot the water most of the year around. The largest portion of these boats are locally owned, for residents of the valley have found the twenty-five square mile, fresh water lake an ideal and convenient aquatic playground. Besides swimming, fishing and various pleasures of a nautical nature, there is the added attraction of dancing over the water at several spacious pavilions.

Elsinore's multiplicity of attractive assets combine to produce a thriving little community. Nor must it depend solely upon tourist and vacation trade to keep the wheels turning. The valley, in which Elsinore nestles, is especially adapted to citrus and deciduous fruit

—Photos by I. Berkey, Elsinore.

The calm waters of Lake Elsinore provide an ideal surface for high speed outboard racing. Each year the National Outboard Racing Association holds a speed regatta on the lake. The scene at right is typical during the event.

Left: Tearing along at fifty miles an hour, the tiny outboards supply spectators with plenty of thrills.

growing, also to alfalfa, grain, and walnut production. The soil is largely a decomposed granite formation and in most sections there is abundant water available for agricultural purposes. Some of Southern California's best melons are produced in this area.

As befits a substantial and economically sound community of its size, Elsinore points with pride to a fine system of schools, ranging from kindergarten to college. Modern buses convey the children safely from homes to the several schools, where an efficient staff of instructors see to it that future citizens of the city will not fall short in book learning and cultural achievements. In addition to the public schools there is the Lake Elsinore Naval and Military Academy, located on the south shore of the lake. One-hundred and fifty boys of all ages attend this institution. Some are the sons of movie stars and Los Angeles residents, others come from beyond California's sovereign borders to attend this popular academy, under the capable direction of Major Glenn Conklin.

Elsinore boasts its share of fine homes and summer retreats. Its active Chamber of Commerce, which has for some months broadcasted over station K.F.W.B., shows evident pride in the near proximity of the new Mount Palomar Observatory, which will bring tourists through the city.

But perhaps most renowned of Elsinore's many attractions is a 500 acre tract of heavily wooded oak forest called Olympic Fields. Formerly known as Elysia, this area is the sanctuary of several hundred believers in nudism. Needless to say, Olympic Fields gained its prominence without much help.

76 in Trout Land

G. W. Millican's service station and store is located at Leaburg, Oregon, near the McKenzie River on the beautiful McKenzie Highway. This area is famous for its wonderful trout fishing. In fact, at the very moment this picture was snapped Ex-President Herbert Hoover was fishing on the river—and so was Walt Millican, which is the reason you don't see him in the photo. Mr. Millican has been a 100% Union dealer for over twenty years and his friendly service plus an ever-increasing demand for Union Products in the Northwest has made his roadside station a favorite stop for many a sportsman.

PERSONNEL CANDIDS

Left: J. P. Rockfellow, assistant manager of industrial relations and personnel, stops to chat with Merle Phillips at Junction Pump Station on the Northern Division P. L.

Above: S. H. Grinnell, superintendent of service and maintenance at Santa Fe Springs, serves barbecue to his guests in this get-up. Probably scares 'em out of second helpings.

R. V. Rosborough, superintendent of Northern Division Pipe Lines, confers with Ed. Smith, foreman at the Junction Station. Judging from their expressions they must be debating a weighty problem.

Above: Ted Gould, district gauger at Rosecrans and Dominguez, is here making a water and sediment test.

Below: E. H. Angel, senior engineer at the Dominguez Pipe Line Station, checks up on some of the equipment entrusted to his care.

Miss Lois Martin, paleontologist at Dominguez, is classifying "bugs"—not really bugs, but the infinitesimal shells which she finds, with the aid of the microscope, and separates from specimens of formation cores. Miss Martin is the only lady paleontologist employed by the company.

Jerry Powell, assistant counsel, was sound asleep when a heartless friend snapped this picture at Palm Springs.

SOFTBALL SEASON ENDS WITH BARBECUE

An enthusiastic crowd of nearly 300 turned out on the evening of August 3rd to witness a final game between L. A. Refinery Champs and Head Office "Redliners."

Alvin Bivler, above, pitched for the Refinery Team. The game ended in a six to six tie as the sun faded below the horizon. A play-off has been scheduled.

After everyone had consumed ample quantities of food, the party adjourned to the Boy Scout amphitheatre at Arroyo Seco Park. Fred Jonas, in circle at right, started things off in the role of song-leader.

Ann Pomeroy, Chuck Pfeiffer, and Mary Braun added to the gaiety with a brand new "Barroom Oleo" offering.

Fred Jonas and Elmer Rogers, in an unscheduled moment of hilarity, gave the audience their version of the Cossack Big Apple.

Elmer C. Rogers officiated as M.C. in a very commendable fashion.

Crooning Vaquero, Hugh Johnston, circle at left, won encore after encore.

Below: Kelly Varner, Refinery team spark-plug, smacks one off the lot as brothers Doug Johnson, catcher, and Art Johnson, umpire, wait for the ball.

Below: The players' bench contained not only "Redliners," who were at bat, but spectators who required a closer view of the titanic battle.

Published Monthly by the Union Oil Company of California for the information of its employees and stockholders.

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

Volume Nineteen AUGUST, 1938 Bulletin No. 8

AN INDUSTRIAL enterprise is in effect a machine instituted by society for the benefit of society, and may be slowed down or speeded up, stopped or started, at will by that most powerful of all agents—public opinion.

It may sometimes appear that the industrial concern is instituting systems and making changes purely of its own volition, but if all the circumstances be examined coldly and without sentiment, it will be found that in practically every projected advance, the public—the real master of industry—is dictator of the action.

Why does Union Oil Company expend money, energy and time in the development of new oil fields, when there is already a sufficient supply of oil available for immediate needs? Simply because the future need of the public must be assured insofar as possible, in order that Union Oil Company may continue indefinitely to discharge its obligation as a competent, reliable public servant. Why does Union Oil Company build new distillation units and new cracking plants in its refineries, when its products appear to be already eminently satisfactory? Simply because the public demand becomes daily more exacting, and because Union Oil Company must not only keep abreast of that demand, but must anticipate the future need, in order to fulfill its basic function of service.

And so we find, if we look into any specific phase of our business, that every single move in the great complexity of systems, processes, and procedures that constitute the daily routine of Union Oil Company, is definitely an effort towards the ultimate fulfillment of public service.

From this we may readily deduce that insofar as Union Oil Company is able to satisfy the public need, insofar may Union Oil Company and its employees expect to enjoy public favor, and the success that goes with it.

Considered in this aspect, the role of Union Oil Company in the social and economic system involves certain obligations on the part of the employees that are just as important as the institutional obligations. After all, the personnel *are* the institution, and its effectiveness as an institution depends on the capacity of its members to work harmoniously and cooperatively together towards the common purpose.

One single discordant note can ruin a rendition of the most beautiful composition. The first steamboat that ever ascended the Hudson River, the *Claremont*, was making a highly successful trip until a tiny little fish, lacking proper sympathy with the project, climbed up the intake pipe, and shut off the supply of water to the boilers.

The smooth efficient operation and the desirable personnel relationships, which Union Oil Company has long enjoyed and is striving so earnestly to maintain, can only exist when there is complete unity of effort. There can be no discordant note to disturb the harmony. There can be no little fish plotting his own independent course, and interfering with the progress of the whole. All employees have accepted definite responsibilities beyond those in the employment contract. All are morally, if not contractually, obligated to exert their wholesome, unrestricted effort for the benefit of each other, for the benefit of the organization, and for the benefit of society generally. We can only do so by the exercise of tact and understanding in dealing with one another, and by a conscientious endeavor to correlate and coordinate our individual contributions in a manner that will best promote the ultimate institutional function of public service.

N. F. Myers

J. N. Holden

NEW REFINERY APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED

ANNOUNCED by L. G. Metcalf on August 15 was the appointment of Norval F. Myers, former manager at Oleum, to manager of refineries, with headquarters at Los Angeles, and supervision over personnel, operations, and maintenance at all refineries. Norval Myers is a graduate of Beloit College and Princeton University. At the latter he obtained his master's degree in 1925, in chemical engineering and immediately thereafter became associated with Union Oil Company as a research chemist at Wilmington. His outstanding work there soon earned him promotion as research supervisor in charge of the control and analytical laboratories, which was followed by a supervisorial assignment in the development department. In 1932 he was transferred to the refinery at Los Angeles as superintendent of distillation, in which capacity he officiated ably until November, 1935, when he was moved to Oleum as assistant manager. His qualification for the important position he now holds was fully confirmed by his efficient management at Oleum during the past three years.

Mr. Myers' first official act as manager of refineries was to appoint J. N. Holden manager at Oleum.

A native of Nevada, J. N. Holden has spent most of his life in California. He received his early education at Oakland grammar and high schools, and is a graduate of University of California at Berkeley, where he received his degree in mechanical and civil engineering in 1915. He also dabbled in architecture during his college days, and for a number of years carried a State architect's certificate. His first job after graduation was with the Redwood Manufacturing Company of Pittsburg, California, and while with this firm, for which he was later appointed chief engineer, he developed his early aptitude for keeping the wheels moving. On April 26, 1920, however, he severed his connection with the lumber business, and accepted a position with Union Oil Company as refinery engineer at Oleum. For the past eighteen years he has officiated in this capacity through a period that has witnessed many changes in refinery equipment and technique, and the pyramiding responsibilities that have resulted have yielded him a general experience that should fit him admirably for the top post at the Oleum plant.

Geologists Assigned New Posts

E. R. Atwill

According to a bulletin released July 7th by Union Oil Company's chief geologist Earl B. Noble, E. R. Atwill, former division geologist at Bakersfield, was appointed to the position of research geologist with headquarters at Los Angeles. The appointment, effective July 10th, left a vacancy at Bakersfield which was filled, effective on the same date, by W. Layton Stanton.

Both Atwill and Stanton were active in the development work which led to last year's headline discovery of the Rio Bravo Field.

SAN FRANCISCO'S TREASURE ISLAND

San Francisco's mighty Bay Bridge, which cost some $77,000,000 to construct, connects with Oakland via Yerba Buena Island. Treasure Island, scene of the Golden Gate International Exposition, lies adjacent to Yerba Buena and can be reached from the Bay Cities via bridge or ferry. In the picture at right, the bridge is viewed from between two of the many palm trees which border Treasure Island's shore line.

WHEN San Francisco's Golden Gate International Exposition officially opens on February 18, 1939, thousands of visitors will cross the great Bay Bridge for the first time. That first crossing must surely rank as a major experience, even in the lives of the least impressionable sophisticates. Whether tourists come to the Fair to see the Bridge or cross the Bridge to see the Fair is somewhat beside the point. As a matter of fact, the Bridge, or bridges for we must not forget the almost equally magnificent Golden Gate Bridge, were indirectly responsible for the Fair.

No sooner did it become certain in 1933 that $110,000,000 worth of bridges would eventually span San Francisco's expansive Bay than the obvious desirability of celebrating their completion occurred to many San Franciscans. In the summer of 1933 San Francisco's Mayor Angelo Rossi appointed an investigating committee which, operating largely under the wing of the city's Chamber of Commerce, was given a $5,000 appropriation and instructions to investigate and report on the feasibility of a celebration. Western antipathy toward small scale operation started a snowball on its downhill course. The "Fiesta" first conceived symbolized the initial phase, but by July of 1934 the snowball had grown to real significance. Articles were drawn legally creating the San Francisco Bay Exposition, a California non-profit corporation.

In the Spring of 1935 activity in another quarter presaged the not far distant completion of a third bridge, of equal if not greater importance to the Bay cities. Trial flights on the first clipper ship promised the development of a great air bridge spanning the Pacific Ocean, and connecting the West Coast with Hawaii and the Orient. San Francisco, long a famed seaport, was quick to grasp the implication. Airports, too, were to become international in their trade relationships. Tonnage might remain water-cargo for some time, but jewels and bank drafts would take to wing.

Strangely enough the ultimate site for a great celebration — a Golden Gate International Exposition—was discovered long before either Clipper Ships or Bridges were started. In 1931 the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce, realizing the necessity for better airport facilities, empowered an Aeronautical Committee to survey all possibilities and recommend a site. In March of 1932, a year before the bridge celebration came into being, this body of experts unanimously recommended the Yerba Buena Shoals as the ideal site. At that time these shoals were from twenty to thirty feet below the surface of the Bay and not until Exposition officials, Aeronautical men, and WPA combined forces did the great engineering task of creating "Treasure Island" actually start. On February 11, 1936, after a long period of negotiations had resulted in necessary Federal grants, U. S. Army Engineers started two great dredges. Soon seven more dredges were pumping material from the bottom of the Bay to form an island over the Yerba Buena Shoals. On No-

vember 21, 1937, the result was dedicated. Physically Treasure Island is a 400-acre body standing 13 feet above the mean level of the Bay. It is slightly over a mile long and nearly three-fourths of a mile wide. It took courage to engineer Treasure Island and San Francisco is justifiably proud of this newest achievement.

Today construction of Exposition buildings is some eighty per cent complete. Situated midway between Oakland and San Francisco, Treasure Island affords unexcelled panoramic views of the Bay Bridge, San Francisco, and environs. Already the still unfinished buildings, distinctively different from the typical architecture instituted at the Century of Progress, presages a new and brilliant display in a lovely setting. During the Fair the great Clipper Ships will dock on the shores of the island and when the dazzling pageantry of the Exposition draws to an inevitable close, Treasure Island will revert to its original destiny —one of the World's greatest and most fascinating air terminals.

FEDERAL CREDIT UNIONS

By JOHN Y. QUAYLE

Pres. Union Oil Bldg. Fed. Credit Union

With thirteen Federal Credit Unions now operating between Seattle, Washington, and Wilmington, California, Union Oil Company employees have built up an institution that is gradually reaching the proportions of a national banking system. The statistical and financial reports of all units as of December 31, 1937, are shown in Table I below, and the figures indicate that the members have some justification for their pride in the record. The total membership now numbers 4,332, and since the movement was first adopted by our employees late in 1935, until the end of 1937, members savings have mounted to $201,910. During the same period loans have been handled in excess of $550,000, with a loss that is so insignificant as to be negligible.

STATUS—Table No. 1

Location of Unit.	Members	Members Savings	Average Saving per Member	Number	Total Loans Made Since Organization	Average Loan
Portland	174	$ 8,874	$51.00	172	$ 16,865	$ 98.05
San Francisco	557	15,230	27.34	432	35,725	82.70
Dominguez	269	11,388	42.33	362	29,772	82.24
Bakersfield	191	9,233	48.34	293	25,553	87.21
San Luis Obispo	212	9,305	43.89	250	25,805	103.22
Orcutt	249	8,892	36.07	352	27,156	77.15
Seattle	295	17,738	60.13	382	42,117	110.25
Oleum	355	8,027	22.61	238	19,436	81.66
Wilmington	611	46,970	76.87	964	128,845	133.66
Santa Fe Springs	293	16,715	57.05	488	47,217	96.76
Sixth and Mateo	429	9,403	21.92	424	25,189	59.41
Brea	104	4,552	43.77	138	13,512	97.91
Union Oil Building	593	35,498	59.86	1114	119,470	107.24
	4332	$201,910	$46.61	5609	$556,662	$ 99.24
Totals as of Dec. 31, 1937	3609	126,760	35.12	3834	326,894	85.26
Percent Increase in six months	12.0%	59.3%	13.3%	46.3%	70.3%	11.6%

Table No. 2 is an interesting comparison of the membership growth, and savings increases, during the first six months of 1938, and was built up in an effort to take some of the glory of an outstanding performance from the Wilmington unit. Although it shows greater membership growth and higher savings, however, during the period for other units—notably San Francisco, Portland, and the youngest unit in the aggregation, Oleum—the record from all considerations still gives Wilmington the palm as the largest unit in the group. Especially interesting is the 95% increase in savings by the hard working boys at Sixth and Mateo.

GROWTH—Table No. 2

Location of Unit.	MEMBERS Dec. 1937 No.	MEMBERS June 1938 No.	Increase	MEMBERS SAVINGS Dec. 1937	June 1938	Increase
Portland	97	174	79.4%	$ 3,191	$ 8.874	178.1%
San Francisco	305	557	82.6%	5,307	15,230	187.0%
Dominguez	264	269	1.9%	8,747	11,388	30.2%
Bakersfield	151	191	26.5%	6,543	9,233	41.1%
San Luis Obispo	194	212	9.3%	7,492	9,305	24.2%
Orcutt	233	249	6.9%	7,467	8,982	20.3%
Seattle	238	295	24.0%	10,865	17,738	63.3%
Oleum	291	355	22.0%	4,664	8,027	72.1%
Wilmington	509	611	20.0%	28,097	46,970	67.2%
Santa Fe Springs	323	293	—9.3%	9,675	16,715	72.8%
Sixth and Mateo	350	429	22.6%	4,821	9,403	95.0%
Brea	103	104	1.0%	4,011	4,552	13.5%
Union Oil Building	551	593	7.6%	25,880	35,498	37.2%
	3609	4332	12.0%	$126,760	$201,910	59.3%

The combined report constitutes a highly satisfactory record. More and more employees are tucking away stray shekels for that big emergency, are, in fact, paying most of the installments in advance on that new car, radio, rug, vacation, or what have you. The hearty support of the movement, and the increase in shares accounts now makes it possible for the smallest unit to make provident secured loans up to approximately $450 to any one member, and the largest unit can make similar loans up to approximately $4,600.

S. D. Herkner Honored at 30-Year Dinner

Sidney D. Herkner completed a thirty-year association with Union Oil Company on July 20, 1938, and in honor of the occasion San Francisco employees of the company entertained their division sales manager at the Palace Hotel. Attending the luncheon, seated left to right: A. E. Grogan, P. H. Enochs, J. W. Miller, R. V. Martin, S. C. Britton, E. A. Bishop, R. C. Clifford, F. C. Barr, P. C. Weston, R. D. Roberts, T. F. Thompson, J. S. Goodale, G. H. Anderson, J. E. Schmidt, J. F. Gallagher, S. D. Herkner, F. W. Pemberton, S. W. Morshead, J. W. Bennett, J. I. Sheridan, G. W. Schattner. Seated in back row: J. S. Clifton, W. G. Cornelius, V. O. Fudge, R. C. Ingram, W. B. Ring, L. C. Saunders, Jr., and L. E. Reark.

FIGHTING FIRE AND FLOOD WITH SCIENCE

Observer J. E. Sears, at the San Dimas Lookout, demonstrates the use of the Osborne fire finder.

IF WE may judge by our own sparse knowledge of the matter, the ordinary individual knows astonishingly little of the intensity with which the United States strives to protect its National Forests, of the multifarious investigations and experiments that are being conducted to conserve trees, soil, and water, and the significance of this whole program in the economics of our national existence. Middle westerners are deeply conscious of the disastrous effects of drought. Everybody knows the harrassing story of the dust bowl, in which for lack of adequate growth, millions of tons of valuable soil, the deposit of centuries, were scattered almost overnight to the four winds. We have learned of the economic ruin, the privation and discomfort that follow in the wake of these disturbances. In California, and other parts of the west, we have experienced the deluge of flood waters rushing down mountain sides denuded by fires, and carrying death and destruction into our cities. With our human weakness for the depressing view of the picture, we know all the catastrophic effects of fire and flood, but we know little of the silent struggle that goes on day and night in the Forest Service to determine means of eliminating these disasters, and turning the resources of a bountiful nature to the comfort and profit of the nation.

In order to develop some first-hand information on the subject we recently accepted an invitation to visit the San Dimas Experimental Forest, and under the capable guidance of E. A. Coleman, junior forester, and Lee B. Johnson, fire dispatcher, spent an interesting day learning something of the highly efficient protective measures that are being practiced, and the exceedingly interesting researches that are being conducted.

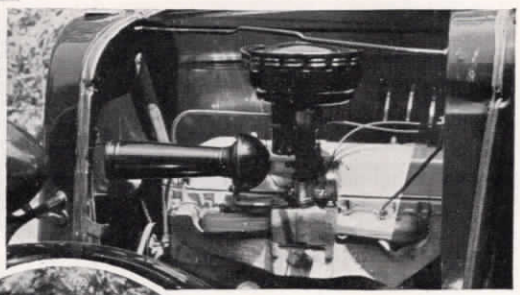
Operating as a function of the United States Department of Agriculture, the Forest Service at San Dimas maintains its headquarters at Glendora, just east of Pasadena and Los Angeles on Foothill Boulevard. Its activities are divided into two main channels—administrative and experimental — both, incidentally, thoroughly co-ordinated and correlated. It is situated in the Mount Baldy ranger district, which is just one administrative unit of the Angeles National Forest. Under the administrative branch come the forest rangers, and the efficient methods by which these men operate constitutes a decidedly interesting story. There are four ranger lookout stations in this particular forest area—San Dimas, Sunset, Mount Islip, and Pine Mountain. The dispatcher is in constant contact not only with the rangers occupying these stations, but with a group of approximately 175 C. C. C. workers, who are engaged in road construction and other necessary work in the forest confines. This auxiliary crew carries a portable telephone instrument, and reports to the dispatcher regularly wherever it may be located. In his office at Glendora, the dispatcher has a plan of the whole area, and on it, surrounding each lookout station, is a circle marked off accurately in degrees, with due north being the zero point. From the center of each circle, or the lookout, is suspended a string. Each lookout station is equipped with an instrument known as an Osborne fire finder, merely a circular plane mounted absolutely

level, and marked off in degrees in exactly the same manner as the circles on the dispatcher's map, to which we have already referred. As soon as the ranger spots the first evidence of a fire, he sights it across this circular plane through a peep hole device designed for the purpose, and thus determines the direction in which it lies. The sighting device, of course, requires at the same time to be elevated or lowered, in order to focus on the exact spot, so that two measurements are obtained, the direction of the fire on a horizontal plane and its angle of inclination. These measurements, which may or may not be confirmed by the other lookouts, are reported immediately to the dispatcher, who by means of his map and his strings is able to locate the site of the fire, and forthwith begins to assemble his fire-fighting crews. He knows the exact momentary position of every single piece of fire-fighting equipment, and is equally cognizant of the whereabouts of the men who must take it to the scene and make use of it. It then becomes a matter of dispatching them to the stricken area, in such a manner that they converge on the fire in the most effective fighting formation, which, incidentally, is not so simple. When one considers that there are fire engines to be assembled, individual fighters with pack extinguishers, crews to cut firebreaks, and ignite back fires, and a hundred and one essentials to be taken care of, not the least of which is the safety of the men, it can readily be imagined that during any kind of a forest fire, the fire dispatcher is a mighty busy individual.

Meantime, if the fire should continue to rage, the rangers are garnering all sorts of

Above: C.C.C. fire fighters unreel hose preparatory to action.

Below: The boys are as proud as meticulous housewives of their spotless equipment, of which this truck engine is a shining example.



Above and in circle: Driving valuable fire equipment over winding mountain roads requires care. These C.C.C. boys are schooled in rigid safety practices.

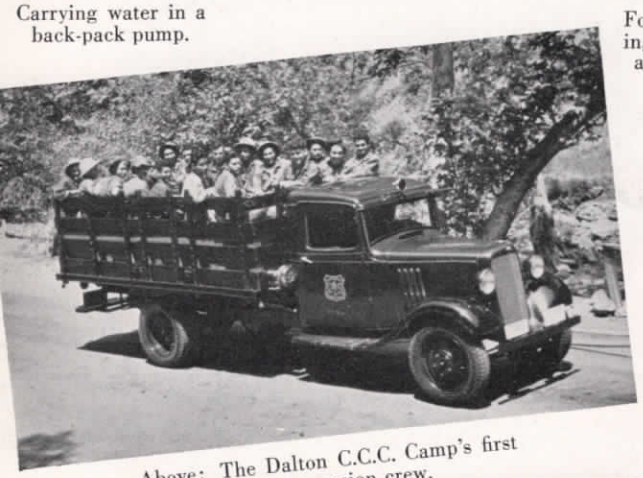
Right: A neat arrangement of canteens, always filled with fresh water, are ready for any emergency. When not fighting fires, C.C.C. boys spend their time hard at work.

THE U. S.
SERVICE I

Carrying water in a back-pack pump.

Forest Service fire fighting equipment is modern and extremely efficient.

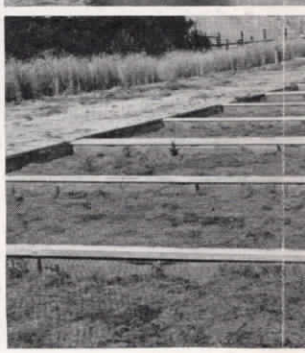
Fire trucks carry their own sup
It is extremely important that th
San Dimas experimental work be

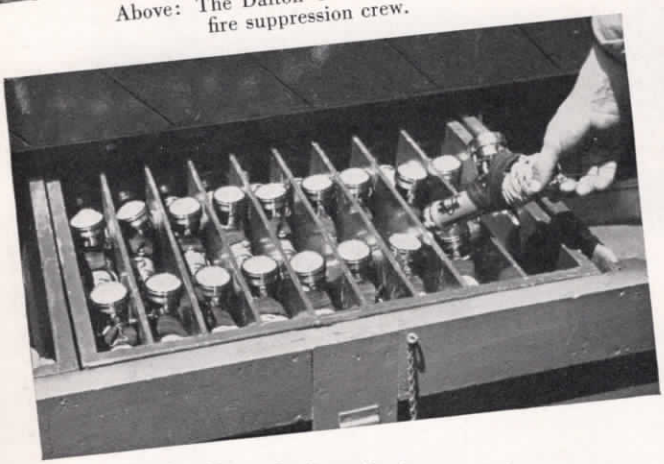


Above: The Dalton C.C.C. Camp's first fire suppression crew.

Above: Lee B. Johnson, our guide through the Experimental Forest. Left: C.C.C. boys wear these safety head lamps when fighting fires at night—their work is not always illuminated by the conflagration.

Below: This flume meas
main fork, San Dimas
the largest of its kind i
An explanatory sign



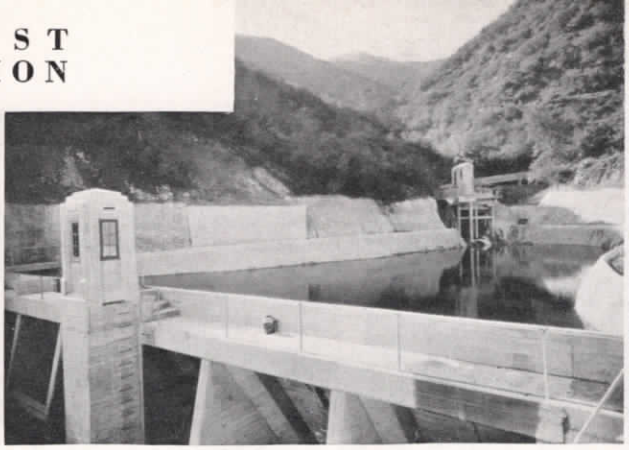


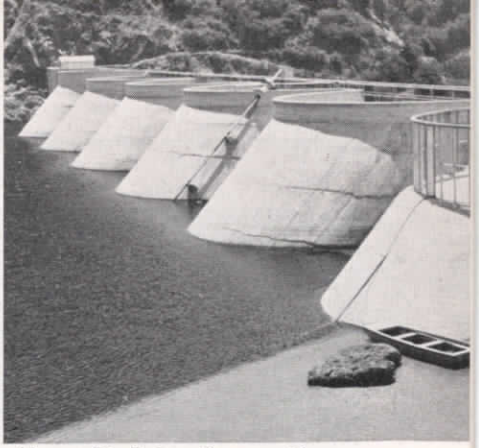
Below: The San Dimas Lookout Station—eyes of the fire suppression organization.

V. E. White, C.C.C. Foreman.

A C.C.C. "nozzle-man" prepa
go into action.

FOREST IN ACTION



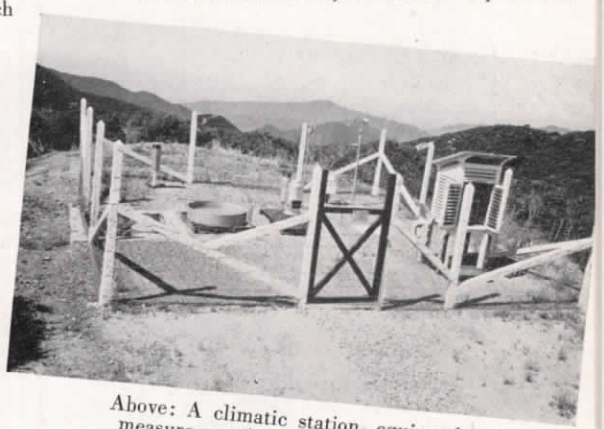


Above: Big Dalton Dam provides a master control for one of the major watershed experiments.

...ply of water. ...the long-term ...e protected.

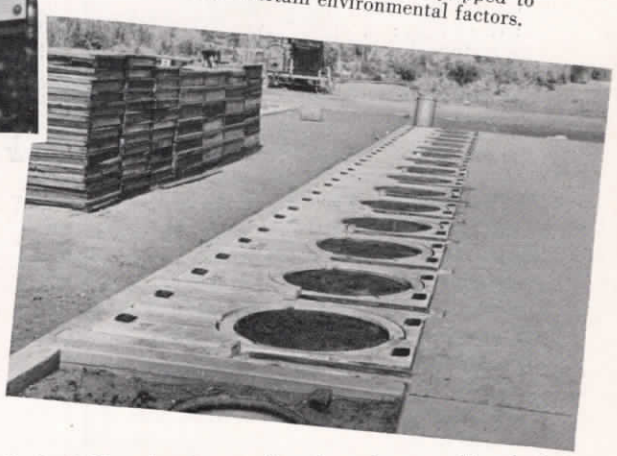
Above: This reservoir catches debris and silt from an experimental watershed. Gauging stations at each end record the water run-off.

...asures stream flow on the ... Canyon. It is one of ... in the world. At right: ... posted in the forest.



Above: A climatic station, equipped to measure certain environmental factors.

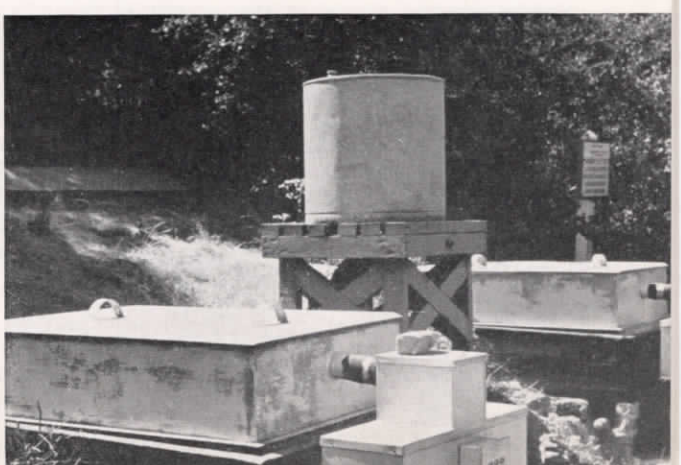
Lysimeters are used to study soil percolation and transpiration qualities of the various watersheds. At left are a series of large lysimeters, filled with sample soils in which chaparral and other growths will be planted. At right are the "baby lysimeters," used for a similar purpose.



...ares to

One of the many watershed control points in the experimental forest.

Tanbark Flat electric run-off and erosion recording devices developed to investigate the retarding influnce of vegetation.



Above: Face of the Big Dalton Dam.

Above: A natural waterfall in San Dimas Canyon.

Below: Weather recording instruments are protected by a louvred housing.

Right: Large lysimeters in the process of construction. Extreme right: A V-notched weir or flume used for measuring low stream flow.

information for the benefit of the dispatcher. How fast the fire is spreading, in what direction, wind velocity, humidity, and general weather conditions, and a wealth of similarly pertinent information all have their influence on the plan of attack. And to the fire dispatcher falls the responsibility of directing this hazardous but extremely worthy activity.

Even when there are no fires, the fire dispatcher is still a busy individual. Studies are constantly being conducted to determine the eccentricities of forest fires:—How they are affected by the nature of the growth in the fire area? How they are affected by all the various influences that affect forest fires? What are the most effective methods of combating them? All these are peace-time considerations that keep the fire dispatcher, foresters, and engineers thoroughly occupied every minute in the constant effort to preserve the forests and their natural function for the good of the land and its peoples.

That briefly is one of the major interests of the administrative branch of the Forest Service, but there is another branch, as we have mentioned, that is performing a unique and equally interesting service — the San Dimas Experimental Forest, which is devoted to studies in the management of chaparral watersheds, in order to turn the forests and the mountain streams to the maximum benefit of the area in which they are located.

To the south of this mountainous enforested region lies a great valley reaching to the sea, a huge tract of arid land for which the normal rainfall and uncontrolled run-off water have so far proved inadequate. The problem that faces the experimental Forest Service is to determine insofar as possible every factor that inflences the accumulation and disposition of water in this mountain area, to determine in addition the individual and collective effects of these factors, so that not only this forest area, but all forest areas, may develop effective means of control and distribution.

The San Dimas Experimental Forest is sit-

uated in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and has an area of 17,000 acres, including the drainage basins of Big Dalton and San Dimas Canyons that are tributary to San Gabriel Valley. In this especially reserved section are being carried on the most profound researches and the most painstaking studies of every aspect of forest, soil and water conservation.

Scattered at various elevations over the hills are long strings of rain gauges, estimating accurately the rainfall in every section, and in every season. Recording devices register the intensity of rain—the actual rate of precipitation. Flumes and weirs check the flow of water in numerous canyons and watersheds, measuring the combined effect of all environmental factors in the area on rainfall run-off, absorption, and soil erosion. The sum of all these measurements is then further checked by reservoir gauges in the Los Angeles County flood control dams near the mouths of the Big Dalton and San Dimas drainage channels.

Miniature areas are segregated for the study of water run-off under denuded and normally vegetated conditions. Experimental plots determine the effects of individual factors. Several series of lysimeters—impervious tanks or chambers containing from 300 pounds to many times that quantity of soil—are used to grow plants, grass and trees, and automatically determine the effects of these various growths on water percolation, water run-off, and soil erosion.

Laboratories are available for soil and other essential analyses; botanists and zoologists are constantly at work studying the flora and fauna of the region; engineers map the contour of the terrain, particularly as it affects the disposition of the natural waters; and competent scientists of every type are devoting their efforts to the development of this enormously worthwhile project, and to the co-ordination of the work and the correlation of the results.

It is all very simple to record, but the layman, we are sure, will appreciate some of the difficulties involved in taking over a large section of virgin forest, such as this, and converting it into a huge outdoor laboratory, from which must be secured accurate information on a wide variety of natural processes and effects that do not lend themselves very readily to accurate measurement. The task of measuring the actual capacity of the swollen streams as they tumble tortuously down the mountains, loaded with debris, is a somewhat imposing responsibility to begin with, but it is only one of the many seemingly impossible things that the Forest Service has contrived to do, and is doing very successfully.

Determining the effects on fire spread of such factors as humidity, plant and soil moisture content, plant variegation, and wind velocity, is no child's play, and involves such a complexity of factors and considerations as to bewilder any ordinary individual. These foresters, however, are no ordinary individuals, and relentlessly they continue the pursuit, in fair weather and foul, gradually closing in on the facts, and gradually reducing the unknowns. The fighting and controlling of fire is a sort of primary instinct with these people that they never lose. Uncontrolled fire is the natural enemy of the forest and the forester, and the latter is trying desperately to teach the general public his "Hymn of Hate."

The researches embodied in the study of soil and water conservation are, if possible, even more involved. Every factor studied seems to bring a dozen more into the picture. The varieties of vegetation, for instance, are countless, and each has its own peculiar behaviour and effect so far as water absorption and soil permeability are concerned. Soils also are infinite in variety, and the correlation of analysis with physical behaviour in relation to this project, demands a high degree of concentration and understanding.

There is a splendid co-operation between the administrative and experimental units, and there can be no doubt that through continued co-operation and continued intensity of effort, not only will this fine institution be enabled in the future to contribute substantially to the preservation of the forests in all their beauty, but will in addition contribute greatly to the economic wealth of the entire country, through the establishment of authentic, reliable data on the natural rainfall, its conservation and control.

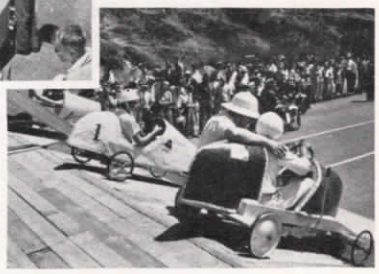
Under the United States Department of Agriculture, other branches of the Forest Service in widely scattered areas, are engaged in this great economic war against unnecessary waste. Thousands of men are mustered in its fighting forces, men imbued with a fine enthusiasm that is a certain augur of success. It is impossible to gauge to what extent the Forest Service has already added to the wealth of the country, and he would be a daring individual, indeed, who would seek to predict the inestimable value of its work to future generations of America.

SOAP BOX DERBY PROVIDES THRILLS

At right: Just a few of the 831 entries, waiting their turn at the starting ramp.

Below: A hinged board holds the three starters on the steep ramp. When the gun goes off an assistant drops the board and the three cars speed down the course.

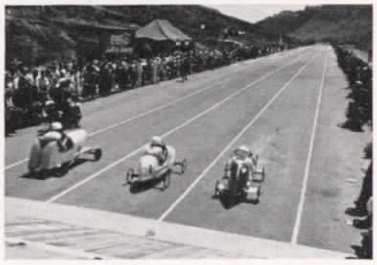
Above: If the cars fail to pass inspection they are brought to the Union Oil Service repair pit headed by D. V. Dickinson, general office staff.



Below: After leaving the starting ramp, the cars attain a speed of about 25 miles-per-hour.

Each year the Chevrolet Motor Car Company sponsors a nation wide "Soap Box Derby" which brings into play the engineering and sporting talents of thousands of U. S. youngsters between ages nine and fifteen. In the Southern California Division 831 entries competed for a chance to go to Akron, Ohio, for the National Finals. The soap box racers must be built by the boys at cost not exceeding $10.00. The total weight of both car and boy must not be more than 250 pounds. Winner in the Southern California eliminations, held July 27 to 30, was Bobby Holmes, who was forced to remove both pants and shoes in order to qualify. In the picture directly below, Bobby is shown getting the checkered flag.

Above: Weighing in is an important part of the day. If a car weighs too much something can usually be eliminated to qualify it.

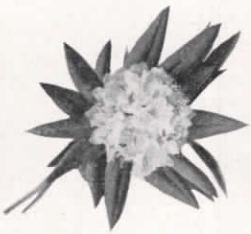


Below: Fred Frame drops the flag at the finish of a dead-heat race.

Above: Not a traffic jam, but a few of the entries waiting their turn at the starting line-up.

Below: After final race, Bobby Holmes is interviewed on the 76 REVIEW by Conrad Nagel.

Left: Spending most of the day out in the sun meant many a sunburned nose to tender-skinned contestants. This young man, smarter than most, brought along an old umbrella for protection.



THE OLYMPICANS

EVERY once in a while some imaginative individual has an inspiration that in itself doesn't seem at the time to be very pretentious, but when cultivated with enthusiasm and action eventually blossoms into a really worthwhile enterprise. Thus sprang into being that fine northwestern organization known as The Olympicans, Incorporated, whose keen sense of civic duty, and appreciation of the beauties of the Olympic Peninsula was exemplified in the story, "Land of Olympus," prepared by them for the June issue of the BULLETIN.

Conceived in the fertile brain of A. P. Carroll, The Olympicans, Incorporated, became an active institution in May, 1933, with headquarters in Bremerton, and Mr. Carroll as manager. Half a dozen civic-minded men constituted its original roster, but it has since grown into a great organization with representatives in every city and town in the Puget Sound area, an organization that has broadcast the allure of the Peninsula to the uttermost corners of the United States.

The Olympic Peninsula is one of the last remaining wild spots in the country, with beauty unexcelled, and unlimited possibility for year-around sports and outings. This vast area is only in the infancy of its development, but already—largely through the work of the Olympicans—thousands of persons are attracted from all portions of the United States for vacations yearly.

The organization has set a goal for itself and has a well-defined program to achieve its ends. Prominent among the things advocated by the Olympicans for the development of the area are:

Construction of a network of "Scenic Drives" along coast lines, including Puget Sound, Hood Canal, Strait of Juan De Fuca, and the Pacific Ocean, which will bring hosts of vacationists, winter and summer, to the beautiful northwest.

Fostering of water sports on the lakes, rivers, canals and salt water beaches, and popularization of the whole area as a great resort.

The encouragement and development of winter sports and hunting in the Olympic mountains, which are easily accessible to parties interested in skiing, tobogganing and hiking. Ski races in this region have already attracted a large following throughout the northwest.

Preservation of the natural beauty of the Olympic Peninsula—the natural garden of the rhododendron, the Washington State Flower, which grows profusely along the highways—and expansion of the area now covered by these gorgeous flowers. A regular program of planting is sponsored by the Organization in connection with the Annual Rhododendron Festival staged by the Port Townsend American Legion, and the Rhododendron Tours, conducted by The Olympicans, Incorporated.

Public education as to the resources and beauties of the Olympic Peninsula so that the nation at large may learn of its development, and share the benefits of this all-the-year-around playground.

These are just a few of the interests of a highly patriotic body that is impelled to its actions by simple love of country, and we know of no better manner in which to convey the altruism of its members than to conclude with the pledge which is the basic code of the Olympicans:

"Recognizing the imminent greatness of the State of Washington, enjoying it as my permanent home, I promise: To keep Faith with my fellow-citizens; to believe in their undertakings; to continue in loyalty toward all worthy institutions, civic, religious, social

or commercial, and in full, deep appreciation for the many opportunities at hand;

"Realizing that much is needed to complete Washington's Greatness; that the support of all is a needed factor in our mutual advancement, and that each success amplifies the general welfare—

"Let us then, henceforth and always, take individual and collective responsibility for those things which ought to be done in our State, district and community, and make this our Motto:

"IT CAN BE DONE—FORWARD, ALL TOGETHER!"

The annual Rhododendron Festival features flowers, cub bears, and pretty girls.

Introducing Union's Bakersfield Night Ball Team

Above is the Union Oil team which participates in the Bakersfield Night Ball League. Left to right, front row: Eddie O'Brien, George Wedding, Huston Sapp, Al Bley. Back row: Bill Peery, Marvin Busby, Dudley Tower, Harry Aggers, Ted Barber.

Bakersfield, California, is one of the State's most active softball supporters. During the season, four games are played every night of the week on the city's two diamonds. These games draw an average crowd of about one thousand people. There are several good reasons for the popularity of the Night Ball League. In the spring and summer, Bakersfield is inclined to be warmish and a softball game is a swell excuse to get out into the cool night air. Secondly, there are few other after dark athletic events to compete for the crowd's favor. Union Oil Company's team, made up of employees from the Field, Refinery, Sales, and Service Station divisions, has acquitted itself well in the Night Ball League at Bakersfield, and contends that, if given a chance, it could lick the Head Office Champs. Substitutes on the team include Marvin Mosconi, Miles Heber, and Jimmy Fisher.

Wilmington Dance Draws Capacity Crowd

On July 30 the Los Angeles Refinery Girls' Club staged a highly successful dance at the Royal Palms Grove, in Wilmington. A large attendance of congenial employees, a good orchestra, and well handled arrangements made the evening a pleasant one for those who were fortunate enough to attend.

Strange Craft Designed for Willamette River

Launched May 7th, at the Commercial Iron Works shipyard in Portland, the JEAN is now in service of the Western Transportation Company, a subsidiary of the Crown-Zellerbach paper corporation. This strange looking craft, designed for towing barges and pulp-log rafts up the Willamette, is 168 feet long from paddle to prow.

Below: Miss Jean Naomi Seid, daughter of J. J. Seid, vice-president of the Crown-Zellerbach Corp., christens the boat named after her.

Mr. O. Berg, Jr. (right), Northern Division manager, presents a deluxe color photo of beautiful Mount Shuksan to Washington's Governor, Clarence D. Martin, while Chapin D. Foster (left), Chehalis publisher and chairman of the Washington State Progress Committee, looks on.

WASHINGTON GOVERNOR ACCEPTS 76 PICTURE

When presented with a natural color picture of Mount Shuksan, Washington, at a recent meeting of the Washington State Progress Committee, by Mr. O. Berg, Jr., Northern Division Manager, Governor Martin of Washington, described it as a scenic masterpiece. The Governor accepted the picture with joy and enthusiasm because, as Mr. Berg explained, it was being reproduced in magazine sections of the principal newspapers throughout the coastal area in August, and in September it would be posted on 1,884 billboards in 474 cities in Arizona, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho; and that the purpose behind it is to promote travel to Washington by Pacific Coast residents and eastern tourists by making them more cognizant of its scenic attractions.

It was further pointed out that this tied in with the advertising program of the Washington State Progress Committee, which was created by the 1937 legislature. The Committee, headed by Mr. Chapin D. Foster, publisher of the Lewis County *Advocate*, Chehalis, will spend $250,000.00 in attracting tourists to Washington in the next several months. Mr. Foster expressed his hearty approval of Union's program for telling the country about Washington's beauty.

For those residents of Washington who want them, small reproductions of the billboard, suitable for framing, can be obtained from Union dealers, Mr. Berg told the Governor.

A Cheap Trip

Hunting trips must be very inexpensive affairs. As we go to press we are informed by our secret operative that although Fred Penter, of the Gas Department at Santa Maria, returned from a recent foray with "minor injuries" he was still one buck to the good.

Attending the dinner tendered in honor of Messrs. V. H. Kelly, E. J. Adams, and F. J. Meyer were, left to right around the table: F. W. Conlin, C. L. Tostevin, C. E. Ballaris, W. E. Carty, F. J. Meyer, J. N. Adams, J. J. Newberry, E. J. Adams, V. H. Kelly, G. W. Keith, O. Berg, Jr., Hank Marion, I. Broxson, L. Cramer, P. A. Adams (son of E. J. Adams), W. E. Davenport, A. Rabsloff, W. Carlson, J. Maguire, and J. Federspiel.

Below are the three 25-year men honored at the Tacoma dinner. Left to right: F. J. Meyer, E. J. Adams, and V. H. Kelly.

Three Union Oil Men Feted At 25-Year Party

On the evening of July 1, 1938, a group of twenty veteran employees of the Union Oil Company congregated at a banquet table in the Winthrop Hotel in Tacoma to commemorate a quarter of a century of continuous service for three of their fellow employees, namely, V. H. Kelly, E. J. Adams and F. J. Meyer; the three above named men having started their employment with the Union Oil Company simultaneously on July 1, 1913, in Tacoma. However, these men had had previous experience in the oil business, having been employed for a number of years by The Paragon Oil Company, who were marketers of Union Oil Company products in the city of Tacoma until July 1, 1913, when they were bought out by the Union Oil Company. Mr. Kelly was a salesman at that time, Mr. Adams was a clerk, and Mr. Meyer was a tank wagon salesman, or "skinner" as they were commonly called in those days. E. J. Adams is now Chief Clerk in the Tacoma District, F. J. Meyer is a City Salesman, also in Tacoma, and V. H. Kelly is Director of Sales, and a member of the Board of Directors with headquarters in Los Angeles. Mr. Kelly's presence at the gathering was a very pleasant surprise for all those present, and was especially appreciated by the other two honored guests.

After a very fine dinner the three were presented with twenty-five year service pins and framed individual scrolls upon which were the autographs of all those present.

The banquet also commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Union Oil Company in Tacoma. The twenty employees present aggregated 323 years of service with the Company. Needless to say, there was much reminiscing indulged in after the banquet, and all those who participated left on their respective ways with the feeling that they really belonged to a substantial unit in this organization we call Union Oil Company.

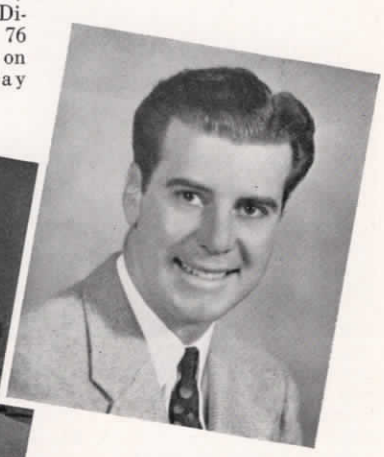
Cover Illustrations

This month our feature article, "Fighting Fire and Flood with Science," deals with conservation and erosion control research in the San Dimas Experimental Forest. In keeping with this theme, which is especially pertinent at this time of the year, we have picked three typical scenics from the files of Dick Whittington, of Los Angeles. All three cover pictures were made in Southern California timbered areas similar to those at San Dimas.

"76 REVIEW"—Union's New Air Show

Conrad Nagel needs no introduction to screen and radio audiences. A fine delivery and excellent radio personality have endeared this screen star to many radio fans. Nagel replaces John Nesbitt as master of ceremonies on the program.

David Broekman (below) continues as Orchestra Director on the new 76 REVIEW, which goes on the air every Monday evening over K.F.I.



James Newill (above) is also well known to radio audiences. A football player in his college days, Newell is today regarded as radio's most promising young singer. He replaces Donald Novis as vocalist.

The Twins in Action

Readers of Union Oil Bulletin will remember Evelyn McGunnigle, whose picture appeared on the back cover of last month's issue. There was at the time a certain amount of doubt as to whether the pretty drum majorette was properly identified. To help us clear up this matter, a Northern friend sent us the above shot of both twins. The one on the left is Ellen and at right is Evelyn. The lucky Longview Kiwanis drum major betwixt the two was not named.

H. E. Kemp Lt. Commander

Captain Claude B. Mayo, U. S. Navy, Director of Naval Reserves in the Los Angeles area, congratulates H. E. Kemp, supervisor of marine operation for Union Oil Company of California, upon his recent promotion in the Naval Reserve Corps. Mr. Kemp has held a commission as Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve since August, 1928. To those conversant with Naval Insignia, Kemp's new sleeve braid indicates he is now Lieutenant-Commander, Supply Corps.

Thirty Years

R. G. Brown
Field, So. Div.

Service Emblem Awards

EVERY day of every month is the start of a new year for some Union Oil Company employee. This month marks the end of twenty, twenty-five, and thirty-year periods of association with the company for fifteen employees. For those employees and many others it also marks the beginning of a new year. Such milestones are convenient for they give us a chance to pause and take stock of our accomplishments—to contemplate and clarify our objectives and finally to make any adjustments necessary to gain whatever objective we've set as our own personal goal.

RUSSELL G. BROWN

Russell Brown was born in Nauvoo, Illinois, in June of 1890. He came to California with his parents at the start of the century and soon became acquainted with the oil industry for his father settled near what is now the town of Brea and went to work for the Brea Canyon Oil Company. Russell's father later worked for Union Oil Company at Santa Maria. Russell went to school at La Habra and during summer vacations worked for Union Oil Co.

On August 1, 1908, R. G. Brown's official term of employment with the company began when he took a job as tool dresser at the Rosemary Station. He worked first on the old Breshear No. 1, at that time the deepest well in the world. Of the thirty subsequent years spent with Union, Brown has put in at least fifteen with the drilling crews. Except for a year at Santa Paula and two at Maricopa, his thirty years have been spent in the Southern Division fields. He is engaged in well pulling and pumping work at Montebello at the present time.

Russell likes deep sea fishing, but prefers the mountains for vacationing. As this goes to press, he is preparing for a vacation trip to San Francisco and points north.

JAMES J. FEDERSPIEL

James Federspiel started with Union Oil Company on August 4, 1913, as a tank wagon salesman in the Seattle district. On that first job, his chief duty consisted of driving a four-horse team between Seattle and Auburn, a trip requiring two days to complete. A short time later he was promoted to tank wagon superintendent at Seattle and, after two years at this job, was transferred to Ellensburg as agent. He soon returned to Seattle, however, as tank wagon superintendent. Still later he was placed in charge of fuel oil and asphalt sales in Seattle, which position he held until April of 1919, when he was appointed manager of the fuel oil department at San Francisco. In 1924 he again returned to Seattle, this time as assistant district sales manager. On January 1, 1927, he was appointed district sales manager at Seattle and, although his title has since been changed several times, he still fills this position most capably.

Genial Jim Federspiel has built up a remarkable friendship in the Northwest during his twenty-five years with Union Oil Company.

Twenty-Five Years

J. J. Federspiel
Sales, No. Div.

G. O. Dudderar
Sales, So. Div.

F. L. Pyle
Trans., So. Div.

He takes golf seriously enough to play in the eighties and, although far from the aged class, he enjoys talking about the good old days.

GEORGE O. DUDDERAR

On August 15, 1913, George Otis Dudderar started to work for Union Oil Company of California in the capacity of tank wagon salesman at Covina. Approximately five years later the horse-drawn wagons were retired from service and George was given a shiny new tank truck to handle. After some seventeen years at the Covina sub-station, he was transferred to Pasadena where he drove a fuel truck for a little over one year. He then returned to Covina for a brief period and later, on July 21, 1931, was transferred to the Los Angeles Plant as night watchman, a job he held for approximately two years. For the past five years he has been a warehouseman at the L. A. Plant.

George does not boast of any particular hobbies, but like many of us, he enjoys a good political argument. He takes a great interest in the political policies of the current administration and the various pension plans which are constantly being discussed.

FRANK L. PYLE

Frank Pyle, better known to his intimates as "Buck," was employed by the Pinal Dome Oil Company at the time that company was absorbed by Union Oil. Employed on August 16, 1913, he worked as car loader at the Betteravia Refinery for five years. Buck was then transferred to the pipe line department, serving as pipe fitter and routabout until July 15, 1926, when he became a linewalker on the Southern Division pipe lines. He used to walk an average of fifteen miles every working day, inspecting Union Oil Company's pipe lines. On February 28, 1937, he was made a fireman at the Norwalk Pump Station.

Buck Pyle is loyalty personified—never in the limelight, but always to be depended upon. He has no hobbies other than home and family.

MARGARET CHALMERS

Miss Margaret Chalmers completed twenty years of continuous service with Union Oil Company of California on August 1, 1938. She has behind her a fine record of faithful and efficient endeavor, which has endeared her to the Sacramento sales force. Miss Chalmers has acted as private secretary to every district sales manager since the days of Mr. Herkner's incumbency. At present she operates the switchboard and acts as secretary to H. K. Hougham, present district sales manager. Old customers of the company are familiar with her cheery "Hello—Union 76."

Margaret is active in church and club work and likes to plan showers and parties for her friends. She has long since won a place for herself in the hearts of her fellow employees at Sacramento that would be hard to fill.

WILLIAM A. McLAGAN

William McLagan was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1877. At the turn of the century he went to South Africa and served with the Imperial Yeomanry during the Boer War. At the cessation of hostilities he returned to Scotland for a short time, then went back to South Africa where he secured employment with the Cape Government Railway. McLagan left South Africa in 1910 and sailed for Vancouver, B. C., where he has resided ever since. He was first employed by Union Oil Company of Canada, Ltd., on August 1, 1918, as a night watchman at Coal Harbour. Subsequently he was appointed

Twenty Years

M. Chalmers
Sales, Cent. Div.

W. A. McLagan
Sales, Canada

T. F. Fitzpatrick
Sales, No. Div.

wharfman and tank car loader. He has also driven fuel oil trucks at various times. At the present time McLagan is one of the engineers at the Coal Harbour Plant, a position he was elevated to in 1923.

"Mac" is a keen fisherman, with a passion for trout, and he finds time during season to humor this enthusiasm in the beautiful lakes and streams near Vancouver. He is also a horticulturist of pronounced talent. His home is bordered by a perfusion of lovely flowers and lowly, but edible vegetables.

THOMAS F. FITZPATRICK

Tom Fitzpatrick first joined Union Oil Company as a drum and barrel clerk at San Francisco on August 2, 1918. Having memorized the number and location of nearly every container in the San Francisco area during the following two years, he was transferred to bookkeeping and soon became head of the department. His success in that capacity marked him for better things and he was made assistant district accountant in October of 1929. Fitzpatrick was transferred to the sales department in September of 1930 as sales analyst and, on January 21, 1932, was again transferred, this time to Union Service Stations Inc. He was soon made assistant district accountant of U. S. S. I. in the San Francisco area and in August of 1933 was transferred to Seattle in the same capacity.

After a thorough job of setting up the U. S. S. I. accounting system at Seattle, Fitzpatrick was transferred back to the wholesale department where he took over the position of head bookkeeper for the Northern Division sales on January 1, 1934.

In spare moments Tom Fitzpatrick turns to light things. He is an ardent devotee of "swing"—especially the golf course variety, although he gives a good account of himself on the ice-skating rink and the dance floor. Among the golfing fraternity in the Division Office, Tom is affectionately known as "Runner-up Fitz," for in totaling his score card it is invariably necessary to run'er up on an adding machine.

WILLIAM CYRAN

William Cyran was first employed on August 6, 1918, and has always worked at Union Oil Company's Los Angeles Plant. After six months of common labor Bill was given a job putting refined oil into cans and barrels. In 1921 he was transferred to the shipping dock and, in 1926 when shipments had increased considerably, his time was given entirely to shipping out local orders. Bill continued at this work until 1935, when he was assigned to the job of filling containers with lubricating oil for local shipment.

Bill's main hobby is gardening. He derives much enjoyment from cross breeding flowers. He probably wouldn't be able to carry on this hobby without his trusty pipe in his mouth.

LOUIS DANIEL

Louis Daniel was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and attended school there. He worked on his father's farm until he came to California in 1907, at which time he obtained a job with the Anaheim Union Water Company. His work there consisted of construction and maintenance of the many cement canals and siphons which that company operates.

In 1918 Louis quit that job, worked for a cement pipe concern for six months, and then, on August 12, 1918, obtained a position with Union Oil Company at the Brea Refinery. His first job was refurbishing old brick, but he was soon promoted to pipe fitter, con-

Twenty Years

Wm. Cyran
Sales, So. Div.

L. Daniel
Field, So. Div.

H. W. Martin
Field, Valley Div.

F. E. Ingrum
Mfg., Santa Paula

tinuing at this work until the plant was rebuilt after the fire in 1926. In the fall of 1926 Daniel was transferred to the engineering department at Brea where he remained until 1929, when transferred to the production department at Santa Fe Springs, where he has worked as field mechanic during the past nine years or so.

Daniel's hobbies consist mainly of his home and lushly vegetant garden, where he loves to spend all his spare time.

HARRY W. MARTIN

Having had a good many years experience with other oil companies in drilling and production, Harry Martin was hired as lease foreman at Belridge on August 14, 1918. A lease foreman, in those days, was also the gang pusher and took an active part in pulling and cleaning wells. There were five strings of cable tools drilling at Belridge at the time, and as fast as the wells were brought in they were turned over to Martin and his crew. There was only one team of horses for the drilling department, so the production men used to move most of their tools from one well to the other in wheelbarrows. After four years at Belridge, Harry Martin was transferred to Elk Hill, as lease foreman. He remained there until 1931, when he was made production foreman of the Taft district, where he is located at present.

Harry maintains a small shop in his home and derives a lot of pleasure from experimental work on numerous contrivances relative to oil production. His pet desire is to have the uninterrupted time to experiment with methods of cleaning oil. Other than his scientific interests, Harry handles golf clubs with dexterity, playing in the low eighties with uncanny regularity.

FRANK E. INGRUM

Born in Missouri, Frank Ingrum also lived in Arkansas and Kansas before coming to Santa Paula, California in 1916. He worked as a carpenter for a while then at a Santa Paula machine shop which specialized in boiler work. While at the latter job he was often detailed to do repair work at the Union Refinery. When an opening arrived, Frank was put on Union's Santa Paula payroll as boiler fireman. This was on August 15, 1918. After six months his former experience served to get him a job as repair man. On January 1, 1922, he was promoted to foreman and still serves in that capacity. In addition to general maintenance work and relief operating, he has had a very important part in the almost complete rebuilding of the Santa Paula Refinery—a slow process which has taken place during the twenty years he has been at the plant.

Frank has been so completely occupied with his work and the raising of a large family that he has developed few special hobbies. He has three daughters and two sons. One son just graduated from Santa Paula High School; the other is about to receive a fifteen-year service emblem as an employee of the company at the Wilmington Refinery.

HUGH A. MATIER

Hugh Matier joined the employ of Union Oil Company on August 16, 1918, as a clerk in the Santa Maria district, but was promoted to assistant geologist about four months later. On July 1, 1919, he was made resident geologist for the Coast and Valley Divisions and held this position until December, 1921, when he was transferred to the Head Office Comptroller's Department. Between 1922 and 1933,

Twenty Years

H. A. Matier
Sales, Head Office

J. C. Ball
Gas, Coast Div.

A. S. Johnston
Traffic, Head Office

Hugh Matier occupied a variety of positions in the Comptroller's, Field, and Sales Departments. On July 1, 1933, he was transferred to the Advertising Department as a public relations representative. Since assuming his present duties, Hugh has given thousands of lectures on a variety of subjects pertaining directly and indirectly to the oil industry. He has appeared before small and large audiences in almost every city in the west. School children, service clubs, technical groups, and social gatherings have, for the past five years, benefited by his lucid and entertaining lectures.

Matier, incidentally, is a patron of the Smithsonian Institute, a fellow of the Royal Anthropological Society of Gt. Britain and Ireland, a founder member of the Pacific Geographic Society, and an honorary lecturer to many universities and colleges on the west coast. Geology and anthropology are his primary fields, of course. Among numerous other interests which keep him busy, is his study of many of the world's religious faiths. He is also, to use his own words, punctilious in his personal religious duties.

JESSE C. BALL

Jesse C. Ball first entered the service of Union Oil Company at Orcutt, California, on August 26, 1918, as a truck driver for the gas department. On May 1, 1919, he was assigned to the duty of attending to the various gas traps throughout the Orcutt field. He entered the Orcutt Compressor Plant on April 4, 1921, as an oiler and subsequently served in this and other capacities until 1928 when he was promoted to the position of engineer at the plant. Since 1928 he has occupied this post, never having left the Orcutt territory except for vacations.

Jesse Ball owns his own home in the town of Orcutt and on his day off he can usually be found puttering around in his gardens. He is fond of horticultural work and landscaping.

GEORGE R. LITTLE

George Little was born and raised in Cass County, Indiana. His first job was in Chicago for a trade journal. He later returned to Cass County and worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad for a period of five years. George next moved to California. Settling in San Luis Obispo he spent two years with the San Joaquin Light and Power Company. In 1914 he took a job with Producers' Pipe Line, working as dispatcher. After about two and a half years, he resigned to work for another company. On August 26, 1918, Little returned to Union Oil Company as a senior dispatcher on Producers' Pipe Line. On February 9, 1922, he was transferred to Avila Refinery as chief clerk. On September 1, 1933, he was transferred to the Head Office manufacturing department as a clerk. In 1934 he was again shifted, this time to the crude oil division. At present he is at Santa Fe Springs.

George has lived in Glendale since 1933, where he and Mrs. Little are raising two daughters and a son. George lists, among other hobbies, that of wood carving.

ALVAN S. JOHNSTON

Alvan Johnston came to California from Olive Hill, Kentucky, where he was manager of the Chesapeake Stone Company. One of his jobs in that capacity was the ballasting of the Chesapeake and Ohio road from Ashland to Louisville. Leaving Kentucky, Johnston arrived at Los Angeles in 1907 and entered the employ of the Salt Lake Railway, working in the machinery office. He later took a job

with the U. S. Postal Service, where he worked for five years before coming to Union Oil Company on August 30, 1918. He worked first in the mailing division for two years, was transferred to the traffic department on October 10, 1920, and has remained there since that time. Alvan has charge of the company's tonnage records.

Horticulture is Johnston's prime hobby. He plants and grows many fine fruit trees.

Thirty Years—August, 1938

Brown, Russell G., Field, So. Div.

Twenty-five Years—August, 1938

Dudderar, Geo. O., Sales, So. Div.
Federspiel, James, Sales, No. Div.
Pyle, Frank L., Transp., So. P. L.

Twenty Years—August, 1938

Ball, Jesse C., Gas, Coast Div.
Chalmers, Margaret, Sales, Central Div.
Cyran, Wm., Sales, So. Div.
Daniel, Louis, Field, So. Div.
Fitzpatrick, Thomas F., Sales, No. Div.
Ingrum, Frank E., Mfg., Santa Paula Refy.
Johnston, Alvan S., Traffic, Head Office
Jones, Robt. L., Sales, Central Div.
Little, Geo. R., Field, So. Div.
McLagan, Wm. A., Sales, Canadian Div.
Martin, Harry W., Field, Valley Div.
Matier, Hugh A., Sales, Head Office

Fifteen Years—August, 1938

Andrews, Joseph, Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Arnold, Lewis P., Compt. Head Office
Boede, Henry C., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Calder, Earl C., Transp., No. P. L.
Campbell, Thomas H., Transp., So. P. L.
Chowen, Richard J., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Denio, Hugh B., Transp., No. P. L.
Finlay, William A., Sales, Canadian Div.
Fitzpatrick, John J., Sales, No. Div.
Fusch, Otis O.,Field, So. Div.
Goodell, Murray C., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Grove, Jess R., Transp., No. P. L.
Halvorsen, George, Outer Harbor D. & W.
Hastings, Lewis H., Compt., Coast Div.
Henderson, Edw. G., Sales, Central Div.
Ketteringham, William M., Dev., Research
King, John S., Sales, So. Div.
Miller, Wm. E., Gas, So. Div.
Monreal, Raymond L., Transp., No. P. L.
Moody, Charles E., Sales, Canadian Div.
Ritschard, Charles, Traffic, Head Office
Runkle, Edgar W., Sales, So. Div.
Schroeder, Bruno H., Sales, No. Div.
Webb, George W., Transp., So. Div. P. L.
Winger, Samuel L., Field, Coast Div.

Ten Years—August, 1938

Addison, Elwood S., Sales, Central Div.
Aldridge, Blair G., Dev., Head Office
Ashby, Lester, Field, So. Div.
Becker, Edwin A., Sales, Central Div.
Bennett, Thomas, Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Bittner, Russell E., Sales, Central Div.
Breslin, Claire, Sales, Central Div.
Branthoover, Alfred I., Sales, No. Div.
Calder, William G., Sales, Canadian Div.
Christensen, Fred F., Sales, Central Div.
Clark, Wm. L., Field, So. Div.
Cole, Oyd C., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Crawford, Frank D., Geological, So. Div.
Gard, Earle W., Dev., Head Office
Geddes, Warren C., Sales, Central Div.
Gilbert, Oren G., Sales, Central Div.
Graham, Ronold A., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Greatwood, Henry R., Sales, So. Div.
Harmon, James T., Field, Valley Div.
Hoover, Mark R., Transp., No. P. L.
Jensen, Hans C., Gas, So. Div.
Johnson, Carl F., Auto, So. Div.
Keller, John, Field, So. Div.
Kieffer, John A., Sales, So. Div.
Leneve, Henry R., Field, Coast Div.
Lyon, Edward T., Sales, Central Div.
Luzzi, Alfred, Sales, So. Div.
McCutchan, Philip, Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Meadows, Ralph B., Sales, So. Div.
Meredith, Hollis E., Transp., So. Div. P. L.
Morris, John E., Sales, Canadian Div.
Nelson, McKinley W., Field, So. Div.
Nevens, Ralph A., Compt., Head Office
Ockey, Roy B., Mfg., Maltha Refy.
Olding, Willard F., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Ooley, Wm. C., Sales, So. Div.
Peel, Hazel S., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Perkins, Herbert W., Transp., No. P. L.
Pink, Arthur F., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Pullen, Harvey M., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Quigley, Frank H., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Rogers, Hubert T., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Root, Glenn C., Field, So. Div.
Shannon, Fred C., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Sutton, Wm. C., Field, So. Div.
Silva, Louis I., Sales, Honolulu Div.
Tatham, Gerald L., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Tucker, Floyd W., Sales, No. Div.
Turner, John W., Sales, No. Div.
Way, Harold S., Sales, No. Div.
Weide, Rolland R., Field, So. Div.
Whitson, Otto, Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Willis, Fred B., Mfg., Los Angeles Refy.
Wilson, Paul A., Field, So. Div.

REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

The efficiency expert's daughter didn't finish out her vacation on the farm after all. Finding no eggs in the nests and the hens all standing around doing nothing, she promptly packed her grip and went home.

Also, when the Scotchman had concluded a selection on the bagpipes, a lady in the audience ran up and begged him to play "Annie Laurie." "What!" said the bewildered Sandy, "Again?"

Then there was the absent-minded professor who was just going down for the third time when he remembered that he could swim.

And, although there may be some truth in the ancient adage that fine feathers make fine birds, fillet de boeuf et pommes de terres hachis a l'Hibernais is nothing but good old Irish stew.

Now, just as a matter of advice to fellow victims of book purloiners, may we say that we make it a practice never to lend a single volume to a book keeper.

We shamed one consistent non-returner the other day by hiring a truck and sending the bookcase over to his home.

On the subject of books, by the way, it's a lamentable fact that there isn't a library in town anymore where a fellow can get a book that isn't fit to read.

And that great old humorist, Mrs. Partington, who said, "It is better to speak paragorical of a person than to be all the time throwing epitaphs at him."

Was also the originator of this morsel of sagacity: "There would be fewer steamboat explosions if the engineers would bile the water on shore. All the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board."

Women, as a class, incidentally, may not have attained any great height in the realm of philosophy, but a woman can go to market with a dollar and bring more real comfort home in a small basket, than a man could load into a motor truck if he were permitted to back up and help himself.

In addition to that, a young woman may know nothing of archery, and yet be able to keep her beau always in a quiver.

All of which recalls the industrious lady who scrubbed the kitchen floor so hard and so often than she finally fell through into the cellar.

But now let us consider mere man for a minute—that glorified being whose memory is so faulty he has difficulty in remembering the poor.

Who is supposed to act according to the dictates of a conscience he doesn't know he has, excepting when there is an earthquake.

Who is often so bad tempered that when he smiles he feels ashamed of himself?

And who is so obedient that you merely have to tell him to do as he pleases, and he does it.

There is at this very moment an investigation being undertaken to determine where a man goes in the evening when he "just runs down to the mail box at the corner."

He is in reality a queer creature who can fool nobody else, so spends his life trying to fool himself. You have heard, for instance, of the chap who carried his watch in his back pocket so that he would always be ahead of time.

He is so habitually tired that his feet often turn in and may even fall asleep.

His idea of knowledge is being away from home when a book agent calls.

He has to smoke, because the more he fumes, the less he frets.

And he never seems to realize that the follies of youth are drafts on age, payable with interest twenty years after date.

In fact, at a women's debating society some time ago, the subject, "Which is the most useful—a man or a strawberry?" was never settled, because the unmarried women voted for the man, and the married ones voted for the strawberry.

With which few words we leave the whole matter in abeyance. Now we take time out to recount the story of the small boy who stepped up to the elevator in an Eastern business building just as the place was jolted by an earthquake. Doors flew open, people tumbled into the corridor, and one white-faced individual shrieked, "What happened?" "Gee!" said the small boy, "I just pushed the elevator button."

And when the boss called Joe Doakes into his office to explain an error in arithmetic, Joe says he felt as if he were in a single line tunnel with trains coming both ways.

With which we conclude. Remember, when you get down in the mouth, don't take it too badly. Jonah came out all right.

Printed in U. S. A.

Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House, Los Angeles