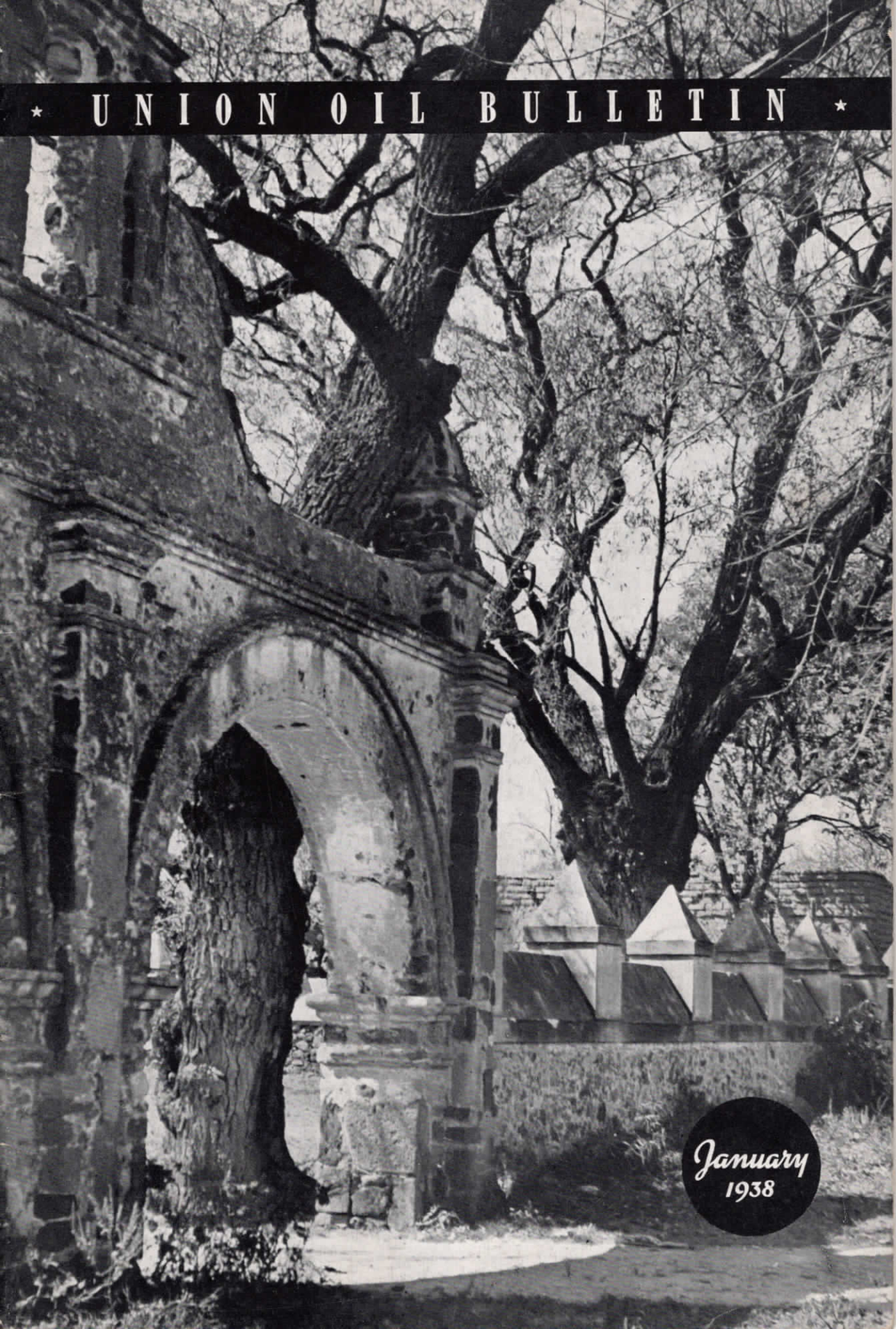


* UNION OIL BULLETIN *



January
1938



U N I O N O I L

B U L L E T I N

VOLUME NINETEEN

JANUARY, 1938

NUMBER ONE

MEXICO

By VIOLET J. INGRAM
Comptrollers' Department

ONE might cross mighty oceans and travel many miles in search of new lands and new peoples, and never find anything more intriguing in its distinctiveness than the land that lies immediately below our southern border, nor anything more fascinating in its simplicity than the indigenous life of the inhabitants. Here just over our doorstep may be experienced all the thrills of foreign travel, with few of its inconveniences, and most important of all, perhaps, at a fraction of the usual financial outlay. And our southern neighbors are bidding us welcome.

Proceeding by train down the west coast it is not long before one becomes engrossed in a pageant of ancient civilization that is not soon forgotten: Peons wrapped in bright serapes; Mexican women carrying great trays of fruit, tortillas, or sweetcakes adeptly balanced on their heads; little half-naked children with lovely soft brown eyes and wistful smiles; tiny burros with incredibly heavy loads; oxen laboriously dragging ponderous wooden ploughs—all in an atmosphere of glorious sunshine, rustic peace, and soft music.

The first noteworthy stop on the trip is Guaymas, located on the Gulf of California, and facing the most famous fishing waters on the North American Continent. Out of the depths of these waters fishermen have pulled giant rays weighing as much as a ton, and an endless assortment of rooster fish, yellowtail, tuna, sea bass, and great green turtles. There is also fine hunting, one learns, in the mountain country lying immediately at the rear of the city.

Next place of consequence in the itinerary is Mazatlan, where motion picture companies borrow "South Seas" atmosphere that is almost more realistic than the atmosphere of the South Seas. Lying just below the Tropic of Cancer and opposite the southern tip of Lower California, Mazatlan is a city of 30,000 people, sitting picturesquely on a peninsula from which rises a huge rocky promontory. To add further diversity to an already distracting scene, a beautiful island dressed in a green and brown mantle of coconut palms rises coyly from the blue waters just off shore.



Author of this interesting article on Mexico is Violet J. Ingram.

And what of the city? Quaint little cobblestone streets thread their way past pink stucco houses that jut out alarmingly. Enticingly cool patios, filled with ferns and flowers, can be seen through the doorways of even the poorest homes. During the day everything is quiet, but as the sun sinks in the west, shutters are thrown back, doors are opened and life in Mazatlan begins. Sidewalks are crowded with playing children. Neighbors begin their evening visits, and vendors raucously advertise their wares. Everywhere there is excitement and action that never quite ceases until the next siesta begins. A city of indescribable beauty and romance is Mazatlan!

But the journey must proceed, and the train wends its way south, leaving the tropic beauty behind and ascending steeply into a wild, rugged terrain known as the "Barrancas," a region of almost impenetrable gorges and towering mountains. It is said that the strip of railway through this section was one of the most difficult and costly engineering projects of its type in North America, if not in the world.

Guadalajara, the "Pearl of the Occident," next compels our attention. The second city in the Republic of Mexico, it stands on a plateau 5,036 feet high, and is rich with fine architectural structures—magnificent homes, and handsome old public buildings. In its cathedral, built in the 16th century, is Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin," one of the finest examples of the artist's work. This city has more than a score of churches, the medieval architecture of which is of great historic and artistic interest. Here also are the great factories from which the famous Tonalá pottery goes out to all parts of the world, and the bubble glass that is so well known to Los Angeles shoppers.

About 250 miles farther down is Mexico City, the oldest Capital on the American Continent, regarded as one of the most distinctive cities in existence. The unique architecture displayed by the public buildings here is of such a nature that one need know nothing of

architectural value to appreciate fully their beauty and artistry.

At one end of the gorgeous Paseo de la Reforma, lined with fine old trees (planted by order of Empress Carlota) is Chapultepec Park, surrounding Grasshopper Hill on which stands the Castle. From this great structure Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlota ruled in extravagant splendor, long centuries after the Montezumas, emperors of the Aztecs, ruled their people from the same spot.

At the other end of the boulevard is the great plaza which was originally laid out by the Spaniards in 1592, and the National Palace. Facing the plaza is the beautiful cathedral built on the site once occupied by the temple of Tenochtitlan, and now renowned for its wood and stone carvings, oil paintings, and rich gold embellishments. There are three great altars and sixteen smaller ones in the interior of this famous building. Not far from town is Mexico's most sacred shrine—Guadalupe—scene of the feast that takes place annually on December 12. One may at any time see worshippers approaching this sacred edifice on their knees, carrying long lighted candles in their hands, a scene of reverence and humility that is very impressive.

A drive of an hour and a half over what was once the old Spanish Colonial Road, now an excellent highway, brings one to the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, relics of a long past civilization and reminiscent of the Pyramids of Egypt. On the way back a further halt may be made to visit the Augustinian church and monastery, built prior to 1560 at Acolman. This is one of the most interesting monasteries in all Mexico.

Back in Mexico City there is still much to see. Among other things the National Museum, where one might easily spend a week without taking in all its interesting features; the National Theatre, that cost twenty million pesos to build, with its widely known glass curtain—a Tiffany product. Then there are the shops, unusual public buildings, highly modern hotels, and fascinating open-air markets. Not far from the city, also, is the Indian Village of Xochimilco with its floating gardens—huge barges built by the Aztecs and filled with soil for the growth of vegetables and flowers, back in the days when Mexico City was mostly under water. It is an entrancing experience to glide among the flowers now in a well-appointed gondola to the accompaniment of soft Spanish music. Pretty Indian girls paddle alongside and sell large bouquets



Left: The old but beautiful cathedral at Taxco is a fine example of architectural artistry.

Below: Guadalajara, second city of Mexico, is noted for its magnificent homes and handsome old public buildings. A fine example of the medieval architecture is represented by this "Tower of Orphanage."

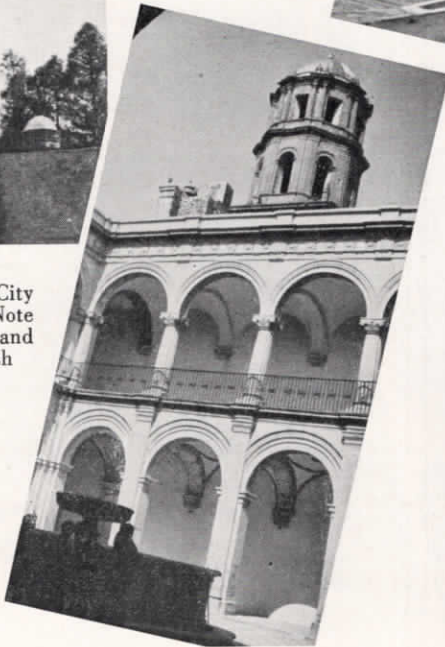


Left: A bell tower built in 1606.



Above: Floating gardens in the village of Xochimilco, near Mexico City. A never-forgotten memory is to glide among the flowers in a gondola to the accompaniment of Spanish music. Below: Pottery kilns from which comes the famous Tonala pottery that is shipped to all parts of the world.

Right: Patio of the City Hall at Quertaro. Note the beautiful arches and the typical Spanish balustrade.





Left: Wash day in Taxco is typical of any Monday throughout Mexico for at such laundries women gather not only to wash but gossip as well.

Below: Peons fishing in a lagoon in hand-made boats.



Below: Belles of Queretaro.



Below: Market day and peons from miles around come to sell and buy hand-made goods. The little girl on the right holds a baby wrapped in the shawl.



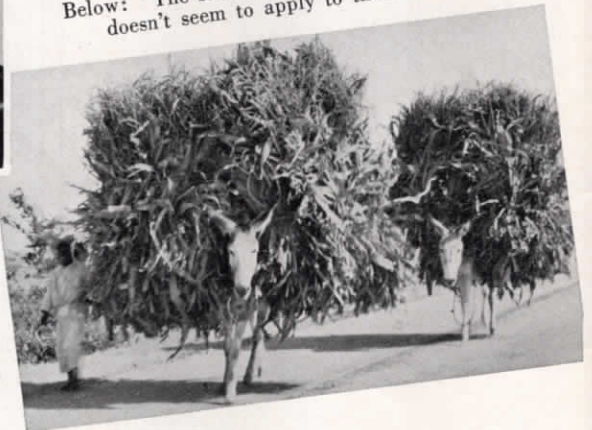
Right: This picture is best described in one word, "Manana."



Below: Almost as realistic as the South Seas, Mazatlan is always on the itinerary of motion picture companies for "South Sea" atmosphere.



Below: "The straw that broke the camel's back" doesn't seem to apply to these donkeys'.





Above: Quaint street scene in Taxco—a day's journey from Mexico City over high pine and fir-covered mountains.



Below: A well-dressed Mexican lad stands just outside the side door of the Cathedral in Mexico City. Notice the elaborately hand-carved door.



Above: Snow-capped Ixtlacihuatl (how do you pronounce it? We'll use the English words, "Sleeping Lady") does seem restful though she rises 17,670 feet.

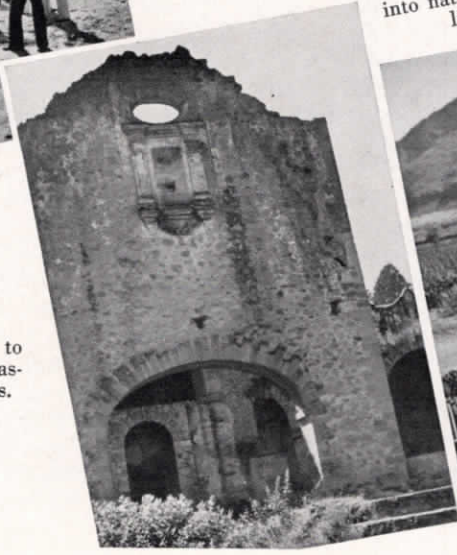


Left: "On the Beach at Bali Bali" might be the tune this Mexican Orchestra is playing. Anyway, they are playing "swing" as only it can be played on old-fashioned instruments.



Right: The sacred Shrine of Guadalupe, renowned cathedral of Mexico City.

Below: Tequilla plants ready to be manufactured into native Mexican liquor.



Right: Entrance to the very old Monastery de los Leons.



of violets and carnations for a few centavos.

On Tuesdays one must visit Toluca. It is their market day and natives converge from miles around to display and sell the results of their handicraft—bright colored baskets, brilliant serapes, and pottery, or to market live chickens, fruit, tortillas, and other edibles. It is a typical Mexican panorama of gayety, confusion, and color. The same day of each week witnesses a similar event at Cholula, seventy miles east of the Capital, on the way to Puebla, a city that was founded by the Spaniards in the days following the Conquest. Puebla was once famed for its 365 churches, but now has only eighty, one of which, however, is conceded to be the most elaborate and beautiful in the entire republic. The first Talavera pottery, and the first tiles ever made in America were fashioned in Puebla. Majolica decorates the facades of its buildings, adorns the domes of its churches, and parts of the library, third oldest on the continent. Built in 1648, the library still retains the original shelving.

A day's journey from Mexico City, over high pine and fir-covered mountains, brings the traveler to the gem of all Mexican towns—Taxco. On the way, of course, a stop must be made at Cuernavaca, the week-end retreat of diplomats and business men from the capital. Here is the Palace of Cortez, and the gardens built by Jose de la Borda, who came to New Spain in 1716, and eventually amassed a fortune of 100,000,000 pesos from the rich silver mines of Taxco. This huge fortune he devoted largely to charity, and it became a popular expression: "God gives to Borda and Borda gives to God." In 1865 Maximilian and Carlota retired to the gardens of Cuernavaca

to seek relief from the pressure of court problems.

But let us go on to Taxco, high on the mountains of Guerrero, and as unreal as a stage setting. It was founded in 1529 by Cortez when he came looking for silver and gold for his empire. The narrow cobblestone streets of this quaint city on which two carts can barely pass, rise precipitously past whitewashed adobe homes that almost seem to be piled on top of each other. Queer little balcony restaurants, overlooking green hills, and the time-mellowed tiles of the adobe residences, provide an opportunity to sit in blissful quiet and absorb fully the charm that is all about.

From Taxco the road drops steeply to Acapulco, Mexico's picturesque west coast seaport. But our side trips are over, and we return to Mexico City once more, to wander again in the shops and museums, to take in the Sunday bull fight with all its color and excitement, or to see a "Jai Alai" game. This sport, incidentally, is similar to our American handball, and is considered one of the fastest games extant. Evenings offer, by way of diversion, opera, cabarets, concerts, and native dances.

There must be an end, however. It would take months to explore this vast treasure trove thoroughly. Yet a two weeks' trip is sufficient to furnish an unforgettable experience. There is interest everywhere: In the magnificent scenery, the ruins, the art treasures, the people, their manner of living, their customs, traditions, and gentle charming ways. Mexico, indeed, has a personality so poignant, so colorful, so beguiling, that it sinks deep into one's consciousness, and some day I'm going back to learn more about it.

COVER DESIGNS

All illustrations accompanying the article on Mexico were photographed by the author, Miss Ingram, during a recent trip through Mexico. The front cover is the Gateway to the Acolman Monastery, built in 1560, one of the most interesting and impressive monasteries in all Mexico.

Inside front cover is picturesque Taxco, high on the mountains of Guerrero, as unreal

as a stage setting, according to the author. Taxco was founded in 1529 by Cortez when he came looking for gold and silver for his empire.

Back cover illustration is the swimming pool built by Emperor Maximilian in the beautiful Borda gardens at Cuernavaca. In 1865, the Emperor and Empress retired to these beautiful gardens seeking relief from pressure of court problems.

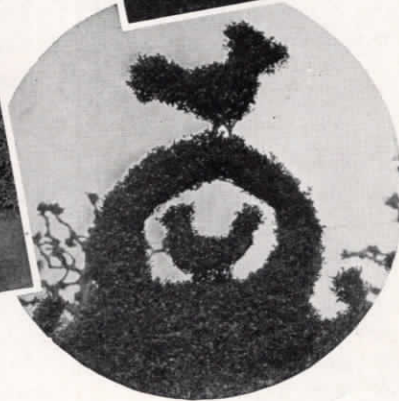


Above: Front entrance to the Pendray estate showing the drive and walks and the sentinel-like guardians formed by the evergreen.

Right: Notice the rooster and hen carved from the evergreen shrubbery and (left) W. A. Pendray stands beside a "teddy" bear.



Below: Evergreen shrub trained and clipped to represent a peacock. This is located on the Pendray estate at Victoria, B. C.



FROM PROSPECTOR TO PROTECTOR

WHEN the echoes of the cry, "There's GOLD in the Cariboo," reached County Cornwall in 1868 and were heard by a young Cornishman, W. J. Pendray, the ancient duchy immediately lost a promising tin miner, for Pendray no sooner heard the news than he booked passage to Victoria, B. C., to follow the lure of the yellow dust that was to spell success to so many—and disappointment to so many more.

Pendray was not exactly disappointed in his quest, but, on the other hand, neither was he exceptionally successful! Arriving at Victoria he crossed to the mainland, there to trudge on foot up the rough trail to the gold-fields in the back country of the province, and to emerge again with several thousand dollars' worth of the glinting flakes.

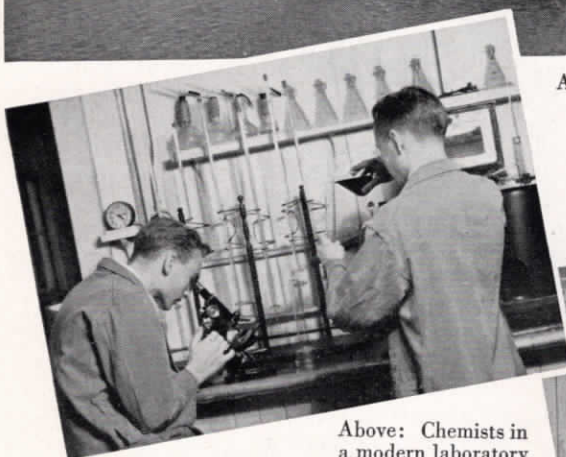
But what should he do now? The first fever

of excitement was over. There was but little promise of further success in the gold diggings, and Pendray must seek some new means of livelihood. He eventually decided that he would live in Victoria, so chose a homesite on the seacoast of the Island City, a site, incidentally, that is now occupied by Canadian Pacific Railway's palatial Empress Hotel. Then he began looking around for something in which to invest his money, preferably some small business that might be built up by application.

The only business he knew was mining. But mining for the moment was out of the question. So Pendray set out to do some hard thinking, as a result of which he arrived at the conclusion that there was money to be made by supplying the world with the simple but multitudinous necessities of modern civilization.

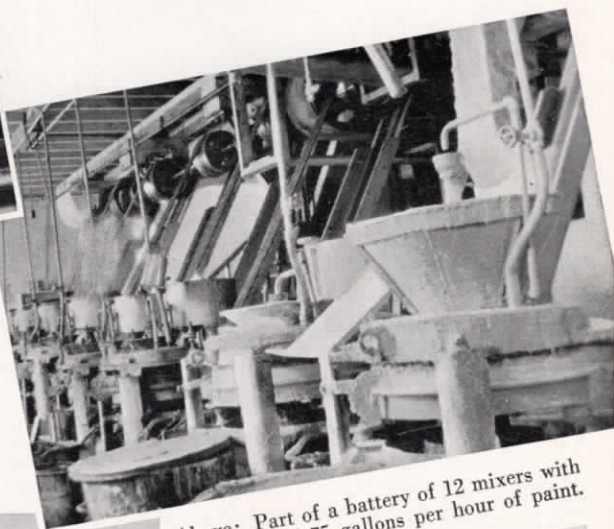


Above: General view of the British American Paint Company, located at Victoria, B. C.

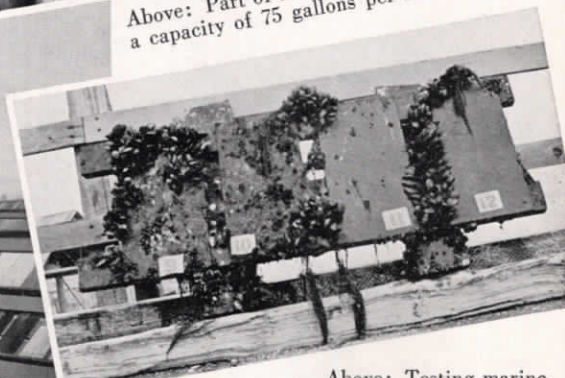


Above: Chemists in a modern laboratory testing incoming raw materials before being passed for the BAPCO factory consumption.

Below: One of the most severe tests of BAPCO paint. 2,000 panels on this test fence are exposed to the elements for periods varying from several months to several years. 45 degree angle of this fence accelerates action of sun.



Above: Part of a battery of 12 mixers with a capacity of 75 gallons per hour of paint.



Above: Testing marine paints, duplicating conditions under which the paint will continually be used.

And in the West, in those days, the necessities were difficult to obtain and sold at almost prohibitive prices. Soap, for instance, was a luxury.

As he had trekked from claim to claim in the gold fields his thrifty nature had often rebelled at the outrageous prices demanded for a small cake of soap. It was this price of soap, however, that finally decided his business venture. At such a price, he reasoned, there must be money in it, and Pendray, forthwith, decided to enter the soap business.

He had never manufactured a bar of soap in his life!

The first thing, then, was to find a recipe. This accomplished, he set himself up in business with a huge kettle and a common wood-burning kitchen stove. As he made the soap he took it out and sold it. The product was good, the demand increased, and within a few months Pendray had engaged a skilled manufacturer to do his work in a new factory. Then, like most industrial explorers, he began scouting for new worlds to conquer.

Victoria, he noticed, was a fast-growing town of wooden houses and wooden business buildings—most of which were unpainted. In fact, in the '80's, a painted house was a definite indication of the owner's prosperity. Paint was imported from the Eastern states, or from Europe, and like soap its cost to the modest home owner was prohibitive.

Pendray was then no more a paint manufacturer than he had once been a soap maker, but he felt that supplying another much-needed product at a procurable price was a good way to enlarge his business. Soon he started manufacturing his paints, using the best appliances available and the choicest of raw materials, and hiring skilled laboratory workers to do the compounding. In a surprisingly short time his paints were as famous as was his soap. Thus was born BAPCO—The British American Paint Company.

The history of paint manufacture in Western Canada since that time has been largely the history of this concern. In the first year of its existence the entire production of its paints was valued at only \$100,000, but in the meantime the company has steadily expanded, until now it not only supplies its original local market but that of all western Canada, stretching 2,000 miles from east to west, and 600 miles from north to south. In addition Bapco paints and varnishes are exported extensively to all parts of the world.

To anyone at all interested in the development of industry, or the various phases of process engineering, a visit to the Bapco factory is an educational and entertaining experience. Here one begins a tour at the very heart of the organization—the laboratory, where all incoming raw materials are tested before being passed for factory consumption, and where also samples are tested continuously during the manufacturing processes to assure quality in the final products. Then when the Bapco output is shipped to dealers hundreds of miles away it is absolutely uniform in color and quality with similar materials shipped months previously. In addition to the continual testing of established lines, the laboratory workers are constantly busy in research work pointed towards the development of new products, necessarily a slow process, for each new paint must be submitted to extensive long-term tests for durability and color fastness before it is put on the market.

The testing of Bapco paints is a severe and exacting routine. One of the most severe of all trials perhaps is the test fence, on which are exposed some 2,000 panels painted with the various materials to be tested. These panels are fixed on the fence or rack and left to the mercy of the elements for periods varying from several months to several years. If at the end of the stated time the paint still retains its color and offers satisfactory protection it merits the backing of the Bapco label and guarantee. Two things make this fence test a severe one. First, it is conducted on top of a factory building a few hundred feet from the sea where the panels are exposed to the corrosive influence of the sweeping winds from the Pacific. Secondly, the panels are placed at a 45° angle, which accelerates the action of the sun's rays to such an extent that one year's exposure on the fence is equal to two and one-half years of perpendicular exposure.

The testing of copper paints and other anti-fouling compositions for marine use are also carried on by practical methods, duplicating as far as possible the conditions under which they will continually be used. Wood and iron panels coated with Bapco paints are attached beneath the water's surface to wharf piling at Mill Bay, a specially selected site about thirty miles from Victoria where the water contains more marine growth than any other available site in British Columbia. In this natural laboratory are developed coatings that will resist teredo and pinworm, and prevent

the attachment of barnacles and vegetable growths which seriously retard the speed of vessels.

Methods used in the manufacture of paints at British America Paint Company's plant are largely standard in all up-to-date factories of this kind. In one part of the plant are the mixing machines where the oil and dry colors are mixed in a stiff paste. Thence the product is discharged to the grinding mills where huge stone grinders reduce it to the required fineness. This grinding process is a very slow one, and it is necessary to prepare adequate stocks of prepared pigment so that it may be always ready for final mixing to supply the fluctuating demand of the market.

For the production of ready-mixed paint there is a battery of 12 mixers, each with a capacity of 75 gallons per hour. Here the paint base is mixed thoroughly with the vehicle, including thinners, driers and other essential liquids, before being filled into containers for distribution.

Bapco varnishes are made in an entirely different way and in a separate part of the plant. Six oil-burning fires, each separated from its neighbor by a 10" brick wall to reduce fire hazard, blaze here, and over each is wheeled a 200-gallon cooking kettle which has been filled with the oils and gums required

for the particular type of varnish being made. After cooking, the compound is wheeled to the thinning department where the necessary thinners are added through a recording gauge. The varnish is then piped to storage tanks, each holding 2,000 gallons, and laboratory tests are applied to determine drying time, viscosity, gloss, and other essential qualities before the final approval stickers are issued.

The Bapco plant is still a private concern, and is still owned by the Pendray family. The founder of British America Paint Company died in 1913, but the business today is capably managed by his two sons, J. C. and H. J. Pendray. Both are outstanding in civic affairs in Victoria, and, although they find their chief relaxation in travel, they still maintain the famous gardens which were the hobby of their father. These gardens, displaying what is known as topiary work, have aptly been named the Evergreen Zoological Gardens. Here, attesting to the recreational interest of the senior Pendray, may be seen yew and box and many other evergreen shrubs trained and clipped to represent in the most lifelike manner roosters, beavers, peacocks, bears, and even humans. They are widely known, and have been a great tourist attraction in Victoria for many years.

Oleum Claims Chemist-Pilot



During working hours Herbert C. Freuler may be found in the research laboratory of the Oleum Refinery of the Union Oil Company, but when he is not on duty there is no telling just where or when you may find him. Those are the hours he spends in the air.

For Freuler is a pilot with a sound background of air-hours to his credit. Not just an amateur aviation enthusiast, he was trained in the Marine Corps reserve upon his graduation from college. After ten months at the U. S. Navy Aviation School at Pensacola, Florida, Herb spent a year on active duty at the Naval Air Station at San Diego.

Since leaving active service he has maintained his proficiency and is at present a first lieutenant attached to the marine reserve scouting squadron at Oakland. Holder of a transport license, Freuler does most of his flying in military ships—that is, when he can get away from the laboratory.



Above: Timberline Lodge, million-dollar sports center at Mount Hood, Oregon.

Below: President Franklin D. Roosevelt dedicates the new lodge. Said President Roosevelt, "Americans are learning to play in winter as well as in summer."



Below: Skiing, one of the favorite sports here is rapidly sweeping the country as a popular winter pastime.



Above: Boyd French has laid out an uphill ski course and skiiers are using the new ski tow which provides a minute's ride, replacing a half-hour's climb.

OREGON'S WINTER PLAYGROUND

IN STEP with the rest of the country all Oregon is becoming winter sport conscious. In the past few years great strides have been made in developing interest in the great outdoors during winter months, and as President Roosevelt remarked in his dedicatory speech at Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, "Americans are learning to play in winter as well as in summer."

With the completion of Timberline Lodge, Oregon now has a million-dollar winter sports center that compares favorably with other nationally-known resorts of this type. The

architecture of the building is in complete harmony with the surrounding country. Broad rock buttresses of native stone support the walls of the lodge, while heavy pillars of ponderosa pine thirty-eight feet high uphold balconies at the second and third floors of the hexagon-shaped main section. Three massive stone fireplaces add the right note of warmth and comfort to the lobbies finished in hand-hewn beams and hand-carved furniture and decorations. Sleeping rooms, too, carry out the pioneer motif that prevails throughout the building. Just off the main floor lobby is the dining room whence one

may look out upon pinnacled Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters in the Cascade Range of mountains. On the lower level there is a ski lounge and coffee shop, which facilities should add much to the comfort and enjoyment of those who visit timberline for a day's skiing.

Thirty feet of snow cover the ground at Timberline during midwinter and the winding canyons and steep slopes are turned into readymade ski courses that start at the very door of the hotel. A wide slope of approximately 15 degrees stretches for half mile down the mountainside from the lodge entrance—an ideal "nursery" course for beginners. For the more seasoned skier there is the famous three-mile downhill course from 10,000-foot Crater Rock to timberline and the Alpine Ski Trail to Government Camp, a drop of 2,400 feet in four miles, undoubtedly the finest woods trail of its length and altitude in the country.

In addition to Timberline Lodge other improvements have been taking place on Mount Hood in preparation for the season of winter sports, and in keeping with its development as the supreme winter playground of the Pacific Northwest. The U. S. Forest Service is rapidly rushing completion of a new 20x30 building in the ski bowl. A roaring fire in the fireplace and the opportunity to obtain steaming-hot drinks will make this a welcome spot with skiers. Sport enthusiasts are looking forward also to using the new ski tow

which Boyd French will have in operation in the ski bowl, just a little over a mile from Government Camp. French, who is president of the Cascade Ski Club and premier slalom course setter of the Pacific Northwest, has laid out his first uphill ski course and is running an endless power rope up the route. A minute's ride on this ski tow will replace a half hour of climbing.

The Oregon Winter Sports Association has designated February 9 to 13 as the period for the annual Winter Sports Carnival, which will be climaxed by the Northwestern Jumping Championships. The Northwestern slalom and downhill tournament will be held on March 20.

Accessibility of Mount Hood's ski slopes is a prime factor in creating and increasing interest in winter sports. No metropolitan city in the Northwest is so favored as Portland in its strategic location close to a snowcapped peak with a paved highway making this fine area of ski terrain easily reached in an hour and a half from the city. The eight-mile road leading from the main highway at Government Camp to Timberline Lodge will be kept open by the Forest Service this winter, and those who keep in touch with such things are looking for a big season not only on the lower ski levels but high on Hood's slopes.

Other Oregonian localities that are making preparations for the winter skiing season include Bend, Klamath Falls, Medford, Pendleton, La Grande, Baker, Salem, and Eugene.

Matier Honored



Hugh A. Matier, public relations representative for Union Oil Company, was honored recently by the Smithsonian Institute when he was appointed a patron of the organization.

Last month he received a beautifully engraved certificate bearing the legend, "This is to certify that Hugh A. Matier is registered

in the archives of the Institution as a patron of the Smithsonian Scientific Series, in recognition of support to the Institute's program for the diffusion of knowledge among men."

Matier is widely known throughout the West as an entertaining lecturer, and is also noted as an anthropologist and archæologist.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE* AND OFFICIALS

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

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

Unless marked "Copyright" articles in this magazine may be used in any other publication.

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

DO YOU know that the California Bear is extinct? You may see him on the Bear Flag, or in pictures, but in life there is no such animal. All the California Grizzlies have been killed off, because we didn't develop conservation consciousness in time to protect them. Gone also are the antelope, beaver, and fur-bearing sea otter, that were once native to the state.

And so might also go many interesting and valuable fish, birds, trees and flowers, if it weren't for the institution of protective laws and a commendable change in the public attitude.

The whole program of conservation as related to flora and fauna, and to the natural resources of the state, is one of these undeniably worthwhile projects that for its success demands the co-operation of every resident. Conservation is like safety. Individuals or groups can promote either one. But the application of practices and the maximum effect of their functions can only be developed by sympathetic interest and the concerted effort of everybody involved.

Industry has already thoroughly recognized conservation not as a desirable thing to practice, but as an essential of sound business. It is a law as immutable as the law of gravity, that you can't have any cake tomorrow if you eat it all today. There is no such thing as an inexhaustible supply of material things, and there is absolutely no justification for the wanton waste or extravagant use by individuals or groups of individuals, of resources that

should be utilized economically and judiciously for the greatest benefit of all.

That is just as true of the aesthetic products of nature as it is of the industrial products. The perfume of a rose, the flavor of a strawberry, the color of a California poppy, the majesty of a California redwood, are gifts that we should treasure and conserve for posterity. In spite of all predictions, the world may not come to an end for some time, and it is nothing but sheer selfishness to destroy these beauties for our own immediate gratification, so depriving future generations of their fair share of God's goodness.

Wild flowers that are picked in the fields wilt before you can get them home. They are more beautiful where they grow. From the flowers in many cases come the seeds for the new plants, and if you simply can't resist the desire to pick a few blossoms, don't destroy the plants. They may come up again next year.

All of this is merely preliminary to an announcement that California has set aside the period from March 7 to 14, for the observation of conservation week. We can't take care of a whole conservation program in a week, of course, but we can use every effort during that week to stress the importance of conservation, to teach it to the children in the schools, talk it over in our clubs and societies, and by so doing we ourselves may learn to be a little more conscious of the need for conservation, and the methods by which we might most effectively apply it in our daily lives.

BREA CELEBRATES INCORPORATION

JUST off Highway 101, about three or four miles north of Fullerton in Orange County, California, lies Brea, the biggest little town in the State. It doesn't boast a "Great White Way"; it doesn't have a very numerous population; it doesn't have fifteen movie shows; but it does have enough civic pride and community spirit for a town ten times its size.

Nestling in the heart of a fertile citricultural area, and with productive oil fields adjacent on all sides, Brea might be expected to thrive with no other aid than this environment, and no doubt the support of industry contributes largely to the maintenance of its financial stability, but neither financial independence nor industrial prosperity can account for the vibrant heart-throb of this little community. Camaraderie, co-operation, good sense, and enthusiasm are the forces that blend its citizens into a compact fellowship, their efforts into an effective social mechanism, and their lives into an enjoyable experience.

Drive around Brea some time—it won't take you long. You'll remark about the trim civic headquarters and the adjacent swimming pool. You'll readily admit that Brea for its size has a grand grammar school. You'll agree that the high school, with its fine auditorium and adjoining sports stadium, is good enough for the biggest town in the State. You'll admire the Women's Club House. Then you'll take a swing down the short main street. And you'll have missed entirely the thing that really makes the town tick.

But stop in at one of the stores—the grocery, the drug store, or the barber shop—and you'll begin to sense what we are driving at. In and out go the local boys and the local girls, some making purchases, some not, but all excitedly interested in the current community problem. There are no secrets, therefore, no whisperings. Everybody knows everybody else, and the open discussion goes merrily ahead, with newcomers popping in every minute to submit their ideas and opinions.

That's the way it goes with every civic enterprise in Brea—the whole town simply pulsates with interest. The service clubs, social organizations, schools, churches and stores, are all meeting places for deliberation. And there are no misters in the community—just Bill

and Doc and Harry, and people of that kind, if you know what we mean. They are all pals united in a common effort that is independent of social status, and so they can apply themselves, and do, wholeheartedly to every worthwhile cause.

Just at the present time the full force of the town is concentrating on preparations for a big celebration, the 21st Anniversary of Incorporation, to be held on February 23. Old-time residents will come back from all parts of the country for this affair, because once a Breaite always a Breaite. And they will find arranged for them such a program of interesting events as will warm their hearts more than ever to the old home town, for while committees have been appointed to take charge of various phases of the affair, it seems that the function of a committee in Brea is merely to keep the enthusiasm of the townsfolk within bounds. As usual, everybody in town is working tooth and nail on the project, and there is not the slightest doubt that when February 23 eventually rolls around, Orange County will witness in Brea's 21st Anniversary Celebration, one of the most enthusiastic parties ever staged in the county for any similar purpose.

Radford Naval Reservist



J. C. Radford, assistant to the supervisor of refinery production, with headquarters in the manufacturing department at Los Angeles, was recently commissioned a Lieutenant, J. G., in the U. S. Naval Reserve. Radford, a graduate of California Institute of Technology, is now listed as an engineer in the engineer volunteer specialist service.

SO. DIV. DISTRICT SALES MANAGERS FALL MEETING



Front row (left to right): F. A. Culling, W. S. Grant, N. R. Benedict, R. C. Copeland, Z. F. Smith, C. E. MacLean, E. R. Broadbent, T. G. Wise. Back row (left to right): J. S. Swanson, W. F. Lewis, E. J. Munn, M. W. McAfee, R. Linden, W. A. Cole, H. F. Armour, J. D. Nesbitt, C. C. Ireland, W. M. Weir, C. H. Mann, E. G. Swailes, Jack Gordon, Henry Dean, George Hurst, C. A. Goughnor.

DOUBLE EVENT AT SAN LUIS

SAN LUIS OBISPO was the scene of two historic events in the life of Union Oil Company on Friday, January 7, when the Northern Division pipe line department staged its annual safety meeting at the Anderson Hotel, and then held open house in a fine new suite of offices in the Rodney V. Johnson Building at Morro and Monterey Streets.

Lafe Todd, general superintendent, conducted the meeting, which was well attended by employees of eight departments in the division, and visitors from Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and points south. In a three-hour program, safety in all its phases occupied the greater part of the time, and interesting statistics were developed with regard to the record to date, and the stimulation that might be derived from these statistics for future performance. Representatives of the various departments — pipe line, field, manufacturing, sales, etc., were given an opportunity to contribute anything they might to the good of the cause, and under the soothing influence of a fine luncheon they responded nobly.

At the beginning of the meeting, Lafe Todd apologized for the absence of Ralph Rosborough, northern division superintendent (Ralph was called away unavoidably at the

last minute), and commented at some length on safety developments and safety progress. He then presented in turn Ted Miles, valley division field superintendent; Jim Nesbitt, district sales manager at Santa Barbara; Bob Frazier, manager, Avila refinery, who each gave short, interesting talks on various aspects of safety work, and their enjoyable relationships with the members of the pipe-line department. Al Brown, district gauger at Coalinga, representing the pipe-line employees on the northern section of the territory, made a fine impression with an appeal for continuation of the present highly satisfactory understanding between the employees and the management of the department. Harold Yackey, coast division assistant superintendent, gave a clear, concise description of the new type equipment now being used, and displayed an intimate knowledge of his subject. Harold Cole, district foreman, described the value of foremanship training and its benefits, the safety provisions involved in maintenance and repair work, some fine constructive advice for the future conduct of that particular section of the business.

After presenting the northern division representatives and visitors, Lafe Todd introduced

PRODUCERS PIPE LINE

in the Rodney V. Johnson



Above: Switchboard in the reception room.



Right: W. J. Chase, District Accountant, looks very pleased with his new office.



Below: Group attending annual safety meeting and reception.



WE OPENS NEW OFFICE

in Building—shown below



Above: Another corner of the reception room.



Oval: Lafe Todd, General Superintendent of the Pipe Lines, chairman of the safety meeting.



Left: R. V. Rosborough, superintendent, Northern Division pipe lines, is too busy to look at the camera.



W. L. Stewart, Jr., who briefly complimented the pipe-line division on the acquisition of its fine new quarters, and all the northern division employees on the excellent co-operative spirit that obviously exists between the various units. He wound up an inspiring talk with best wishes for the new year, and the express hope that the pipe-line department would still further improve its safety record during 1938.

George Prussing then availed himself of the opportunity to break down departmental safety statistics, and explain their significance, not only with regard to past performance, but more important still, with reference to their promise of future accomplishment.

The gathering was next instructed and entertained by John Howell's presentation of his now-famous exposition of the fundamentals of fire and fire prevention. Then A. C. Galbraith, assistant vice-president, in charge of Industrial Relations and Personnel, was introduced, and with his usual eloquence and sincerity, delivered a highly illuminating and thoroughly enjoyable dissertation on the essentials of personnel and industrial relations endeavor, especially emphasizing the part that the various factions in the industrial scheme

must play in the promotion of mutual understanding and concerted effort.

The meeting closed with a short talk by William Groundwater, director of transportation, in which he told interestingly and informatively the history of the safety movement, especially commenting on the changes in the character of the meetings, and the improvements in safety technique, that have taken place as the movement progressed. This particular gathering, he pointed out, was the thirteenth of such meetings, and it was interesting to note that quite a number of the men who attended the first annual safety conference of northern division pipe liners were present on this occasion. He concluded by complimenting the men on their progress in safety work, and exhorting them to still greater effort in the coming year.

Following the meeting the party adjourned to the new offices and submitted them to a searching examination, but could find nothing to criticize. It seemed to be the unanimous verdict that they provided worthy quarters for a worthy institution, and the boys in the pipe-line department are really justified in the pride which, even if they were trying, they completely failed to conceal.

Helpful Hints Dept., Ltd.

If you have a cow, and if your cow should happen to fall into an oil sump to emerge with a fall coat of shining crude oil, let this experience of four Union Oil Company employees at Orcutt guide you in your judgment of what to do.

The four, Lester Billington, Carl Engel, Blaine Hughes and Hugh Alexander, received word one afternoon last month that two heifers

had strayed into a sump and were in danger of drowning. Setting out for the scene of the accident they finally managed to rescue the bovines. One trotted off before anything could be done for her, but the other, with a potential of about 117 barrels adhering to her hide, was placed on a wash rack, given a solvent bath, a Triton polish, and a glass-cleaner rub-down. Results, it is said, were positively amazing!

Refinery Christmas Party

Nearly two hundred employees of the Los Angeles Refinery attended the annual Christmas party held in the refinery cafeteria, December 23, with a Santa Claus, Christmas tree, and exchange of gifts, creating a genuine holiday atmosphere for the occasion.

Dr. C. D. Barns, Milton Lee, and George Potter presented a short musical program.

Girls' Club Activities

A goodly number of Los Angeles families found the Christmas season brightened this year by the fine efforts of the Union Oil Girls' Club, and Audrey Smith, as chairman of the Welfare committee, expresses profound gratitude in behalf of the girls for the generous voluntary contributions that enabled them to extend this worth-while activity.



NEWHOFF PROMOTED

W. A. "Tony" Newhoff was appointed to the important post of assistant director of sales for Union Oil Company of California, effective January 4, in accordance with a bulletin issued by V. H. Kelly, director of sales.

Newhoff, formerly manager of refined oil sales, is one of the company's younger executives, being just forty-four years of age. He first began his career with Union Oil Company

seventeen years ago at San Francisco, California, and was assistant district manager at Los Angeles for a short time during the year 1929. In 1933 he was appointed central division manager, with headquarters at San Francisco, and remained in that capacity until last July when he was transferred to Los Angeles as manager of refined oil sales.

C. OF C. HONORS GROUNDWATER



William Groundwater, director of transportation, Union Oil Company of California, was recently appointed general chairman of the Harbor, Foreign Commerce and Shipping Committee, of the Los Angeles Chamber of

Commerce, and a director of the Chamber. Mr. Groundwater has been an active member of the Chamber of Commerce since he came to Los Angeles in 1922, and since that time has been attached to the shipping section of which he was chairman in 1936 and 1937. He is also a past chairman of the Pacific Coast Marine Section of the American Petroleum Institute, and is now president of the Pacific American Tankship Association.

Parish Traffic Head

R. A. "Reg" Parish, traffic representative of Union Oil Company of Canada, last month was elected chairman of the Canadian Industrial Traffic League at its annual dinner meeting in the Pacific Athletic Club of Vancouver, British Columbia.



J. N. Bateman



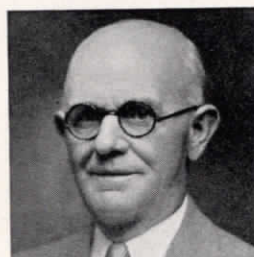
H. L. Painter



H. K. Hougham



S. A. Waters



H. F. Armour



L. R. Berryhill



Z. F. Smith



H. F. McDowell



W. S. Grant



N. R. Benedict



M. H. White



D. P. Hunter



J. Noviack



V. O. Nordquist



E. G. Swailes

SALES ORGANIZATION

THE following organization changes, announced by V. H. Kelly, director of sales, were effective as of December 15th:

J. N. Bateman, Sales Promotion Supervisor, Seattle. H. L. Painter, transferred to Lubricants and Special Products Department, Head Office.

District Sales Managers—NORTHERN DIVISION: M. H. White, Walla Walla; D. P. Hunter, Bremerton. CENTRAL DIVISION: H. K. Hougham, Sacramento; L. R. Berryhill, Chico; H. F. McDowell, Reno; J. Noviack, Merced; S. A. Waters, Santa Rosa. SOUTHERN DIVISION: Z. F. Smith, Phoenix; W. S. Grant, Santa Ana; V. O. Nordquist, El Centro; H. F. Armour, Burbank; N. R. Benedict, Riverside; E. G. Swailes, Pasadena.



Left to right is the cast of the new drama, "Not For Me, Thanks!" which is playing in the Portland office: Field No. 1, W. A. Saunders; Field No. 2, W. A. Billings; Field No. 4, L. E. Greenwood; Field No. 5, T. P. Daniels; Field No. 6, G. I. Inman; Field No. 7, F. L. Wood; Field No. 8, R. G. Edwards; Field No. 9, A. J. Peterson; Field No. 10, T. C. Burke, Jr. J. N. Bateman, agent, stands at the upper left. Ps-s-s-s-t! Look what Mr. Saunders is wearing.

"NOT FOR ME, THANKS!"

THIS is the title of a mighty drama that is being played day and night to capacity audiences of Union Oil Company city salesmen at Portland since incentive went streamlined in the monthly sales contest in the City of Roses.

It all came about when the Portland agent decided to add a little modern touch to the usual contest for the \$5 to \$10 prize that goes with the largest sales record for the month. To do this J. N. Bateman, the agent, had a large scoreboard divided into nine parts horizontally, one part for each field, and placed percentage values ranging from 0 to 120 vertically along one edge. This gave him all the

component parts of a sales graph. Then Mrs. Margaret Stone of the Portland staff brought her artistic talents into play and made caricature bodies for photographed heads of each salesman. These figures are shifted daily to show their relative positions in the sales race, and give animation to the graph.

Oh, yes!—the drama! Well, it seems that Mrs. Stone also fashioned a tiny pair of pink silk unmentionables which are placed on the caricature of the salesman who finishes last in the contest. They have been a great help in the sales drive, the general attitude of the salesmen being the title of our production:

"Not For Me, Thanks!"

Union Oil Company Float Wins Grand Prize at Pasadena Tournament of Roses



Left: The pennant symbolizing Grand Prize. An identical award was made Union Oil's entry in the 1936 Pasadena event.



Above: By far the largest float in the parade, Union Oil's "Cinderella" measured more than 50 feet long and 20 feet wide at the maximum width.

Below: In recreating the fairy book scene, there was no sparing of flowers. Below is a group of workers sorting part of the 400,000 blossoms that were used.



Above: More than 35 people spent the last 36 hours, before the parade, putting finishing touches on the float.



Left: Workmen finishing up the towers at the rear of the float. These towers rose to a height of 16 feet from the bed of the truck.

Below: Welding braces to strengthen the float.



Above: True to mythology, the coachman took the form of a lizard. Here you see him before he received his coat of white carnation petals.

Right: Here is a rear view of the float showing the Prince returning with the slipper to claim Cinderella.

Below: Making one of the final check-ups and adding a few petals.



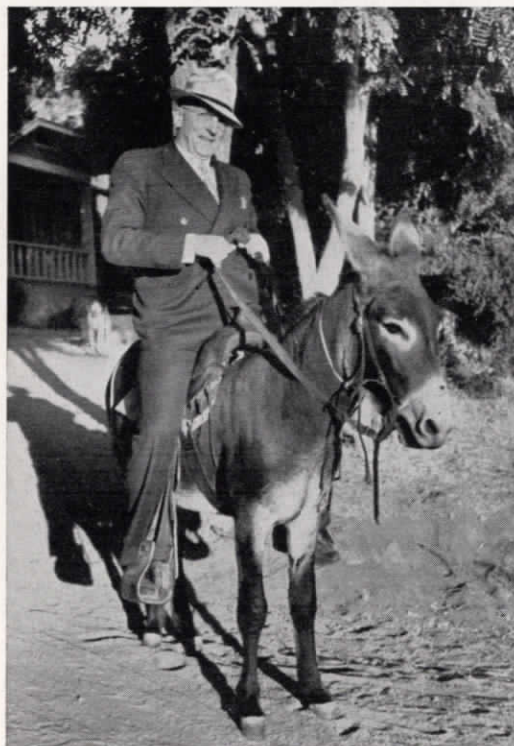
Left: Final inspection before the float left for Pasadena where it was acclaimed the outstanding entry in the commercial class.

EMPLOYEE—



Above: W. K. Hopkins and brother, Maurice, exhibit the result of a big game hunt in Mexico.

Below: Sherman Doty inspects Orval Gould's ranch at Santa Margarita on his new 1938 model.

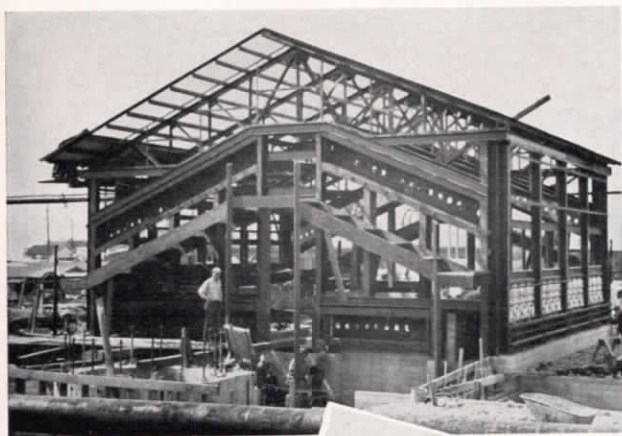


Above: Seeing is believing and here is the evidence of a nice mess of Dolly Varden trout caught by Warren Carey at Quesnal Lake, B. C.

Below: John R. Walsh, chief engineer on the S. S. Cathwood, interviews a bear at Yosemite.



—CANDIDS



Above: Early construction shot of the heater for new crude unit at Oleum refinery.



Above: Bob Felsenthal, gateman, takes a second look, decides it's O. K. to let someone in.



Left: The Oleum switch engine, with Jack Wise at throttle, shoves off.



Right: Jack "Short Circuit" Bradshaw, electrician at Oleum, in one of his "current" photos.



Above: George Amerine, of the asphalt shed at Oleum, prepares to hoist another one—another barrel, that is.



Left (left to right): William "Butch" Simas, personnel; William "Billy" Quill, crude stillman; Richard C. Graves, asphalt stillman.

DONALD DUCK—PAINTING CONTRACTOR

ALTHOUGH it will be some time before he is eligible for one of the regular awards, agitation has already started for a service emblem for Donald Duck of Portland, Oregon. For Donald, who is a very smart duck, has been with the Union Oil Company, indirectly, in an advisory capacity for quite some time now, and, as a member of a paint company which supervises saving the surface of Union Service Stations, has probably been active in more of the company's retail outlets than many regular members of the company's staff.

Whenever a call for the paint crew comes in, Neil Hopkins, of 2139 N. Watts Street, Portland, gathers his crew, including Donald, together and hits the road. During these trips Mr. Duck rides in a specially constructed seat in the truck, and, upon arrival at the scene of action, either quacks his approval of the surroundings, splashes in a special pool of water that is provided for him at each stopping

place, or goes visiting among the neighbors. But when the truck's motor starts, even though he is a block away, Donald's ears catch the sound, and, with a volley of excited quacks he starts for the scene of action as fast as his dumpy legs will carry him. Once there he surveys the completed job and hops aboard, ready to be off to the next place, whether it be Roseburg or Chicago.

Hopkins, Donald's owner, has had what might be called a "ducky" career. He tried all kinds of pets in the beginning. Dogs, cats—everything. But ducks, he decided, are the best all-round pets. Although he has found some dumb ones, they are usually smart and they never stray very far away from the paint crew.

Donald, he says, is an exceptionally intelligent bird, and undoubtedly took up a painting career in order to avoid ending his career prematurely on a platter.



Above: "Who says it ain't O. K.? Wanna fight?"

Left: Donald Duck evidently approves of this job, being done by his master, Neil Hopkins, on a Union Service Station.

Thirty Years



Frank M. Higuera
Mfg., Oleum Refy.



EVERY month in the year means a New Year celebration for one or more Union Oil Company employees—the beginning of another year of association, and a time for resolutions and renewed ambitions. Following are the men who are this month taking stock of past accomplishment, and gathering themselves together for another year of achievement.

FRANK M. HIGUERA

A boyhood playmate gave Frank M. Higuera his first job with the Union Oil Company. That job was in the yard department at Rodeo back in 1908.

During his first year with the company, he worked in the can house and boiler shop of the Oleum Refinery. In 1909, when the refinery added a blacksmith to the ranks of a fast growing list of craftsmen, Frank Higuera became the blacksmith's assistant. Eighteen months later he became a blacksmith in his own right—a position he holds today. Combining acetylene welding and cutting with forge work,

Frank is able to fabricate an intricate piece of equipment with great skill.

On January 1st, he completed 30 years of mutually productive association with Union Oil Company and he states with some pride that the greatest joy of his existence has been the friendships he has built up over that time. Frank has many hobbies, but a check up reveals the fact that he spends most of his spare time hunting—any kind of game, fish or fowl.

VIRGIL L. LANNIER

Virgil L. Lannier, on January first, celebrated twenty-five years with the Union Oil Company—all of which have been spent in the Norwalk District. And he knows the Los Angeles pipeline as intimately as most of us know our back yard. He was among a group of veterans who helped lay the first pipeline from Bixby Station to the East San Pedro Pump Station.

During the past twenty-five years, Virgil has served in various capacities, among other things roustabout, engineer and linewalker. His daily tours over the line have made him acquainted with every pipeliner in the south-

Twenty-Five Years



V. L. Lannier
Transp., So. Pipe Line



C. W. Root
Field, So. Div.



Horace G. Iverson
Mfg., Oleum Refy.

ern division, and his cheerful disposition and optimism have been a source of real pleasure to the pipeline employees with whom he comes in contact.

His favorite place of relaxation is in the Siskiyou Mountains in Northern California and being an ardent fisherman and hunter, he rarely misses bringing home his annual limit of trout and deer.

CLARK W. ROOT

Second on the list to become a twenty-five year man this month is Clark W. Root, a native of Ohio, who was induced to come to California by his brother Emory, then in the company's employ on the Torrey lease. On January 13, 1909, Clark threw in his lot with Union Oil Company and became a teamster at Adams Canyon, near Santa Paula.

Because of illness in his family, he was forced to resign in 1911 and return to his home in Ohio, but two years later he again entered the company's employ in the production department on the Torrey lease in the hills near Piru. Clark remained on the Torrey lease until 1928 at which time he was transferred to the Richfield production department, his present location.

He was a witness of the destruction caused by the disastrous flood which swept the Santa Clara valley when the San Francisquite Dam gave way.

During his spare time, he may be found gardening and working around his home, but on Sunday, you are most likely to find him enjoying a quiet game of pinochle at the Santa Fe Park in Fullerton.

HORACE G. IVERSON

Horace G. Iverson's personnel record shows he was employed on January 16, 1913, at the Oleum Refinery. During his first year of service he worked at the asphalt shed and a trans-

fer sent him to the rerun stills as a fireman. He became a stillman in 1916, a position in which he has long served diligently and effectively on both the crude and rerun stills. His consecutive record was broken only by service in the U. S. Army during the War.

Horace can tell you where most of the good trout fishing streams are located in the Mount Shasta region, for there he spends most of his vacations, and although he claims no distinction as a gardener, you can usually find him during his time off farming a rich looking acre of land that he owns up in the Bay area.

FRED T. SHORES

"From sprouting plants to spouting oil wells" has been Fred T. Shores' experience, for he was a farmer in his own right back home in Colorado. Eventually selling his farm, however, he arrived in California on January 25, 1913, and just nineteen days later he was an employee of Union Oil Company on the Stearns lease as a roustabout.

Just about a year after his initial appointment Fred became a tooldresser on a cable tool outfit, graduating to rotary when this type of drilling was developed. Twenty-four years of his twenty-five in the company's service have been spent in the drilling department and he has drilled wells all over the southern division. He recalls that when he started with the company, there were no oil fields in Montebello, Stearns, Richfield, Signal Hill and Santa Fe Springs.

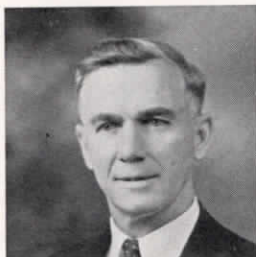
WILLIAM H. RICHARDS

Old-timers of the Pipe Line Department at the Antelope pump station probably recall William H. Richards' wife as well as Bill himself. She ran a boarding house there in 1913 and the pump station veterans will undoubtedly vouch for her good cooking, while Bill will be

Twenty-Five Years



Fred T. Shores
Field, So. Div.



Wm. H. Richards
Transp., No. Pipe Line

just as favorably remembered for his likeable personality and congenial nature.

Richards was employed on January 27, 1913, as a boilerwasher at the Antelope pump station and remained in this position until 1915, when he was transferred to the Avila pump station as fireman. In 1920 he was advanced to tour engineer at this same station, a position which he has held since that time.

He boasts of a fine family consisting of two daughters, one married and one attending San Luis Obispo Junior College. The latter is a vocalist of some distinction well known to residents of San Luis Obispo. Bill claims his greatest thrill is sea and stream fishing, although he is a lover of all outdoor life and sports.

JAMES M. BURLERSON

Like two other veterans listed in these columns, "Matt" Burlerson deserted farming in his native state of Missouri to enter the California oil business. He located in Santa Paula in 1913 and for a period of about five years was engaged in the transfer business.

On January 1, 1918, he entered the employ of the Union Oil Company as a boiler fireman at the Santa Paula refinery. Promotion came for him on October 15, 1920, when he was elevated to crude stillman, a position he has held since that date. Numerous changes and enlargements have been made to the plant since he first started but during these 20 years, "Matt" has always displayed conscientious interest in the efficient operation of apparatus under his charge.

A few years ago, he purchased an orange ranch about a mile from the refinery, where he and his family reside. Aside from being an ardent baseball and football fan, much of his time is devoted to the development and operation of this property.

CARL WEBER

Carl Weber is a native Californian, a native of Santa Maria in fact, who has watched the development of the oil industry in this district all his life. He recalls very clearly when Hartnell No. 1 gusher was first brought in and he is now watching with interest the development of the new field in the Santa Maria Valley.

Carl entered the company's employ on January 2, 1918, as a roustabout under Thomas Travers, production foreman, on the Bell and Blochman leases in Cat Canyon. He was later transferred to the rod gang where he acted as a well pusher. Six years later, at the completion of the job as well pusher, he was appointed to the position of field pumper No. 1 in the Orcutt Field on the Squires and Hartnell leases. He still occupies this position.

Although he particularly enjoys camping and fishing, Carl reluctantly admits Mrs. Weber is by far the best fisherman in the family.

FOREST F. FLOWER

Forest F. Flower, mechanic at the Los Angeles plant of the southern division sales department, is one man who is actually working at his hobby. For sixteen years he has been interested in the operation and maintenance of automotive equipment of all types, and is familiar with the intimate construction details of every car and truck model issued during that time.

One of the old-timers in the Los Angeles plant, he was employed in the Los Angeles garage as a mechanic's helper on January 4, 1918, and was promoted to mechanic and shortly thereafter was placed in charge of construction of truck tanks, curb signs and other types of metal work.

During the early part of 1934, when the construction of truck tanks was contracted to

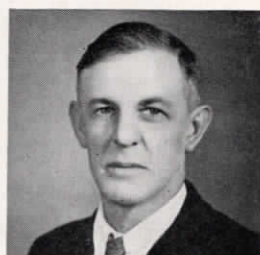
Twenty Years



J. M. Burlison
Mfg., Santa Paula Refy.



Carl Weber
Field, Coast Div.



F. F. Flower
Sales, So. Div.

an independent body-building concern and this type of work was discontinued at the L. A. garage, Flower was transferred to the Los Angeles Plant to handle the numerous mechanical jobs that occur there. Since April, 1936, in addition to his other duties, he has been relief engineer in the boiler house one day a week and during vacation periods.

He is a conscientious workman, and has made a wide circle of friends during his long association with the company.

JOHN C. CALHOUN

John C. Calhoun entered the service of Union Oil Company on January 10, 1918, as a special guard at the Avila refinery. A short time later he was advanced to stillman's helper in which position he remained until 1924, when he was transferred to the Oleum refinery. In 1928 he returned to the Avila refinery as a stillman and at the present time is classified as an operator.

"Johnny" is an artist at horseshoe pitching—so much so, it is claimed, that he has difficulty in securing interesting competition in his locality. When he cannot secure competition, he devotes his spare time to raising Mexican hairless puppies and the puppies devote their time to raising cain with his garden.

HAROLD H. FISHER

Harold H. Fisher looks back upon his twenty years with the Company with a great deal of pleasure. He was employed on January 16, 1918, as a stenographer at the Potrero plant in San Francisco and occupied several positions there until 1925. From that time until 1927 he served as a sub-station auditor for the San Francisco and Oakland districts.

In May, 1927, he was transferred to San Diego as district auditor and thence to the Northwest and then back to Fresno. Eventually he returned to the Central Division in October, 1933, when the division was organ-

ized. Here he remained and now holds the position of chief tabulation clerk.

He likes the two related sports, golf and gardening, although he says that "digging" is more constructive than divot lofting.

CARL D. ELY

Starting as a roustabout with the pipe line department in Los Angeles on January 18, 1918, Carl D. Ely has since worked as head roustabout, fireman and engineer for the Union Oil Company, and since July, 1925, has been senior engineer at the Richfield pump station.

His hobby is an interest in things that grow and the many flowers and shrubs growing around the Richfield pump station were planted by him and indicate his horticultural proclivities. He spends most of his days off cultivating an avocado grove in Escondido, which gives him an additional opportunity to practice his hobby. Mr. Ely is a regular attendant of all pipe-line meetings and functions, and derives real pleasure from these gatherings.

CHARLES S. PEDERSEN

Charles S. Pedersen, a native Californian, who received his second ruby award this month, entered the Company's service on January 2, 1918, as a stenographer in the compounding division at Oleum refinery. Several months later he was transferred to the laboratory and became stenographer to R. E. Haylett. In 1920, the latter moved his headquarters to Los Angeles and Charlie was transferred there until the organization of the research department at Wilmington. He was then placed in charge of accounting and office work for the department and in July, 1923, was made chief clerk, a position which he still holds.

His duties now include supervision of ac-



J. C. Calhoun
Mfg., Avila Refy.

Twenty Years



H. H. Fisher
Sales, Cent. Div.



Carl D. Ely
Transp., So. Pipe Line



C. S. Pedersen
Mfg., Research



J. E. Knabb
Auto., Head Office

counting, stenographic and clerical work as well as custody of all research department properties and records. A highlight of his service with the company occurred in 1923 when as a secretary he accompanied Mr. Haylett and other officials on a business trip to Paris.

Charlie operates a six-acre orange grove near San Bernardino during his spare time. This property he acquired a year and a half ago and his first crop was a complete loss during the "freeze" in 1937. Taking this loss optimistically, however, he is still following the best cultural methods and expects that it will soon become a paying proposition. He enjoys an occasional game of golf, too.

JAMES E. KNABB

January 29th is the day "Jim" Knabb entered Union Oil Company's employ back in 1918. He was immediately assigned as foreman of the sales department garage in Phoenix, Arizona, and remained in this capacity for eight years. He was transferred to San Diego as garage foreman on September 15, 1926, and in March, 1927, was again transferred . . . this time to Sacramento in a similar capacity. In November, 1927, he was promoted to division automotive superintendent when the Central Division garage was established at Emeryville. Another move sent Knabb to Los Angeles in October, 1935, as

automotive superintendent, Southern Division Sales—the position he now occupies.

"Jim" Knabb admits no other hobbies than amateur motion picture photography and spends most of his spare time "shooting" his favorite subjects.

Thirty Years—January, 1938

Higuera, F. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.

Twenty-five Years—January, 1938

Iverson, H. G., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
Lannier, V. L., Transp., So. Pipe Line.
Richards, W. H., Transp., No. Pipe Line.
Root, C. W., Field, So. Div.
Shores, F. T., Field, So. Div.

Twenty Years—January, 1938

Burleson, J. M., Mfg., Santa Paula Refy.
Calhoun, J. C., Mfg., Avila Refy.
Ely, C. D., Transp., So. Pipe Line.
Fisher, H. H., Sales, Cent. Div.
Flower, F. F., Sales, So. Div.
Knabb, J. E., Auto., Head Office.
Pedersen, C. S., Mfg., Research.
Weber, C., Field, Coast Div.

Fifteen Years—January, 1938

Angel, E. H., Transp., So. Pipe Line.
Anthony, A., Field, So. Div.
Bath, C. P., U.S.S., No. Reg.
Beal, B. F., Field, So. Div.
Brooks, A. P., Compt., Head Office.
Dean, D. R., Sales, So. Div.

Eichendorf, J. E., Sales, No. Div.
 Endicott, C. W., Sales, No. Div.
 Flynn, B. M., Compt., Head Office.
 Frazier, V. S., Field, So. Div.
 Jacobsen, S., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Kamp, Wm., Field, Valley Div.
 Longfellow, C. F., Transp., No. Pipe Line.
 McKeen, A. E., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Mickel, G. A., Transp., So. Pipe Line.
 Moore, G. H., Field, So. Div.
 Myers, D. B., Exp., Head Office.
 Nance, W., Field, So. Div.
 Phillips, J. M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Rogers, E. C., Compt., Head Office.
 Sanders, G. W., Transp., No. Pipe Line.
 Smith, C. M., Field, So. Div.
 Springer, C. W., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Taylor, M. E., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Warner, G., Sales, No. Div.
 Willis, W. S., Field, Valley Div.
 Yarnell, A. B., Field, So. Div.

Ten Years—January, 1938

Bailey, F. S., Sales, No. Div.
 Bennett, H., Sales, Vancouver Div.
 Boone, W. W., Compt., Head Office.
 Bowen, A. M., Bldg., U. O. Bldg.
 Bupp, P. L., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Carlson, J. W., Sales, No. Div.
 Clegg, A. R., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Freligh, E. W., Mfg., L. A. Refy.
 Gardner, W. D., Sales, No. Div.
 Gruendike, W. C., Sales, So. Div.
 Holland, L. R., Transp., No. Pipe Line.
 Jeffries, K. W., Sales, So. Div.
 Keane, A. L., Sales, Cent. Div.
 Lusardi, A. S., Transp., No. Pipe Line.
 McAdams, R. G., Whse., So. Div.
 Manning, E. E., Mfg., Oleum Refy.
 Quick, J. R., Field, Coast Div.
 Robinson, M. V., Gas, So. Div.
 Wright, H. W., Sales, No. Div.

Refinery Girls' Party

With Santa and his reindeer as table decorations to set the theme of the affair, the Girls' Social Club of the Los Angeles Refinery held their Christmas party at the Hotel LaFayette in Long Beach, December 16.

The first of what is planned to be an annual occasion, the party was a distinct success. Following the dinner each member was presented with a lovely guest towel as a gift, and the group adjourned for a social evening, the chief diversion of which was playing cards.

Marine Organization



J. R. Kruger



R. M. Winings

Joseph R. Kruger, storekeeper of the Port San Luis Commissary Warehouse, last month was named port steward with headquarters at Berth 150, Wilmington. Robert M. Winings assumed Kruger's former post at Port San Luis. Both assumed their new positions as of December 9th.

Gets Third Hole in One



Clint Erb

In a recent issue of Mercury, Willie Hunter, the well-known golf professional out at the Riviera Country Club, writes as follows:

"Golfing New Year really commenced on Sunday last, when a large crowd turned out to see how much their game had improved and with the usual lack of surprises, with one known exception. That one was Clinton Erb, who made the fourth hole in one grand and perfect shot. Carrying on to the green, his ball rolled on to the cup and disappeared. The hole played 245 yards from where the markers were, and I believe it is the first hole in one made at this particular hole, which ranks as one of the most difficult one-shotters in the country. You might have saved that hole for the team matches, Clinton, but anyhow, congratulations."

This sort of business is getting to be a nuisance to Clint. Our golf scouts inform us that this is the third time he has downed the pellet in a single shot.

REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

According to a local newspaper, a water heater recently exploded in a downtown store, and between three and four people were injured.

Which recalls another report of a shooting affray we read some time ago. It appears that one of the involved parties was shot three times, and, in the words of the reporter, "Two of the wounds were fatal, but the third was only slight and the victim may recover."

Then there was the lad who went wild boar hunting, and was very much upset because the compositor placed a comma after "wild."

Now comes Cec Jeffery stoutly maintaining that the automobile has completely displaced the horse, as proof of which he testifies that he found a piece of fan belt in his hamburger the other day.

And speaking of hamburger; business is definitely around the corner. We note that the packing houses are making a killing again.

Yet people still get thin worrying, excepting when they are worrying about being fat.

Incidentally, we know one obese individual who indulged in calisthenics so consistently and ardently that it fairly took his breadth away.

You have heard, of course, about the English bulldog that went for a tramp every day.

And, on this subject, we have always had a feeling that the skin of a bulldog was really intended for a much larger animal.

Speaking of animals, did you ever notice how much bigger a cat's eyes become at night—and his voice?

Diverging at this stage to discuss bigger and better things: These streamline trains are sure a lot more difficult to hit.

Also, there is a profound suspicion in some quarters that the back seat driving idea was originated by a tractor operator.

Statistics show that many more people are killed by autos than by trains. This, however, is hardly a fair comparison, because we all know that the trains are obliged to stay on the tracks.

And don't kid yourself, that train approaching the crossing is not just whistling to keep up its courage.

A survey of prevailing wage rates indicates that trombone players are now being paid on a sliding scale.

Personally, our favorite musical instrument is the ukulele. You don't have to be in tune.

"And," says the violinist, "that last note was D flat." To which the pianist answered, "Yeah, that's what I thought, but I didn't like to say it."

"I hear Mrs. Jellico passed away this morning, when she was down at the millinery store trying on a new hat," the lady in the flat above announced, and her downstairs acquaintance remarked nonchalantly, "'Zat so. How was it trimmed?"

There is nothing, incidentally, like a ducky hat to make a woman's head swim.

We are indebted to V. H. Kelly, director of sales, for the following piece of sagacity, "Everybody knows that the business runs more smoothly when the boss is away. On the other side of the ledger, however, we shouldn't forget how many business men have recovered their health sleeping in the office with the windows open."

A squib that reminds us of the sales manager who, some time ago, was presented by his staff with a beautiful desk set, and is now lamenting the fact that he has no place to put his feet.

It is said also that the natives of Central America who gather chicle sap for chewing gum lead terribly hard lives. And, by heck, they ought to. Look what they've done to our stenographers.

Saying which we must be about some more dignified business. Don't forget that any dead fish can float downstream, but it takes a live one to fight his way up against the current.

And when in deep water it's a good idea to keep your mouth closed.

