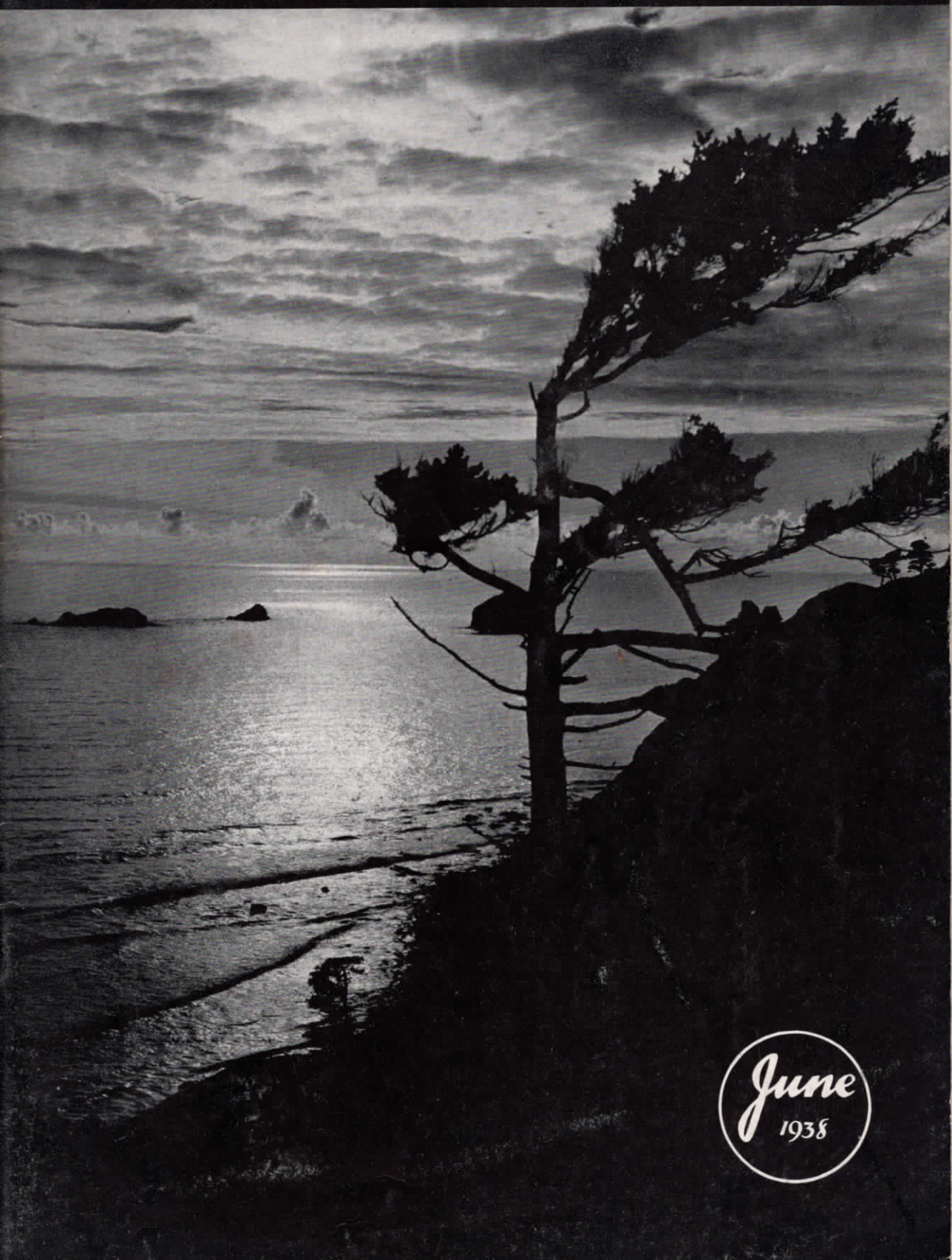
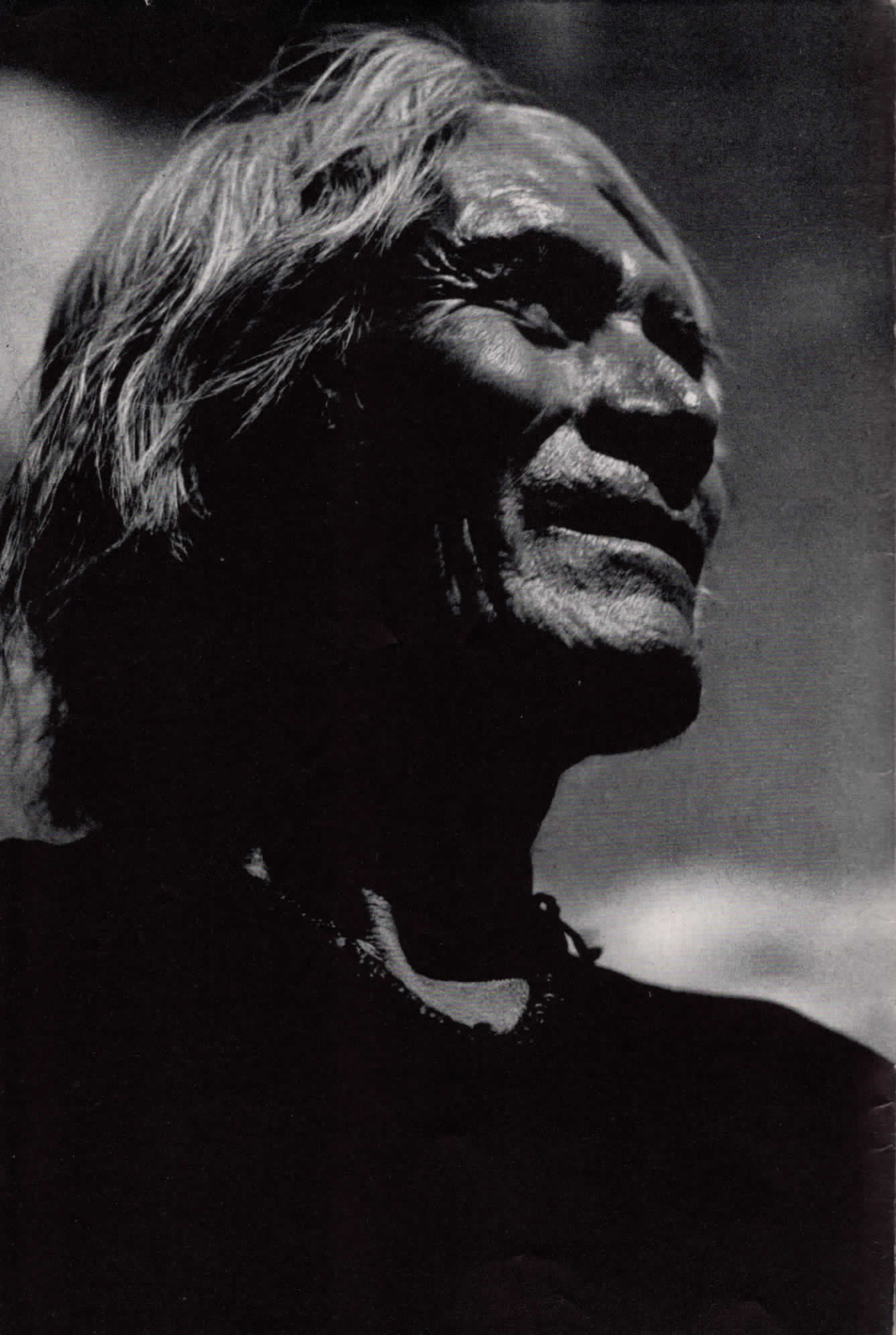


★ UNION OIL BULLETIN ★



June  
1938





# U N I O N   O I L

# B U L L E T I N

VOLUME NINETEEN

JUNE, 1938

NUMBER SIX



## GALLUP SMOKES THE PEACE PIPE

**H**AD General Custer understood Indians as the people of Gallup, New Mexico, understand them the Seventh Cavalry probably would not have been wiped out at the battle of the Little Big Horn.

Gallup is a thriving town on the wind-swept plains at the edge of the painted desert. Geographically it is almost in the center of a 1000-mile radius of Indian country, and, on the time-honored theory of making the most of what you have, Gallup's business men have had the good sense to capitalize Indian interest.

Today Gallup is widely publicized as the "Indian Capital," and it is deserving of the name, for it is the only city in the western hemisphere which once a year plays host to

7000 Indians representing twenty-three tribes and at least eleven different states.

On the last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in August for the past seventeen years Indians from reservations as far distant as Rosebud and Shoshone journey to Gallup to participate in the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremony, for the reason that it is truly representative of the North American Indian, and because Gallup helps the Indian to help himself.

Redmen from the reservations in Oklahoma are more than 700 miles from home when they reach Gallup, and those from the Black Hills and parts of Wyoming journey more than 1000 miles each way. Among the spectators



are Indians from practically every section of the United States. All are drawn there in the spirit of wholesome entertainment and clean sports.

The idea is not new. It originated nearly 100 years ago, when the emigrant trains were moving westward, their eager occupants in search of gold and free land. Those were the days of the "Mountain Men" and the fur trappers; when beaver skins were the chief medium of exchange; when a prime raw beaver pelt was worth \$6 at the trading post.

In those colorful days trading posts owned or managed by shrewd Yankee merchants were strewn over the western states at intervals of perhaps 500 miles, being located near abundant water and on the main traveled roads which, at that period, were the Santa Fe, Oregon, Mormon and Cherokee Trails.

The western terminus of the Santa Fe Trail for the first few years of the Covered Wagon era was Taos, New Mexico, northeast of Gallup. From Taos the Cherokee Trail branched off to the north, passing through La Junta, Julesburg and Fort George, the latter now being Greeley, Colorado. The Bent boys—Charles, George and William, associated with Ceran St. Vrain, established a string of trading posts extending to Greeley. The first and most historical of these was Fort Bent on the Arkansas river at La Junta.

During those times the plains Indians not only preyed upon the emigrant trains, which were a potential source of much business for

the Bent trading posts, but squabbled a great deal among themselves. Especially was there hostility when the plains and mountain Indians clashed. At times during periodical buffalo hunts there were as many as 25,000 Redmen scattered over the plains between the several trading posts, and if they were ambushing emigrant trains or fighting among themselves the fact was quickly reflected by the gross revenue at the trading posts.

Finally came the greatest of all Indian engagements—the battle of Wolf Creek, in which scores of tribes had a hand, but in which there was victory for no Indian nation. When it was over William Bent sent word for all the plains Indians to come and camp in a poplar grove several miles from La Junta. Thirty thousand Redmen responded. Bent went down and talked matters over with them, advising them to respect territorial lines, stop fighting, and begin hunting and trapping for market. The result was a series of inter-tribal treaties which practically put an end to Indian disturbances on the plains and resulted in a great boom for the hide and fur business.

Gallup is reaping the harvest from the seed sown by Bent Brothers nearly a century ago. The Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, which has been observed annually for the last eighteen years, came into existence principally because Indians, encouraged by the friendliness of Gallup business interests, took such an active part in the County Fair at Gallup that they almost took the edge off it. Gallup de-

Ceremonial Park, Gallup, New Mexico, looks like this when the Indians come to town.







Above: A portion of the three-mile parade which is held during the forenoon of the first day. In the foreground are Zuni girls wearing the costume of their tribe.

Below: This young man, sans costume, is headed for the roof to obtain a better view of the Ceremonial festivities. He's not the least bit worried about sunburn.



cided that it might be a smart idea to help them launch an exposition of their own, and here we are able to visualize the growth of that idea.

To begin with, Gallup actually is the Indian Capital. It is situated on the main line of the Santa Fe Railway, 1100 miles east of Los Angeles, and on Highway 66 which is paved all the way from Santa Monica, California, to Chicago by way of Albuquerque, Amarillo and St. Louis. Likewise there is paved highway the entire distance from Gallup to Denver, Kansas City and Omaha.

The Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial owes a great deal of its success to the fact that people get over the ground faster than they used to, because of gasoline's influence upon our daily life. Good roads make motoring a pleasure, almost everyone has some sort of pleasure car, and Union 76 and Triton Motor Oil are to be had at convenient intervals all the way from Santa Monica to Santa Fe. While a considerable number of those who attend the Ceremonial each year go by train the great majority goes by auto, perhaps taking in Grand Canyon or Mesa Verde Park on the way.

Gallup created its Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial Association by setting up a board of directors consisting of eleven business men and Indian Traders from the city and its environs to direct all Ceremonial activities.

Revenue from gate receipts and concessions usually is \$3,000 to \$5,000 short of expenses,

but all deficits are made up by the City of Gallup and its business men. Every cent of the money taken in is used to pay Indians for their services during the Ceremonial, or for prizes, or to defray administrative costs. As much as \$1,000 in cash prize money is given at each Ceremonial for superiority in Indian arts and crafts. In addition to this a considerable sum is expended in cash prizes for excellence of costumes and dances.

That the spirit of competition is strong among the Indians, is indicated by the fact that groups from more than twenty different tribes present their own traditional dances, while from fifty to sixty tribes are represented in the exhibition of arts and crafts.

Indians bring only their finest handiwork to the Ceremonial. Last year there was exhibited one rug valued at \$5,500, and as a general rule Indian rugs will be seen there which are valued at \$500 to \$1,500 each. Sales of Indian goods on exhibition during the three-day show generally run close to \$10,000, every cent of which is turned over to the exhibitors.

The Association uses, during the street parade which extends for a distance of three miles and throughout the remainder of the celebration, a thirty-piece brass band composed of Indians from more than a dozen different tribes.

It is a singular thing that no tribe of California Indians has ever been able to meet the standard in costuming and dancing which is required by the Association, and yet it is



Above: Weird costumes are no novelty at Gallup's inter-tribal Ceremonial, but these Navajo Yei-Ba-Chai dancers are enough to scare away the evillest of spirits.



Above: Less bizarre is the dress of these Pueblo Indian dancers. Other Pueblo costumes, used in the "Buffalo Dance," are much more elegant and colorful.



Above: These little Navajo "Injuns" have been parked while their mamas take part in the Ceremonial activities.



Left: In full regalia, the Acoma dancers look like any tenderfoot's conception of the American Indian.



Right: Most beautiful of the many barbaric costumes at the Ceremonial are those worn by the Kiowa dancers.



cheerfully admitted that the finest basketry exhibited there is produced by Indians from California. Perhaps because they reside in closer proximity to the scene, the Hopis, Navajos, Apaches and Papagos of Arizona play an important part in the programs featuring tribal dances, while Indians from a dozen or twenty other points in Arizona participate in the arts and crafts competition.

Gallup is thoroughly equipped to accommodate most any kind of crowd which might decide to visit one of its Ceremonials. The city has, in addition to one of the world famous Harvey Houses, seven hotels and the same number of auto courts. There are also ample auto-trailer parking accommodations. The hotel and restaurants have always been able to serve the throngs that descend upon the city on Ceremonial days.

Since the tribes congregated there a year ago Gallup has added a capacity of 170 rooms in new hotels and auto courts. Supplementing this, the Santa Fe Railway sidetracks a string of Pullman sleepers where visitors may occupy berths at moderate prices.

Housing of the tribal parties is provided at Ceremonial Park, which consists of ninety-three acres, a public playground the Navajos have fittingly named Non Josie, the "Place-by-the-Bridge." There are twenty large bunk-houses, each capable of accommodating a dozen Indians. From six to ten large tents, with floors, are erected each year as temporary housing for other groups of dancers.

Such facilities amply take care of all tribal groups which are under contract each season to present their dances and rituals. These Indians, in addition to being provided with housing facilities, are furnished with bedding, towels, toilet facilities, soap, brooms, etc. All who rank as performers are provided with meals in the mess-hall at the park. A considerable number of the visiting Indians camp out at the park in much the same manner as they live when they at home.

In recent years as many as thirty different tribes have been represented at a Ceremonial, or in the exhibition of arts and crafts. Most of the Ceremonial dancers come direct from the large reservations where the spiritual ceremonies still are handed down from generation to generation with but little if any change.

The Ceremonial Association insists upon and maintains a high standard of authenticity, and across the span of nearly a score of years in which it has been building up this stupendous bit of primitive pageantry the organiza-

tion has developed more than a dozen groups of Ceremonial dancers which are qualified, both from standpoint of costuming and dramatic interpretation, to appear before the most exacting audiences. World travelers who have witnessed their performances declare they would achieve equally as great distinction if they were to appear in a London music hall or at the Metropolitan opera house.

In order to provide a program full of variety and interest the Ceremonial Association has pursued the policy of making contracts with certain groups of dancers each year. "But," says M. L. Woodard, the secretary, "occasionally a group comes in from most any place, and wants to dance. If they can meet our standards of authenticity we frequently take them on.

"In recent years, we have found, some of the Indians are almost willing to bid for a contract to participate in the programs. We actually have a number of tribes seeking contracts which we cannot make because of budget limitations. Should a tribal group present itself and wish to participate, even though it is not under contract, its compensation naturally is very small, but occasionally such groups are willing to participate without pay for the sheer joy of representing their people."

The ferocious Apaches send to the Gallup Ceremonial three different groups—the San Carlos from Arizona, and the Mescaleros and Jicarillas from New Mexico. The Papagos, Mojaves, Pimas, Yumas, Hopis, Navajos and a number of others trek in from various sections of Arizona. From Colorado come Navajos, Utes and Arapahoes, while Wyoming sends the Shoshones and sometimes several other tribes. South Dakota and Nebraska contribute the Sioux, Kansas sends the Kaws, Oklahoma contributes the Pawnees, Comanches and Kiowas. New Mexico, in addition to her Apaches, gathers in her Pueblo Indians from a chain of villages extending from Taos to Zuni, and including San Ildefonso, the village now famous in many parts of the civilized world because of its chief product, a magnificent hand-decorated black pottery.

One question which naturally arises is: How do 7000 Indians make this annual pilgrimage to Gallup? They do it in almost every way imaginable, but chiefly they make the journey over the great highway systems of the western states, most of them traveling in private autos and busses. The Oklahoma and Kansas Indians, many of whom are participants in vast oil fortunes from Indian lands,



are particularly conspicuous because of their luxurious cars. Most of the Arizona and New Mexico Indians travel either in autos or spring-wagons, although a considerable number from adjacent states drift in on horseback. This is particularly true of the Navajos, who own a great many horses. The Redskins from the string of Rio Grande pueblo villages extending south from Taos, New Mexico are picked up by chartered busses, taken to a concentration point, and picked up by special trains on the Santa Fe railway, which take them to Gallup.

And so, in a manner quite as up to date as that of the casual spectator, the majority of these Indians call upon the service station for motive power to convey them to and from the Indian Capital.

Even while Gallup is engaged in preparing gigantic barbecue pits and outdoor ovens, and cording up great ricks of cedar and pinon wood from the neighboring Zuni mountains, the red-skinned horde begins descending upon the Ceremonial grounds. The Navajos from 100 miles to the north, are among the first to arrive, followed perhaps by the San Carlos Apaches from Arizona and their cousins—the Mescaleros and Jicarillas from New Mexico, who bring their range horses to race and trade and their beautiful baskets to exhibit and sell. Always difficult to subdue in his conflicts with White Man, the Apache is still distrustful to the extent that he steadfastly refuses to bring his women folk to Gallup. The stalwart Utes from Colorado and Utah are closely followed into camp by picturesque Kiowas with their gaudy beading and their gorgeous feathered headgear. The Comanches, Kaws and Pawnees, resplendent in their brilliantly colored war bonnets, precede by a brief interval the magnificently impressive Sioux, all clad in

neat suits made of snowy white doe-skin, embellished with beautiful bead trimming.

As they pour into Ceremonial Park the air is vibrant with the rhythm of Indian music, and the war drums pulsate with throbs which make your blood run cold. The streets grow narrower as the throngs congregate, while down at the park the Redskins are bivouacked each after the manner of his own people.

Accustomed to their terraced houses, the Pueblos occupy one of the long buildings. Strange wickiups are thrown together by the Apaches, while the stately Sioux pitch their smoky tepees and prepare their tiny fires. The Navajo, perhaps the most natural horseman on the plains, pillows his head upon his saddle, pulls his gorgeous blanket across his body and falls asleep beneath the stars.

Next day the Ceremonial officially starts with a dazzling parade. Led by the Indian band, the Navajo braves, wearing white trousers, velvet shirts and colorful headbands, march as the advance guard. Their women are clad in gay calico, with quantities of silver and turquoise jewelry for adornment. With swirls of colorful feathers attached to their ankles, wrists and foreheads, the Kiowas appear as great birds of gorgeous plumage. Clad in colorful dresses, with deerskin boots topped with white leather, the Taos women march beside their men, who are covered with long white sheets. Beaded buckskin uniforms worn by the plains Indians are in striking contrast with the Devil Dance masks that conceal faces of the Apaches. One of the most impressive sights is the group of Zuni girls, plodding stoically along, balancing huge water jars on their stately heads.

Some of the groups are uniformed as splendidly as parade bands, while others, with bodies painted in lurid hues, clad chiefly in

Below: These Pueblo Indians are staging their "Buffalo Dance." Note center figure costumed to represent the buffalo.—Photos by W. T. Mullarky, Gallup, New Mexico.



The highly developed and symbolic dances of the various tribes are perhaps the most interesting feature of the Ceremonial. Above are Shoshoni dancers.





At extreme left is a Zuni woman silversmith. She creates beautiful jewelry from silver and polished turquoise, selling it to interested tourists who visit the Gallup Ceremonial.



Above: A Bluewater Acoma girl, wearing the picturesque fawnskin dress typical of her tribe. At left: This Hopi Indian is weaving a colorful saddle-blanket, which he will display at the art exhibit.

All photos on pages 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7 by Frashers, Pomona, California.

breech-clouts, hark back almost to the primitive. The war drums rumble, the tom toms reverberate, the gourd rattles set up a terrific din, and the costume bells give the whole scene an atmosphere of high pageantry.

Powerful warriors, with oiled skins gleaming in the sunlight, march past with springy, panther-like stride. Near the end of the parade come the horseback riders, the buggies and the covered wagons, which finally disappear across the town to pause again at the Place-by-the-Bridge.

Visitors will tell you there are few things so rich in interest as the arts and crafts to be seen in the exhibition hall. Wherever space can be found upon walls and railings the marvelous and fascinating rugs and blankets of the Navajos and other tribes are to be seen. Gathered together there under one roof the finest artisans among the Indians may be seen weaving their matchless blankets and baskets, hammering out their silver and turquoise jewelry, doing beadwork, tanning hides, and taking their turn in the making of their graceful pottery jars and bowls.

A fascinating feature of each day's program is the creation of a sand painting in the center of the exhibition hall. This is started by one of the medicine men early in the day. With sand and clay he fashions from memory, upon the floor, a great design depicting some legend of religious significance. This, according to tribal custom, must be completed before night-

fall and at sunset must be entirely effaced.

During the afternoons the Indians engage in contests of strength and speed, such as the tug-of-war and broncho-busting. The Navajos are generally the finest horsemen at the meet, while the Hopis are fleetest of foot. In the evening, as soon as darkness falls, the tribal groups present their dances in the open air. These run the whole gamut of Indian emotions, from the butterfly dance and crow dance to the fiendish Devil Dance of the frenzied Apaches. These interpretative numbers are presented by the yellow light from a huge camp-fire, and when they come to a close the Navajo magicians appear. They plant a kernel of corn, and as they chant it sprouts and grows up through a blanket, and presently, tall and green and tasseled, it is swaying in the nocturnal breeze. Then out of the night a band of Redskins, almost naked, appears. They leap across the camp-fire, then into it, and finally, with fiery fagots from the bed of coals, they belabor one another for a time. Then, as suddenly as they appeared, they vanish from the scene.

Thus is Gallup perpetuating the virile phases of life among the Indians of western America. Thus does a Redskin-conscious frontier town help the Indians to help themselves, by endeavoring to inspire them to greater achievements in order to bring out the best that is in them.



Washington's Olympic Mts., viewed from across the winding Hood Canal. In foreground is the little town of Union.

## LAND OF OLYMPUS

**B**ATTLESHIPS or cranberry farms: water sports or glacier climbing: tremendous logging operations or a game of golf—you may take your choice, if you visit the Olympic Peninsula, a large body of land which lies due west across Puget Sound from Seattle, Washington.

To visit this cool, green land is to learn something of the charm that holds people to the north Pacific coast. The Olympic Peninsula contains enough lakes, mountains, waterfalls, and forests for the whole nation's enjoyment.

Although cities have grown up around its borders, the central mountain mass still remains a true virgin wilderness, crossed chiefly by trails that take one far from civilization. Here are snow-capped peaks to scale, game mountain trout that have acquired their vigor in clear, cool streams, and giant forests that hide thousands of elk, deer and bear. Recreation areas have been developed, chalets and cabins constructed, to provide every com-

fort for those who undertake the more strenuous sports. Luxurious and comfortable hotels invite one to rest and relax. Beautiful highways enable the tourist to circle the peninsula, viewing mountains, seashore and the broad Pacific.

Young in years, considering discovery dates of other sections, Puget Sound and Olympic Peninsula are rapidly taking their place in national life. In 1790, Spanish Commander Eliza built a fort at Nootka, on Vancouver Island. His men built another at Neah Bay in 1792, the first building erected by white men in what is now the State of Washington.

Today Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia, surrounded by many fine and thoroughly American suburban communities, continue to grow and prosper. From these cities one can reach the Olympic Peninsula over splendid highways and ferries. On the peninsula is Bremerton. Here is the Puget Sound Navy Yard, one of the country's greatest, equipped to handle defense units from the largest aircraft



carrier to the smallest whale-boat. Machine shops that are the last word in efficiency, dry docks which make one dizzy to look into, modern buildings, hospitals, homes, beautifully groomed grounds and the great ships all comprise an interesting tour.

From Bremerton, over the Navy Yard Highway toward the Olympics, is the historic Hood Canal, whose blue waters reflect the natural beauty of the peninsula. Farther along the tourist comes to Gray's Harbor.

On May 7, 1792, Capt. Robert Gray, in his sturdy ship, "Columbia," discovered this place, and was impressed by the sublime beauty and possible resources. Today, this is truly one of the nation's great lumbering centers. Strong men fell immense trees, which are carried by tremendous machinery to big mills, where high grade lumber, paper pulp, and a wide variety of wood products are manufactured for human kind.

Following the regular Olympic Highway from Aberdeen and Hoquiam, one makes an inland drive to beautiful Lake Quinault, called the "Lake with an Ocean Breeze."

In the Quinault neighborhood on the Olympic Highway, or on the short side trails that lead through miles and miles of virgin forest, are picturesque dude ranches, typically Indian settlements, and headquarters for pack train trips into the Olympics. From this same beauty spot, pleasure seekers, especially those with stout hearts, may secure skilled Quinault guides for exciting canoe trips down the turbulent Quinault river to the Ocean. The thrills of such a voyage are evidenced by an ever increasing participation. Fishing is good everywhere, and one's luck is limited only by skill, endurance, and the law.

From Forks, farther north, the ocean beach may again be reached by a side trip to La Push and Mora. At Sappho, not far from Forks, is another side trip which no one should miss. This terminates at the Indian village of Neah Bay, and Cape Flattery, the most northwesterly point of the United States; here one sees the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the right, and the broad Pacific to the west, where waves roll ceaselessly up to meet an everlasting, undisturbed horizon, broken only by the solid rock



Left: This aerial view shows the city of Bremerton, Washington, in foreground. The Puget Sound Navy Yard can be distinguished near the tip of the little peninsula. In the background is Hood Canal and the snow-covered Olympic Mountains.

Right: The city of Port Angeles, on the north side of the Olympic Peninsula, is chiefly a lumber port. Countless lumber rafts are brought to shore here and prepared for shipping to distant ports. The Annual Salmon Derby is held at the end of the long spit which juts out into the water.





Left: Deer Park, in the mountains near Port Angeles, has become a popular skiing ground in recent years.



Above: Slalom races were a feature event at the dedication of Deer Park's winter sports Playfield. At left: Camping near Lilliwaup Falls, a few miles from Hoodport, on the Hood Canal, is ideal. Nature has provided beautiful scenery, fine climate, and good fishing.



Above: At Neah Bay, Olympic Peninsula, Makah Indians perform tribal dances.



of Tatoosh Island. On the island are located three Government stations: Weather Bureau, Radio Station, and Coast Guard.

Along the highway toward Port Angeles is a ten-mile stretch beside the blue, placid Crescent Lake, where sport the famous Beardsley trout. The smooth surface of this jewel, and that of Lake Sutherland nearby, reflect a background which makes a combination, seldom seen and is unsurpassed for beauty anywhere.

The fine city of Port Angeles is next reached. It is supported by pulp mills, lumbering, farming and fishing. Here, a most interesting sportsmen's event is the "Annual Salmon Derby," which has the support of the town, an even hundred per cent. Port Angeles has also gone "Ski Crazy," due to the proximity of Deer Park, a splendid area for winter sports, at an elevation of 5400 to 6000 feet.

Sequim, pronounced Skwim, has national distinction! A few years ago research authorities of the University of Washington set out to determine the ideal section of the globe for mankind's most wholesome, healthful and substantial living-possibilities. With authentic and complete statistics, gathered from all parts

of the world, two areas, one in the British Isles, and the other on the Olympic Peninsula, were found equal. With an average of sixteen inches annual rainfall, the Sequim area is said to enjoy more days of sunshine than any other point on the Pacific Coast. It is also the center of a rich, irrigated dairy-district. Nearby, at Dungeness, are many fishing concerns and the famous "Dungeness Crabs."

Around Discovery Bay one comes to Port Townsend. This "Key City" to Puget Sound presents an interesting panorama to lovers of things both old and new, although landmarks of early ambition and vision are rapidly giving way in the face of modern development.

From Port Townsend, turning south, one may ferry across the "L" shaped Hood Canal, or drive all the way around to the mainland.

Seeing Olympic Peninsula is not a difficult two-day trip, but one could spend a week or a month just as easily. Said President Roosevelt, after his recent trip around the Olympic Peninsula, "My friends, I have had a wonderful few days and wish very much that I could have spent weeks instead of days, and seen more of this beautiful country. But I'm coming back soon."



## SEEING THE SOUTHWEST

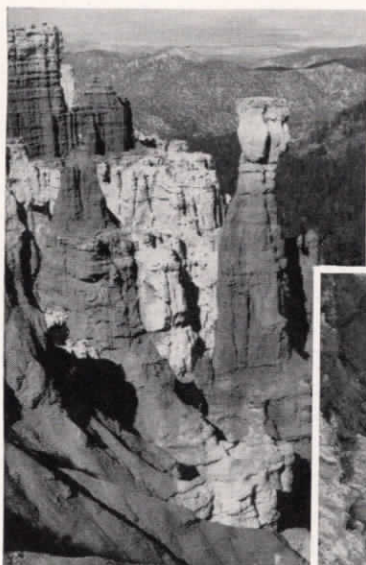
Last summer Irving Hancock, of the Comptroller's Department, hitched a house-trailer behind his Ford V8 and, with family, set out to see Nevada and Utah. The meandering itinerary included Boulder Dam, the Grand Canyon, Brice Canyon National Park, Zion National Park and other points of interest. Irving, who incidentally was recently appointed director of the Petroleum Accountants Society, took along a Kodak, and the pictures on this page prove he knew how to use it.



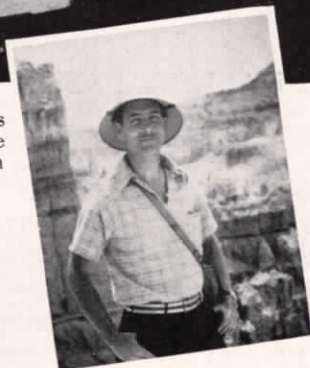
Lake Mary, near Flagstaff, Arizona, looks like this when the sun drops behind the horizon. Sportsmen find fishing good on this long, narrow lake.



Above: Looking across the Grand Canyon from the South Rim, one sees the eroded gash created by Bright Angel Creek, which flows into the Colorado River.



Above: Characteristic are these strange formations in Brice Canyon National Park, Utah. Continuous erosion over a period of centuries has shaped a fantastic fairyland of rock and soil.



Above: This is Irving Hancock—not Frank Buck.



Right: Montezuma Castle in the Montezuma National Monument near Prescott, Arizona, is a famed attraction.



Above: Foreboding indeed is this thunderstorm which hovers over the vast expanse of Grand Canyon. Hancock snapped the picture from Desert View Tower.



R. E. Haylett

### R. E. HAYLETT PASSES AWAY

UNION Oil Company employees, and a wide circle of acquaintances in business and scientific circles were deeply shocked to learn of the death of R. E. Haylett at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles on Monday, June 13. Mr. Haylett was only 46 years of age at the time of his demise, but had already acquired a national reputation as an aggressive and resourceful director of petroleum technology. A graduate of Beloit College and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he first became associated with Union Oil Company as a chemist at Oleum refinery, and speedily showed an unusual aptitude for the application of chemical and engineering knowledge in the processes of the industry. In 1920 he was appointed chief chemist, and two years later was made manager of research and development. The research laboratory at Wilmington, still one of the most modern of its kind, although completed fifteen years ago, was built largely according to his design, and under his continuous supervision. The character of his work continued to be of such high calibre that in 1926 he was selected as technical assistant to the vice president in charge of manufacturing, and in 1931 was appointed director of manufacturing. He was elected to the board of directors of the Company follow-

ing the annual stockholders' meeting early this year.

Mr. Haylett was not only a valued executive of Union Oil Company, but was held in high repute by the entire petroleum industry, which he represented as chairman of the Central Committee of Refinery Technology of the American Petroleum Institute. The technical development of 76, Triton, Dieso-life, and a wide diversity of Union Oil Company products and specialties were carried out under his guidance and direction, but to the great majority of employees he was perhaps best known as chairman of the Safety Board. In this capacity he was to a large degree responsible for the final adoption of effective life saving and hazard eliminating programs. He appeared at many division and territorial meetings, and always had an encouraging word for the promoters of safety enterprise, and a profound appeal for its continuance. The safety and welfare of the employees was one of the paramount concerns of his career, and one in which his interest never for a moment relaxed.

Union Oil Company suffers a deep loss in the passing of a capable executive and tenders sincerest sympathy to his immediate relatives and friends.





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

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PERHAPS you do not know that the petroleum industry has a "brain trust" whose recent achievements are saving the motorists of the nation approximately \$600,000,000 a year—an average of \$20 per motorist. As a matter of fact, many men engaged in the oil business, although cognizant of the great technological strides that have been made during the past two decades in the manufacture of gasoline and lubricating oils, probably have not thought of the scientific and technical men responsible for that technological progress as a "brain trust."

Unlike some other "brain trusts," they have made no radio addresses, have evolved no "rubber dollars," have written no daily columns for the newspapers. But they have given billions of dollars of additional purchasing power to the nation's motorists by bringing lower-cost gasoline to the public. They have played a major role in bringing about the remarkable expansion of automobile ownership in the United States to the point where two out of every three families enjoy the benefits of automobile ownership, despite the fact that the income of a majority of such car-owning families is less than \$30 a week.

Probably no other "brain trust" in history has contributed so much to the sum of human happiness as has that group of men in the petroleum industry which has fostered the technological progress in the making of gasoline and lubricating oils, says the American Petroleum Institute. Their practical contributions to better living are measured in millions of hours of recreation and diversion to millions of families.

During the past 15 years petroleum technologists have been able to reduce by 3 cents the cost of manufacturing a gallon of gasoline from crude oil. Automobile owners use about twenty billion gallons of gasoline annually, so that the savings from those recent manufacturing refinements amount to \$600,000,000 annually. These savings have been passed along to the consumer, along with other substantial savings resulting from improved methods of producing crude petroleum. Today the price of gasoline, exclusive of taxes, is approximately half of what it was two decades ago.

At close range, the work of the petroleum chemists, ever in search for more efficient processes and methods, seems prosaic and uninteresting. They may spend many months and many thousands of dollars in the study of corrosion of distilling equipment, or in the study of methods to remove certain undesirable substances from lubricating oil. Patiently and faithfully the scientists work on one detail at a time. But when those details are viewed together in broad perspective, their importance is understood. When their collective result, measured in billions of dollars in savings in costs of petroleum products to the public, is visualized, the work of petroleum technologists takes on real significance.

They spend something more than \$12,000,000 a year in their experiments, and the oil companies gladly foot the bill, knowing that such investment is money well spent. Every dollar spent in research by the petroleum industry has added many dollars in purchasing power to the American public in lower prices and improved products.



Left: Pride of the Washington Motor Coach Company, which operates 86 coaches throughout the Northwest and Montana, are these deluxe "Cruiser Coaches" which connect with Greyhound buses for Chicago and points East. Traveling with each bus, a conductorette serves passengers in much the same manner as the airline stewardess does. She takes tickets, provides blankets, magazines and other comforts, and manages to make herself generally useful.

Right: Nothing has been left undone to make passengers comfortable on the Cruiser Coaches. They sit high enough to see over the tops of passing cars and are not bothered by motor noise or exhaust fumes, because the powerful motors are located at the stern.



## WASHINGTON MOTOR COACHES

**T**O MOST people the first of April is just the day that the practical joker plays weird pranks on a harassed citizenry, but to more than three hundred employees of the Washington Motor Coach Company, which operates throughout Montana and the northwest, it is a day of celebration. The first of April, 1938, marked the fourteenth anniversary of the founding of the company.

Today's large and modern organization is a far cry from the company's beginning on April 1, 1924, when R. T. Whiting, C. B. Fitzgerald, Frank Venable and George Porter laid the foundation for this great transportation system by organizing a company known as the Yakima-Northern Stages. They purchased a Cadillac touring car and secured a certificate of public convenience and necessity, issued by the State of Washington, to carry passengers and express between Yakima and Ellensburg over what was then known as Wenas Valley Road. The north half of this road was not much better than a trail wandering around the barren hills south of Ellensburg. The distance was forty-six miles, and the regular schedule

called for one round trip every day of the week.

Today, after nearly thirteen years, the Washington Motor Coach Company covers eastern and northern Montana, the State of Washington, and parts of Idaho.

When, several years ago, the company first started operations in Montana, there were hardly any roads in that state, and at first the route to Butte was the only one covered. Soon, however, Garrison and Helena were added, and now the Washington Motor Coach Company connects Butte with Seattle and intervening cities on a three-trips-a-day schedule.

In the past thirteen years, the Washington Motor Coach Company has overcome many obstacles to reach its present high position, as one of the Northwest's leading transportation systems. Purchasing thousands of dollars' worth of equipment yearly, paying thousands in taxes, employing hundreds of men and women throughout three states, the Washington Motor Coach Company has always maintained excellent relations with the public it serves.

In operation at the present time on through bus schedules is a fleet of streamlined Cruiser



Coaches, similar to those used by the Greyhound Lines.

These new Cruiser Coaches are blunt-nosed, modern vehicles, with flowing contours that instantly impress observers with a feeling of fleetness and power. From the outside the most noticeable feature of the new bus is the complete absence of the hood. The front end rises straight up from the rubber bumpers and slopes back smoothly into the roof line. The new and more powerful engine is mounted in the rear of the bus, parallel with the rear axle—a step which not only increases power and efficiency, but eliminates motor and gear noise, does away with vibration, and entirely dissipates exhaust fumes. The engine space is completely and heavily insulated from the passenger compartment. The passenger “deck” is on a high level, so that travelers can look over the tops of oncoming cars and see the passing scenery without difficulty, but in spite of this arrangement, the distribution of weight is such that the coaches can negotiate curves safely and without discomfort.

On two of the three daily schedules from Seattle to Butte, these deluxe coaches connect with Greyhound Lines for Chicago and all points East, over the Northern Short Route. On these transcontinental schedules, natively uniformed “conductorettes” or stewardesses add to the convenience and pleasure of the service. These well-trained, courteous young ladies look after children and older persons, provide lap-ropes and magazines, and perform many an additional service.

Comparing favorably with the modern train and airliner in point of comfort, these buses are provided with every conceivable device to assure the prompt and safe delivery of passengers to appointed destinations. As added assurance that schedules will be maintained, the Washington Motor Coach Company uses Triton Motor Oil in all equipment and is more than pleased with the results. Like many another company, they’ve discovered that Triton keeps overhaul bills at a minimum and eliminates carbon troubles—once the bugaboo to fleet operators.



## TWELFTH ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

**H**ELD May 21st at the Brentwood Country Club, Union Oil Company's Twelfth Annual Golf Tournament drew 202 golfers, the largest turnout the event has thus far attracted.

Out of those 202 entries only the merest handful aspired to wrest the President's Trophy from Jack Muzzall, who won it for the fourth time in 1937. One of that class was Chuck Berdrow, a Union Service Station employee, who won the cup in 1936 and was runner-up to Muzzall last year. At the end of the first eighteen holes, it was apparent that either Muzzall or Berdrow would be the winner. Berdrow had shot a scorching 72 to lead by three strokes. Muzzall bumped up against tough luck on his second round, but the casual observer could never have detected it by watching him play. Not even when an iron shot from the rough bounced back from a tree, did he give vent to the disgust that he must have felt, inwardly. Nor did he throw up his hands in anguish when an eighteen-foot putt teetered on the very brink of the cup without going in.

Meanwhile, Berdrow, playing a little less spectacularly than on his first round, was shooting good golf. He came in with a 76 to cinch the cup with a 36-hole gross of 148. Muzzall's 159 was good enough to win the Vice-President's Trophy and so, for a second time, Union's two top-flight golfers merely exchanged cups.

K. C. M. Anderson came home in the 18-hole tournament with an 81 to win the Special Low Gross Cup, while John B. Arthur won the Triton Trophy, a cup donated last year by the sales department for the low net in the 18-hole event. The R. H. Hornidge Trophy, especially awarded to Production and Transportation Accounts member shooting low net, went to Dave Stauss who shot a net 70.

The handsome pair of Arnold Glove Grip golf shoes, presented by J. W. Robinson Co. for the longest drive of the day, went to the new champion, Chuck Berdrow, who sent the pill for a 280-yard trip to the opposite end of the driving range.

The customary golf dinner, held in the Brent-





Sam Malcolm isn't picking his teeth in this picture, he's just smoking a pipe, while waiting for the starter's call.



Vice-president W. W. Orcutt, who came out to watch the tournament and attend the dinner, discusses the game with W. S. Grant.



Bill Macpherson, above, pushes the pill down the fairway with a nice drive.



When Chuck Berdrow cocks his driver he means business. From this action study, one might conclude he scares the ball into doing what he wants it to do.



Above: Left to right we find Johnny Wark, Sid Briggs, Art Hawes, Al Said, and Eddie Smith at the entry desk.



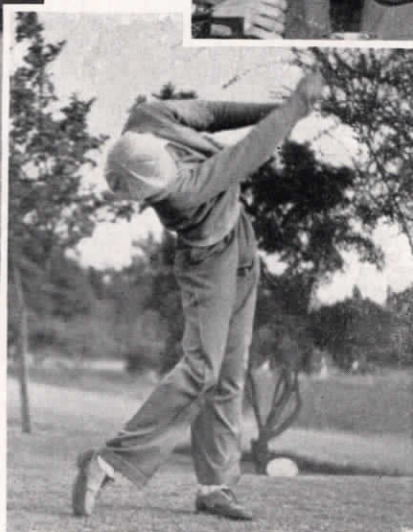
Johnny Arthur, Chu K. C. M. Anderson receive from W. W.

Dave Stauss, be R. H. Hornidge



A. G. Dickson uses the putting green to warm up on, before starting.

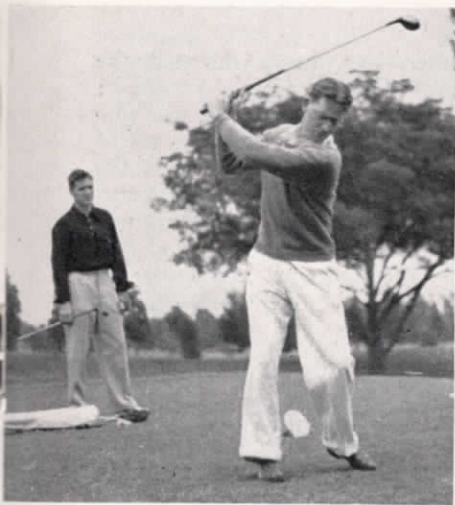
Left: In high good humor are J. P. Rockfellow, A. S. Greenwood and Jess Marshall.



And here's another example of form. Chuck Berdrow starts out good and follows through.



# L GOLF TOURNAMENT



Homer Law, who served on the tournament committee, is about to blast one off the 18th tee, as Stan Wiedrick looks on.



Jack Muzzall and Frick Gibbs pause at the end of their first round to chat with W. W. Orcutt, Bill Hopkins and Dick Sneddon



L. V. Shepherd, above, is starting out for a tour of the Brentwood course.



K. C. M. Anderson, who won the special low gross cup, uses the practice green. He's not shooting for the cup in the foreground, so don't worry about his eyesight.



uck Berdrow, and receive their trophies W. Orcutt.

elow, won the Trophy.



Above: Sid Briggs, who had to work during the tournament, signs up one of the 202 entries who turned out.



As an action shot, the above picture doesn't do complete justice to runner-up, Jack Muzzall.



Ed. Denton, above, looks a little worried, but the ball finally trickled in.



Right: Frick Gibbs knows how to pitch up onto the green without any difficulty.

wood dining-room that evening, was a huge success. William W. Orcutt, vice-president in charge of production, was the guest of honor, and presented the awards. Mr. Orcutt, who admittedly knows nothing about golf, contributed some amusing observations concerning what seemed to him a very bewildering game. The highlight of Mr. Orcutt's talk was a series of amusing anecdotes about his early experiences in the oil business.

Special prizes of all sorts were presented

during the dinner. The player who made the shortest drive of the day drew a yardstick; the highest scorer got a lantern; the man who lifted the biggest divot was awarded a set of garden tools and some grass seed. After the long list of prizes were awarded, the very successful Twelfth Annual Golf Tournament was officially declared a thing of the past and participants were unanimous in their praise of Howard Said who so ably managed the affair.

### Employees Organize Sixty Plus Club



This group of Los Angeles Refinery employees, all of whom are sixty or more years of age, met last month to organize a "Sixty Plus Club." Charter members are Leroy Cox, W. E. Callahan, A. Hovey, B. A. Parker, John Ray, Frank Bayley, Morgan Raines, Bud Barnett, E. L. Smith, H. P. Kinghorn, Walter Cory, Dell Stull, Ben Stauffacher, Walter Falk, Barney Ness, and Fred L. Johnston.

On Thursday evening, May 12, fifteen employees of the Los Angeles Refinery, who are sixty years of age or more, met at Hotel La-Fayette by arrangement to institute a social organization for the mutual benefit of the members.

A substantial steak dinner was consumed, as first business of the evening, during the course of which a steady flow of congratulatory telegrams and letters from Union Oil Company representatives arrived and were read. At the conclusion of the main course, Leroy Cox, oldest member of the group, was surprised to receive a birthday cake decorated with sixty-five candles.

Dinner was followed by a short business session, at which Leroy Cox was installed as

the organization's first chairman and "The Sixty Plus Club" was adopted as the name of the new organization. The evening, thereafter, was devoted to reminiscing. It was discovered, after a little pencil chewing, that the combined ages of those assembled totalled 995 years, and their combined service with Union Oil Company added up to 288 years. Eleven states and two foreign countries provided the birthplaces of the members, and Bud Barnett led the vital statistics, boasting six children and thirteen grandchildren. Frank Bayley topped the service list, having spent 31½ years with the company.

The Sixty Plus Club plans to convene officially twice each year, which means the next meeting will be about Thanksgiving time.



## UNION OIL COMPANY SPEAKERS' CLUB CONVENES

Organized chiefly to improve the ability of its members in the art of public speaking, the Union Oil Company Speakers' Club meets bi-monthly—usually in the Brack Shops Tea Room. A feature of each meeting is the presentation of the diminutive "Indian Giver Trophy" for the best address of the evening. Attending the last meeting, held May 17th, the candid cameraman brought home these pictures, which give some indication of what goes on at a Speakers' Club get-together.

Left: Seated at table left to right are H. A. Skinner, A. Culver and Lee Barnes. In the upper left corner of this picture is Carl Jordan, vice-president of the Speakers' Club.



Below: Fred Epler, president of the Speakers' Club, is introducing the next speaker.



Frank Bescos and Art Aseltine seem genuinely amused at some remark which a fellow member has put over.



Above: Right smack in the foreground of this happy group of diners is Paul Paulbauch.



Left: Del Edlund and Tom Wise, secretary of the Speakers' Club.



Left: Harry Schafer, Glen Taff, L. O. Hargrove and friends are enjoying the evening.



Right: F. J. Pichler and Dick Lees are also happy about something.

Right: George Sanders presents the "Indian Giver Trophy" to winning speaker, Jack Gordon.



Left: From left to right, we discover C. S. Wimpres, L. P. Arnold, Henry Clark, and Elmer Benson.



### Cameron Takes New Post

The appointment of Don M. Cameron, formerly a public relations representative for Union Oil Company, to the Industrial Relations and Personnel Department was announced in



May by W. K. Hopkins. Don's new position is Supervisor of Industrial Training, a position formerly occupied by A. J. Martinson, who left the company December 1, 1937, to become director of safety for the new California Petroleum Safety Board. Prior to May of this year, Cameron had been engaged, among other things, in an extensive program of visual education. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California, and is well known to the entire personnel of the company for his fine efforts in sales promotional and general educational work.

### Apologies!

Union Oil Bulletin's editorial department deserves a rap on the knuckles for an inaccurate and misleading paragraph which appeared in the service emblem biography of Alex G. Dickson, published last month. If Mr. Dickson could remember when the game called golf was played with feather filled balls, shot toward a pin instead of the cup, he would, by this time, have attained the considerable age of some five hundred years. Mr. Dickson does remember playing with a solid gutta-percha ball, however. Our apologies for having added nearly four hundred and fifty years to your age, Mr. Dickson.

### Beauty Aids

Modern woman's path to beauty passes the oil well and refinery! Perfumes, hair dressings, nail lacquers, pomades, facial creams, and other beauty preparations are made with solvents, essences, oils, greases, bases, and other petroleum products.

When it comes to clothing, oil helps again. Soft, sheer underthings; warm, cuddly furs; shining purse, compact, and travelling bag; woolen clothing—all processed, in one way or another, with petroleum or its derivatives.

### Colon Agent in New Quarters



The interior of the new structure, shown above, is complete in every detail and roomy enough for plenty of customers. Mr. Wilson stands in front of the shelves, lined with Union Oil products.

Union Oil Company's agent at Colon, Panama, C. A. Wilson, recently moved into new quarters, shown herewith. The Grebien Building, owned by Wilson's associate, is ultra modernistic from the outside, and very practical since its protecting canopies, glass-block corner windows, and heavy concrete walls help to keep it comfortably cool.





## CALIFORNIA SPEAKS

By FRITZ SPRINGMANN

*Production Dept., Santa Fe Springs*

"IN MY country we fish with a pole tall as a ten-story building, use a mile of line, a hook weighing tons and tons, and when we catch the fish we throw it away." The speaker leaned back against a cloud, wriggling his wings into a more comfortable position.

"Yes, sir, we have spuds which can't be cooked or eaten because they aren't anything, postholes half a mile long, walking beams without legs, and a duster with which you can't dust," he added.

"Whoa now, California," interposed a bearded shade. "We've swallowed your stories about the highest mountains, the longest coastline, the most beautiful women, and the grandest climate south of Heaven, but we're not suckers. Even Munchausen is blushing for you."

California laughed. "Man, those things are common when we go boring for oil. From Huntington Beach to Kettleman Hills there is a tribe of men who deal in these peculiar things, speaking a tongue unintelligible to those outside their circle. Put two of them together and they will automatically enter into an esoteric discussion of stalks, stool pigeons, and skidding rigs." His eyes grew dreamy. "I remember the last hole I worked on. We lost everything in it but the boilers. After fishing six months, we plugged back, set a whipstock, sidetracked the junk, and drilled her into the Temblor where she came in barefoot flowing two thousand. That was a happy home."

"A happy home came flowing in barefoot? What sort of talk is this?"

"Roughneck talk," said California. "I'll have to go back a while to explain it to you."

"Before the automobile made petroleum products necessary in large quantities, when men were content to drill shallow wells at leisure, the holes were made with 'cable tools,' consisting of an engine, a derrick, and a cable with a bit on the end of it which when raised and allowed to fall cut into the ground. As the drill fell during its initial cuts, it made a 'spud, spud, spud' noise, hence the term still used, 'spudding in,' meaning to commence drilling.

"The cable was actuated by a large beam—

a walking beam—which bobbed rhythmically up and down, constantly threatening to come down on the head of the driller who sat directly beneath it. To prevent that happening, a post appropriately named a 'headache' post was erected beside the driller to keep him from getting a headache in case of machinery failure.

"To the modern driller who thinks in terms of holes ranging from eight to twelve thousand feet in depth (an oil well is simply a hole until the black gold which is occasionally almost colorless begins to flow), the cable tool driller was digging postholes; inversely, the modern driller is simply a 'mechanic,' to the cable tool man.

"But, going back to my original story, fishing is no pastime. It's a lousy job—more expensive than chasing tarpon with a yacht. Anything lost in the hole—a bit, drill pipe, even at times a wrench when some roughneck loses his temper—is a fish. Removing it is called fishing.

"As in all fishing, the one that gets away is frequently larger than the one that's landed, and in this case the hole must be drilled around the remaining metal, an operation called sidetracking, performed with the aid of a whipstock. A whipstock is a piece of pipe cut on an angle and placed in the hole to deflect the course of the bit. This causes the drill pipe to bend around the obstacle."

The beard looked puzzled. "Do you mean to say that a metal drill pipe will bend to such an extent?"

"Bend! Why a string of drill pipe of any considerable length is flexible as a rope," declared California.

"Now maybe you can understand what I was talking about when I mentioned that last well I was working on. It took so long to complete that it seemed like home. We had bad luck, losing so much in the hole that we almost tied down the boilers to keep them on top. After six months of trying to clear the hole of fish, we set a whipstock, making it possible for us to drill around the junk and into the productive Temblor zone, where a well flowing two thousand barrels of oil a day came in with the bottom of the hole



uncased—hence barefoot. We sure put a man sized Christmas tree on her.”

“Celebrating?”

“Celebrating? Why—oh no! You see, wells sometimes come in ‘gushing’ uncontrollably, wasting oil and money. Now when a well is brought in, an arrangement of pipes and valves—a Christmas tree—is placed on top of the casing to regulate the initial flow. It derives its name from its general shape, something the same as the silhouette of a Christmas tree, and from the numerous valves attached to it—provided you have an excellent imagination.

“One word peculiar to the oil fields probably causes more misunderstanding than blonde hairs on a coat collar.”

“You mentioned ‘roughnecks,’” came an interruption. “I thought gentlemen were supposed to prefer blondes.”

“Don’t delay me,” growled California twitching his wings in annoyance. “‘Roughneck’ is just a name for a rotary helper. Anyway, oil fields operate three shifts a day. But does the oil man work a ‘shift’? No sir, he works a ‘tour,’ pronounces it to rhyme with ‘bower,’ leading people to believe that he spends his working life on a tower. I remember one roughneck who brought a brand-new wife to Coalinga, a town just outside Kettleman hills. After a week of his working tour, she begged him PLEASE to be careful, because she worried so while he was ‘up on those big towers.’

“You could tell she wasn’t native to the oil fields, because the miniature Eiffel towers which indicate a well are known as ‘derricks’ or rigs.”

“What happens to the oil after they bring it out of the Ground?” the Heavenly Stoooge wanted to know. “Does it ever get talked about intelligibly?”

“Nope, they just discuss it in different dialects in the production, transportation, refining, and sales departments. The production department forgets that it is oil, calls it fluid, pumps it out of the hole with jacks, makes it flow through ‘macaroni,’ and ‘cuts’ it.

“You’re kidding us,” declared the interlocutor. “How can you put a jack under a fluid?”

“No, no, you don’t put a jack under it. ‘Jack’ is a term designating a species of mechanical pumping unit. Other types of pumps force oil down into the hole; theoretically that oil returns bringing with it twice its volume of fluid. As it flows back through the well, the

fluid comes through a very small tubing called ‘macaroni’ because of its size. The cut is a determination of the percentage of sand and water and sediment present in the oil.

“When the pipeliner gets hold of the oil, he forgets all his English. In the old days, the crude was carried through pipelines that were ‘stabbed’ together and ‘made-up’ with ‘forty-eights,’ then covered with ‘hot-stuff’ to protect them from the elements. The lines were kept clean inside by ‘go-devils.’”

There was a slight stiffening among the audience at the mention of “hot-stuff” and “go-devils.”

Disregarding the stir, California went on. “Stabbing pipe sounds like an unprofitable profession but it’s not so impossible; a pipe stabber merely starts the threads of one joint of pipe into those of another, then tightens—or ‘makes up’—the pipe with a wrench forty-eight inches long. The numbers indicate inches in length, the wrenches being made in sizes from a ‘six’ to a ‘sixty,’ the latter usually known as ‘that so and so of a sixty’ because it takes two men and a boy to handle it. The art of stabbing pipe is being lost, for most long pipelines are now welded together.

“Hot stuff” (again the words caused an uneasy stir), “is just common tar, and the little go-devil is a device which when forced through the pipe in a rotary motion, removes any foreign matter.

“When I was a boll weevil—”

“Stop right there,” commanded the Beard. “I’ll grant evolution and such, but that you were ever a boll weevil—No! Stick to your oil fields.”

“A boll weevil is a working man,” California explained patiently. “Anyway, when I started to work in the oil fields, they put me on a gasoline rig drilling test holes in a region that had been doodlebugged. A doodlebug is a device used to detect the presence of oil, and if you all will let me talk for a while, I’ll finish this story. The first day I was told to ‘Go twist the tail on that mud hog, and let’s have some pressure.’ I’d been reared on a farm, but that was a new way of treating animals to me until one of the older men explained that I was to crank the engine on a pump so they could get some mud into the hole.

“You see, mud is pumped into the hole to lubricate the bit, carry away cuttings, reinforce the walls, and to keep the roughnecks looking like roughnecks when it comes out on the drill stem, which is a lot of pipe with a



drill fastened on the end of it, used for 'making hole!'"

"I've got a date with an angel," stated California's stooge, "But before I leave I'd like to know about those alliterative stalks, stool pigeons, and skidding rigs you were talking about."

"When the driller pulls the drill stem out of the hole, he breaks it down into sections, from eighty to ninety feet long. These are then stacked in the derrick, where they become 'stalks,' 'set backs' or 'stands.' Instead of saying that a well is eight or nine thousand feet deep, a roughneck will generally declare

'They've got a hundred set backs on the rig.'

"A clock indicator records the amount of weight on the bit at all times, and hence this device has become known as a stool-pigeon.

"That last one about 'skidding rigs' is often one of the saddest stories in the fields," concluded California wiping away a tear with his wing tip. "When the hole proves to be just a hole, when there isn't any oil and the operator decides to try his luck some place else, he 'skids the rig'—moves it bodily from one location to another—takes an aspirin when he thinks of the money wasted, and tells his friends, 'I got a duster.'"

### PERSONNEL SUPERVISORS CONFERENCE



Personnel representatives from all departments recently convened in Los Angeles for a five-day session in which the whole field of industrial relations and personnel affairs was covered in a complete and illuminating discussion. Under the chairmanship of W. K. Hopkins, manager of industrial relations and personnel, practically every phase of departmental activity and every allied interest, were minutely examined and expounded. Benefit plans, insurance and medical plans, employment practices and policies, job analyses, wage administration, and a hundred and one similarly important matters occupied the attention of the caucus, and much constructive

suggestion resulted, in fact from every viewpoint the meeting was distinctly educational and generally successful.

The delegates pictured above are, left to right, first row: S. D. Malcolm, H. K. Said, J. S. Goodale (San Francisco), W. K. Hopkins, A. C. Galbraith, J. P. Rockfellow, J. Y. Quayle, A. S. Luttrell. Second row: R. Sneddon, S. Picone, F. V. Spooner (Seattle), R. A. Heise, E. J. Munn, H. I. Holbrook, W. Simas (Oleum), S. L. Briggs, J. L. Greer, D. Kimmel, R. Judy, R. Okerstrum (San Francisco), D. M. Cameron, H. B. Dean, C. C. Belden, B. D. Schuster, and E. L. Dalaney (Bakersfield).



### UNION OIL CHORAL CLUB BROADCASTS

The Union Oil Company Choral Club has been one of the company's busiest organizations, this year. Their first big event, after many long months of preparation, was a Spring Concert at the Wilshire-Ebell Club in Los Angeles. This highly successful program, under the able direction of A. C. Marshall, took place on the evening of May 20th. As a special attraction, the Choral Club presented Creighton Pasmore and Victor Trerice, considered one of the outstanding piano teams of the day. R. H. Hendricks, of the sales depart-

ment, was also featured in a group of tenor solos. Daisy Sinclair, recognized in musical circles for her talent at the piano, accompanied the singers.

Second big event on the Choral Club's calendar took place Tuesday evening, June 14th, when they presented a repertoire of classical and popular numbers over station KFVB. Again Robert Hendricks was the featured soloist. This excellent half-hour program occasioned widespread comment of a highly complimentary nature.

### BAKERSFIELD BARBECUE ATTRACTS THrong

**B**AKERSFIELD employees annual barbecue attracted a record crowd this year. Over 700 Union Oil Company employees attended the affair which was held Sunday, May 15th, in the picturesque Boy Scout Park at Bakersfield.

Employees of the Bakersfield district were especially glad to see President L. P. St. Clair, who drove up to see old friends. Ted Miles, who left the Bakersfield area last March to become manager of field operations, also returned to his old stamping grounds and was roundly welcomed. Other home office emissaries included W. K. Hopkins, J. P. Rockefeller and Don Cameron.

W. A. (Al) Bley, chairman of the committee in charge of things, had enough delicious barbecued meat on hand to feed 700 hungry picnickers, but even so a few arrived too late to get in on it. Bley and his committee felt very badly about that.

Golf, a baseball game, a horseshoe contest, and a variety of field events were held throughout the day. At 3:30 the orchestra started to swing in very creditable fashion and, from then on, all of the younger generation and no small portion of the older folks danced. From the first swing of the morning's golf meet, to the very last swing of the baton, the Bakersfield picnic was a huge success.



## PICNIC - PICS



As at most picnics, food and the consumption thereof constituted the main event. The bald head in the center of this picture belongs to A. E. Brown.



Above: Among the many events of the day was an exciting bottle race, which left both contestants and spectators panting.

Right: Ray Powell, district accountant at Bakersfield, has just finished a plate of barbecue, which accounts for the happy expression.

Below: Ted Miles, who left the Bakersfield district last March to work at the head office, was among the Los Angeles contingent who went north for the picnic.



Above: W. J. "Swede" Larson, W. E. "Slim" Kinney, and Mrs. Kinney snapped chatting.

Right: Barbara Waters, Maxine Guffey, and Marilyn Kincaid.

Right: Union Oil Company's president, L. P. St. Clair, was a welcome guest at the annual Bakersfield picnic.

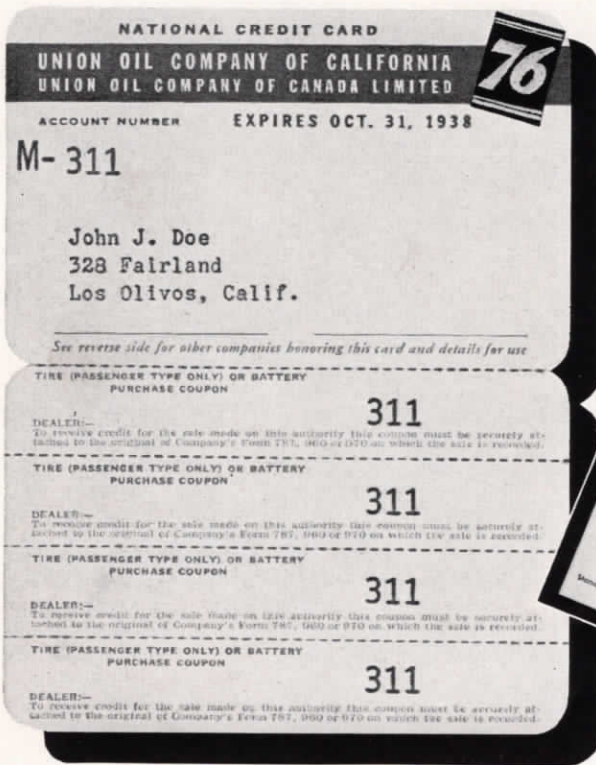


Left: Walter Smith and "Red" Sigler prepared the delicious barbecued meat.

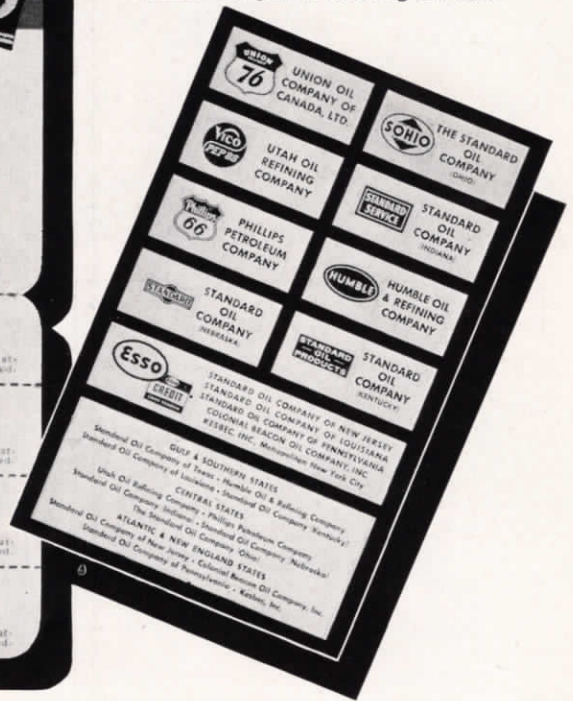


Above: Left to right, Mrs. R. L. Talley, Bob Talley, Mrs. H. D. Aggers, Mrs. V. G. Crabtree, and V. G. Crabtree found a little corner all their own.





At left is the new Union Credit Card. Note coupons for purchase of accessories. The Emblem Card, below, names affiliated companies honoring the card.



**NEW CREDIT CARDS NATIONALLY HONORED**

**U**NDER a reciprocal arrangement with thirteen other leading petroleum marketers, Union Oil Company credit cards will be honored throughout the United States and Western Canada, effective July 1.

Participating companies cover every corner of the United States and the Canadian provinces of British Columbia and Alberta, enabling Union credit card holders to enjoy nationwide travel, with credit privileges wherever they may go. Motorists now may cross the nation from West to East, from North to South, free from all worry of carrying funds for normal automotive requirements. They always can feel assured that there is, within easy reach, a service station where their national credit card is a passport to courtesy, service and credit. These cards also serve as traveler's identification.

Besides enabling the motorist to buy Coast to Coast, the new credit plan permits a much broader use of Union credit cards. Now, for the first time, the motorist may use the credit card to obtain lubrication service, Firestone

tires, tubes and batteries, and battery service from any 76 gasoline dealer.

As previously, the new national credit cards will be honored at all stations operated by Union Oil Company of Canada, Limited, with the same broad purchasing privileges enjoyed elsewhere.

Other advantages offered by the national credit cards are that they make possible emergency purchases far from home, facilitate personal accounting, support claims for tax exemption on car maintenance. Duplicate cards for all members of the family are provided. An "emblem" card issued with the credit card shows the dealer insignia which identifies every station where the national credit card will be honored.

The new credit cards each have tire and battery coupons attached, to be used in the purchase of these articles.

Union 76 dealers on the Pacific Coast and Canada will reciprocate by honoring credit cards issued by affiliated companies in central, eastern, and southern states.



## Petroleum Industry Signs Up for Fair



This group of oil industry representatives, which includes A. C. Galbraith and W. A. Newhoff of Union Oil Company, are signing a contract for space at the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. The newest developments in the oil world will be exhibited at next year's San Francisco Exposition by the various oil companies represented at this conference table.

## Marine Festival at Santa Barbara

The Sixth Annual Semana Nautica, an occasion when Santa Barbara presents a nautical program of widespread interest, is set for July 2, 3 and 4. The Navy Department has assigned the aircraft carrier "Lexington" and heavy cruiser "New Orleans" to Santa Barbara waters for the duration of the celebration. In addition to an elaborate racing schedule in which star boats, moon boats, outboard motor boats and larger craft from all parts of the Pacific Coast will compete, there will be an interesting program of land events featur-

ing golf, tennis, badminton, baseball, etc. July 4 will feature colorful Independence Day parades and ceremonies. Each evening of the marine festival, Santa Barbara's attractive waterfront, breakwater promenade and yacht club pier will be outlined in multi-colored lights, while powerful beams from the outlying battleships play upon the city and harbor. Climaxing the festivities will be the spectacular, illuminated marine pageant, in which scores of local and visiting yachts decorated with lights parade along the shoreline.

## Cover Illustrations

Typical of Pacific shores is the Oregon coast photograph by Orville Logan Snider, which appears on the front cover of this issue. The gnarled, angular Monterey cypress, standing out against a silver-flecked sea, mutely testifies that the Pacific Ocean is not always so placid as it appears in this study. Sherwood Mark made the photograph on the in-

side front cover. It is a portrait of Satala, Chief of the Tewa Tribe, located on the First Hopi Mesa, near Painted Desert. Another Orville Logan Snider photograph occupies our back cover, this month. It was taken not far from Santa Monica, California, late one afternoon, when slanting rays from the sun transformed the sea into shimmering silver.

## Refinery Employee Rescues Two



Alvin Bixler

Alvin Bixler, a stillman at the Los Angeles Refinery, was a lifeguard at Long Beach, California, before he became associated with Union Oil Company. It was his experience in that work that made it possible for him to rescue two young boys from drowning on Saturday, May 14.

John Wallace and Angus MacDonald, both ten years of age, were playing in a boat on the Machado Slough near the intersection of State Street and Figueroa, Wilmington, when their boat capsized, throwing the boys, neither of whom could swim, into the deep water. Bixler, driving down State Street, saw a small hand above the water and, realizing that something was wrong, turned his car down a lane toward the shore. Swimming out to the point where he last saw the hand, he found

young MacDonald, got hold of him, and, starting for shore, kicked against the submerged body of John Wallace. To bring the two limp youngsters to shore was a feat that only an experienced lifeguard could have accomplished and, had not Bixler known first aid, even that might have been in vain for John Wallace was unconscious and required artificial respiration. While Bixler labored to resuscitate young Wallace, Angus MacDonald managed to reach home unaided. John Wallace was taken home and put to bed, after being revived. He was a pretty sick boy for the rest of that day.

Naturally the parents of both boys felt deeply indebted to Bixler and sent letters of gratitude to Union Oil Company, commending this employee.

## Transportation Department Honors A. E. Norman



Below: Arthur Norman, district foreman at Stewart, who completed twenty-five years of service with Union Oil Company on June 30th, is receiving his service emblem from William Groundwater.



A. E. Norman receives the good wishes of fellow pipeliners. Left to right are Les Heggie; Russell Sage, chief dispatcher, So. Div. P. L.; Howard Robinson, superintendent; Arthur Norman; William Groundwater, director of transportation; W. W. Hay, manager of pipeline operations, and Bill Weiss.



## Twenty-Five Years



C. W. Lough  
Field, Valley Div.



F. O. Mahoney  
Sales, So. Div.



A. E. Norman  
Trans., So. Div. P. L.



**S**ERVICE is a seven letter word which is often used to mean loyalty. Lucky indeed is the company that can, in this modern day, boast a long roster of loyal employees who have found their jobs and employment satisfactory. When such a condition obtains, it speaks well for both company and employees, the two inseparable factors in any successful enterprise. If you can conceive of Union Oil Company as a single entity, you can understand the justifiable pride which it takes in presenting approximately one thousand service emblem pins, each year, to employees who have completed ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty year periods of service. What better testament of stability, profitable operation and employee cooperation could be offered?

Smaller than usual, the June service emblem list nevertheless contains seventy-four names. Three of these have been with the company twenty-five years; seven are twenty-year employees.

### CLARENCE W. LOUGH

Employed on the Bedrock Lease at Taft on June 17, 1913, Clarence Lough worked as roustabout for a short while and then was transferred to the production department as a well puller. Continuing with the well crew, he was advanced to gang pusher. After a few years he went into drilling as a tool dresser on a cable crew.

With the change from cable to rotary, Lough became a rotary driller and continued as such until 1929 when he was transferred back to the production department as a pumper in the Mount Poso Field. He remained a pumper until new development started at Kettleman Hills, then returned to drilling in the capacity of fireman. In 1933 he again became a pumper, working in the Mount View Field until 1935, when he was transferred to the newly built S & M dehydrator plant. He is still a dehydrator operator and says he likes the job better than any he has ever held.

Hunting and fishing are Shorty's hobbies. The wilder the country the better he likes it.

### FRED O. MAHONEY

When Fred Mahoney entered the service of Union Oil Company as a tank wagon salesman in the Santa Ana district on June 26, 1913, horse-drawn wagons were still generally used. They were a slow proposition compared with today's speedy, streamlined trucks, but then Fred didn't have to see so many customers nor see them so often in those days.

On January 1, 1917, he was temporarily assigned to the job of yardman, but two months later he returned to the tank wagon. Fred resigned from the company on December 15, 1917, to join the U. S. Army. For the next year and a half he spent most of his time overseas and, after the war ended, was re-employed on

## Twenty Years



Nina Aus  
Compt., Head Off.



R. A. Marcks  
Sales, No. Div.



F. H. Richards  
Field, Coast Div.



L. T. Writer  
Sales, So. Div.

July 8, 1919, as a yardman. This was a purely temporary phase, and after just eight days he returned to his old job as truck salesman at Santa Ana. He still holds this job and today is one of the most popular salesmen in Orange County.

Fred Mahoney has never acquired a hobby that he is willing to discourse upon. His chief interest is his family.

### ARTHUR E. NORMAN

Arthur Norman entered the employ of Union Oil Company on June 30, 1913, as an engineer at the Norwalk pump station. With the exception of about two years spent at the pipe line office, Norman served as engineer until 1922 when, on October 1st, he became foreman of a newly organized gang at the Norwalk station. He became district foreman of the Norwalk area on June 21, 1934, and served in that capacity continuously until 1937, when he was transferred to the Stewart district, where he now serves in the same capacity.

Arthur Norman has several outside interests that take most of his spare time. He served as President of the Union Oil Masonic Club during 1937-38, and is Past Master of the Norwalk Masonic Lodge. He also served for several years as captain of the pipe line bowling team and never misses an opportunity to take part in this, his favorite sport.

### NINA AUS

Nina Aus came to the United States from her native Norway at the age of fourteen. Landing upon U. S. shores, she was faced with two big problems—not only did she find it necessary to learn how to speak English, but she had to learn to write it as well. Just how successfully she conquered these difficulties may be judged by the fact that, within a period of less than five years, she had completed her

literary and business education sufficiently to enable her to start earning money.

Miss Aus entered the employ of the Union Oil Company on June 1, 1918, when she became a stenographer in the disbursements division of the comptroller's office. She has worked in the comptroller's office since that time and at present occupies a very responsible position of a clerical nature.

Miss Aus is interested in music and in religious activities, taking a prominent part in Christian Endeavor and mission work.

### RAYMOND A. MARCKS

Raymond Marcks first joined the Union ranks in 1914, at Corvallis, Washington. He left the company the following year, however, to travel and operate a ranch. On June 10, 1918, he began his present term of employment as a clerk at the Corvallis plant. During the same year, he was promoted to tank truck salesman, and, in the fall of 1918, was transferred to Willbridge, where he serviced and loaded equipment. The next eleven years were spent at Willbridge as tank truck salesman. During this period he drove every gasoline, kerosene and fuel oil route in the city of Portland. Marcks was transferred to the Portland sales force in August of 1929, and in 1930 became the agent at Gresham, where he is now located.

In the twenty years that Ray has worked for Union, he has driven some 360,000 miles and during that time has never experienced a serious accident. Strangely enough, he has never operated a pneumatic-tired piece of company equipment during that time, either.

Marcks' main hobbies are hunting and fishing. He doesn't have to go far in pursuit of sport, for the Gresham territory is noted for its fine fishing and hunting grounds.



## Twenty Years



W. J. McDonald  
Mfg., Avila Ref.



F. W. Pemberton  
Sales, No. Div.



P. R. Adams  
Field, So. Div.

### FRANK H. RICHARDS

Frank Richards, born April 5, 1892, at Fayette, Iowa, came to Santa Maria, California, with his parents at the age of ten years. After graduating from Santa Maria's high school, he accepted a position with the Santa Maria Gas Company. He remained there for seven years. On June 10, 1918, he was employed by Union Oil Company, working first as a roustabout and subsequently in a variety of positions—rig builder, tool dresser, gas engine repairman's helper, pumper and well puller. Frank has shown quite a preference for well pulling work. At the present time he is engaged in this capacity.

Richards' particular interest is his family. Both his son and daughter are students at Santa Maria High School. He keeps up with baseball during the season and, since his boy is a member of the high school football team, he follows that game during the fall months. During the summer he often goes deep sea fishing.

### LEE T. WRITER

On June 12, 1918, Lee Writer entered the employ of Union Oil Company at the Los Angeles plant as a combination warehouseman, yardman, clerk and tank wagon driver. In September of the same year, he became a full-time tank-wagon driver and was later given a truck. On July 10, 1922, he was made agent at the newly created El Monte substation. In 1928 he was transferred to Anaheim as agent and, a year later, was made Union's Long Beach agent. He was transferred to Hyde Park as salesman on December 11, 1930, but remained there only a few months before being shifted to the Los Angeles area. On the 28th of December, 1931, Lee returned to his old job as agent at El Monte, a position he has held up to the present time. In 1933 the El Monte

substation, under Writer's supervision, won the \$200.00 prize offered by the company for the most outstanding record in the Southern Division.

Lee has been active in the civic affairs of El Monte, having served on the City Council, and taken part in other activities. He was once offered the nomination for Mayor of the city. His hobby is fishing. Last year he landed a 125 pound Marlin swordfish off Catalina waters.

### WILLIAM J. McDONALD

William McDonald was first employed by Union Oil Company of California as a routine inspector at Oleum refinery on June 17, 1918. On May 1, 1919, he was promoted to assistant inspector. Promoted again in 1921, he became a senior inspector clerk. In 1927 McDonald was shifted to the production department at Oleum, where he remained until January 31, 1931, at which time he was transferred to the Avila refinery as chief clerk. He has been at Avila for the past seven years and at present is a senior inspector clerk.

McDonald is well known at both Oleum and Avila refineries. During his leisure hours, he devotes considerable time to the local Boy Scout movement. Fond of both boys and outdoor life, he finds such work a diverting pastime.

### F. W. PEMBERTON

Fred W. Pemberton's association with Union Oil Company began at Los Angeles on June 24, 1918, when he accepted a clerical job in the station accounts division of the comptroller's office. Through positions of traveling auditor, cashier at Seattle, and cashier of the Northern Division, he subsequently became Northern Division operating manager on May 16, 1927. The following year he was ap-

pointed sales promotion supervisor at San Francisco and shortly thereafter was transferred to Sacramento as district manager, and thence, in the same capacity to Los Angeles. On January 1, 1934, he was elevated to the important post of division manager in the Northern Division, a position he held until May 1, 1937, when he was shifted to San Francisco as Central Division manager, the position he now holds.

Questioned on the matter of hobbies, Mr. Pemberton advised he found it "difficult to grow old enough to acquire a hobby."

#### PHILIP R. ADAMS

Philip Adams was first employed by Union Oil Company in 1910, on the Webster Lease at Maricopa. He started as a pipe-fitters' helper, but was transferred to the warehouse about the time Lake View No. 1 came in. Adams left Union Oil Company in 1913 to try his hand at other work.

He returned to the company on June 26, 1918, as a helper at Stearns. Subsequently, he became well puller, gang pusher, toolie, and head well puller. He is engaged in this work at the present time, working in the Montebello field.

Philip Adams' first interest is his family. His one child, a daughter, graduates from Montebello High School this month. His favorite pastime is pitching horseshoes.

#### Twenty-five Years—June, 1938

Lough, C. W., Field, Valley Div.  
Mahoney, F. O., Sales, So. Div.  
Norman, A. E., Transp., So. Div. Pipe Line

#### Twenty Years—June, 1938

Adams, P. R., Field, So. Div.  
Aus, N., Compt., Head Office  
McDonald, W. J., Mfg., Avila Refy.  
Marcks, R. A., Sales, No. Div.  
Pemberton, F. W., Sales, Head Office (No. Div.)  
Richards, F. H., Field, Coast Div.  
Writer, L. T., Sales, So. Div.

#### Fifteen Years—June, 1938

Aguirre, P. V., Dev., Research  
Awbrey, E. T., Sales, Central Div.  
Banman, T., Field, So. Div.  
Carpenter, R. L., Sales, So. Div.  
Copeland, R., Transp., No. Div. Pipe Line  
Crosby, P. H., Sales, No. Div. Pipe Line  
Doss, T. E., Bldg., Head Office  
Faria, A. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Genter, E. J., Mfg., L. A. Refy.

Gibson, M. L., Compt., Head Office  
Gold, T., Bldg., Union Oil Bldg.  
Grisham, J. W., Sales, No. Div.  
Hartshorn, C. R., Compt., Head Office  
Hopper, B., Dev., Head Office  
Johnson, O. M., Sales, No. Div.  
Kemp, M. W., Transp., So. Div. Pipe Line  
Koch, E. M., Purch., Head Office  
Marshall, J., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Miner, L. E., Sales, Central Div.  
Molitor, R. E., Sales, So. Div.  
Quigley, L. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Reid, A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Russell, A. N., USS, So. Region  
Sauvinet, F., Patent, Head Office  
Sims, W., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Spink, P. G., Mfg., Oleum Refy.

#### Ten Years—June, 1938

Adkins, F. G., Mfg., L. A. Refy.  
Beckwith, L. B., Sales, So. Div.  
Berry, J. A., Sales, So. Div.  
Burk, D. L., Sales, Central Div.  
Burke, V. L., Compt., Head Office  
Campbell, C. H. Jr., Transp., No. Div. P. L.  
Carpenter, R. G. Jr., Mfg., L. A. Refy.  
Christensen, C. V., USS, Central Region  
Cook, H. E., Sales, So. Div.  
Corcoran, D. Z., Sales, Central Div.  
Curnow, R. H., Field, Valley Div.  
Dalton, D., Mfg., Maltha Refy.  
Duncan, H. C., Sales, Central Div.  
Eifert, E. J., Dev., Research  
Elzinga, M. J., Sales, No. Div.  
Gardiner, T. W., Mfg., L. A. Refy.  
Jacobs, F. M., Foreign Rep., Head Office  
Kincaid, A. L., Sales, No. Div.  
Klepper, R. C. Jr., Sales, So. Div.  
McClellan, A. B., Sales, Honolulu  
McClure, W. M., Sales, So. Div.  
McLennan, L. W., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Manies, M., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Martin, W. J., Mfg., L. A. Refy.  
Moss, T. S., Field, Valley Div.  
Munson, L. A., Sales, No. Div.  
Openshaw, R. E., Gas, Coast Div.  
Pollard, G. L., Sales, Vancouver Div.  
Pratt, L. E., Advtg., Head Office  
Rea, J. E., Sales, Central Div.  
Self, R., Mfg., Oleum Refy.  
Staley, E. J., Sales, So. Div.  
Stewart, A. C., USS, Head Office  
Street, J. R., Constr., Central Sales  
Tomlin, A. W., Field, So. Div.  
Truesdell, E. E., Sales, So. Div.  
Wilson, F. A., Mfg., Oleum Refy.



# REFINED AND CRUDE

By Richard Sneddon

One of the most debated national problems of the moment is, "On what part of the head will the ladies wear their hats next?"

*On the same subject, although there is nothing on which to base our optimism, we entertain a distinct hope that some of these days women's hats will again look like women's hats.*

**Despite a great deal of argument, however, there is no question that women can keep secrets just as well as men—only, of course, it takes more of them to do it.**

On the other hand, we now have the distressing report that a certain local business man is so badly run down his physician has ordered him to give up golf and go back to work.

*Also, with profound sadness we announce the fact that Sandy McBagpipes took such long steps yesterday to save his new four dollar shoes, he ruined an eight dollar pair of pants.*

**"How do you like this shaving soap?" asked the voluble barber, and the submerged customer replied faintly, "Swell! You must come and have lunch with me some time."**

And it should be a matter for real thanksgiving that up to date there has been no cut-throat competition in the barber business.

*Waxing scientific for the moment, we might point out at this stage that a match is what you can't light a fire with when it's damp.*

**One of the smartest recent developments of science, by the way, is an invisible ink for spilling on carpets.**

And we are all fully aware that if it hadn't been for the law of gravity we never would have had suspenders.

*Picture now, the discomfiture of Junior; he can't go behind the garage any more to smoke, because dad has sworn off the weed, and that's where he does his smoking.*

**Incidentally, Junior's violin playing is definitely improving—the neighbors are moving back in.**

"What is a strait?" the geography teacher asked him towards the end of last semester, and he promptly replied, "I'm not sure, but I know that it beats three of a kind."

*Diverging again with the utmost abandon, we note that while the police guarded all the exits, the bandit escaped by one of the entrances.*

And says the colored gentleman, "Jedge, ah pleads guilty an' waives the hearin'." "What do you mean—waive the hearing?" he was asked. "Well," he replied, "Ah jes' doan wanna heah no moah about it, tha's all."

Speaking of the strange disappearance of a citizen, the local paper reported, with perhaps more truth than accuracy, "Smith was last seen coming out of a movie show, and has been *hissing* ever since."

*By the way, have you ever noticed that just when you are wondering what will happen next, somebody who has already seen the picture sits down behind you?*

**And that the darker the theater, the narrower the aisles?**

An English family were to entertain a real duchess at dinner, and the mother was educating her daughter on the proprieties of the occasion. "Remember," she warned, "Every time you speak to her, you must say 'Your Grace.'" When, some time later, the little girl was presented to the great lady, she spoke up bravely, "I'm happy to meet you, mam, and for what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful."

*English people, after all, are very straight-forward—it's the Australians who are always beating about the bush.*

**We read an interesting item just the other day to the effect that American crooners are very popular in England. Yeah, that's where we like them best, too.**

Here, flitting from the meticulous to the ridiculous or something, when inflation actually becomes effective, it's going to be lots of fun buying stocks and bonds at the dime store.

*In this same connection, if you will merely place one dollar bill on top of another, and seal them together at the edges, leaving one small section unsealed, you can inflate your own currency with a bicycle pump.*

**And we have just discovered, in the downtown section, a small cafe that serves American food.**

All of which summed up amounts to nothing in particular. Remember, however, that Edgar Bergen might never have succeeded if he hadn't been able to keep a stiff upper lip.



