



SEVENTY ⁷⁶ SIX

Union Oil Company of California

July 1960

AN AMERICAN CREED

"I do not choose to be a common man. It is my right to be uncommon if I can. I seek opportunity — not security. I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled, dulled, by having the state look after me. I want to take the calculated risk; to dream and to build; to fail or succeed. I refuse to barter incentive for a dole. I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence; the thrill of fulfillment to the state calm of Utopia.

"I will not trade freedom for beneficence, nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat. It is my heritage to stand erect, proud and unafraid; to think and act for myself; enjoy the benefits of my creation, and to face the world boldly and say: . . . this I have done!"

(Author Unknown)

The Sparkle Corps



You're looking at one of our new Service Station Inspection Teams. These ten women—plus a corps of men—visit Union Oil Stations regularly.

They check the rest rooms to make sure they're as spotless as you expect them to be. They check the entire station to make sure it's clean and safe.

We began this new service to reinforce the Union Oil dealer's day-to-day housekeeping because we know a safe station and a clean rest room are as important to you as the finest gasoline and service.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

JULY, 1960

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is a Union Oil Company of California trademark. It also symbolizes the American freedoms won in 1776, which made possible this nation's industrial development and abundance. Our SEVENTY-SIX magazine, published monthly, mirrors industrial freedom through the thoughts, skills, accomplishments and appreciations of Union Oil people. We invite readers to participate with us in an exchange of ideas and information. Address correspondence to the Editor, SEVENTY-SIX, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Published by

Public Relations Department
Thiel D. Collet, Editor

Letters...

Mr. Reese H. Taylor
Union Oil Company of California
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Taylor

We have noted with interest the advertisement that appeared in several national publications this week (Editor's note: the writers refer to our institutional ad entitled "Jerre" Carlson), and we feel that things of this nature are extremely beneficial to the continued development of Vermilion Parish and the entire area of South Louisiana.

The Abbeville Chamber of Commerce and the Abbeville Harbor and Terminal District wish to express their sincere thanks to the officials and employees of Union Oil Company for publicizing the facts that will lead to this development.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) V. H. Schriefer, President
Abbeville Chamber of Commerce
J. C. Vorhoff, Jr., President
Abbeville Harbor and Terminal District

Minneapolis, Minn.
May 11, 1960

Chairman of the Board
Union Oil Company
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

Your advertisement (our Ann Cooley institutional ad) is interesting and informative. I thought that only small people with modest income had tax problems.

My income last year was \$4,500 from the post office. My wife earned a little over \$500 and there was some income from one room that we rent out. We paid \$1,315.85 in taxes — federal, state and property. The property tax was \$315 and next year will be 8% higher. I was able to save a little money, but very little.

So I see that we are in the same boat. Our common interest is to have the federal and state governments spend less.

Your statement about "\$83,780,000 were fuel taxes we collected for governmental agencies" impressed me. I am sure that they didn't reimburse you for doing this work for them.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Douglas Weber
Minneapolis, Minn.



*The Finest pilots and gasoline
teamed up in Alaska's
first Midnight Sun Marathon-*

Written in memoriam of George Nehrba

Among the score of rivers in the world over 2,000 miles long, none is more inhospitable than Alaska's Yukon. Beginning in lakes and creeks of British Columbia, its waters meander a thousand miles northward through Yukon Territory and Alaska to slightly above the Arctic Circle at Ft. Yukon, then turn southward another thousand miles to a lonely rendezvous with the cold Bering Sea.

Though tolerating river boats over portions of its course during summer months, the stream hardly can be termed navigable. Winter holds it in a long, icy, motionless grip. Even after the spring break-up of ice, there are innumerable ice floes entering the main stream from sloughs and shaded canyons. Over long stretches, particularly near the Arctic Circle, the river spreads out to as much as 20 miles wide in a bewildering labyrinth of islands, sandbars and dead-end sloughs, known as the

They conquered the hazardous Yukon

Yukon Flats. Navigable channels change so often that charts are obsolete before the ink is dry.

As bad as the Yukon's geography are its rain squalls and tempestuous winds — mean-tempered elements which delight in swamping small craft and sending their occupants to a swift death in the stream's paralyzing coldness. Mosquitos hover over the summer flood in clouds.

At Circle City, starting point of the Yukon River boat race, crews and spectators gathered to check craft for 800-mile trial.

On such an artery of course there are no ports and nearly a famine of provisioning places. Except for widely separated Indian villages and a miner's cabin here and there along the banks, Alaska's Yukon is primitive nearly from end to end. Boatmen rarely venture on it for more than a mile or two. Its most practical transportation use was as a winter route for early Alaskan dog teams when the territory was being explored and settled; the snow-carpeted ice offered a fairly level, well-marked course extending 2,000 miles inland from the sea.

No wonder that old Alaskan *sourdoughs* still regard the river with awe and suspicion — tell stories real or imaginary of its fiendish treachery — and advise the younger generation to avoid it like the plague.

In Alaska, however, is a doughty group of power-minded pioneers banded together under the title of Fairbanks Outboard Association. Nicknamed the continent's farthest north "yacht club," they explored every stretch of water within week-end reach, then began talking about a Midnight Sun Marathon: "Why not have a boat race—starting at Circle City — crossing the Yukon Flats to Ft. Yukon — moving on downstream through Rampart Canyon rapids to Tanana — following the Tanana River upstream to its juncture with the Chena River — and concluding the race in Fairbanks?" A distance of 800 miles!

There were plenty of hot-stove-league members who declared that it couldn't be done. Gambling men in Fairbanks posted odds that, if the race did take place, there would be one or more fatalities.

But the boat pilots had a lot of confidence in themselves and their outboard craft. They believed that with certain precautions, ample gear, and some special fueling help at a point or two in the wilderness, the uncharted course could be run with reasonable safety in perhaps 37 hours.

Plans went forward to sponsor the first Midnight Sun Marathon. It would start at Circle City on the stroke of midnight, Saturday, May 28, 1960, and end, they guessed, the following Monday afternoon, Memorial Day, under the Chena Bridge at Fairbanks.

With the contest resolved, a storm of excitement invaded this northernmost city of the United States. Fairbanks' "Daily News-Miner" printed race news and rules on its front page. Bets were made and multiplied in the taverns. And every boat that could attract a three-man crew was tested, groomed and equipped for its Arctic expedition.

At least two Union Oilers were patron saints to the racing men. The late George Nebrbas, Company consignee, whose life was taken in an airplane crash several days after the boat race, donated 100 gallons or more of Union aviation gasoline to each of the 21 competing boats. Union Oilers T. B. Cooper and Marvin Paul transported the gasoline by tanktruck from Fairbanks to continental road's end at Circle City and serviced all craft just prior to the start.

Similarly, Consignee J. B. Coghill of Nenana barged additional Union aviation gas to a remote refueling point at Tanana Village. He also chartered an airplane to fly himself and three employees to Tanana in order to supply the racers with special pit-stop Minute-Man service.

On Saturday, May 28th, the population of Circle City climbed abruptly from 100 to nearly 1,000. Excitement was epidemic. Boats were launched; outboard motors were started and adjusted; crews studied make-shift maps of the rarely-traveled river course and planned their strategy.

Rigid inspection by a rules committee saw to it that each boat was at least 24 feet in length, equipped with a river engine *lift*, had an outboard engine limited to 44 cubic inch displacement, and carried a spare motor of the same dimension or smaller.

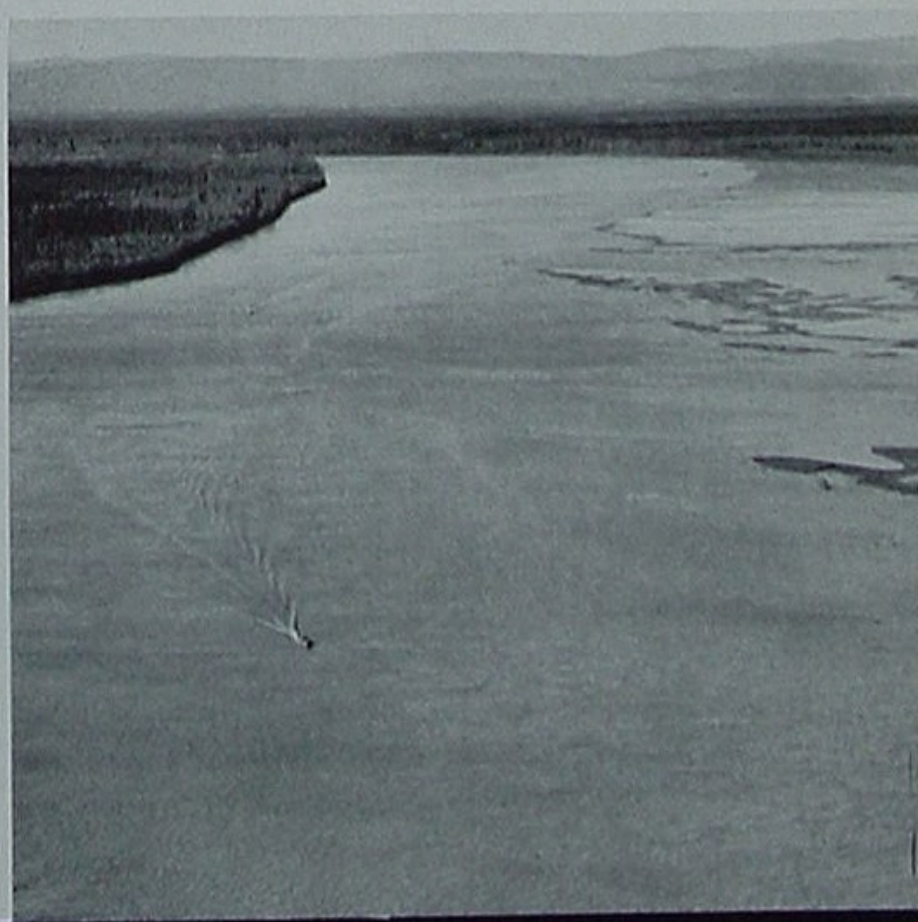
Race rules further stipulated that each boat must carry three men, 18 years of age or older. Contestants had to wear life jackets at all times during the race. And each boat had to have 30 pounds of non-liquid emergency rations, a rifle or shotgun, a sleeping bag, an ax and a first-aid kit. Minimum gasoline requirements were 100 gallons on leaving Circle City and 80 gallons on leaving Tanana.

In Circle City's midnight dusk of May 28th, the starter's flag waved its signal and 21 boats moved across a mile-wide starting line. Their first obstacle in the Marathon was one of their worst — the Yukon Flats, where failure to follow the river's main current might easily put a boat on a sandbar, up a deadend slough, or definitely out of competition.

But all contenders safely negotiated the Flats, crossed the Arctic Circle, and arrived off Ft. Yukon in surprisingly good time. The leader, Fairbanks-born Ray Kasola, had such a comfortable advantage at this point that he turned his boat in a broad circle to salute Indian

continued

This airview of the race in progress shows two boats rounding a Yukon bend just north of the Arctic Circle.



THEY CONQUERED THE HAZARDOUS YUKON—*continued*

spectators along the banks. They had been informed of the race by radio and a parade of airplanes that constantly patrolled the course.

The Flats beyond Ft. Yukon proved tougher. Four boats encountered trouble or fell so far behind that they withdrew at Stevens Village. A fifth craft, piloted by Dick Heidrick, ran into one of the vicious Yukon squalls and was overturned. Cast into icy water, the three men struggled to remain conscious and were rescued swiftly through the efforts of air observers and a float plane flown out from Stevens Village by Bush Pilot Mark Stella. This was the only "close call" to mar the race.

Ray Kasola, still the leader, made a lucky bad guess in the Stevens Village area. He turned into a deadend 16-mile slough by mistake — then risked sliding at full speed over one of its muddy edges — and entered the main river again at an estimated saving of one mile. He was first to refuel at Tanana Village and again gave the natives a circling salute.

Not far behind Kasola came Harvey Stryken, bent on winning the race at any cost. Third man in the Stryken boat was Jack Ryan, a Fairbanks newspaper reporter, who later wrote that the captain tried to lighten his boat by throwing every dispensable item overboard. Once even the newspaper reporter was eyed from head to foot with questioning appraisal. But Stryken made

a costly mistake at Tanana — left his spare motor on the river bank while refueling — and, under rules of the race, had to return for it, at a cost in time of 17 minutes. He finished the race in second place, 14 minutes behind the winner, but with all hands, including the reporter, accounted for.

Ray Kasola, standing at the controls of his Duracraft, powered by a Mercury 400, throughout the entire race, finished as he had started — out in front. His winning time of 26 hours, 26 minutes and 55 seconds caught all of Fairbanks by surprise and a lot of doubters in bed. Even so, the Chena River and its two bridges were lined with a throng of cheering witnesses as the boat came full-speed across the finish line at 2:26 a.m. and circled in another triumphal salute. Fourteen minutes later came Stryken's boat, followed in less than two minutes by the third-place winner, Dick Persinger. Sixteen of 21 starters finished the first Midnight Sun Marathon.

The death of Union Oil Consignee George Nehrbas in an airplane accident shortly after the contest he fueled is mourned by all who knew him — townspeople, sportsmen and Union Oil people alike. Yet it is a characteristic memorial to the man that his final hours were generously devoted to a pioneering venture in the world of sport — to the company he has served loyally for nearly 20 years — and even to the preparation of this report.

/THE END

In light of the midnight sun, May 28th, Union Oiler Marvin Paul dispenses aviation gasoline into containers of all contestants.





This sign at start of race marks the northernmost point attainable by automobiles in North America.



Only refueling point in the marathon was Tanana Village, where Union Consignee J. B. Coghill was on hand with gasoline and service.



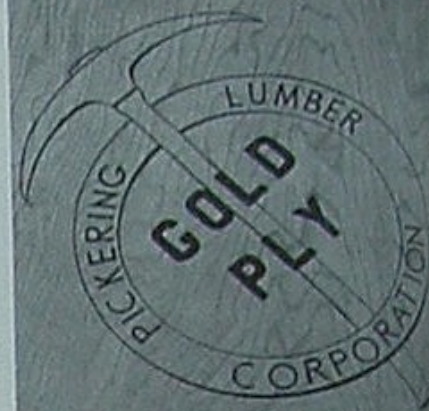
This boat, being fueled by T. B. Cooper, Company employee, was later overturned by rain squall. The crew narrowly escaped.



From left, Announcer Tom Colvin interviews Jack Wright, Ray Kasola and Don McVeigh, the winning crew, at the unexpected victory hour of 2:30 a.m.

Here is Pickering Lumber Corporation's new answer
to better utilization of forest resources:

GOLD PLY...



The miracle machine of today's lumber mill is the modern veneer lathe. The one fresh in our mind is a 40-ton monster that handles logs eight or nine feet in length and up to seven feet in diameter. Picking up a debarked section of log, the lathe chucks take a firm grip and begin to rotate the big *stick*. An immense knife, made of specially hardened steel and honed to razor sharpness, is positioned across the log's entire length. Presently the knife blade penetrates the revolving log to a predetermined depth—usually one-tenth to three-sixteenths of an inch—and the cutting miracle begins.

Maintaining its *bite*, the knife blade literally peels the log into a continuous sheet of board or veneer that, as one young observer remarked, "Must be eight feet long and a mile wide!" Peeling continues at high speed until the huge log is reduced to a *core* less than one foot in diameter. There is no sawdust waste to contend with. The veneer is not only uniform in thickness throughout but is cut so smoothly that, for most commercial purposes, no further planing or sanding is required.

So neat, quiet and efficient is the veneer lathe that its handling of a log reminds you of wrapping paper being unrolled. You marvel at the ingenuity of men who invented and perfected such a process.

Our spectacular introduction to the making of plywood took place on May 28 near Sonora in Tuolumne County, California. The occasion was Pickering Lumber Corporation's public opening of their new \$2 million Gold Ply plant. Union Oil people were extended a special invitation because Pickering Lumber has been one of our best customers for over 30 years and the new mill is 100% Union Oil lubricated.

Having seen the initial debarking and peeling steps in plywood manufacture, we eagerly followed the "mile wide" sheet of board through what is undoubtedly one of the finest plants of its kind in the world:

Beyond the veneer lathe and a tray system where the peeled sheet is momentarily held are the veneer *clippers*. These are 10-foot knives which automatically cut the sheet into 54-inch widths. An operator in control of the clippers also examines the passing veneer for imperfections and by swift push-button action cuts

Nestled among the forested hills of California's Mother Lode country in Tuolumne County is new 122,000-square-foot home of Gold Ply.



or how to peel a log

out defective strips. At a sorting table down-conveyor from the clippers, men sort heartwood from sapwood, because the latter, carrying more moisture, requires longer to dry.

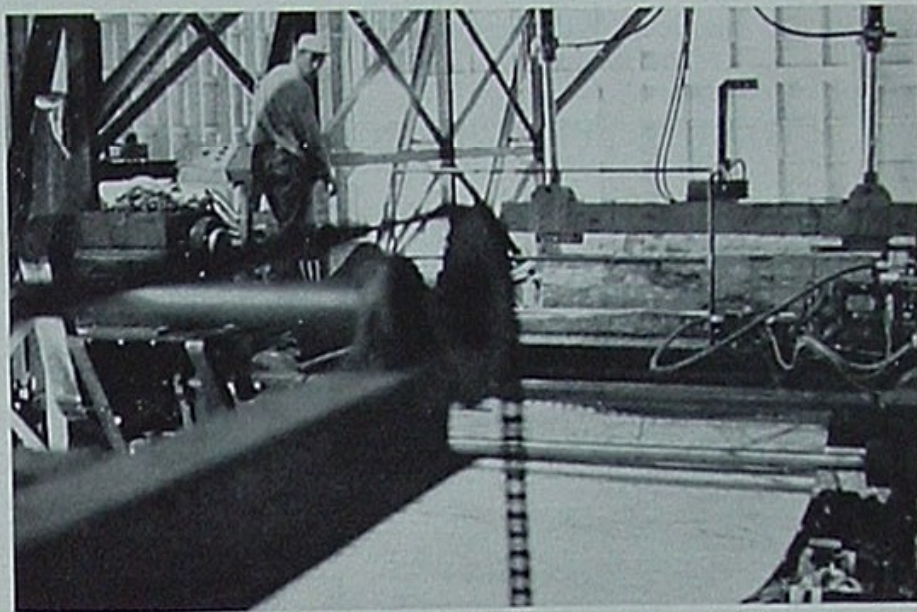
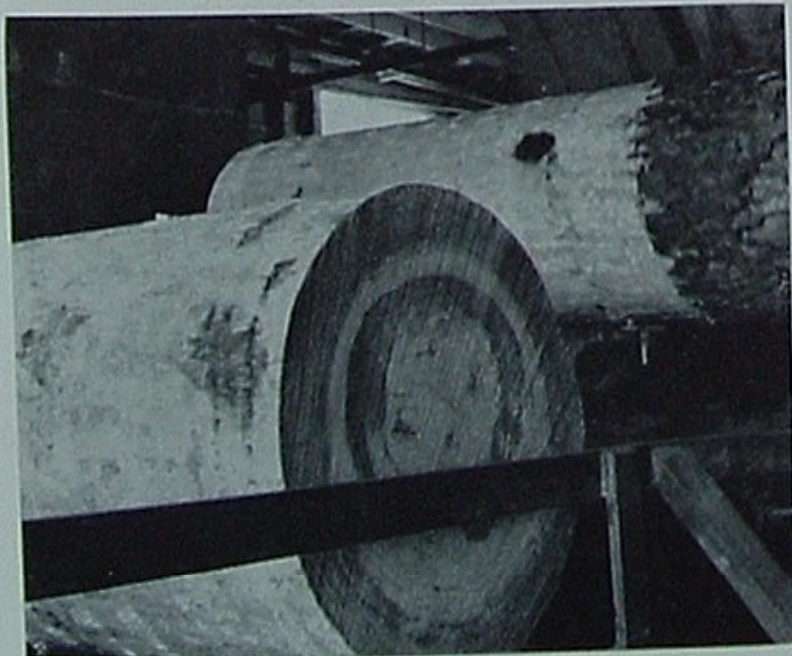
Following a forklift truck that has just picked up one of the stacks of sorted veneer, we walk a hundred feet toward two large drying installations. Here the green board is started through a series of pinch-rolls, steam heat and final drying. On emerging, each sheet is tested by moisture meter; anything with over five per cent moisture content is automatically rejected and re-dried in order to meet gluing specifications.

Most interesting of the ensuing operations are the machine *patchers*. Resembling mammoth sewing machines, these devices cut out knot holes or other imperfections in their downward stroke, firmly inserting a wooden patch from beneath just before the veneer is released. Patching is done so perfectly that you can hardly detect where it joins the panel.

Then in succession we watch a mechanical *edge-gluer* as it planes and electronically glues odd widths of veneer into an endless sheet — a machine *clipper* that

continued

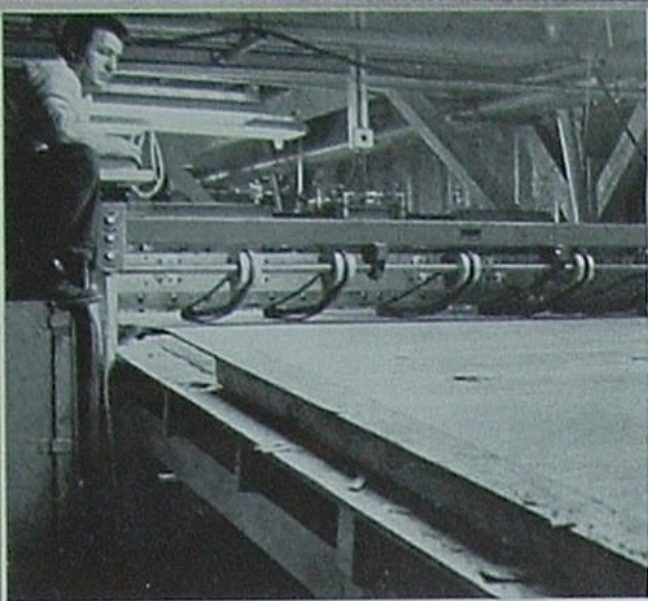
Debarking of logs is the initial step in plywood manufacture.



Miracle machine of lumbering is the veneer lathe, which peels boards "a mile wide."

Maintenance Supervisor "Hutch" Hutchinson tests one of the knife blades used in lathe.

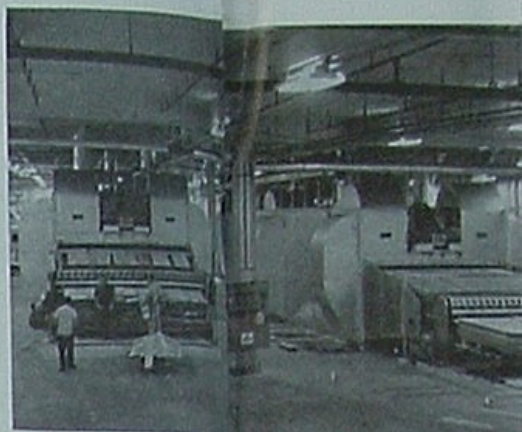




Here the endless ribbon of veneer is inspected and cut into 54-inch widths.



At a conveyor sorting table, men separate heartwood from sapwood. The latter contains more moisture and requires longer in drying.



Automatic six-line conveyor in eight hours.

HOW TO PEEL A LOG - continued

cuts the sheet into 50 1/2-inch widths—the glue *spreader*, which coats both sides of a core panel with glue before it is placed cross-grain between two exterior panels—a *hot press* where heat and pressure are applied to bond the glued sheets—and finally *trimming* machines where the panels are trimmed precisely to specified size.

The finished product is marketed by Pickering Lumber as Gold Ply. It is rigidly inspected and sorted into several grades, for both exterior and interior construction, and each panel is stamped to denote its grade. Far superior in many ways to the lumber of yesterday are these panels of Gold Ply—now speeding by truck and rail to all parts of America and abroad.

Tuolumne County, famous for its Mother Lode discovered in the earliest years of California's Gold Rush, traces its lumbering experience back more than a century. The first steam sawmill came to Sonora in about 1850—to supply the mines with timbers and the miners

with homes. By 1856 there were 24 sawmills in the area, producing 15 million board feet of lumber a year.

Out of this roughly competitive beginning emerged the West Side Flume and Lumber Company in 1890, the same year Union Oil Company was organized. West Side merged with Standard Lumber in 1902; then, in the 1920s, both firms were purchased by W. R. Pickering, a man whose timber and lumber interests extended from California to Louisiana. However, several disastrous fires, timber shortages and years of depression all but ruined the enterprise. Not until about 1937 was the company able to raise itself by its own bootstraps.

Typical of the determined, hard-working men who are leading the corporation's present success is Frank F. Momyer, president. Joining Pickering at Kansas City in 1924, he had no other experience to offer than that of Missouri farm boy. But backed by a give-the-job-everything formula he rose from office boy to clerk,

accountant, and in 1954, president of the company which now lives in Sonora.

So on ground that has been a part of California history, industrial giant Pickering Lumber has a fresh grip on the mill they have built. Into the board feet of lumber each year. The supply it, the will benefit to by free capital

Substantial to peel a log!

Among Union Oil guests of Pickering Lumber's President Frank F. Momyer, center, on plywood mill's opening day were Sales Manager R. D. Davis, left, and Sales Supervisor R. D. Larimer, right, who planned mill's entire lubrication program.





Automatic six-line dryers, seen receiving and discharging veneer in the two photos above, handle 60,000 square feet of board in eight hours. Automatic testing by moisture meters assures that every sheet has a moisture content of under five per cent.

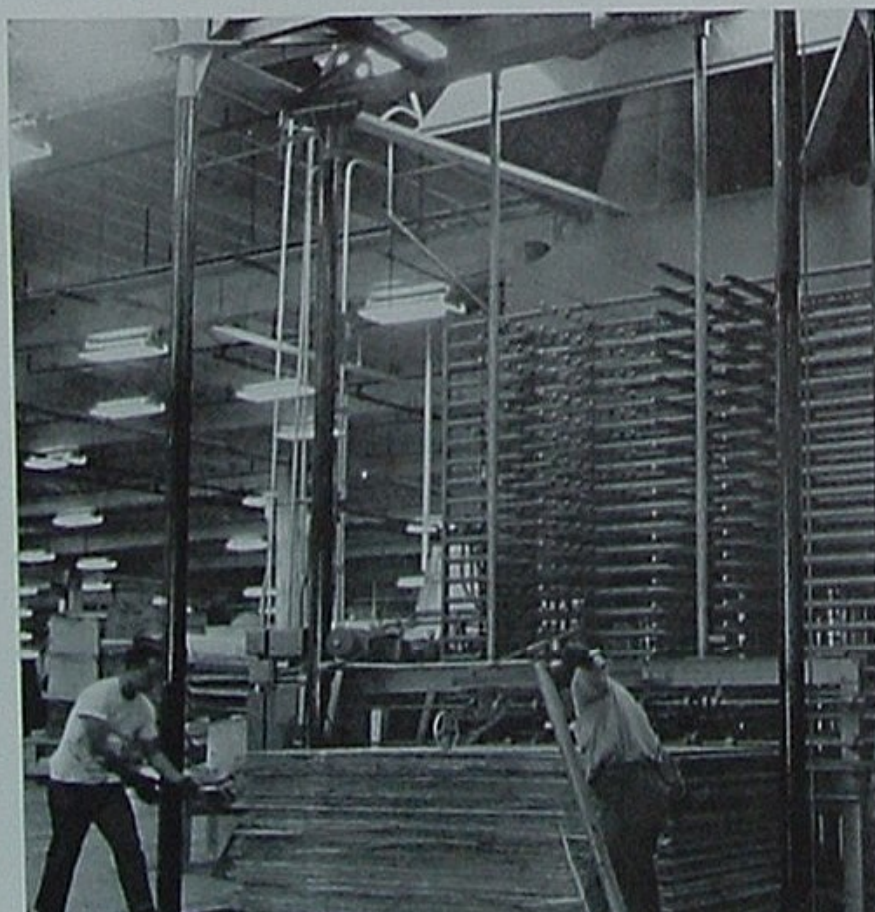
accountant, auditor, treasurer, vice president and, in 1954, president and general manager. He and his family live in Sonora.

So on ground trodden by a hundred years of California history, men who have several times run the full industrial gamut from hardship to success are taking a fresh grip on the life line. In the 122,000-square-foot mill they have built, 165 skilled men have found good jobs. Into their veneer lathe will go some 30 million board feet of timber annually. Out of their shipping doors will roll about 60 million square feet of plywood each year. Thus, Pickering Lumber, the companies who supply it, the community, an area, and a whole nation will benefit to some degree from this enterprise created by free capital and free men.

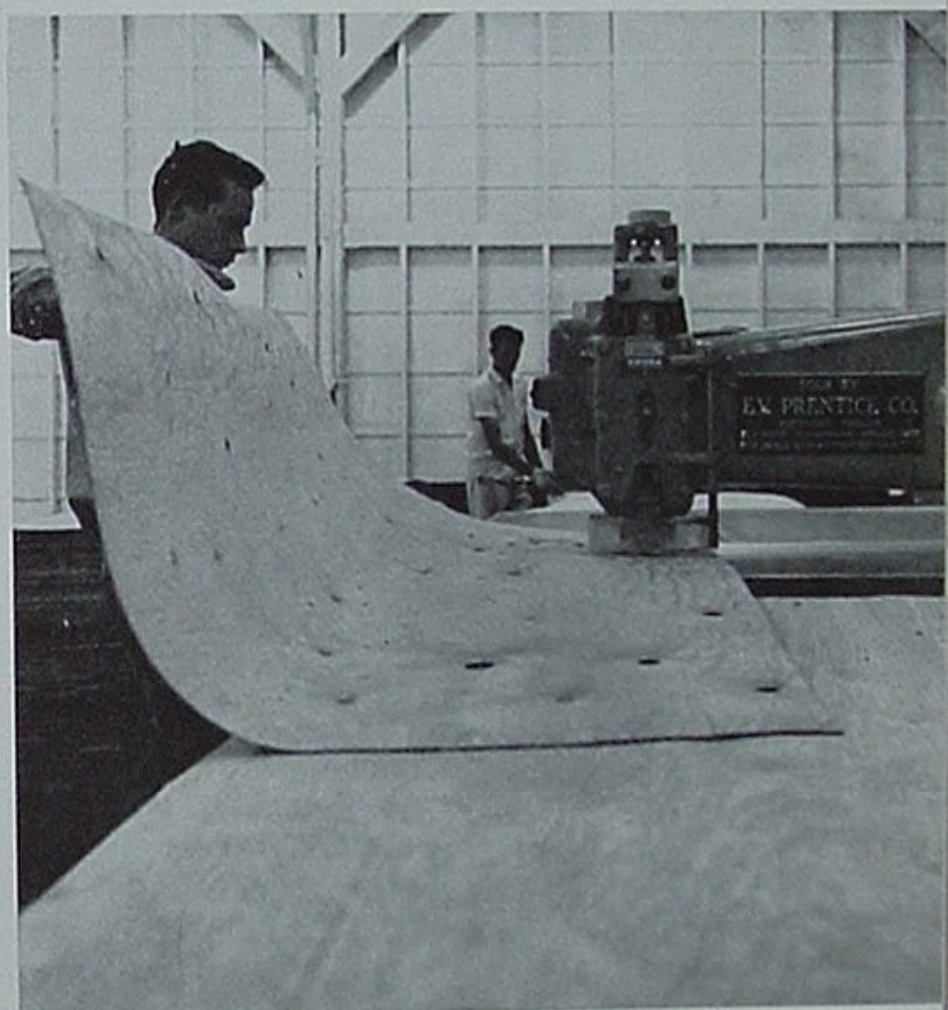
Substantially, this is the story of Gold Ply — or how to peel a log!

/THE END

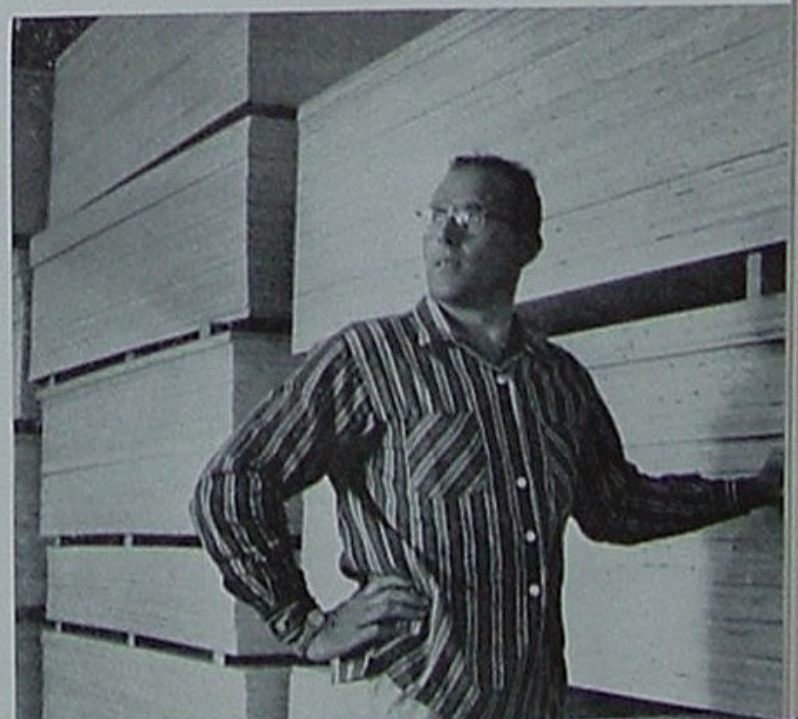
Gluing of panels crossgrain to each other is concluded by final bonding in this hot press.



Imperfections in dried veneer are cut out and neatly mended by ingenious machine patcher.



The finished Gold Ply passes inspection of Superintendent Loren Allen, control man.





In our morning's mail

Can you sleep on a windy night?

Quoted from Oleum Refinery's "On Stream" of June 2

Farmer White was very much dissatisfied with a man who worked for him on his farm, so he set off for the fair to hire another. As he walked about he saw an awkward, gawky young man—and stopped him.

"Well, young fellow," said Farmer White, "and what is your name?"

"John, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I work on a farm, sir."

"Do you know anything at all about farming?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you know?"

"If you please, sir, I know how to sleep on a windy night."

"You what?"

"I know how to sleep on a windy night, sir."

"Well, that's no great recommendation," said Farmer White. "Most of my men can do that only too well now!"

So Farmer White walked around the fair and talked to this one and that, but he found no farm helper that suited him. Several times he caught sight of John and each time marveled at the strange answer he had given to a simple question. In fact Farmer White quite liked the boy's honest eyes; but he had some doubt about hiring anyone who could boast only of sleeping on a windy night. Finally late in the afternoon as John came within sight again, Farmer White quickly made up his mind and walked up to the young man, saying, "You are certainly a curious kind of farm hand, but come along to my farm and we'll see what you can do."

John worked away for several weeks, not much noticed—and that isn't a bad sign either. When anything is working well, it isn't much noticed. And then one night the wind woke up. It gathered itself in great gusts on the hills, and sent the clouds scurrying across the sky, and roared through the forest, and hammered against buildings, and tore at the hay stacks, and howled down the chimneys.

When Farmer White heard the wind, he sat straight up in bed. He knew that wind. Many a time it had wrenched doors off his barns, and scattered his hay and bowled over his chicken coops. So he jumped up and shouted for John who was sleeping in the attic. "John!" the farmer called, but never an answer. "John!" he shouted louder than the wind, but no word from John. The farmer bounded to the attic and shook John, and shook him. "Now, John, my lad, get up; the wind's taking everything!" But John slept like a log—he never moved.

Farmer White rushed out into the wild night, expecting to see everything tumbled about. Instead, he found the stable doors securely fastened, and the horses safely tethered, and the windows firmly locked, and the cattle all snug in their stalls. He found the stack yard intact—the stacks well roped and the ropes well pegged. He found the pig sty secure and the chicken coops firm—and the wind tearing fiercely around them all the time. Then Farmer White laughed out loud—it came to him all of a sudden just what John had meant when he said he could sleep on a windy night. . . .

In all business there is a day of reckoning when the wind blows to test the precision and stability with which we have built. If we have been as farseeing, painstaking and accurate in our work as was John, we too will have learned how to sleep on a windy night.

At the brink of disloyalty

Excerpted from a David Lawrence editorial, N. Y. Herald Tribune

Time was when in the midst of war neither scribe nor politician ventured to give aid and comfort to the enemy.

Time was when the citizen felt a tingle of emotion go up and down his spine as he sang "The Star Spangled Banner" or saluted the flag.

Time was, when the nation found itself in peril and nothing else mattered, that no sacrifice—even of life itself—was too great to make for the honor of our country.

Time was when, in war time, a newspaperman practiced "voluntary censorship" and his conscience kept him from writing anything that might aid the enemy. A "cold war" and a "hot war" are no different so far as the national danger is concerned.

Time was when this correspondent used to hear the expression: "I'm an American first and a newspaperman second."

Persuasion vs. Compulsion

Statement by U. S. Senator Barry Goldwater in Los Angeles Times

But today things seem different. Is the country changing? Is patriotism just an obsolete notion, nurtured only by those of us who have witnessed manifestations of national spirit and pride over a long span of years? Are some of us old-fashioned because we cannot accept the modern cynicism which insists that a President of the United States shall be pilloried by political leaders and by some segments of the press of his own country as Moscow papers reprint every bit of captious and carping criticism?

Today the demand is for almost every scrap of information, including "classified" information, and there are newsmen and members of Congress who insist in all sincerity that they and not the executive branch of the government—which has the responsibility for our safety—shall be the final judges of what ought to be suppressed or disclosed. No matter how damaging to one's own country, the tendency now is to give the information and comment publicly to the enemy dictator, who promptly quotes it in his propaganda speeches.

As America, moreover, approaches a political campaign, partisan writers say that the President should have known in advance of every act to be performed, by every subordinate in the numerous agencies of a big government, and that efforts to gather information abroad clandestinely should have been in effect suspended indefinitely to the advantage of a gangster regime in Moscow. Immediately Moscow seizes on every such adverse comment. . . .

Grass-roots Americanism today resents bitterly the insults flung at the President of the United States. It resents attacks on Mr. Eisenhower in the American press which the next day are parroted and quoted with exultation in the Soviet press.

It so happens that Mr. Eisenhower was the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in World War II. He helped to save the Soviet Union from the yoke of Hitler. The American people between 1941 and 1945 sent billions of dollars to help equip the Soviet armies. When the war was over, General Eisenhower was received with acclaim in Moscow. But Nikita Khrushchev now says Mr. Eisenhower is fit only to manage a home for children. Recently he called the President a "thief."

It begins to look as if Nikita Khrushchev is resentful of all military men. But he has miscalculated public opinion everywhere if he thinks he can belittle not only the President of the United States but the very general who helped Russia in the winning of World War II.

The Soviet Premier, to be sure, has lost whatever prestige he may have had in the West. He has forfeited an opportunity for effective leadership as a negotiator with the West. He has really betrayed his own country. For the people of the Soviet Union don't want war and when they get all the facts they will not long support a man who acts more like an uncivilized boor than like the dignified premier of a government which professes to represent a great people.

I am well aware of the "free loader" argument so often advanced by union leaders in defense of compulsory unionism. The contention is that a man ought not to enjoy the benefits of an organization's activities unless he contributes his fair share to their cost. I am unaware, however, of any other organization or institution that seeks to enforce this theory by compulsion. The Red Cross benefits all of us, directly or indirectly, but no one suggests that Red Cross donations be compulsory.

It is one thing to say that a man "should" contribute to an association that is purportedly acting in his interest; it is quite another thing to say that he "must" do so. I believe that a man ought to join a union if it is a good union that is serving the interests of its members.

I believe, moreover, that most men "will" give support to a union "provided it is deserving of that support." There will always be some men, of course, who will try to sponge off others; but let us not express our contempt for "some" men by denying freedom of choice to "all men."

Here is the kind of thing that can happen as the result of compulsory unionism:

X, a family man in Pennsylvania, had been a union member in good standing for over 20 years. When the United Electrical Workers became the recognized bargaining agent at his plant, he refused to join on the grounds the UEW was Communist dominated—a judgment that had been made by the CIO itself when it expelled the UEW in 1950. The result, since his employer had a union shop agreement with the UEW, was that X lost his job.

The remedy here is to give freedom of association legal protection. And that is why I strongly favor enactment of state right-to-work laws which forbid contracts that make union membership a condition of employment. These laws are aimed at removing a great blight on the contemporary American scene, and I am at a loss to understand why so many people who can so often profess concern for "civil rights" and "civil liberties" are vehemently opposed to them. . . .

Here, it seems to me, is the sensible way to combat graft and corruption in the labor movement. As long as union leaders can "enforce" workers to join their organization, they have no incentive to act responsibly. But if workers could choose to belong or not to belong, depending on how the union performed, the pressure to stamp out malpractice would become irresistible.

If unions had to earn the adherence of their members, the result would be not only more freedom for the working man but much less dishonesty and high-handedness in the management of the union affairs.



They're load

Under optimum conditions, transports at Los Angeles Terminal can be loaded at 5,000 gallons a minute. At left, Loader Donald Starr operates one of the controls that help to make this the fastest gasoline loading ever achieved.

At ma
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check-o

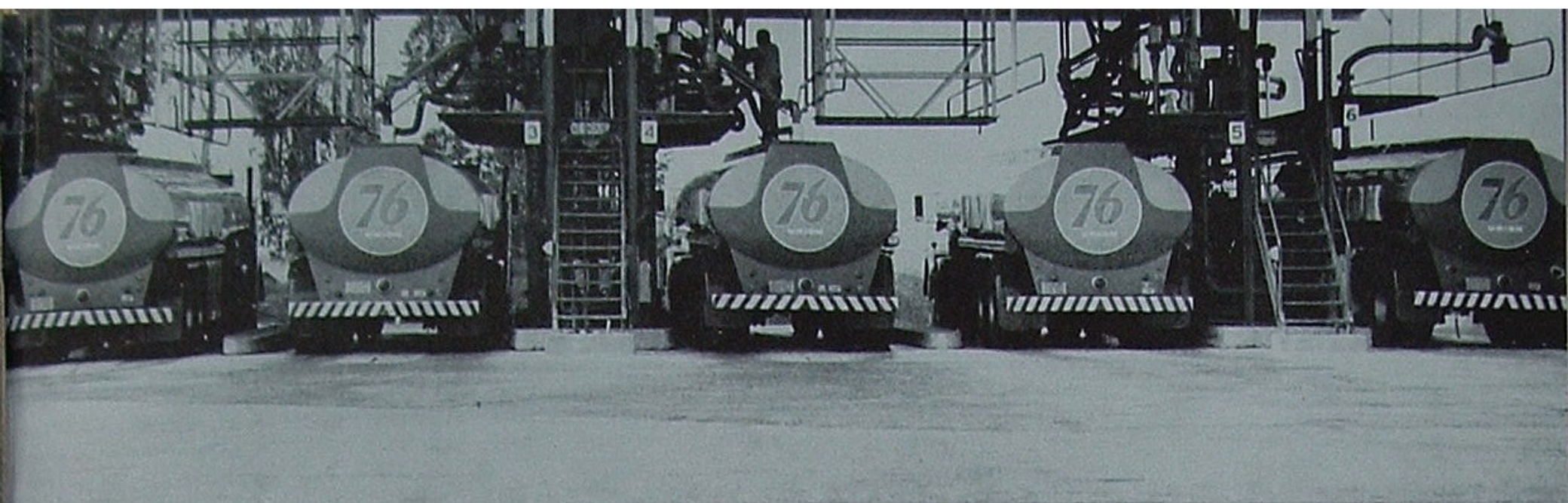
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loading at 5,000 gallons a minute!

At many, perhaps most, of the petroleum industry's loading racks it takes about 30 minutes to load and check-out a 1,000 gallon gasoline tanktruck.

Now at our Los Angeles Terminal, in contrast, a 7,400-gallon gasoline transport can go through the entire loading and check-out procedure in less than 10 minutes. The loading alone can be accomplished in under five minutes, or at an open-throttle pumping rate of 1,500 gallons a minute. According to a report recently published by an authority on oil transportation, this is the fastest truck loading rate ever achieved.

Of course, if all of the rack's downspouts are in use simultaneously, the loading rate per unit is somewhat reduced. Even so, the rack, through enough outlets at full pressure, can attain a maximum pumping rate of over 5,000 gallons a minute — that is, a transport load about every 1½ minutes.

Since its opening in 1948, this high-volume supply center for Union service stations and other large buyers in the Los Angeles County area has shown spectacular growth. Originally designed to deliver about 15 million gallons of Union gasolines and Diesol per month, it reached the 11-million-gallon-per-month figure during the first full year of operation, 1949. By 1955 the monthly volume had leaped up to 24 million gallons. Despite the opening of pipeline service to our Colton Terminal near Riverside in 1957, which relieved Los Angeles Terminal of a 3-million-gallon trucking chore, the latter rack continued to gain in output. L. A. Terminal's 1960 rate of delivery is running very close to 30 million gallons a month — a million gallons a day.

On rush days, with the Company's transports averaging five loads each and the racks accommodating up to 60 common carriers and customers' trucks, the day's work often represents deliveries totaling over a million gallons.

When it was first decided to build a products pipeline from Los Angeles Refinery, through Torrance Tank

Farm, to the Rosecrans Field, it was believed that four-inch pipe would handle any foreseeable demand for our gasolines and Diesol. However, pipeline managers argued against trenching through so much city property for anything less than six-inch lines. As of 1960, the six-inch pipe is taxed to capacity throughout much of each 24-hour period.

Because of this sky-rocketing demand for the *Finest*, it was necessary during the past few months to increase the terminal's delivery capacity. Two routes lay open: Either the loading rack could be increased in size, or possibly new pumps and lines could be installed to speed up the loading rate.

One obvious reason for choosing speed-up over enlargement was that transports earn more money on the road than at the loading rack. Therefore, the less time spent in loading, the greater is transport efficiency.

But to save the few minutes per load required extensive rack revisions. Lines were enlarged, simplified or streamlined to eliminate all bottlenecks. Former pumps were adequate, but meters were replaced. Pipeline pumping equipment at Torrance was bolstered to step up the rate of supply. The high-speed improvements, accomplished largely through engineering, are believed to have increased the loading potential here to over 60 million gallons a month.

So keep up those credit card solicitations!

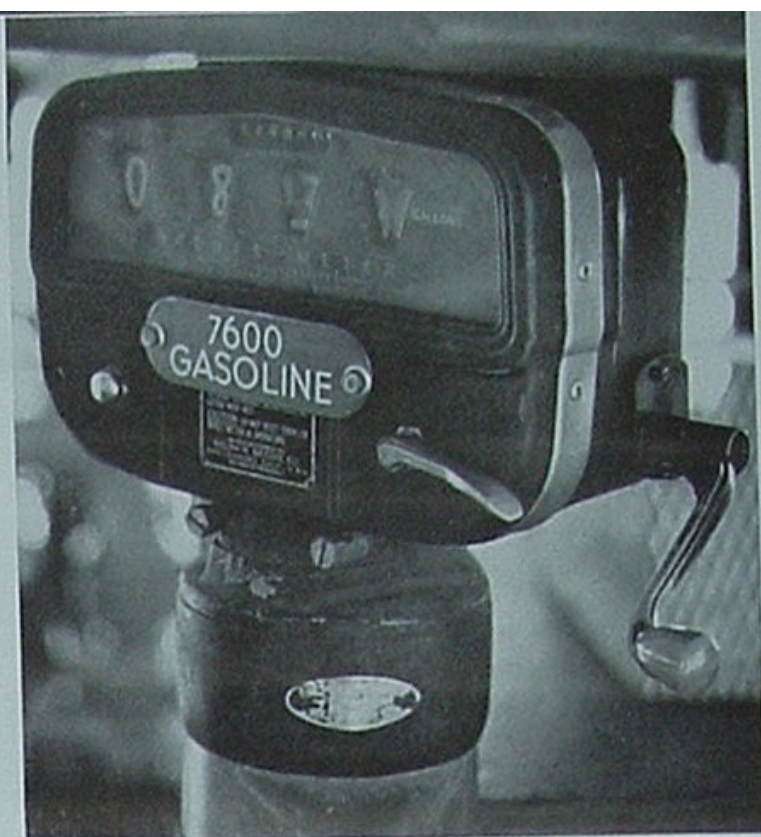
Included in the new installations is a vapor recovery system that pumps off and absorbs rich gasoline vapors

continued

5,000 GALLONS A MINUTE—*continued*

displaced when transport compartments are refilled. At the terminal's present million-gallon-per-day delivery rate, the vapor system nets approximately 1,000 gallons daily of recovered gasoline.

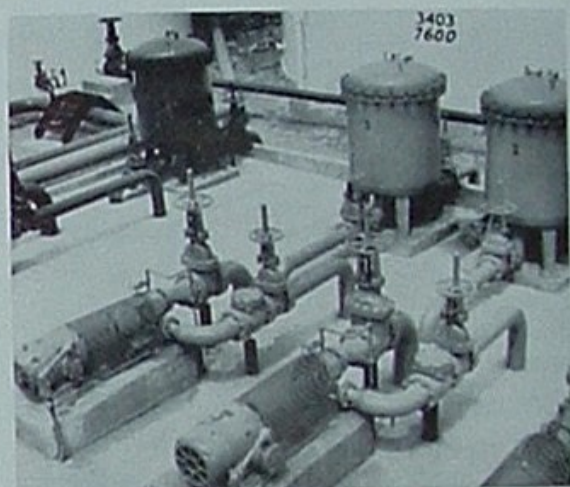
Twenty-four Company transports at this location currently operated 'round-the-clock' by 76 (actual count) drivers, are driven over a million miles every month through heavy Los Angeles traffic to perform one of the biggest jobs in modern highway transportation.



A recording meter counts the gallons loaded and prints its figures on loading ticket.

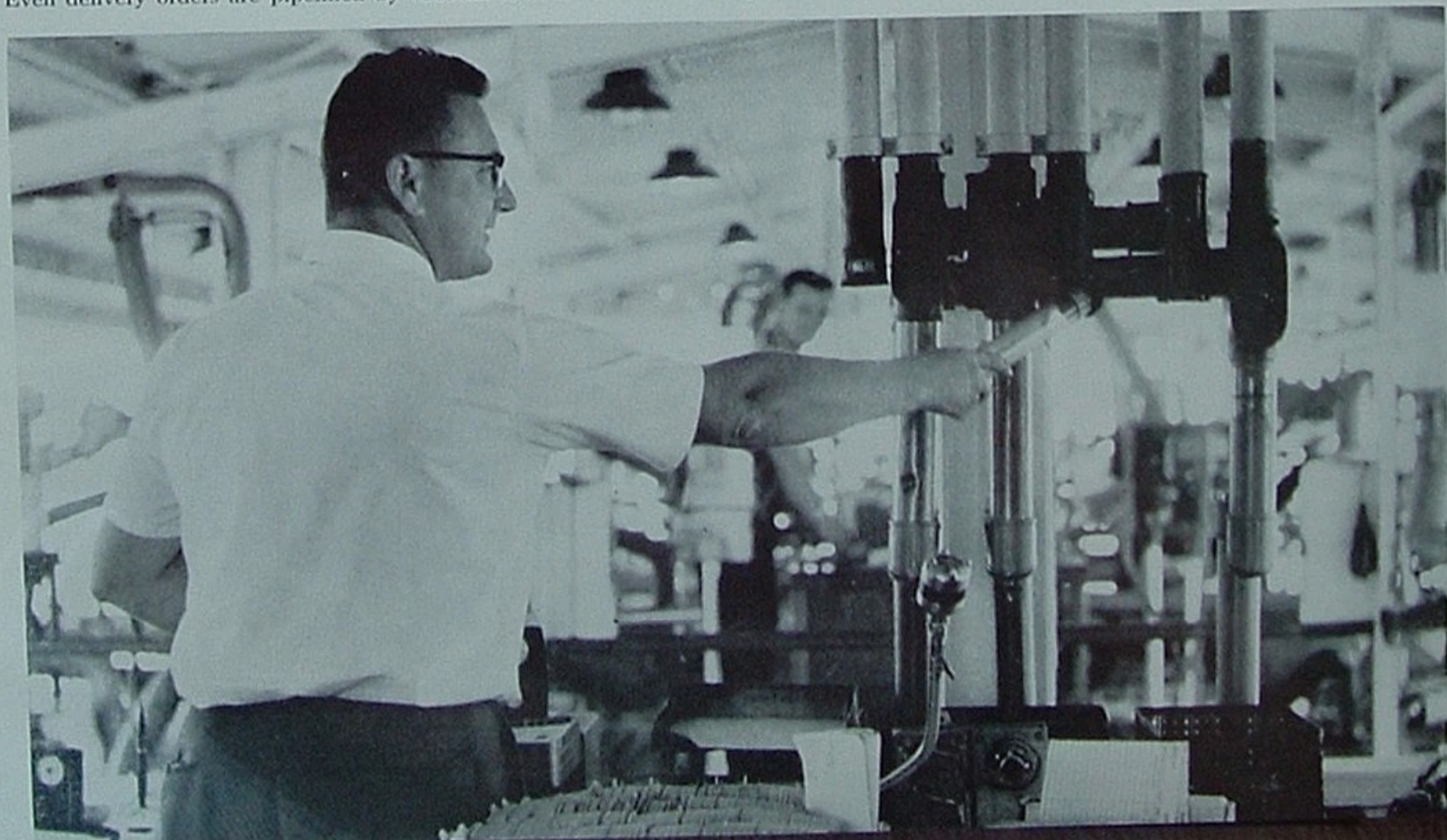


As loader Gay Wamre triggers gasoline into a transport compartment, rich gasoline vapors are vented out through flexible hose into recovery system.



Compact electric pumps move the gasoline through filters en route to the loaders.

Even delivery orders are pipelined by vacuum tube from office of Dispatcher Merv Hostetler to loaders and drivers on loading rack.





Scheduled for retirement in 1960, this truck has run 947,031 miles.

Nearly a million-miler

During the next two or three months, Tractor No. 4226 at Los Angeles Terminal will be retired and replaced. On that day its speedometer will show accumulated mileage of around 960,000 — a new record in the longevity of Union Oil transports.

Even then, the truck will leave proudly under its own power, with diesel engine purring in fine rhythm and paint shining like new. The decision to retire No. 4226 was based partly on the vehicle's obsolescence; now available are tractors that produce greater horsepower per ton of road weight, allowing 23% larger cargoes.

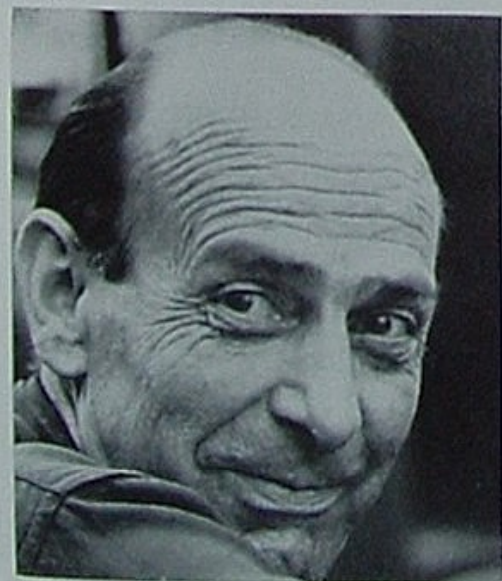
Since joining the Union Oil highway fleet on July 30, 1952, this vehicle has delivered the enormous total of 40 million gallons — all gasoline and Diesol. Getting approximately six miles to the gallon of Diesol, it has

consumed about 160,000 gallons of fuel. Cost of the tractor and semi-trailer in 1952 was \$29,000. The replacement units, employing considerable aluminum to achieve lightness, will cost \$40,000.

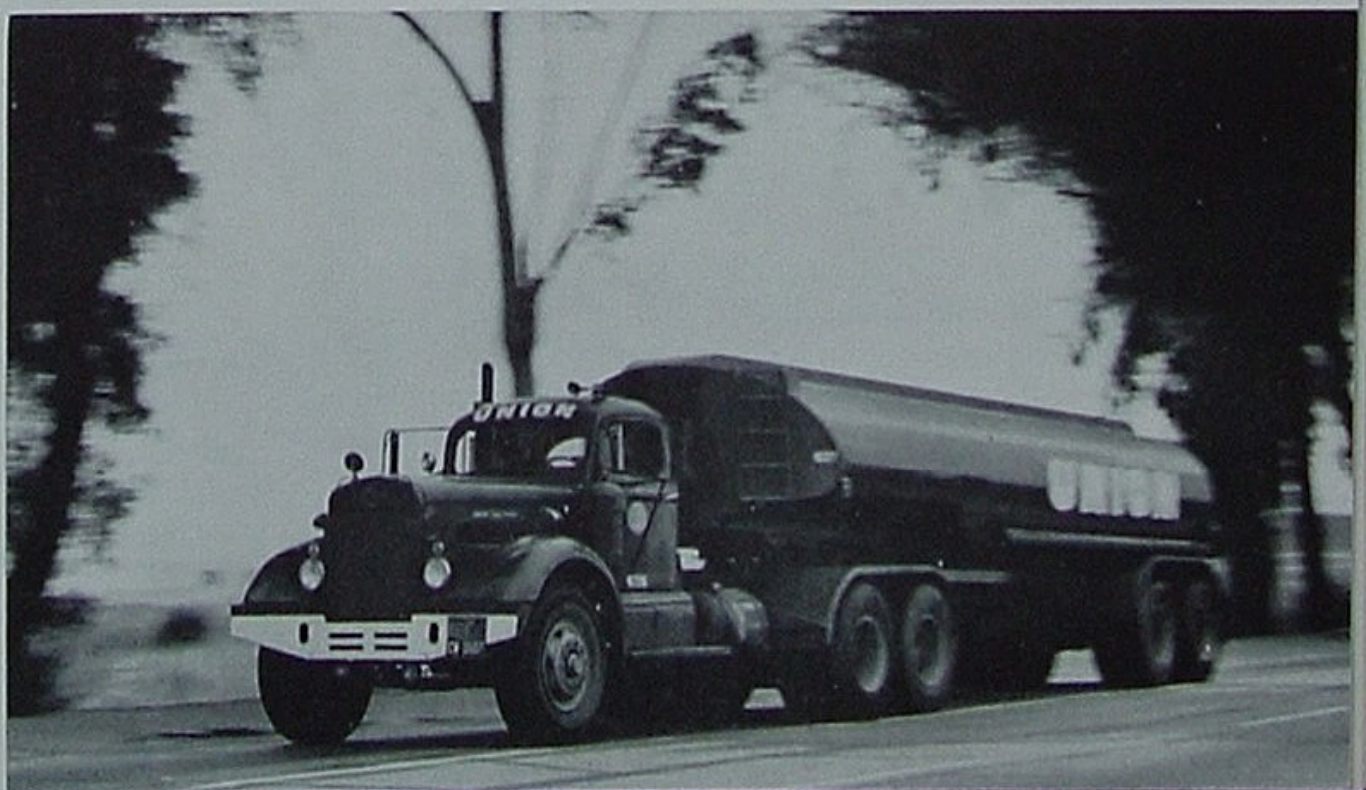
Several reasons have been suggested as to why No. 4226 compiled this exceptional record of service. Our mechanics, who overhauled it at 250,000-mile intervals, say its engine had a good block and was operated by careful drivers. Drivers, on the other hand, credit garage men for their outstanding mechanical and maintenance skills. Research might add another observation, namely, that the tractor was lubricated exclusively with Unoba Grease and T5X Motor Oil. Anyway, it all adds up to a million miles!

/THE END

Dale Ralph is among the drivers who piloted vehicle to Company record.



Even during its final runs, the truck looks and sounds as good as ever, thanks to skillful handling and maintenance. Except for weight advantages of new trucks, it would roll on.



What would you think of a relative who had an income of \$7,000 per year, but who had run up a debt of \$29,000 of which \$5,000 was payable on demand and \$7,500 more within the year? Well, don't disown him too soon. Add seven zeroes on to those figures and you've got your Uncle Sam.

from Industrial Press Service

Business Highlights of the Month

EXPLORATION *A new oil discovery in town!*

The successful production test recently made on Union-Signal Pacific Electric No. 3 well in the La Cienega area, Los Angeles, California, is a happy conclusion to a very difficult exploration project. On a 10-hour production test, the well flowed 37-degree gravity crude oil at a rate of 1,200 barrels per day through a 26/64-inch choke.

Exploration in a city the size of Los Angeles presents many added problems and costs. First, residents and governmental agencies have to be convinced that the drilling can be done in a safe and not unsightly manner. Elaborate safeguards must be erected against noise, odor, danger or other conditions that might disturb the neighborhood. Public hearings are required for each of many necessary permits. Residents of the area must be kept informed as to conditions resulting from the drilling program.

Many months of townlot leasing, conferences with government officials, geological and geophysical investigations, site preparation and rig soundproofing preceded the spudding of our first well. When a productive zone was indicated, new permits and negotiations were necessary. These included provision for testing of the well and disposing of oil and gas produced without inconveniencing or endangering the community.

Now that commercial production is indicated, the task of providing producing facilities, storage, pipelines, etc., will continue to tax the time and ingenuity of many Union Oilers. Also ahead of us, of course, is the drilling from several sites within the jointly held 7,000-acre leased block of enough wells to define the size of the field discovered.

from Basil Kantzer

PRODUCTION *Another look at Sansinena!*

Results of the development drilling program just completed in the Company's Sansinena Field, Los Angeles County, California, demonstrate the importance of continued engineering studies of oil fields after they are considered to be fully drilled. At Sansinena, 153 wells had been drilled between the discovery date in 1944 and the end of 1958. Over 22 million barrels of oil had been produced, and no further drilling was contemplated.

Recently, however, the Petroleum Engineering Department, after intensive reservoir and well study, suggested that additional production might be obtained from a new fault block, and recommended the drilling of five test wells. Before this program was completed, 11 wells were drilled, including several high-angle slant holes into a series of undrained fault slivers. Several of the wells were completed with potentials of 1,000 barrels per day or more, and 4,390 barrels per day of new crude oil, based on initial producing rates, was added to the Pacific Coast Division's production. Present production from the field is 8,000 barrels per day, and total cumulative production has climbed to 26 million barrels.

Though Sansinena is again believed to be fully developed, future engineering studies of its complex formations may result in new ideas, more drilling and higher values.

from A. F. Woodward

RESEARCH *Another "first" for Collier!*

Union's chemical subsidiary, Collier Carbon and Chemical Corporation, is now manufacturing and marketing a novel fertilizer solution made from ammonia and green phosphoric acid, the latter being derived from phosphate rock. The new phosphate solution is called 8-23-0, indicating that it contains 8% nitrogen and 23% phosphorous in the form of appropriate compounds, which are major plant-growth nutrients.

This solution retains all the trace elements present as impurities in the green phosphoric acid. The trace elements, which are beneficial to growing crops, have not previously been available because they could not be kept in solution — that is, not until a method was discovered by Union Research. Long an object of the marketers of fertilizer solutions, 8-23-0 becomes an important addition to Collier's growing line of liquid fertilizers. The advantage to western growers will be a wide selection of Collier fertilizers blended to meet the individual requirements of specific crops and soils.

from W. E. Bradley

From Japan: *Ties will be strengthened . . .*

President of Maruzen, "Ninety-nine percent of the Japanese populace are pro-Americans with positive minds of their own and will not easily be influenced by the Communists."

June 21, 1960

Mr. Reese H. Taylor,
Chairman of the Board and President
Union Oil Co. of California

Dear Mr. Taylor:

In Japan, as you may know, the entire nation was eagerly looking forward to welcoming President Eisenhower of the United States to Japan as an honored guest to commemorate the centennial of the opening of the United States-Japan relation. And the preparations were almost completed when terrible riotings took place in Tokyo by leftist demonstrators and innocent students. Those riots were instigated by communists opposing the new United States-Japan Security Treaty and demanding the retirement of pro-American Premier Kishi.

On the occasion of White House Press Secretary James Hagerty's recent visit to Japan, some leftist demonstrators committed gross insult by besieging his car and attacking him at Haneda Airport upon his arrival in this country, and thereby caused this terrible problem.

While some of these students, belonging to the Zengakuren (National Federation of Students Self Government Association), are anti-communists, some others are highly paid by the Japan Communist Party and are made puppets by them.

It is erroneously reported that every student belonging to the Zengakuren is a communist puppet and that the Zengakuren is a group of terrorists.

It is difficult to tell from what source the Japan Communist Party obtains their funds, but there is no doubt that a great amount of money has been brought over from the Soviet Union and Red China for this purpose.

We regret immensely that some members of the Japan Socialist Party are under the influence of Communist China, though the Socialist Party itself is against appealing by violence.

I wish you to know that 99% of the Japanese populace are pro-Americans with positive minds of their own and will not easily be influenced by the communists.

We must admit, however, that there are some misgivings in the policies of the Kishi Government, but this could happen in any country. I personally am on very friendly terms with Mr. Kishi and with ministers of the present government; therefore, I am well informed of their thinking and policies. In my judgment their opinion and those of the Soviet and Red China are quite opposite. And I suppose this is the case not only in Japan but in other nations.

There is nothing to worry about concerning the present situation in Japan. Only I feel very sorry that because of these riots caused by some Reds, Japan has lost the international trust which Japan had gained through 15 years' efforts after the war.

I hope you will understand the present situation in Japan accurately and please rest assured that there is nothing to worry about, whatever mis-information you have received.

I sincerely hope that the tie between your great country and ours will be strengthened more than ever.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Kanji Wada, President
Maruzen Oil Co., Ltd.
Osaka, Japan

From the Bank of Tokyo: "We are deeply grieved and disappointed . . ."

L. B. Houghton, Treasurer
Union Oil Company

Dear Mr. Houghton:

I often think back on the time I was in Los Angeles and am always reminded of the great help and assistance you and your people have given to me and the Bank of Tokyo of California. I am and shall always be most thankful.

For the moment we, particularly those of us in our bank, are deeply grieved as well as being greatly disappointed that the events of the past few days (The writer

obviously refers to the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit) have taken such unexpected turns. But I feel sure that you and those of your friends who have known us will not fail to understand that the under-current of the national sentiment is quite opposite to what the intentional disturbances created by the military minority endeavor to impress.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) T. Abe, Auditor
The Bank of Tokyo, Ltd.
Kobe, Japan

Some Timely

*By the
Los Angeles Dodgers.....*

When a new freeway takes most of the automobile traffic off the main street and booms it at 60 miles an hour through town, some merchants are bound to lose a lot of business. Particularly if their merchandise happens to be gasoline or other automotive products.

That's what happened when the final section of Ventura Freeway was opened recently to carry traffic at top speed across San Fernando Valley. Among the businessmen hurt were about 20 Union Oil dealers. Each of them felt the jolt of having his daily gasoline volume drop suddenly to the extent of several hundred gallons. Ouch!

But, like team managers in the world of sports, smart dealers learn how to improvise when the score turns against them or the game seems lost:

Our Ventura Avenue dealers, for example, with an assist from the Marketing Department, decided on using pinch-hitters—real ones—no less than six of the world-championship Los Angeles Dodgers. The idea was to make a *hit* with the neighborhood trade out San Fernando way by having the Dodgers on hand to autograph gloves, baseballs, etc.—and to draw some free box seats for the Dodger games.

The big Get-Acquainted Day was June 11th. This Saturday morning found the stations swarming with enthusiastic *small fry* and their parents. When Dodger pinch-hitters Don Demeter, Roger Craig, Norm Sherry, Clem Labine, Tom Davis and Ed Roebuck came to bat on the pump islands, they were greeted by capacity crowds of rooters—all friendly.

Certainly a lot of *hits* were chalked up with the neighbors, and a good start was made toward putting Ventura Avenue dealers back in the ballgame.



With big league ball players arriving on the lot, Dealer Walt Starr and his men met customers galore—of the future.

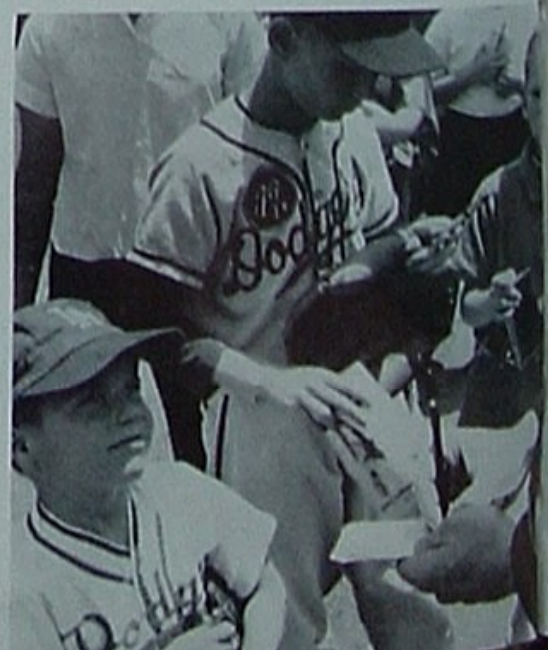
Dodger players quickly recognized by young fans were, from left, Roger Craig, Clem Labine, Ed Roebuck, Norm Sherry, Don Demeter and Tom Davis. Other athletes pitch for Union.



At Dealer Pat Galati's station, free Dodger baseball tickets were drawn by Don Demeter for an admiring lady.



Some youngsters even came full-dressed to get the autograph they'll treasure for a lifetime.



Pinch-hitting . . .

.....and by the Dealers of La Habra

Turnabout's fair play! At any rate, one week after the Ventura Avenue good deed, Union Oil dealers in the La Habra portion of Orange County went to the rescue of others. This time the great American game of baseball needed an assist:

As the season's baseball play was about to open, the Little League and Pony League of La Habra found themselves without a playing field. The school diamond they had expected to use was being closed on short notice to permit summer revisions. Over 300 young baseball hopefuls either had to find a new field or disband. The town didn't have another diamond to offer.

Five Union Oil dealers—M. E. Sanders, H. E. Patrick, Robert Hutchings, W. F. Grisaffi and Wayne Roberts—were among the first businessmen of La Habra to heed the call for help. As soon as an idle piece of ground had been offered by its owner, Mr. Leech, the dealers opened their cash boxes generously and started the ball rolling. They helped buy bleachers and fencing—obtained used pipe from our Field Department at Santa Fe Springs for backstops—and headquartered a community-wide campaign to put the two diamonds in first-class playing condition. So pleased were the young athletes that they decided to call the park Scully Stadium, in honor of the popular Dodger-Union Oil announcer, who has become Mr. Baseball in Southern California.

On dedication day, June 18, the ball park was packed with players, parents and community leaders. Vince Scully was there in person to take a bow and pay sincere tribute to the importance of sand-lot baseball. When the five Union Oil dealers were introduced from the platform, everyone applauded. Again pinch-hitting at its finest!



At La Habra, Dealers M. E. Sanders, H. E. Patrick, Robert Hutchings, W. F. Grisaffi and Wayne Roberts were commended for their part in building park for Little League.

Partly in gratitude for Union Oil help, the kids named their field for Vince Scully, popular announcer of Dodger games and Company products. Vince (glasses) presented the flag.



The main result of this pinch-hitting is that over 300 boys will have a chance to learn the great American game.

The strikes we like



DEALER CHARLES BURLEY & SON LARRY are kneeling low in the picture to let us see their championship women's team of the San Carlos League. Except for Mrs. Larry Burley, at right, the team members are not identified. Maybe Charlie wants to keep 'em!

from Max Small



A PERFECT "300" GAME, the first ever recorded in Pullman, Washington, was bowled by Union Oil Dealer Don Barton in recent league play. Though sponsoring four teams of his own, he was "guest bowling" for another five when rolling this tough succession of 12 strikes.

from W. I. Martin



CHAMPS OF L. A. REFINERY are the "Outlaws" who won 43 and lost 26 in law-abiding competition. The team members are, kneeling, J. E. Riou, O. V. Hickman; standing, W. C. Day, T. A. Dembowski and L. J. Wallis.

from S. D. Reiner

THE UNION-ROYAL TEAM of Willbridge Terminal near Portland is modest about their bowling prowess but not about their years of Company service. Standing are P. M. Bishop, R. L. Cairney, C. D. Hopfield, seated are F. L. Wood and A. G. Parker. Together they have scored 150 years for Union Oil.



THE THINNER FIVE (no questions, please), including Union Oilers Bob Aker-vick, Leo Lund, Frances Trotter, Ken Taylor and Captain Darryl Newsham, are reigning champions of the Seattle-Edmonds Bowling League.

from W. I. Martin



CHAMPIONS OF AUBURN in the City Association Men's Tournament are, kneeling, Nick Moar, Jim Gage; standing, Terry Dorer, Charles Gilpin and Union Dealer Bill Jansen, sponsor. They averaged 830 pins per game to beat 45 competitors and also win a preceding league championship.

from H. E. Mentor



ALLEN DUPONT, who won the high-game prize in the Company's Burnham Play-Off this year, has finally been found by our photographer in the Louisiana marshes. He's still smiling after that fine 255.

from H. T. Finney





OUTSTANDING SCHOLARS honored by the Fullerton Union and Sunny Hills High Schools of Southern California at the 1960 awards banquet included six sons and daughters of Research Department employees. Accompanying the youngsters on a survey of dad's working conditions was Clary Stull, center, Company consignee at Anaheim and committeeman of Fullerton Rotary Club. From left are Gretchen Keller, daughter of Dr. J. L. Keller; Dorothy Emerson, daughter of H. D. Emerson; Tommy Amott, son of Dr. Earl Amott; Kathy Pullen, daughter of E. A. Pullen; Fred Lakin, son of W. P. Lakin; and Linda Attane, daughter of Dr. E. C. Attane.

from Paul K. Doyle



in focus



H. A. "CURLY" SISK, left, machine shop foreman at Los Angeles Refinery, proudly holds the Seth Van Patten Memorial Trophy presented to his son Tom, right, by the Los Angeles Examiner Scholastic Sports Association. Tom, who graduated in June from Long Beach Poly High School with scholarship honors, won CIF honors in basketball and baseball, and was named CIF Athlete of 1960 for Southern California. Following graduation, Tom signed a \$50,000 bonus contract with the Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League.

from S. D. Reiner



KAYE BAILEY, right, daughter of King Bailey, foreman at our Edmonds Terminal, was named winner of Edmonds Senior High School's Girl of the Year Award. She is seen with Boy of the Year, David Brown, and President Robert Olson of the Lions Club, who sponsored the program of recognition.

from W. J. Martin

JUNIOR ACHIEVERS in Portland were genuinely proud of their protege, Bob Parker (center), who received a \$200 scholarship at the 10th annual JA banquet in the Sheraton Hotel. Congratulating the winner are, from left, Union Oilers Ken Oliver, Hermann Overmire, Vince Davis and Norm Buvic — all of Marketing.

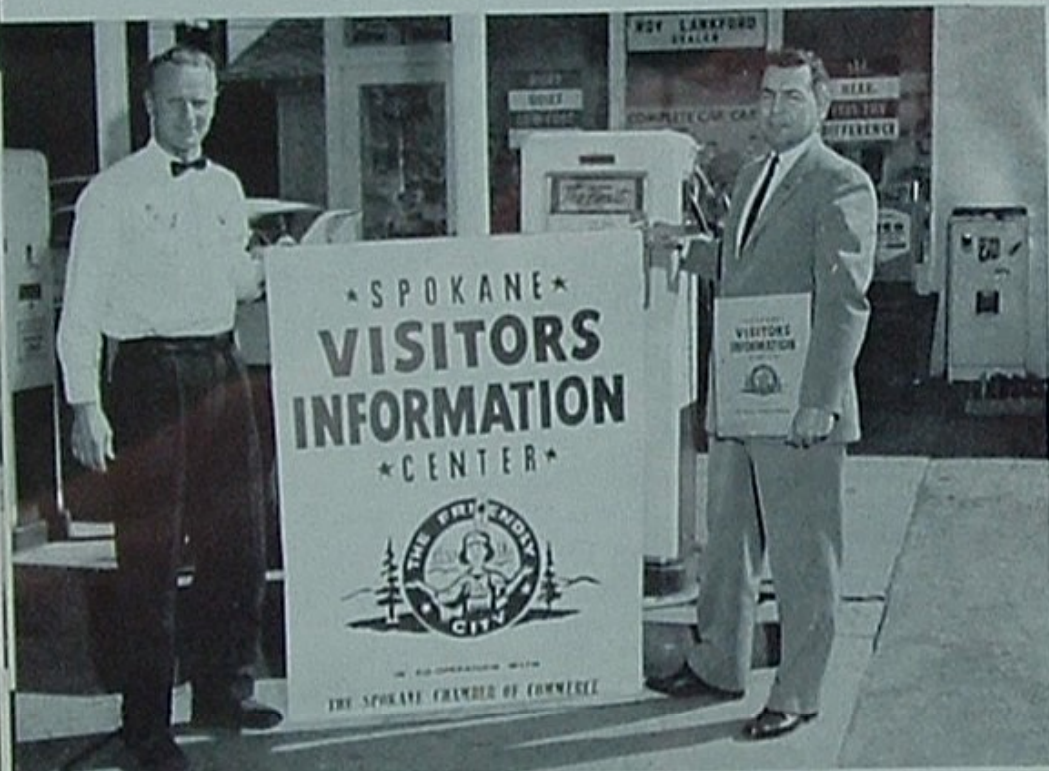
from J. W. White





JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT TROPHY FOR THE YEAR was awarded in Hawaii to Union Oil Company for our sponsorship of a fine youth enterprise called UNIJAC. At the trophy presentation by officers of UNIJAC were Union Oilers Raymond Maruya (left), G. D. Gedge (3rd from left), Willard A. Coie (receiving trophy), and Charles K. Crabb (right). Division Sales Manager R. H. Rath is president of Junior Achievement of Hawaii.

from J. W. Mullen



DEALER ROY LANKFORD, left, along with 10 other Union dealers in Spokane, is proving that good public relations and gasoline sales go hand-in-hand. Displaying this large Chamber of Commerce sign, Roy brings lots of new customers in for directions and a fill-up. The only catch is that he has to be "up" on the facts. That brings Leigh Elmer of the Inland Automobile Association into the picture — with all the information needed concerning local points of interest. Everybody benefits.

from W. I. Martin



R. W. "Bill" HOFFMAN, left, our consignee at Santa Cruz, California, is seen receiving a special Red Cross citation from Dr. James B. Vail and Robert Warne at a chapter meeting in the Riverside Hotel. "Bill" has been chairman of a four-county regional blood program for two years; served for eight years in many of the organization's lesser offices; and set the remarkable example of becoming nearly a six-gallon donor.

from Max Small

DEALER LOWELL HAINES, second from left, of Bothell, Washington, is seated with the local mayor and town council to which he has just been elected. His station's gallonage tops that of his nearest competitor by about two-to-one, and that was also about the margin of his victory at the polls. He's helping to remodel both the town and his station.

from W. I. Martin



MRS. RALPH L. CAIRNEY, wife of Union's Willbridge Terminal superintendent in Oregon, was recently installed as president of the Grant High School Parent-Teacher Ass'n of Portland. Besides rearing four children, she has been active as a music teacher in the schools and is currently president of her church choir.

from J. W. White



BONNIE TERRAMORSE of Credit Card Accounting in San Francisco just missed becoming queen of National Maritime Day but was a gracious and happy selection for the Matron of Honor roll. Photo was taken during a luncheon interview with Doug Pledger, prominent radio and newspaper commentator of the Bay area.

from Pat Clark



WELCOMED EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA were Shoji Saito and Gunji Maruta of the University of Tokyo, councilors of the DeMolay Order in Japan. They toured the United States on this 17-horsepower Yamaha motorcycle, which does 70 miles to the gallon. Dealer Bob Hall fueled the Glendale leg of their goodwill journey.

from H. E. Rathbun

"FINEST" GRANDSTAND for viewing the June 12th parade of the Junior Rose Festival Court in Portland was Central Auto Parking operated under the "76" banner. A half-million spectators saw the four-mile parade.

from James E. McCaffrey



Faster by Western



Union-fueled engines of Western Airlines' new 707 Jets are cutting travel time of propeller-driven aircraft by about one-half.

Looking for the most favorable flag-pole location in the West, Western Airlines' officials spotted Union Oil's mast atop Rincon Hill in San Francisco and asked the loan of it for an afternoon.

The occasion was May 16, 1960 — Western's 34th Birthday — and, most important of all, their announcement to the public that 707 Jet passenger service would begin June 1 on the airlines' West Coast runs.

To see that the announcement was made in fine style, Western invited 32 Union Oil girls from our Credit

Card Center to join Miss San Francisco (Nancy Farnam) and the reigning Miss California (Susan Bronson) on the roof during flag-raising ceremonies. All 34 were needed to hold the big 15x25-foot banner.

Meanwhile at West Coast airports, final arrangements and tests were being made to keep these fastest of the jets flying on the *Finest* fuels. When service was opened on June 1, the publicity paid good dividends; the 707 Jets were booked solid for many days to come.

/THE END

On our office roof in San Francisco, Miss San Francisco (Nancy Farnam), center, was assisted by Union Oil girls in launching Western's public announcement of Jet service.

Hoisting of the big 15x25-foot banner required a male crew.



RETIREMENTS

July 1960	Service Date
ARTHUR E. ALEXANDER So. Division Field	Dec. 27, 1930
HERMAN E. BOWIE So. Division Field	June 2, 1919
ROBERT P. CHANSLER So. Division Field	July 27, 1920
CLARK D. GROVE Oleum Refinery	Sept. 21, 1927
ROBERT H. ROCKWELL Marketing—H. O.	Sept. 16, 1924
WILLIAM R. SKINNER No. Division Field	April 2, 1920
FORREST R. VERMILLION No. Div. Pipeline	April 18, 1925

IN MEMORIAM

Employees:

JAMES M. GARRETT Los Angeles Refinery	June 27, 1960
WILLIAM O. SKIPPER, JR. Los Angeles Refinery	June 27, 1960
CLAUDE H. VAN MARTER Industrial Relations	June 1, 1960

Retirees:

ROBERT L. CAIN, JR. Comptroller's—H. O.	June 12, 1960
EDWARD B. HARKER So. Div. Production	June 25, 1960
LEONARD P. ST. CLAIR Former President	June 22, 1960
GEORGE E. SEWRIGHT So. Div. Production	May 29, 1960
GEORGE E. WOODHAMS Comptroller's—H. O.	May 30, 1960

SERVICE BIRTHDAY AWARDS

EMPLOYEES

July 1960

40 YEARS

CHESTER C. KINSEY.....Mktg.—Seattle

35 YEARS

KENNETH C. M. ANDERSON.....Admin.—H.O.
HERBERT O. CRAWFORD.....Comp.—H. O.
CHAS. H. KATZENBERGER.....So. Div. Field
ESTELLE LICHT.....Comp.—San Francisco
THOMAS J. PENALUNA.....L. A. Refinery

30 YEARS

FRED B. FOLTS.....L. A. Refinery
OLIVER E. LEEDY.....Mktg.—Home Office
PAUL C. PERRY.....Mktg.—Home Office
ERNEST O. RETHERFORD.....Mktg.—San Francisco

25 YEARS

ORVILLE L. BURNS.....Comp.—H. O.
CHARLES M. CLARK.....So. Div. Field
WARREN F. CONWAY.....So. Div. Auto.
GERALD T. DEPPE.....Los Angeles Refinery
ALLEN J. GILCHRIST.....Los Angeles Refinery
FRANK G. KROENIG.....Los Angeles Refinery
RALPH G. McMURRAY.....So. Region Distr.
HELEN M. MILOE.....Comptroller's—H. O.
CARL J. NEELY.....No. Div. Field
LEROY E. PEVERILL.....Mktg.—Pasadena
OREN M. TOTTEN.....Marketing—H. O.
DUDLEY TOWER.....Field—Executive
VANCE A. WADE.....So. Div. Field

20 YEARS

CLYDE H. BERG.....Research Department
WARREN H. BUELL.....Econ. & Plan.—H. O.
WELDON C. DOUCETTE.....Field—Louisiana
ARNOLD E. KELLEY.....Research Department
ARVILLE R. OUSDAHL.....Mktg.—Executive
JOHN R. POWNALL.....Manufacturing—H. O.
GEROULD H. SMITH.....Research Department
JOHN F. WILSON.....Research Department

15 YEARS

JOHN E. AIKINS.....No. Region Distr.
LLOYD J. BRIGHTMAN.....No. Region Distr.
IVAN W. COWELL.....So. Div. Field
MARCUS H. GAUPP.....Oleum Refinery
LAWRENCE O. JOHNSON.....Cent. Reg. Distr.
JOHN S. LEGATE.....No. Div. Field
CERYL W. McCONNELL.....So. Div. Field
ROY S. McMAHAN.....No. Region Distr.
VIRGIL R. MARKS.....So. Region Distr.
HENRY K. PFIRRMANN.....Mfg.—Home Office
DONALD L. REDFERN.....So. Div. Field
WILLIAM B. RICHARDSON.....Purch.—Whse.
LUCIUS E. ROSEWELL.....Los Angeles Refinery
THOMAS SIEGERS.....Los Angeles Refinery
ROBERT N. SLAUGHTER.....Los Angeles Refinery
WILMA M. WILLS.....Los Angeles Refinery

10 YEARS

FORREST S. ALLINDER.....Santa Maria Refinery
MELVIN L. BAILEY.....Oleum Refinery
MAXINE M. BESTWICK.....Comptroller's—H. O.
NORMAN C. BRADFORD.....So. Div. Field
RUDOLPH V. CARGO.....Oleum Refinery
GEORGE W. COOMBS, JR.....Field—W. Texas Div.

DAVID G. DAVIDSON.....Transp. & Sup.—H. O.
JOHN C. HAVELY.....Oleum Refinery
ROBERT O. HEDLEY.....Comptroller's—H. O.
ROBERT T. HINES.....No. Region Distr.
VERMA L. HORNE.....Mktg.—Rtl.—Eureka
CHARLES J. MALLOY.....Oleum Refinery
HELEN R. MILLER.....Prop. Admin.—H. O.
M. MALTE MOLIN.....Executive—Misc.
ALMA J. NEILSON.....Land—Canada
JAMES O. NIXON.....No. Div. Field
LAVONNE M. O'NEAL.....Oleum Refinery
DON E. PEDERSEN.....Purchasing—H. O.
WINFORD O. PLANT.....Field—Home Office
JOHN R. RAMIREZ.....Los Angeles Refinery
JOSEPH F. ROSSI.....Expl.—and—Bakersfield
THOMAS W. STOY, JR.....Field—Louisiana
ALBERT A. TOTTEN.....Los Angeles Refinery
JIM J. URIBE.....Oleum Refinery

DEALERS

July 1960

30 YEARS

UNIVERSITY CLUB.....Los Angeles, Calif.

25 YEARS

DAVID G. SBARBARA.....Weed, California

15 YEARS

SILVIO CIA.....Santa Rosa, California
THOMAS EZRIN.....Lakewood, California
BOB WELCH.....San Jose, California

10 YEARS

DICK N. ANDERSON.....Issaquah, Washington
JAMES L. BARTH.....Anacortes, Washington
JOE CASHERO.....Stockton, California
JACK HANSON.....La Canada, California
LAWRENCE V. RASSETT.....Livingston, Calif.
VINCENT SIMILI.....Los Angeles, California

5 YEARS

JACK CLEVELAND.....Long Beach, California
HEIMO DOERFEL.....Los Angeles, California
EDWARD H. McGIVERN.....Sparks, Nevada
KEITH McINTIRE.....No. Hollywood, California
ARTHUR J. MOTULEWICZ.....Modesto, California
LEANDER H. PETERSON.....Lucerne, California
AL SEBERGER.....Onyx, California
SERTERIDES GROCERY.....Crescent City, California
SERVICE GARAGE.....Los Angeles, California
C. R. SNEED.....Van Nuys, California
STRATTON'S SERVICE.....Spenard, Alaska
FRANK D. TERRY.....Richmond, California
ROY WESTIN.....Turlock, California
C. D. WHITEHALL.....Arcadia, California
H. L. WILLIAMS.....Montgomery Creek, Calif.

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YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

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