



UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

March 1961



SEVENTY⁷⁶ SIX

Union Oil Company of California

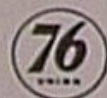
MARCH, 1961

Volume 5, Number 3

THE COVER: Grant Avenue is the main street of San Francisco's Chinatown, home of Union Oil Dealer Al Ng. Our "76" magazine title, done in the Chinese manner, was drawn by Grace Wong, a Company employee in San Francisco who teaches Chinese during her spare time. Hope you will share their enthusiasm and ours for one of the most fascinating communities in America.

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76 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.

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Earl M. Welty, Director
F. L. Springmann, Assistant Director
Thiel D. Collett, Editor
Mary Ann Bowles, Production Assistant

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On this cool January, 1961, day, we were impressed with the huge new multi-level parking garage nearing completion at San Francisco's Sutter and Stockton Streets near Chinatown. The structure emphasizes utility and convenience; its levels *Sparkle* with Union Oil gasoline pumps and Minute Man services.

But it was the yawning excavation for a similar garage over historic Portsmouth Plaza that gripped our imagination. This location is inside and bites a big chunk out of Chinatown's antedated outskirts. When finished in a few months, Portsmouth Plaza Garage, also serviced with the *Finest*, will be the motorist's carriage stop to the most fascinating oriental community in America.

Looking down into the Portsmouth pit, we couldn't help wondering aloud whether diesel shovels had blundered into any old smuggling tunnels or opium dens. It had been alleged from Clipper-ship days down to the present that the area was honey-combed with dens of iniquity. San Franciscans often add hearsay fuel to the rumors. Chinatown merchants, when questioned, usually consider the possibility with poker-faced stoicism.

At our elbow, Dealer Al Ng, in freshly laundered Minute Man uniform, was handy with probably the right answer: Chinatown's vice has been greatly exaggerated. These diesel shovels, he believed, had uncovered only one secret tunnel — an old abandoned sewage line to the waterfront.

"Say," Al countered, "I was born and reared in an alley just off Grant Avenue. How would you like to see my home town — the real Chinatown?"

The alley he soon almost stroked with affection was too narrow for automobiles but had once served Al and his playmates as an ample football field. They had broken every window, entered every doorway in it. To only one door did he point apologetically — that of a Chinese pawn broker long since returned to his ancestors.

To the old Chinese, borrowing was a form of iniquity. So, to *save face*, borrower and lender never signed anything or saw each other. The borrower simply step-

Narrative by Mike "Huey"
Photos by Huey "Mike"

"ANG'S HOMETOWN"

ped through the doorway into a tiny cubicle and held, say, a pocket watch high above his head. Presently from an aperture in the ceiling came a hand to receive the watch and, a moment later, offer a pawn ticket and loan, less of course the first month's interest at one per cent. Thereafter the borrower was obliged to return monthly with either the loan or another month's interest, else forfeit the watch. Too bad for all of us that the iniquity of borrowing has passed away.

Al Ng, it became apparent, has a usurious percentage of relatives in the community and knows practically everyone else. He helloed our way up Grant Avenue and into the Chinese herb establishment of his brother-in-law Huey T. Lin. As we examined some precious oriental wood carvings decorating a portion of the store and learned that Chinese herbs contain many of the curative compounds of modern medicines, two women entered to make purchases. One of them was introduced to us as Al's sister, Annie Ng Leong, who needed something for a cold and someone for conversation. She invited us to a store under her management just across the street.

Now that the "Bamboo Curtain" is drawn between the commerce of mainland China and America, Mrs. Leong admitted, the wares of Chinatown are mostly from Hong Kong, Formosa, Korea, Japan and the Philippines. The quality of product and merchandising is improving steadfastly with the years. To Grant Avenue stores annually comes the most cosmopolitan tide of buyers to be found anywhere on earth.

As Mrs. Leong spoke of interesting and famous personages she had welcomed to the store, a long procession of children filed two-and-two across the nearby intersection. Al explained, in answer to our curiosity, that the disciplined march was primarily a measure to discourage tardiness and traffic accidents. "They are marching from the playground to a parochial language school on Stockton Street. I know the teacher and will speak to the Sister if you'd care to visit their classroom."

Entering one of the study rooms just after class had



Through the pleasant hospitality of Dealer Al Ng and Retail Representative John Seimens, we saw the real Chinatown.

begun, we were treated to an unusual gesture of courtesy. Every child rose and stood by his desk until we had taken our places in the room. The Sister previously had explained that this was a special course in Chinese writing, language and culture, taken by most of the community's children in addition to San Francisco's conventional grammar and high school programs.

The Chinese teacher graciously inquired if one of her students would volunteer to demonstrate on the blackboard how a Chinese character is written. We complicated the problem by suggesting "Seventy-Six." A smiling scholar soon was drafted and drew the character from top to bottom, explaining that its literal translation was

Continued



Al Ng's Hometown — *continued*

seven-ten-six. Again as we departed, the entire class rose and smiled politely.

Leading here and there, everywhere, Al Ng called attention to much that the casual tourist overlooks or rarely takes time to fully see: The Canton Noodle Factory, founded by Grandfather Ng and now run by Al's brother, where automation is still no match for skilled hands . . . Sidewalk food vendors whose hanging displays of ducks, sausages and other meats represent one of mankind's oldest triumphs in food conservation and preservation . . . Sparkling new stores of tile offering live crustaceans and a wide variety of fresh fish . . . Printing shops where publications in Chinese keep pace with the American press . . . An excellent new hospital . . . Handsome apartment houses that have almost entirely supplanted the type of habitation where Al was born.

All of this we saw before our host led us to his No.

1 Union Oil Service Station at Bay and Taylor Streets and his older No. 2 unit at Pacific and Taylor. The latter, he confided, though one of the oldest "76" service stations in San Francisco, recently won the Sparkle Program award for cleanliness and maintenance, while his modern No. 1 unit was finishing a close second.

Though night was now falling, Al wouldn't listen to calling it a day. "We'll meet you at seven." By "We" he meant himself and Frank Y. Chun, lifelong friend, car salesman, personality extraordinary. They showed up promptly on the hour — immaculately dressed — in a richly appointed new Buick demonstrator.

Grant Avenue was aglow with lights — a slender, vari-colored moonstone in the ebony setting of night. Attesting to the urgent need of Portsmouth Plaza Garage, every parking space was taken and a single column of cars moved at snail's pace down a single traffic lane.



But Frank Y. Chun hardly experienced a moment of delay. Just as our car reached a vegetable stand next to the Imperial Palace restaurant, a grocer moved four wooden crates out of his self-imposed unloading zone and in slid our Buick. Whether achieved through luck or pre-arrangement, the catch elicited congratulatory horn tooting fore and aft.

General Manager Kee Joon welcomed us more than cordially to the Imperial Palace and its elegant dining atmosphere. When informed that Frank was a gourmet of Cantonese cooking and I had once dined in some of the famous restaurants of Peiping and Shanghai, he asserted that his kitchen staff would bow to no superiors anywhere.

By way of proof, the waiters brought us a delicious soup – crab and shrimp prepared in a variety of curries with rice – tasty vegetables including the inevitable

bamboo shoots, bean sprouts and sweet peas – samples of superbly cooked fish – an entree of Peiping roast duck accompanied by tidbits of beef and pork – Chinese dumplings and pastries – our choice of beverages.

The procession of evidence might have continued all night had not someone mentioned that only in old China is it a compliment to be called fat. We bowed to the unexcelled hospitality of Kee Joon.

Our Marco Polo-type quest was resumed, but not before the irrepressible Frank had taken us into the Imperial Palace kitchen to meet the cooks. Here in the porcelain and stainless steel cleanliness of modern stoves and refrigeration lingered ancient half-moon cooking pots – exotic knives and cleavers – hanging ducks.

As a ranch boy in Wyoming, I remembered delivering milk to the rear of our local Chinese restaurant and marveling as the cook ate his morning rice with

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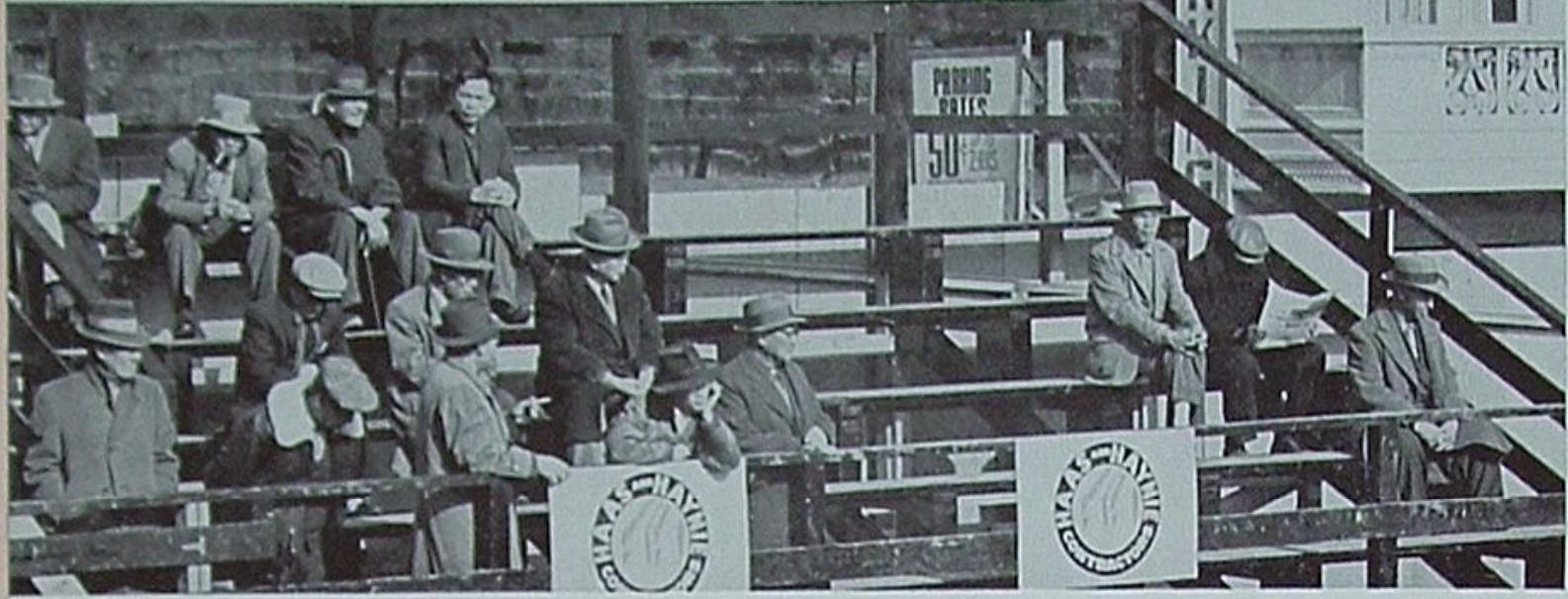
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Al N
The Portsmouth Square excavation soon will develop into a large, modern parking center, Union Oil fueled and serviced, and only a few steps from Grant Avenue. Meanwhile, at left, the elder citizens of Chinatown occupy a temporary grandstand to contemplate things that need changing and truths that do not.



chopsticks. Tonight recurred almost an identical image — seemingly the same cook, same bowl of rice, same chopsticks.

Some awkwardness had persisted all evening with our at best semi-oriental names of Hugh Ackroyd and Mike Collett, photographer and narrator respectively. On quitting the Palace, a new acquaintance expressed his pleasure at having met Mr. Huey Mike and Mr. Mike Huey. Thus in a gale of laughter we traded our true family connections for two of the easiest aliases this side of Canton.

Said quaking Frank Chun, "Now, with names like that, maybe I can get you inside the *tong*."

Remember the *tong* wars that took place in San Francisco quite a few years ago? Well, *tong* means simply a hall or meeting place. In various halls of Chinatown those days, groups of Chinese — related through ancestry or dialect or purely through need of self-protection — met to resolve most of their community problems. They were at that time a misunderstood minority, without citizenship, property rights or easy access to American justice. It was a case of solving their own problems, settling their own disputes. Usually the *tongs* were successful in keeping peace. But on occasion tempers flared and disputes exploded into *tong* warfare. There were knifings, shootings and wholesale flights of the combatants' families.

Tong wars are no more, thanks to education, better understanding, the extension of American justice, and particularly the establishment in Chinatown of a remarkable institution called the Family Association. Usually several hundred to a thousand or more of San Francisco's Chinese have common family relationships or can trace their ancestry to the same district in old China. Each such group retains a strong inclination to preserve family and social ties. Its members meet on festive occasions — to congratulate grandmothers on the birth of a new grandchild — to attend a wedding — to mourn — to aid the sick — to admonish a breaker of custom or the law — to instruct the young in social graces — to influence a courtship — to promote good citizenship — and so on. A counterpart of the Family Association would be a fine thing for any neighborhood to adapt or adopt.

Many of the Family Associations have *tongs* or social halls — distinguishable in Chinatown by their richly ornamented and painted facades and by their broad upper-story balconies from which members look down on Chinese New Years parades.

Frank Chun manifested a little hesitation — prank-

ish, I suspect — before leading the way up a broad stair to his Family Association *tong*. Upstairs, just behind the outdoor balcony, a large assembly room dominated the interior. A row of carved teakwood seats lined the walls. In the center of its polished floor, a red conference table with red leather-covered chairs suggested frequent meetings of the family elders.

In a smaller, brightly-lighted recreation room adjoining, a dozen men were playing or watching two games of Chinese chess and mah-jongg. A kitchen and refrigerator were in evidence. In rooms we did not enter were baths and sleeping accommodations for several people. No member of the association, Frank explained, need ever lack for food, companionship or a place to sleep. Thus the fine American citizens of Chinatown take care of their own.

Over the many Family Associations is another excellent coordinating organization known as the Six Companies. Probably mis-named, it harks back to the six family districts of Kwang Tung Province in China from which most of the San Francisco Chinese were drawn shortly after 1848 to work mines, build railroads and provide labor for the farms. However, Six Companies has no direct concern with business or industry. It is strictly a benevolent institution dedicated to fostering Family Association-type programs on a city-wide scale.

"And now that you two Cantonese have been accepted into the *tong*," Frank laughed, "let's celebrate by catching the last show at Forbidden City."

The new Sutter-Stockton Garage, where our Chinatown venture began, served as a convenient parking place for the Buick. It's just across Sutter from Charlie Low's famous night club. We climbed the stair, met Charlie, and soon were seated at one of the best tables. The show, entirely oriental in personnel, was first-caliber entertainment — outstanding performers — stimulating.

Exiting from the Forbidden City, we thanked Al and Frank for an incomparably fascinating tour of their home town. "If there is ever anything we can do to repay the favor . . ."

"There is," Al interrupted. "When the Company rebuilds my old No. 2 station at Pacific and Taylor, put in a good word for some nice oriental decoration around the canopy. It'll be good for business, good for Union Oil, good for Chinatown."

The good word, Al Ng, is contained herein many times — best expressed by virtue of being poorly concealed.

Clever we Chinese!

/THE END



By Lee Kirkwood

("Kirkwood and Darby are tax consultants who do work for Union Oil in our Gulf Division. At the 31st Annual Ad Valorem Tax Forum of the Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association in Houston, Lee Kirkwood of that firm made a tremendous impression on his audience. At the conclusion of his speech, the hard-bitten property tax men present gave him a standing ovation, the like of which I have not seen elsewhere. I cannot think of better material for our Seventy-Six magazine than the following excerpts from his remarks." From Arthur Mackenzie)

For Freedom's Sake...

LET'S NOT

Are we, in the United States, going to lose our freedom by trying to be "broadminded?" Being "broadminded" seems to have come to mean being willing to accept every new theory, scheme, decision or doctrine just because "those in power" say it is good. For many years under various labels, we have been fed a steady diet of the theory that economic growth depends on massive governmental spending, and that massive governmental spending will put all men on the same level. Boiled down, the idea seems to be that you can get something for nothing—an intriguing idea!

What is the source of governmental spending? If a government has money to spend, it has the money because human beings who are outside of the government have worked to produce wealth for the government to take. A government can only distribute such wealth as has been taken from the people who created it.

No doubt you wonder what these preliminary remarks have to do with our loss of freedom. What is this freedom or liberty we have heard discussed all our lives?

The people who established these United States were determined to secure, and did secure, for themselves and their descendents something which nobody in the world possessed at that time: freedom.

Their concept of government was that it must arise out of the people, and not from over the people. Their theory of government was that all power to be exercised over the people must be delegated by the people, rather than assumed by the government.

Under the Constitution of the United States, a mighty nation of free people came into existence. That inspiring document guaranteed certain rights which free men cannot surrender and still remain free:

In religion, the right to worship God in accordance with the dictates of one's conscience. In government, the right to think for one's self and to vote as one chooses.

In business, the right to choose one's own occupation—the right of a man to work for whom he wishes and to risk his capital and time as he sees fit.

These rights were designed to be, and should be, beyond coercion or interference from the government. They are rights which are inherent in the American concept of Freedom.

Unbelievable as it may sound, there are many among us today who would take away those rights. They cry for more and more nationalization of property—more and bigger government—more government ownership of land and industry—massive governmental spending. If not outright federal ownership, then they want governmental control by stringent regulation.

And, make no mistake about it, these "broadminded" have already made considerable progress toward their goal.

Already, government owns a large per cent of the land area of our country. Government owns or controls something like twenty per cent of our industrial capacity; regulation and control have almost reached the strangulation stage.

Our annual budgeted expenditure has risen from three billion dollars in 1932 to approximately 77 billion dollars in 1960. Government now takes and spends about 30 per cent of what we, the people, earn.

There are some who point with pride to the fact that our gross national product (which, by the way, includes government payrolls and purchases) has grown from approximately \$100 billion in 1940 to approximately \$500 billion in 1959. While the gross national product was expanding five times, however, federal spending was increasing eight times and the federal debt increased seven times.

Already our Treasury is empty. Our budgets are unbalanced. Our taxes are confiscatory. Our debt is unpre-

BE BROADMINDED

cedented. Inflation, although temporarily slowed, is upon us; yet, in the name of "Mutual Security," Congress borrows approximately \$4 billion each year and gives it away to foreign countries. . . .

I am as much in favor of helping underdeveloped countries as anyone is; but, why not do it in the manner in which our own country received help in its early growth? Why not by long term private loans which may be repaid as the economy of those countries grows and expands? Loans to us served their purpose and were repaid.

Our "aid" in the form of gifts and free grants, is destroying any incentive which peoples all over the world may have ever possessed to better their own conditions through self-help, work and sacrifice.

There is an ideological war going on. There are those who believe in a totalitarian form of world government. They believe that government can do for all men better than all men can do for themselves. They believe government should take over more of our private resources, private decisions, private responsibilities.

Every step toward government ownership is a step away from freedom and is contrary to everything America has always stood for. . . .

We cannot win this ideological war with the conventional weapons of warfare. Military power is no longer the key to preserving this nation and its institutions. It is now as important to capture the minds of people as it is their bodies.

One side or the other will win the victory. The end could come with devastating suddenness when the fiscal machinery of our government is no longer able to absorb the load placed upon it. What may be the result when more money has been appropriated than it is possible to torture from the taxpayers . . . and when so many irredeemable bonds and dollar bills have been manu-

factured that they are no longer freely acceptable anywhere in the world?

If we are to survive as a nation of free individuals, the growth of big Federal Government must be stopped. For as the Federal Government continues to spend and grow in size and power, our elected representatives and we the people abdicate more and more of our responsibilities.

We must regain their responsibility which is our obligation as a free people.

We must stop asking for or permitting government at any level to do for us what we can and should do for ourselves.

The power of government must be taken from Washington and returned to the state capitols, county seats, and city halls.

The Federal Government must be restrained from taking to itself powers not granted to it by the Constitution of the United States.

You have a duty to study the legislation proposed in the Congress of the United States or in your state legislature. If you believe it is bad legislation, tell your senators, congressmen, or state representatives.

As a yardstick for measuring proposed legislation, ask yourself the question: Does this help maintain the kind of America in which I wish to live and in which I wish my children to live?

It has been said that men grow in dignity, self-respect and leadership by the assumption and discharge of responsibility. In your hands and mine is lodged the supreme power to preserve or neglect. Liberty once lost is rarely regained. Have you become so "broadminded" you no longer care what happens to your priceless heritage? Or are you "narrowminded" enough to try to preserve it?

/THE END

Enterprising U. of Washington Students

Five "Huskies" from University of Washington chose Union Oil products and services as the *Finest* possible means of reaching the Rose Bowl and cheering their football team on to the national championship. Seen as they departed from Seattle are, from left, Bill Anderson, Joel Leidecker, Retail Sales Manager T. R. McGilliard issuing the "76" Autoscrip, and Frank Fisk. In payment, the college students did an outstanding job of publicizing our oils and gasoline all the way from Seattle to Pasadena and home again.

from M. E. Nichols



A profile of Tom Crowley

Tugboat King

by Bill Hendricks

(Tom Crowley, one of the most respected members of the shipping industry, is a long-time Union Oil customer. For more than 50 years, the Company has served the Crowley interests — the largest operators of tugs and barges on San Francisco Bay and at other Pacific Coast ports. This article is reprinted from the Olympian, published by the Olympic Club of San Francisco.)

The sharp biting smell of creosoted pilings filled the tall old room at the foot of Pier 14. Across a desk, his back against the harbor in a chair almost too big for him, sat a little Irishman with the trademarks of the bogs — twinkling eyes, the juggled ears, a crooked mouth that lent itself to laughter.

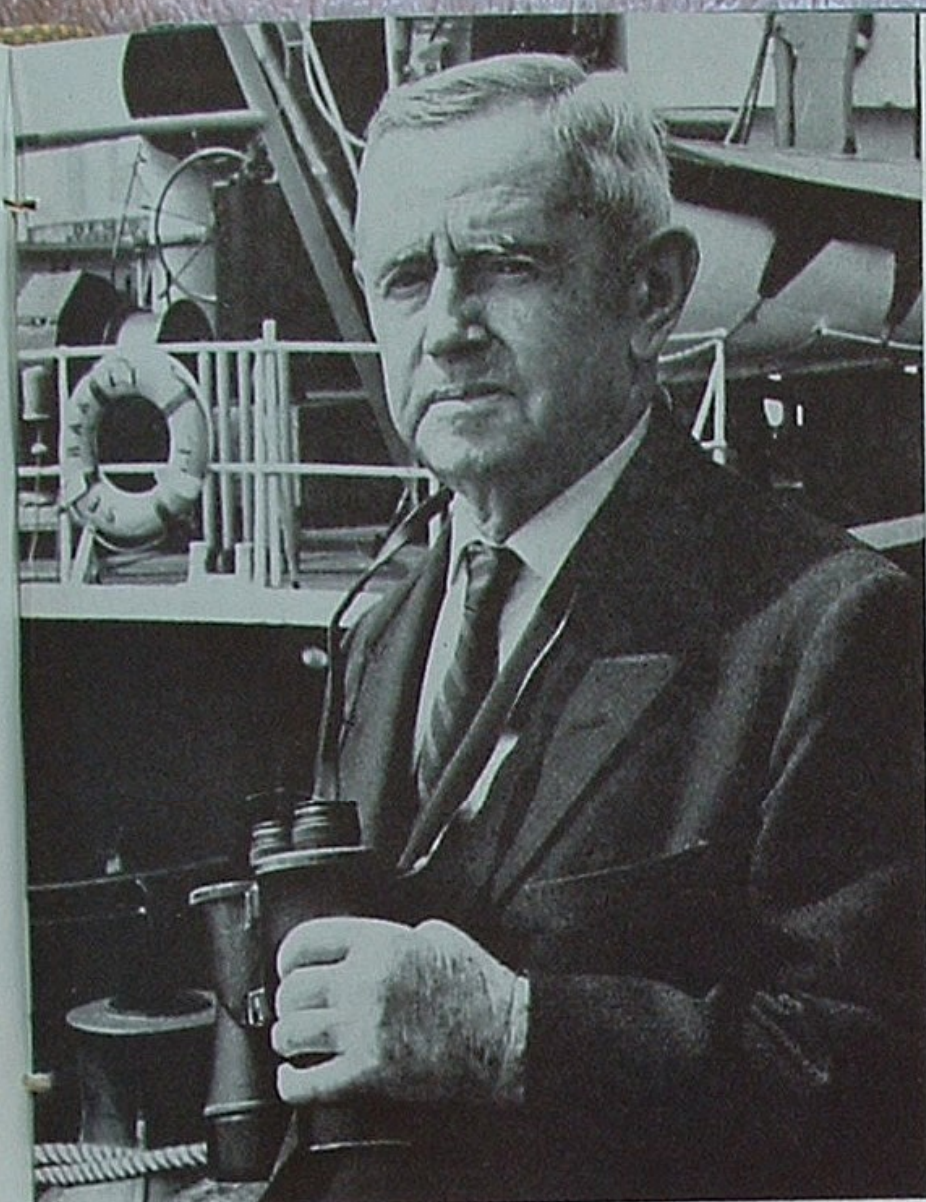
We sat and talked but mostly listened to Tom Crowley, Sr., 85, San Francisco born, a self-made millionaire sprite of a man who has bucked his way up from a waterfront rowboat to master of a string of tugs, barges, scows, tank farms, shipyards and interlocking marine companies that make him Mr. Tugboat in every harbor that pocks a thousand-mile sweep of coast from San Diego to Seattle.

"But we'll not talk about how much or how many, you see. It'll make me come off a braggart," he said, eyes twinkling.

And indeed we did not talk of it. Because there is a touch of steel in the old man and you can feel it still.

Tom joined the Olympic Club in 1901, "five years before The Fire it was, the Club a big old building with a swimming pool and a lot of boxing going on."

Before that?



Tom Crowley

(Photo by Corwin Hansen)

You could tell he'd been asked the question and given the answers before but there was an occasional flash of fire from the banked memories when some little thing drew him out, interested him. Let's let him tell it, straightaway.

"I was born December 3, 1875, in a frame cottage at Kearny and Bay," he said. "Everything was sail when I went to work at 14. The harbor was a sight on a bright sunny day.

"My father was a boatman. I had the job of sitting on the dock and watching for the boats to run up the boat flag, red it was with a 'B.' For four-five years I did this.

"Then I scrambled together \$80, it was a helluva struggle I remember, and got a boat of my own — a Whitehall boat. A fine quick craft.

"About here, if you remember, the big Klondike gold rush was on. Tourists were pouring into town. We got furs from the Alaska whalers, for hats, coats and mittens, and sold them to the Easterners. We made a few dollars. Enough to buy my first power boat, a Twigg built 36-footer with a 25-horse engine.

"Around 1900 I had ten to fifteen boats and started towing, moving around hay barges. During The Fire we carried everybody we could out of San Francisco to Sausalito and the East Bay. That's the year we incorporated, too, 1906, as the Thomas Crowley Co.

"Things kept going up and good for us. Alaska Packers ran a lot of traffic into the Bay. At the end of that war we took over the Red Stack Tug Co., and the power changed, too, from gas to diesel.

"The depression in the Thirties didn't bother us too much. You have to move things."

World War II?

"The harbor was humming then. A lot of extra business, barging and cargo."

The good old days?

"We used to race the little 18-foot Whitehall boats, one against the other. On July 4 it was. There was fireworks all day and all night, too. How we used to fix 'em up. Black lead, new rigging, the lightest and best sails. Raced my last race in 1897. Got \$100 and a silver trophy from the mayor. We drank a lot of beer that night.

"It wasn't all racing with the Whitehalls. We used to take them outside the heads, get up at 2 and 3 in the morning to reach the Farallones and meet the ships. Sometimes you could hitch a ride going out but mostly I was my own engine, me and a pair of oars.

"Hell, hours didn't mean anything. I lived in a shack on Meigg's Wharf. We went to bed with our clothes on so they would thaw out from body heat. If you took 'em off they were too stiff in the cold morning to put on.

"After a bit I got to use the Club more. I remember Eugene Van Court was the boxing instructor. He taught Gentleman Jim Corbett. The town was a great one for fights. I saw Jeffries. I saw Tom Sharkey, a wild Turk, that one, when he fought Fitzsimmons at the old Mechanics' Pavilion. Referee was Wyatt Earp, same fellow you see on television now. Had guns then, too. Fitzsimmons knocked Tom out; we were walking down the street and we heard Earp gave it to Sharkey on a foul. There was much ado about that one.

"When the Club bought Lakeside I used to play a lot of golf, maybe 15 years of golf. Now I take it a little easier; every Tuesday at 3:30 for a swim, a steam and a rub."

He takes it a little easier at the office, too, not much, but a little. Gets in at nine-ten, stays until 4:30. Son, Tom Crowley, Jr., does a lot of the running. Three daughters are scattered, one in New Jersey, two in San Francisco. A widower, he lives with Tom, Jr., at their Bay view home on 30 Florence Street.

The voice with the lilt of Counties Clare and Cork in it halted.

Behind the small figure in the big chair the window was gray with dusk. Fog lay on the Bay. Somewhere a tugboat tooted, sharp and testy.

Crowley shuffled some papers.

"And that's about it, now," he said.

We walked out and away from the past — the wind and rain off the heads as the ghostly clipper ships slid in, the fireworks and lager beer on the Fourth, the panic and hell of The Fire, Wyatt Earp and his pistol decisions, the Klondike gold and furs, the roomy, smelly Alaska packers, the two wars, the pictures in their old frames of good ships Nettie, and Sea Prince and Sea Witch that filled the tall old room — back toward the city.

/THE END



Even when being lifted to a free truck ride across the Sahara, the camel complained. Maybe he'll lose his job if oil fields are found.

SEISMIC CREW KIDNAPPED!

The day this issue of Seventy-Six went to press, word was received from the Spanish Sahara that 11 members of a United Geophysical crew under contract to Union Oil Company had been kidnapped during a midnight raid on their desert camp about 10 kilometers east-northeast of our drilling operation. None of those kidnapped was a Union Oil employee.

Wildcat in the Spanish Sahara



Photos by Sr. Lopez de la Torre

Out on the left shoulder of Africa, as you look at the map, where the rugged northwestern coast bulges into the Atlantic, Union Oil has spudded its first wildcat well in the Spanish Sahara.

The bit went into the ground during February, slightly less than 10 months after the geophysical crews started their work.

This desert well of ours is known as Daora No. 1-1. Ordinarily, in the United States, the location of a well is given by section, township, and range. But in the vastness of the Sahara the well can be pinpointed only by its longitude and latitude: 27° 28' 55" north, 13° 12' 47" east.

The saga of Daora No. 1-1 began in 1959 when A. C. Rubel, then president of Union Oil, went to Madrid to look into the possibilities of obtaining permits to explore in the Spanish Sahara. Subsequently, Union Oil joined Compania Iberica de Petroleos on a 70-30 percentage basis to bid for exploration permits. A prominent Spanish family controlled the latter company and represented both companies in most of the negotiations with the government.

Over 20 companies submitted bids, but only 10 were awarded exploration permits. Being one of the success-

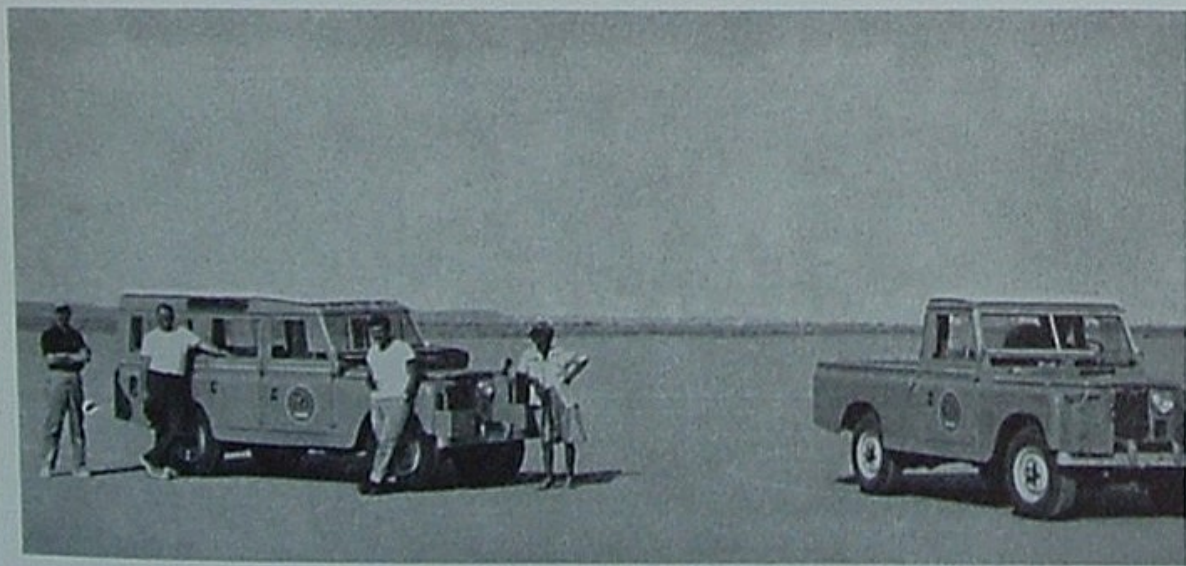
ful bidders, the Union Oil group acquired rights to 1,700,000 acres in the Spanish Sahara's extreme northwestern portion.

Manager of Foreign Operations E. C. Babson transferred Union Oil personnel from Canada, California, Central and South America to a base in Spain's Canary Islands, located in the Atlantic Ocean, 125 miles west of the Sahara. The first group to start work was a seismic crew of United Geophysical under contract to Union. This crew, together with Company geologists, entered the desert April 23, 1960.

While Union Oil geologists have pushed through the lush jungles of Central America, crossed the muskeg of Canada, battled blizzards of Alaska, and looked for oil under the waters of Louisiana, this was their first encounter with the storied Great African desert.

Lonely outposts garrisoned by the Spanish Legion — nomadic tribes wandering with their camels and goats in search of the pasture that comes with each few drops of rain — tough brown Arab soldiers who accompany the oil crews as guides — vast expanses of barren rock and sand dunes whose principal gesture to modern transportation are roadless road signs — these were the people and terrain that greeted our exploration men. We found

— continued



From left, Union Oilers Harold Billman, resident geologist, and Manager Francis J. Barker head the first '76' caravan to visit Africa.



The disconcerting thing about Sahara road signs is they generally lack roads.

Spanish Sahara - continued



Resident Geologist Harold Billman and Gregorio Escalante use the Sahara's own wealth of paper weights as they study a geological map of the country.

that the Africa of Beau Geste still exists, creating new problems in the search for oil.

First of all, our operations base had to be located on the Canary Islands. There, in the city of Las Palmas, are homes, schools and most of the other advantages not found in the Sahara's harsher concept of civilization. Every Sunday a chartered airplane makes the long over-water flight from Las Palmas to the desert town of El Aaiun to bring in a change of crews.

El Aaiun, a military outpost with a total population of 5,000, is the largest town in the entire Spanish Sahara and is the administrative capital of the country. It is the company's field headquarters which, incidentally, consists of a trailer and auxiliary tents.

The regiment "Don Juan de Austria" of the Spanish Foreign Legion is posted in El Aaiun. Every evening just at sunset our Union Oil people turn out to watch a

detachment of the Legion as it parades through town on the double behind its drum and bugle corps. This parade and stirring flag ceremony by tough veterans of the desert is the town's main event.

Fortunately, El Aaiun is well within Union Oil's permit area, for the town has sweet water wells that draw from a good underground stream and are the only source of drinking water for our crews. Three water wells were drilled near Daora No. 1-1 but they yield a brackish water suitable only for mixing drilling fluid.

Our people are fascinated by the mixed populace of El Aaiun. There are the blue-eyed blondes of the "Izar-guien" family of the Tecna tribe who come from southern Morocco. There are the "Ulad Tindrarin" who are expert merchants. And there are the "Arosien" who are pious and intellectual.

In drought years nomadic tribesmen drive their herds

Nomads use a "jezama" (bridle) to lead their camels. The animals consume up to 100 quarts of water each, survive a week of thirst.





The desert girl takes great pride in her jewelry, dress and beauty.



This "Son of the Clouds" is turbaned against heat and sand.



Mohammed Abdelgader is a dervish of renown, student of Koran.



Hyenas are death to desert flocks but Manolo has two for pets.

of camels and goats out of the Spanish Sahara; when the rains are abundant, they flock back. In their search for pastures all over the desert vastness they completely ignore any political borders. Appropriately, these natives call themselves "Sons of the Clouds."

Some 35 miles south of El Aaiun our wildcat is being drilled for us by a French company, Camay International, which brought the rig down from France. Since there are no suitable ports nearby, every bit of equipment came ashore from landing barges. Once ashore, the material was trucked for miles across shifting desert sands.

As Francis J. Barker, Resident Manager, said, "We Union Oilers hope to find oil here in the Spanish Sahara if for no other reason than to put some of their ill-tempered camels out of business."

/THE END



The native Arab soldier is a valuable guide and helper in our oil search.

Every evening the drum and bugle corps parades through El Aaiun to honor national flag.





A petroleum trench fire proved to be one of the most obstinate school problems. Firemen applied water and teamwork to solve it.

How 500 Los Angeles Firemen learned to

Fight fire with fire

During the week beginning January 16, 1961, 500 Los Angeles city firemen attended fire school at our Los Angeles Refinery. They were majoring in oil fires. Using training equipment that has been in use for many years to teach our refinery workmen how to control or extinguish every type of oil conflagration, the city fire fighters gained invaluable knowledge of oil fires and how to handle them with a minimum of personal risk.

In addition to Union Oil training equipment, experienced Fire & Safety personnel from the refinery of-

fered their services to Division Chief Jack Douglass throughout the five days of schooling. Classes of about 100 were accommodated each day and every student was subjected both to the theory and practice of fighting a blaze. Some of the burning issues become extremely involved, calling for teamwork of the first order.

Motion pictures taken of the spectacular exercises were transmitted via television to millions of viewers in the Southern California area.

/THE END



Division Chief Jack Douglass, left, was in charge of the five-day training sessions.



Typical of the 500 firemen who trained at our Los Angeles Refinery are the men of this group, listening intently to theory before the fireworks begin.

Letter:

Mr. Reese H. Taylor
Chairman of the Board

Dear Mr. Taylor:

My wife and I recently received Union's attractive, convenient "Gold Cards" in "appreciation" for an association dating back to 1938. This was a considerate thing for Union to do and we thank you for it.

Actually, I have bought 99.99% of all gas, oil and other automotive things from Union since about 1929. Your Gold Card caused me to ask myself why?

If you will permit me to say it, I have never believed any major oil company products could be really better than another's. Nor are Union's many stations really much more conveniently located for us; in fact, the ones nearest my house and office are less convenient. However, over the years we have found Union Oil people obliging, square shooters, good men all. I am certain this was not by accident but by design and policy of the company. I think this is good and assure you we shall continue to use Union as we have for quite a long time now simply because we like Union's way of doing things.

Thank you and your fine station people.

Cordially,
(Signed) A. M. MacIver-Campbell

BUSINESS HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MONTH

SHIPS, PIPELINES, TANK CARS . . . WE USE 'EM ALL TO MOVE RAW MATERIALS AND PRODUCTS

Almost every known means of transportation — ships, barges, pipelines, tank cars, and tank trucks — is used to move raw material into our refineries and the finished products out of them.

As an example, during 1961 approximately 16,000 BPCD (barrels per calendar day) of crude oil will be delivered to Santa Maria Refinery by pipeline. The refinery will receive another 3100 BPCD of tar from Los Angeles Refinery. The tar will be brought to Avila by ship, then delivered, again, by pipeline.

Because of the nature of its operations, Santa Maria Refinery is really part of the Oleum system. Coke and sulfur are the only finished products made at Santa Maria; but 15,000 BPCD of unfinished cracked gasoline and gas oil are delivered to Oleum by pipeline for conversion into finished products.

Oleum's raw material supply is delivered by pipeline. About 72 per

cent of the products move out of Oleum by ship and barge, 19 per cent by pipeline, and 9 per cent by truck and trailer.

SAFETY RECORD CLIMBS; FIRE LOSSES DROP

All employees in the Refining Department have reason to be proud of their fine safety record while on the job during 1960. However, we must all strive to improve our safety while away from work.

Because of continued diligence and awareness of hazards, losses due to fire in the department during 1960 dropped to \$6,300 from the 1959 figure of \$162,000.

193 RECEIVE WATCHES

During 1960, watches were presented to 193 people in the Refining Department honoring periods of service from 30 to 35 years. These employees represent more than 11 per cent of all the people in Refining.

Refining, from J. W. Towler

CREDIT CARD ACCOUNTS UP. EMPLOYEE CONTEST HELPS!

During the year 1960, the total number of credit card accounts increased by 87,259 and the number of active accounts increased by 61,464 and now total over one-half million. These figures include budget accounts.

Contributing to the growth were the 6,598 new credit card customers obtained by employees since the current credit card contest began last June. The new accounts obtained by employees are more significant than the above figures alone may indicate.

First, the ratio of accounts approved to those submitted is higher than the ratio of approvals for the Company as a whole; and second, because the percentage of these new accounts which are active is also higher than the percentage for the entire Company. In other words, our employees are doing an excellent job in recruiting new credit card customers.

Treasury, from L. B. Houghton

—continued

BUSINESS HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MONTH

WATCH THOSE COSTS CLIMB!

A price comparison of a representative group of twenty-two items purchased for our every-day operations is significant.

1945	\$ 42,164
1951	73,078
1955	91,879
1961	117,218

Since 1945, the largest increases have been on such oil field "bread and butter" items as line pipe (151%), pipe nipples (210%), steel screwed fittings (175%), manila rope (117%) and pipe wrenches (105%). Smaller increases were recorded by gasoline tank truck hose (90%), bronze and iron gate valves (77%) and metal safety hats (63%). Wiping rags, steel plug valves and steel flanges averaged modest increases of 16%.

There was one notable exception. Thanks to brisk competition and improved manufacturing techniques, prices on welding fittings have dropped 17% since 1945.

Purchasing, from C. S. Perkins

COMPANY AWARDED MAJOR CONTRACT FOR PRODUCTS USED IN DAM CONSTRUCTION

Union Oil will supply the substantial petroleum product requirements of the Guy F. Atkinson Company when it constructs the \$14,500,000 earthen dam in Briones County, northwest of Oakland, California.

The job involves 12,000,000 cubic yards of earth to dam up Bear Creek for the East Bay Municipal Utilities District water supply facilities.

STATION OPENING SETS ALL-TIME GALLONAGE RECORD

An all-time gallonage record—16,740 gallons in two days—was set at a recent grand opening held at California South Coastal Division's new service station at Rossmore, near Long Beach, California. Jack Petersen is the Dealer.

The record-breaking days had a twist ending: Petersen was so busy he forgot to fill the tank in his own truck, ran out of gasoline, and had to hitchhike back to the station at 1:30 A.M.!



Dealer Jack Petersen and teenager who gave out prizes at his grand opening.

GROUND BROKEN FOR NEW PORTLAND OFFICE

Ground was broken for the new Oregon Division office on January 9.

The building will be a modern three-level structure featuring color and a variety of exterior finishes — aluminum, glass, and ceramic tiles.

It is being erected on a piece of Company-owned property adjoining a service station site at the intersection of 18th and Jefferson Streets. The station itself will be rebuilt to harmonize with the new offices.

It is anticipated that additional income to the Company will be realized by rental of the upper level for office space.

Marketing, from C. H. Finnell

NEW ANALYTICAL TECHNIQUES LEAD TO BETTER PRODUCTS

Carbon and hydrogen atoms can combine in an almost infinite number of ways to form a large variety of compounds known to scientists as "hydrocarbons." Crude oils are mixtures of these hydrocarbons; and the characteristics of each crude are dictated by the particular hydrocarbons it contains.

Familiar products composed of carbon and hydrogen range from methane, the principal component of natural gas, through gasolines and lubricating oils, to waxes, asphalt, and plastics such as polyethylene.

For many years, chemists were able to analyze for only the lightest components present in natural gas and crude oil. More recently, analytical techniques have been developed which allow us to determine the types of hydrocarbon compounds present in gasoline.

These techniques led to studies to find which compounds contribute the most desirable properties. Our next step was devising processes for concentrating desirable fractions and other processes for converting less

desirable into more desirable products.

Now, the Union Oil Research Department has developed a new technique which the scientists call "linear elution absorption chromatography," or "LEAC" for short.

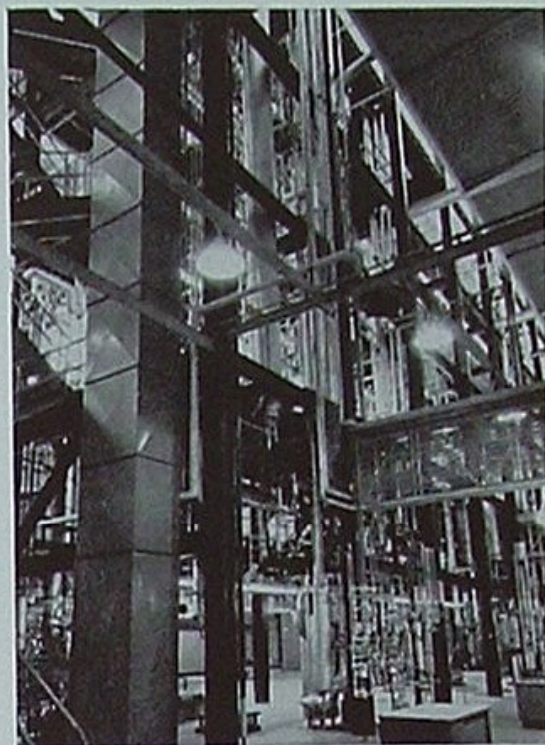
Using LEAC, we can identify the types of hydrocarbon compounds present in the more complex fractions from crude oil — diesel fuels, stove oils, lubricating oils, and wax. We are currently extending this method to a better understanding of asphalt.

Information from these analyses has made it possible to modify existing refining techniques to improve product quality.

Composition data have been particularly helpful in developing our Unicracking process, which was announced some months ago. Such data have been important, also, in the development of our latest process, the manufacture of naphthalene from petroleum. Naphthalene is an important starting point for a whole series of petrochemicals.

Research, from Dr. W. E. Bradley

New research technique known as "LEAC" has been helpful in developing Company's Unicracking process, whose first pilot-plant model is in operation at Research.



EXPLORATION MEN TELL THE DARDEST STORIES!



Some of the strangest things happen in Union's world-wide search for oil.

Two years ago Union's geologic crews uncovered a buried Mayan city in the jungles of Guatemala while mapping surface structure in preparation for drilling, thus creating quite a stir in archeological circles. In Costa Rica, our exploratory crews have recovered excellent specimens of pottery and jewelry. A flourishing Indian civilization once existed here and their complete disappearance is a mystery.

Then there was the case of our wildcat in the Canadian bush country some years ago which hit a pocket of gas and salt water while drilling. The gas blew water over the crown-block in sub-zero weather and the entire rig became the biggest stalagmite ever seen — an inverted icicle which could be seen rising up

out of the muskeg for miles around.

Closer to home, we remember our Stewart #10 well in the South Mountain Oil Field near Santa Paula. This development well, although surrounded by other wells with normal sediments, drilled right down the pipe or neck — of an old volcano. For over 3,000 feet the bit went in and out of volcanic material before finally reaching oil sand. Now we know the source of the thin layer of volcanic basalt at the surface.

There is the old-timer's story about another well drilled in the early days near Santa Maria. While driving up the mountain to the drill site, the truck broke down and the boilers rolled off, down into the canyon. Someone decided it was too much trouble to retrieve the equipment; so the well was drilled where the boilers landed, and a new dis-

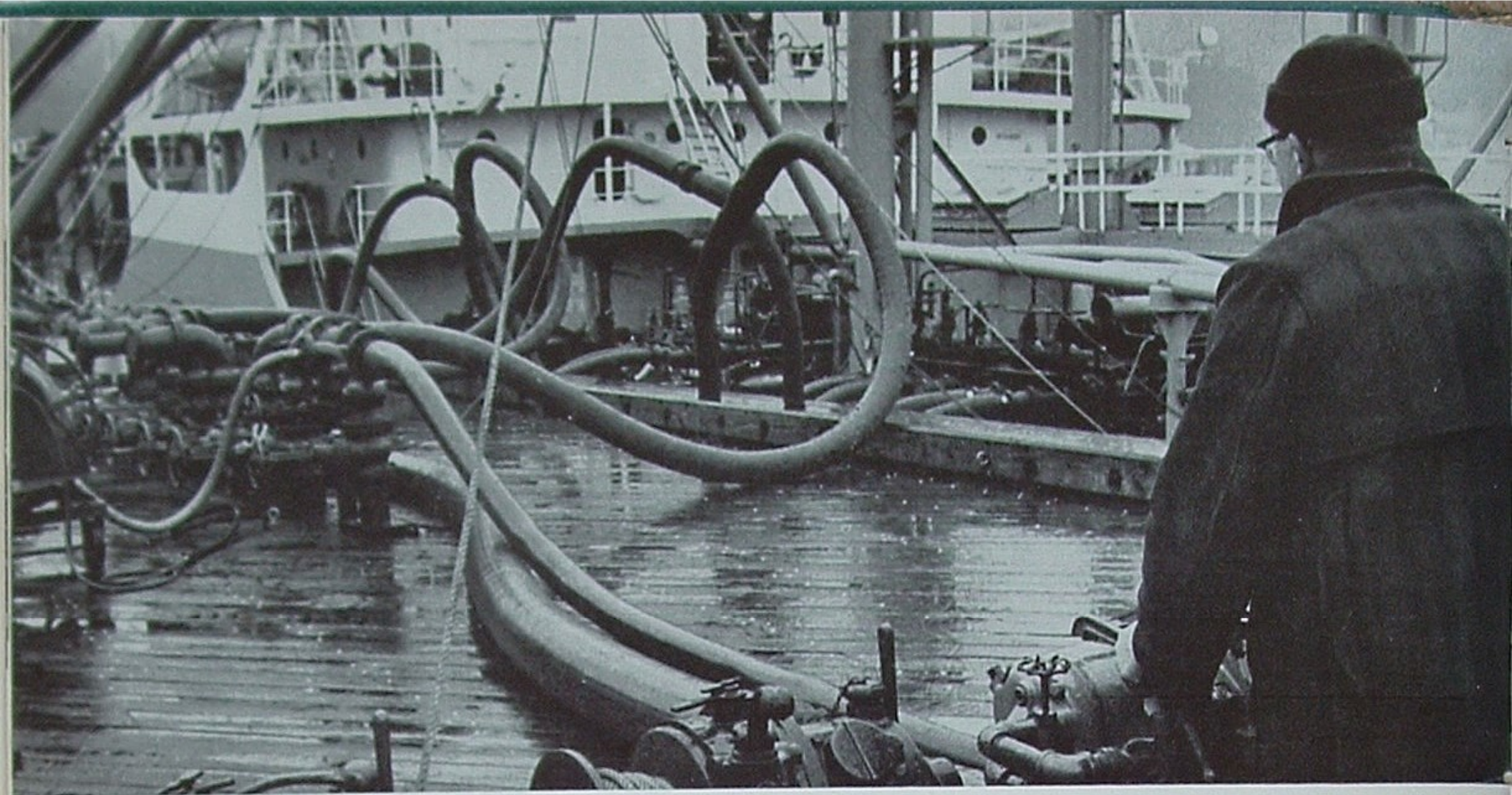


covery was made. Later a well was drilled on top of the hill at the intended location and resulted in a dry hole.

The best fish story is the one about the well that was drilled in the limestone country near Carlsbad, New Mexico. The bit hit a large cavern which contained an underground stream. A bit was lost in the hole. During a fishing job which resulted, there have been reports that live fish came out through the drill pipe. Quite a fish story, that!

from the office of Basil Kantzer





Primary function of Portland wharf is to unload tankships with speed. Cargo hoses here receive 170 million gallons annually.

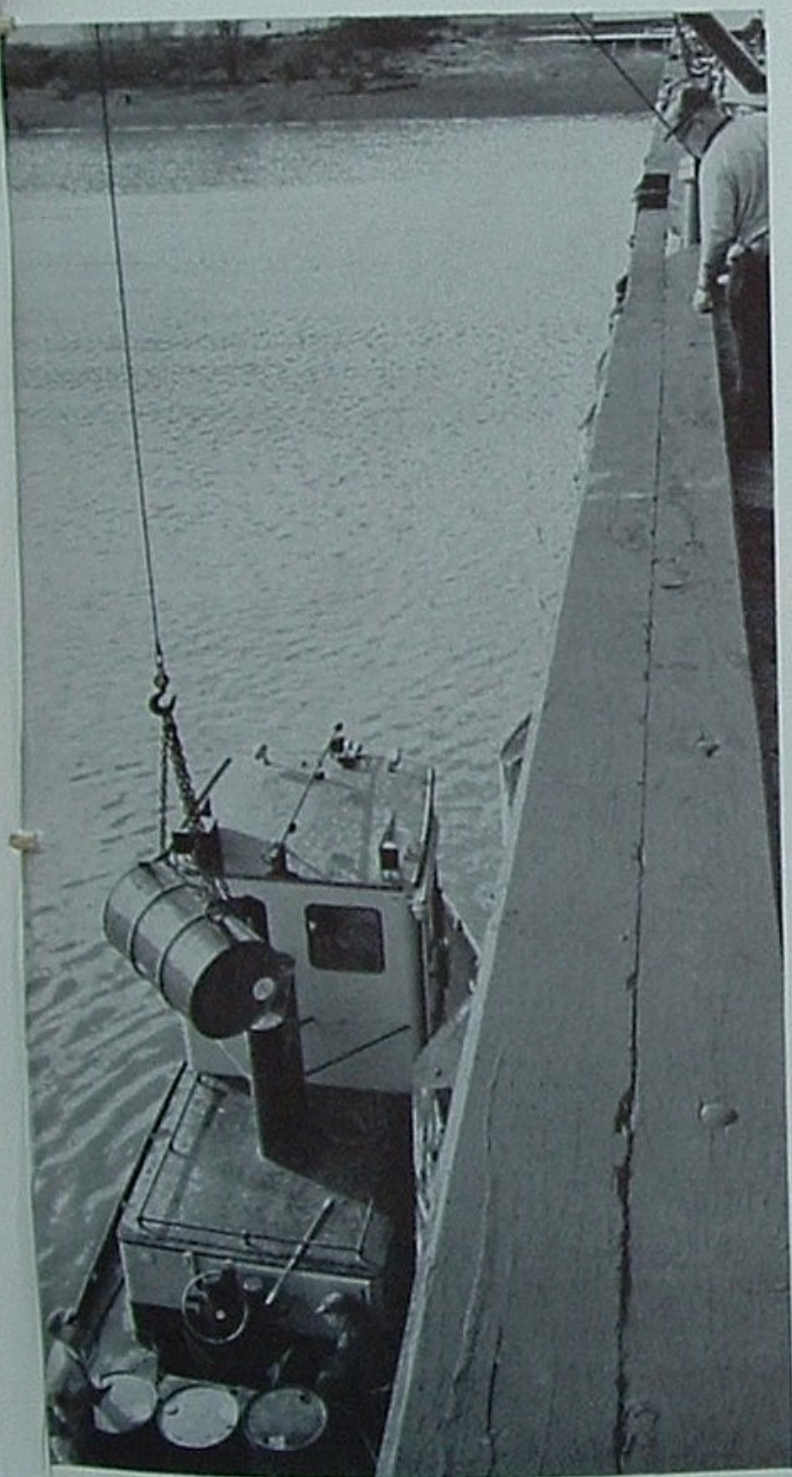
Over 400 timbers up to 105 feet in length form the foundation for this 933-foot Willamette River pier.



When heavy winter rains swell the stream, the emptying Santa Maria rises above the wharf's new decking.



Finest Oil wharf on the Willamette



Dockman E. A. Conroy lowers drums of T5X 30 oil to a river customer, using the wharf's air operated derrick.

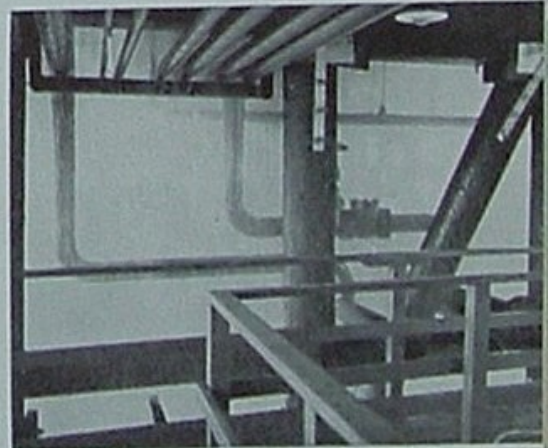
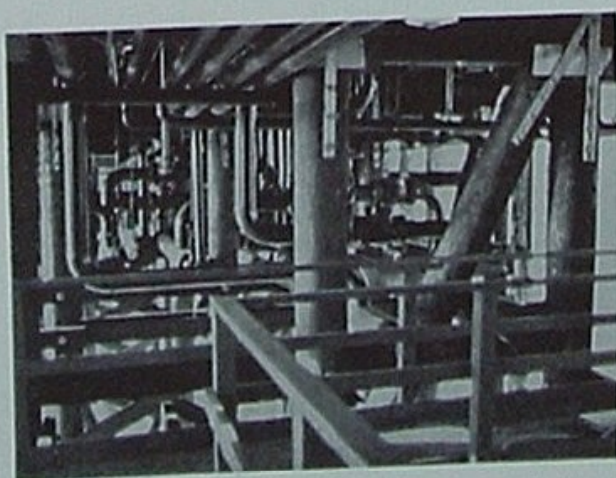
Heading among the majestic mountains of central Oregon and flowing northward across half the state is one of the West's hardest working and most beautiful rivers — the Willamette. Loaded with log tows and river boats over much of its course, it becomes at Portland an important avenue of ocean commerce, accommodating some of the largest ships. Its confluence with the Columbia just north of Portland greatly enhances the navigational importance of that mighty stream.

Union Oil mariners are no strangers to the Willamette. Our tankships have been calling there with cargoes since the turn of the century and in 1905 began serving our first marketing terminal at Portsmouth or South Portland. Thirty years ago a fine wharf was built to facilitate our expanding trade. But so great have been growth and changes in the Northwest that a complete rebuild of the original wharf was justified.

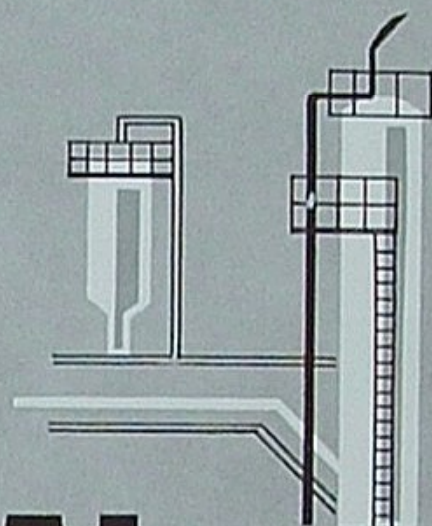
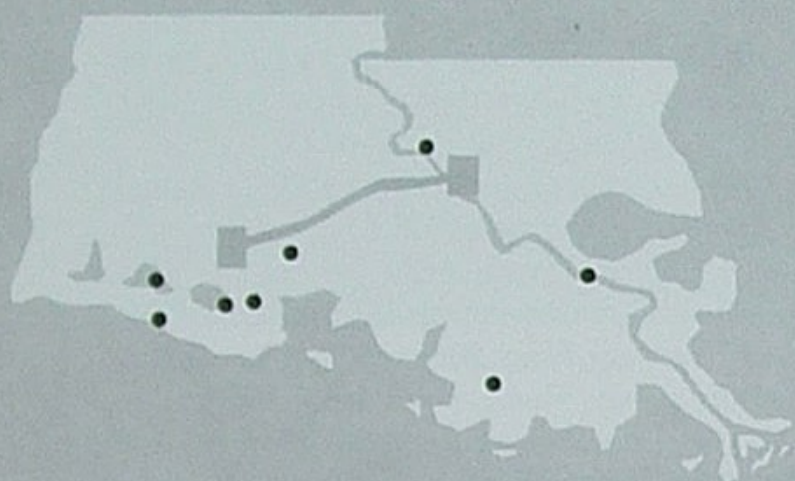
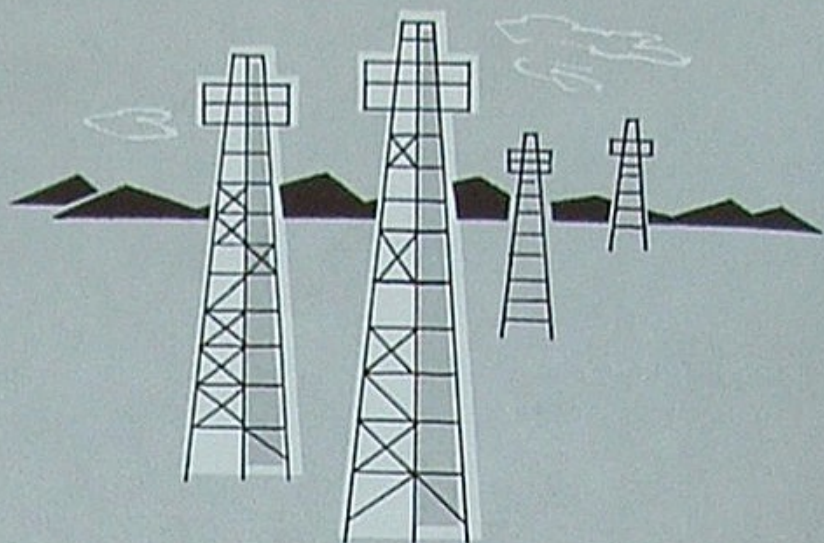
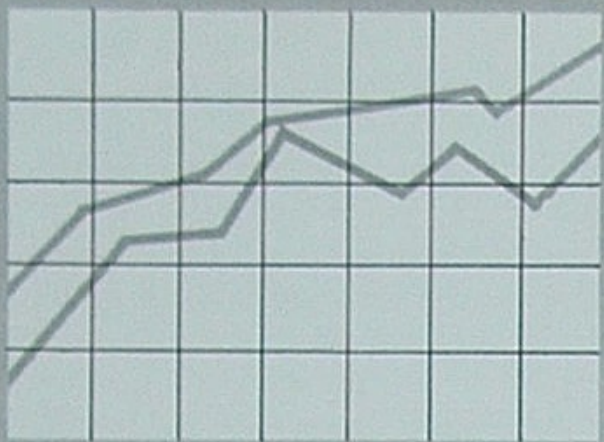
The new wharf, completed in February 1961, is undoubtedly the finest of its type on the river. Treated timbers up to 105 feet in length were driven into the river bottom to provide the foundation for a dock 933 feet in length and varying from 20 to 40 feet in width. The decking stands safely above flood level when the river reaches its maximum wharf depth of 55 feet and is some 30 feet above water during the minimum dry-season depth of 32 feet. Tankships as large as the Santa Maria can discharge a full cargo there the year around.

Features of the new wharf include eight air winches for handling the heavy cargo hoses — motor-operated hose reels and hoists to provide the safest and fastest customer service — the most modern gauging and sampling equipment — a pressurized office where the two dockmen may do most of their stevedoring in the push-button manner — an automatic fire-fighting system that detects and fights fire without waiting for orders.

Currently Portland Marketing Terminal is receiving via tankship approximately 170 million gallons of petroleum products annually. About 25 million gallons of this total is delivered to barges for further distribution and two million gallons is pumped into the fuel tanks of river craft. The remainder is distributed by highway transports and tanktrucks. /THE END



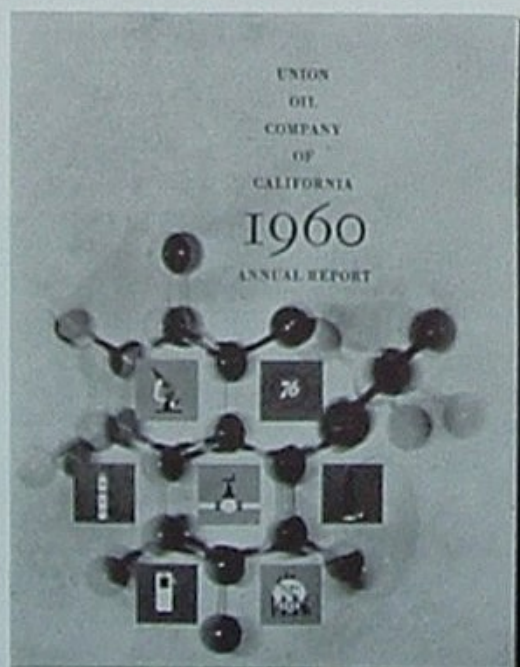
Views of the sub-deck oil lines reveal, in photo at right, how a cloudburst of water descends automatically if fire should threaten the installation.



IT'S

ANNUAL REPORT TIME

Union Oil's resume of 1960 is filled with interesting facts about your company



Mailmen in all 50 states and in many foreign countries have been busy the last couple of weeks delivering a slim booklet titled "Union Oil Company - Annual Report, 1960" to the Company's 65,000 shareowners and to its employees and dealers.

In spite of its formal title, the booklet is really only the official corporate answer to the question, "How're things going?" And there's no better way to find out how things *are* going for your Company - and you - than to take a few quiet minutes and read the report.

When you read, don't rush. The annual report is so packed with information all you'll get is mental indigestion if you try to gulp it down in a hurry. You can even by-pass some of the figures and fine print and still

come out with a clear understanding of what the company's doing and why.

For example: Accountants and other people who analyze securities eat up the financial facts of the report. But if you're allergic to figures, skip over these lightly. Unless you're trained to understand such things as proper relationship between working capital and current liabilities, say, the figures may not mean too much.

However, there's one tabulation — the ten year summary — that puts your company's constant growth in perspective.

Look at it, and you'll see how steadily Union Oil's sales have increased to their present 80 million barrel level. And how its assets have nearly doubled — to 734 million — since 1951. You don't have to be a mathematician to appreciate the meaning of those statistics!

Read the "remarks"

If you're an average shareowner, employee (the majority of Union employees are both), or a dealer, try concentrating on the chairman's and president's remarks at the front of the report.

Those remarks cover a lot of territory in a few pages. They hit the financial highlights of the year and comments on the activities of each operating department.

Here is the place to look for signs of a healthy, a dynamic and progressive company, and to get a feeling of the extent of its operations.

Union Oil's report, you should note, starts with good news, figures anyone can understand: The Company's net earnings last year were \$34.5 million, an increase of 25 per cent over 1959.

Cash dividends were higher last year: \$1.75 a share compared to \$1.00 in 1959. A share dividend was declared. Total sales and other revenues were the highest in Company history: \$536 million, \$23 million higher than in 1959. And this, although we were in a "recession" last year.

Indicators of Progress

As you read, look for facts that tell you what's being done to maintain and improve the Company's competitive position — and to assure future growth.

Most of the remarks are devoted to exploration and production: the world-wide, never-ending search for raw materials. Oil and gas in the ground are essential for a petroleum company's continued well-being.

So note that we set a new record for natural gas production last year (up 23 per cent over the previous year, 1959), yet increased our reserves by 15 per cent. Note, too, that our crude oil and natural gas liquids reserves are up by 11 million barrels.

You'll find other indicators of progress: a research

department whose revenues from licensing patents and sale of technical information reached a new high in 1960 . . . a record number of active credit card accounts on the books . . . exploration ranging from Alaska to the Sahara . . . a subsidiary, Collier Carbon and Chemical also setting all-time sales records . . . another subsidiary, Global Marine Exploration, under contract to scientific groups, embarking on a Jules Verne sub-sea drilling experiment.

Did You Know . . . ?

The remarks give you an understanding of the size of the company and an insight into its policies.

Did you know Union Oil is the second largest petroleum refiner on the West Coast? Or what has been done to enable us to produce more high quality premium-valued products from each barrel of crude oil we process? It's in the report!

A few paragraphs later there's an explanation for Marketing's deliberately closing 82 service stations — a matter of sound policy. (Did you know 4,500 retail outlets sell Union products? Plus 500 marketing stations serving industrial and commercial customers?)

Of personal interest to the 7,311 people on the Company payroll: You'll also find the average Union Oil employee's true income was \$1,850 higher than he thought during 1961.

Interesting facts about Union Oil? The remarks — the entire report — is loaded with them!

Although the Company *must* publish an annual report — the State of California, the Securities Exchange Commission, and the New York Stock Exchange all require it — no law says you *must* read it.

However, if you want to relax with a good book tonight, there's none better than your annual report. You'll learn a great deal about your Company, including the very satisfactory answer to the question, "How're things going?"

/THE END

Notice to Employee Shareholders

It is hoped that all employees will want the Union Oil stock they own represented at the April 24 Annual Shareholders meeting. One way to accomplish this is to promptly sign and mail the proxy card recently sent to you. This will help assure maximum representation at the meeting.

R. F. Niven, Secretary

TOM L. KOWALSKI of our Research Center completed his term as a member of the Brea City Council but was promptly reappointed for a four-year term.

from J. D. McCawley



BEN T. ANDERSON, manager of general services division at Union Oil Research Center, has been elected president of the North Orange County YMCA.

from J. D. McCawley



LESTER J. HAMILTON, consignee at Porterville, California, has been publicly acclaimed by his community for outstanding civic service. Says the Terra Bella News of January 20: "It is such men as he, and companies such as Union Oil, that have helped Porterville in its growth as one of the outstanding communities in this part of the state." Although a very busy oil man, Les has always found time to lend the community a hand.

from H. H. Isheim



GAIL WENGENROTH, left, Company consignee at Woodburn, Oregon, is seen with Mrs. Wengenroth, their Japanese guest Tadashi Nagai, and son David. Visiting America as an Exchange student, Mr. Nagai is living with the Wengenroths and attending Woodburn High School as a member of the senior class.

from J. W. White



WILLIAM ROGERS, consignee at Kendrick, Idaho, is heading a Lions International effort to obtain Seeing-Eye-Dogs for seven blind children in the Lewis-Clark area. The Collie dogs are raised and trained at Pacific Lutheran University over a two-year period and at a cost of \$200 each. Finally the blind child is sent to the university to cooperate in the dog's final period of training. The humanitarian project headed by Mr. Rogers is continued from year to year by these fine members of Lions International.

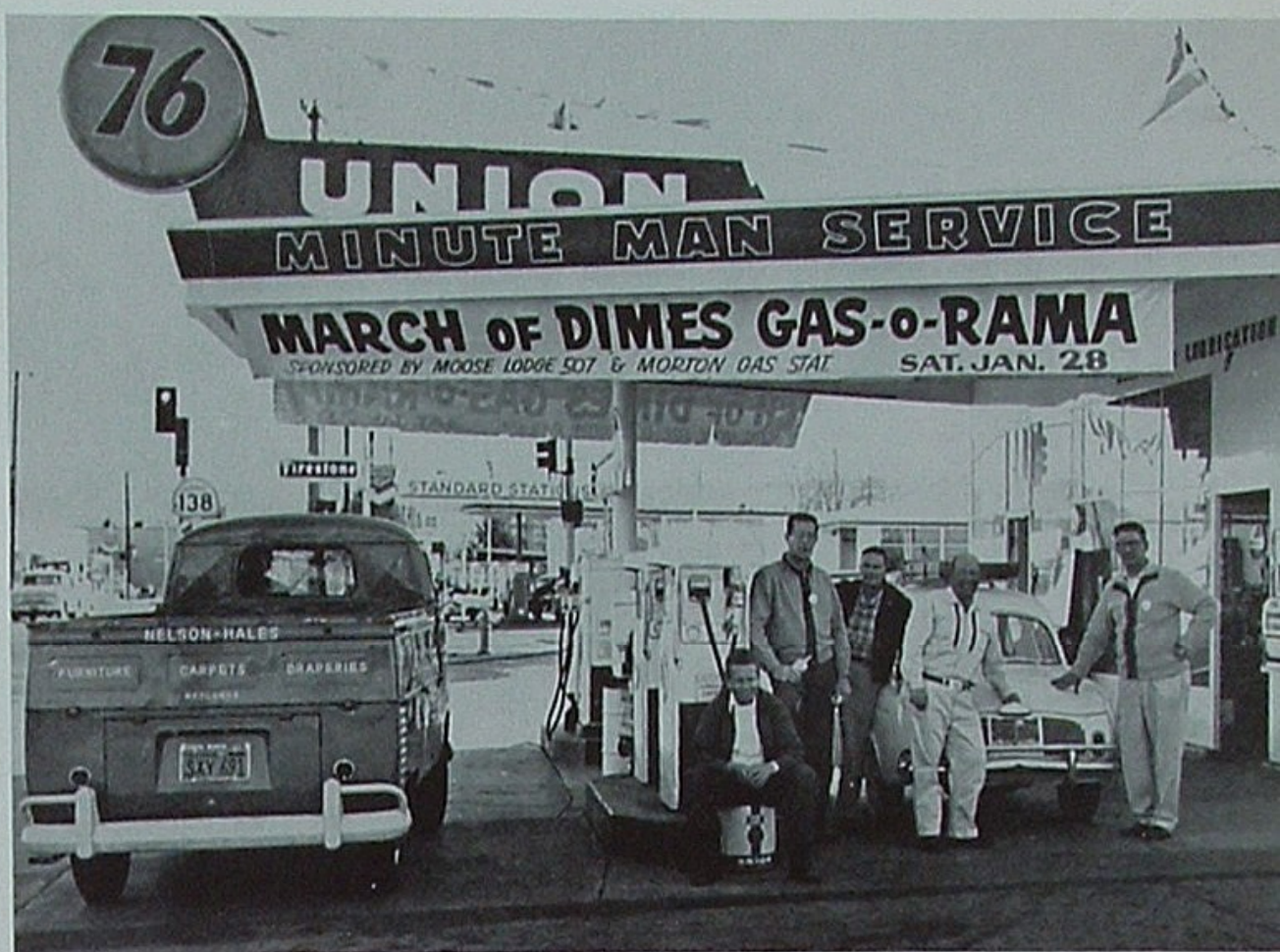
from Corole Judkins



SAFETY RECORD AT DOMINGUEZ was celebrated in February with a "bean feed in the dog house." Among those present were, from left, Supervisors Past-and-Present Harold Keans, John Maynard and Otto Gillingham. Never before in the history of Dominguez Field had a year gone by without a lost-time accident. However in 1959 began a safety record that has now climbed beyond 784 accident-free days.



in focus



DEALER JACK MORTON (seated on 76 pail) of Palmdale, California, was happily "bushed" as the sun set on January 28th. His entire service station profits for the day were turned over to the March of Dimes. Sponsoring members of Moose Lodge No. 507 volunteered as Minute Men to do all the work. But Jack found it was no cinch just to be an executive.

THE SILVER BEAVER AWARD, highest honor bestowed by Boy Scouts of America on volunteer scouters, was awarded to two Union Oilers on January 26 by Chairman Floyd Forker, left, of the Los Angeles Area Council. Recipient Ray Cook, at left, is supervisor of employment and employee relations at Los Angeles Refinery, has served Troop 36 of the First Methodist Church of Compton for the past 12 years, and is currently commissioner for Area III. Recipient Harold W. Sanders, right, is vice president of Union Oil, has been active for nine years with the Los Angeles Area Boy Scout Council, has served as its president, and is currently a member of the Council Executive Board.

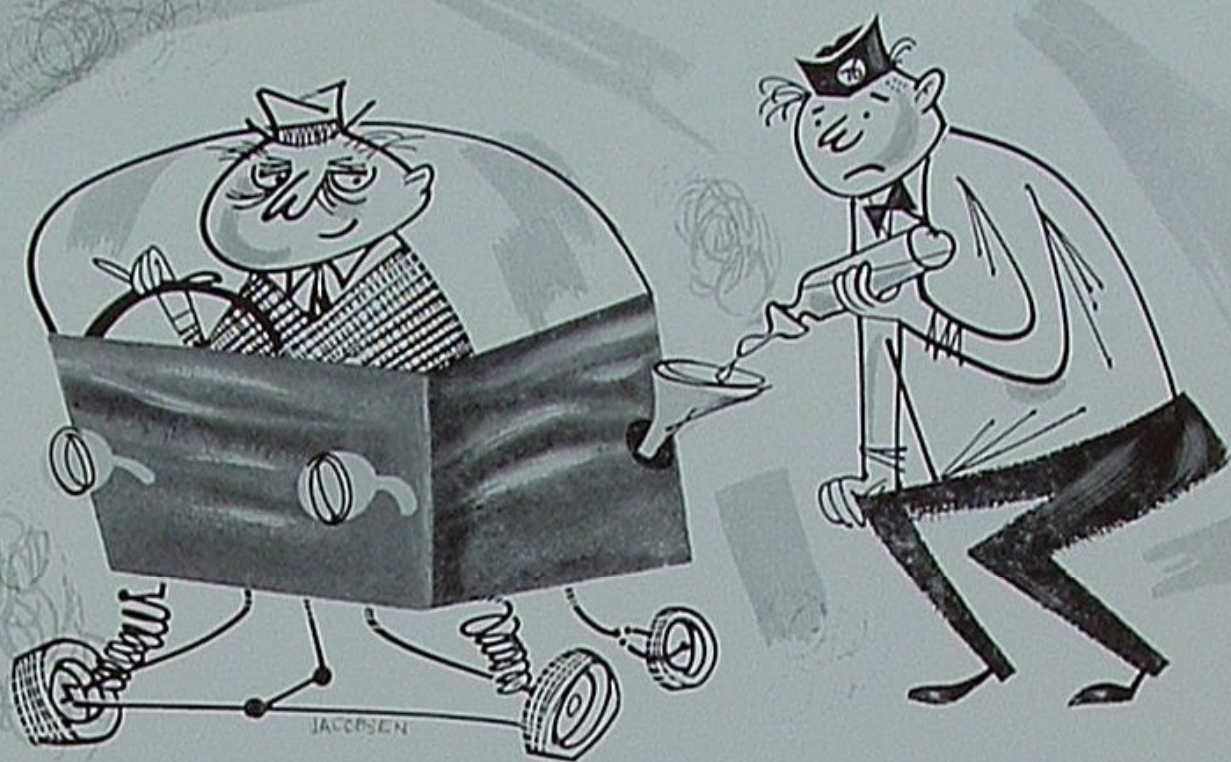
from Jim Hawthorne and A. C. Rubel



RETIREMENT OF ADOLPH PODOLL, seated, from his absorption plant job on February 1st, brought from Foreman Art Talpt, standing, the happy report that Adolph had concluded 22 years of rather hazardous duty without a single injury of any description. The retiree plans to build a house at Kalispell, Montana, and settle down to some serious fishing.

from W. P. Barber





Sensible taxes would bring greater economy than compact cars

GASOLINE TAXATION

During the year 1960 Union Oil and the entire petroleum industry became increasingly conscious of the economic consequences of excessive taxation of gasoline.

Developments of the year, including the overall trend of gasoline consumption, gave evidence of consumer resistance to high gasoline taxes. This resistance seemed also to be manifested in the sudden upsurge of interest in miniature foreign and compact domestic automobiles.

During 1960 nearly 30 per cent of all cars sold in this country were of the compact variety. Moreover, experts are now predicting that by 1964 one car of every four on this country's highways will be a compact model. Since gasoline economy is one of the prime features of these small size cars, their prevalence could have repercussions on the market for this product and on the gasoline tax revenues of both federal and state.

It seems no coincidence that the compact car trend became pronounced in a year when the national average combined taxes on gasoline reached a peak of 10.15 cents per gallon, consisting of a four-cent per gallon federal tax and state levies averaging 6.15 cents.

The tax on a gallon of gasoline now averages approximately 50 per cent of the retail price of regular grade—excluding the tax. It is equal to 63 per cent of the wholesale price of gasoline and 92 per cent of the refinery price.

During the year 1961 decisions will be made that are bound to have tremendous influence — one way or another — on future gasoline sales and on the development

of highway transportation. For on June 30, 1961, the temporary fourth cent of the federal gasoline tax, enacted in 1959, is scheduled to expire.

The 1959 legislation provides that the loss to the federal Highway Trust Fund from the expiration of this tax will be more than made up by allocating to the national road program a portion of other federal automotive excise taxes that are not now being applied to highways. The result will be that funds for the highway program will actually be increased by more than \$200,000,000 annually, while, at the same time, motorists will receive a measure of tax relief.

However, it is anticipated there will be some opposition to the expiration of this temporary gasoline tax.

All citizens who are concerned about the depressing effects excessive gasoline taxes can have on the entire economy would do well to let their representatives in Congress know that they believe the promise about the expiration of the 1959 temporary addition to the federal gasoline tax should be kept; and that any gas tax funds should be used *only* for highway purposes.

Here's What You Pay

In addition to the 4 cents per gallon federal tax, here's what you pay as state taxes in the West: Arizona, Wyoming—5 cents; California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, Utah, Nevada—6 cents; Washington—6½ cents; Alaska—7 cents; Hawaii—average 9 cents.

/THE END

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA
P. O. Box 7600
Los Angeles 54, California

Out of thin air

...growth power
for America



Collier Carbon and Chemical Corporation—a Union Oil subsidiary—literally creates business out of thin air.

For among its products are vital plant foods containing nitrogen, a part of the air you breathe. Practically no vegetation can exist without it.

From natural organic fertilizers, however, the supply of nitrogen is no longer adequate to provide for man's growing needs. Most plants cannot get it directly from the air. Collier can.

Today, by converting atmospheric nitrogen, we are able to replenish the plant food required by bumper crops.

Collier's fertilizers, used in a planned program, can produce an estimated \$4 to \$8 return for every dollar a farmer invests. More than that, these vital foods are rejuvenating soil that was "worn out." One acre today can produce what two did fifteen years ago.

Miracle fertilizers, versatile carbon products and industrial chemicals such as naphthalene—all these are part of Collier's portfolio. They contribute to your way of life and to Union's vitality.

Today, behind *each* of the 8½ million shares of Union Oil stock, there are more than 60 barrels of liquid petroleum reserves...more than 400,000 cubic feet of natural gas reserves...large investments in refinery, transportation and market facilities...large investments, too, in research laboratories and petrochemical plants.

With such diversification, we feel more than equal to the challenge of the future.

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

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

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THE WEST'S MOST EXPERIENCED GASOLINE REFINER