

SEVENTY <sup>76</sup>  
SIX

Union Oil Company of California

September 1962





## The Case of The Frightened Minks

It happened on a mink farm northwest of Chicago some time back, but the point of this story is still true.

A driverless tractor crashed into some mink pens. Eighty-seven minks worth thousands of dollars slipped through the fence and lit out for freedom.

Much to everybody's surprise, by morning some of the minks came back to their broken pens wanting their breakfast. By suppertime, almost all of them had turned their backs on freedom and voluntarily returned to the cages. Obviously, they had been in captivity so long they had lost all initiative.

Fortunately for America, most of us don't think like

frightened minks. Our competitive way of life gives us the incentives to exercise individual initiative.

Acting on these incentives, the people of Union Oil developed Royal 76, the West's most powerful premium gasoline; Royal Triton, the amazing purple motor oil, and famous Minute Man Service.

Our present and future customers might never have The Finest in petroleum products and services without the incentives inherent in America's free competitive enterprise system.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write, President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL





September, 1962

THE COVER: This is Caillou Island — Union Oil's man-made field location in Timbalier Bay, 60 miles south of New Orleans. For a description of life in this sea-going oil field, see the report beginning Page 12.

In this issue:

They Sowed Cottonseed	2
Whether By Land Or By Air - Service	6
There's A Visiting Nurse In the House	8
In Our Morning's Mail	10
Seven On	12
Business Highlights	16
Santa Maria	18
In Focus	20
The Future Looks Bright	22



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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# The Palmer Approach

We liked the recent newspaper story about golfer Arnold Palmer:

Returning from a great success in Scotland, where he won the British Open golf championship with the four best rounds of golf ever shot in the 102-year-old tournament, he told reporters this had been the climax of his foremost golfing thrills . . .

. . . and ills. He played and won the tournament while suffering from a miserable and persistent backache. Previously he had tied for the U. S. Open championship despite a finger injury on his right hand. And nearly always he rises to his best game when there are only a few holes to go and he's several strokes behind. Adversity seems to stimulate this man!

"My trouble now," he told the newsmen, "is that I feel fine. I don't have any aches or pains. I'm putting okay again. I just can't find anything to complain about. And I'm not sure that's a very good sign."

Palmer was not trying to be humorous. He was expressing one of the great facts of life: As soon as a man or a corporation or a nation becomes complacent — satisfied with the *status quo* — admired and flattered — self-assured . . . it's high time to come down off the pedestal.

Certainly no man is justified in seeking adversity — there's already enough trouble beckoning to him from all points of the compass. But neither should he fear it nor run away. Triumph comes to the man who stays on course — patiently overcomes each obstacle — and, if possible, turns adversity to advantage.

In the oil business, adversity has a thousand faces — dry holes, high costs, price cutting, government controls, high taxation, tough competition, etc.

But the important thing is whether we succumb to adversity or plow through it.

Palmer has been called the greatest player in the history of golf for several reasons:

He grew up on the game and still considers hours of regular practice as the key to his success.

He is eager to take on the best competition the world has to offer, regardless of course or clime.

He refuses to crack under pressure — or bow to adversity. He makes both imposters serve him.

Enough men and women of like mind — in America, in industry, in Union Oil — might easily set another world's record in the endless marathon of human progress.

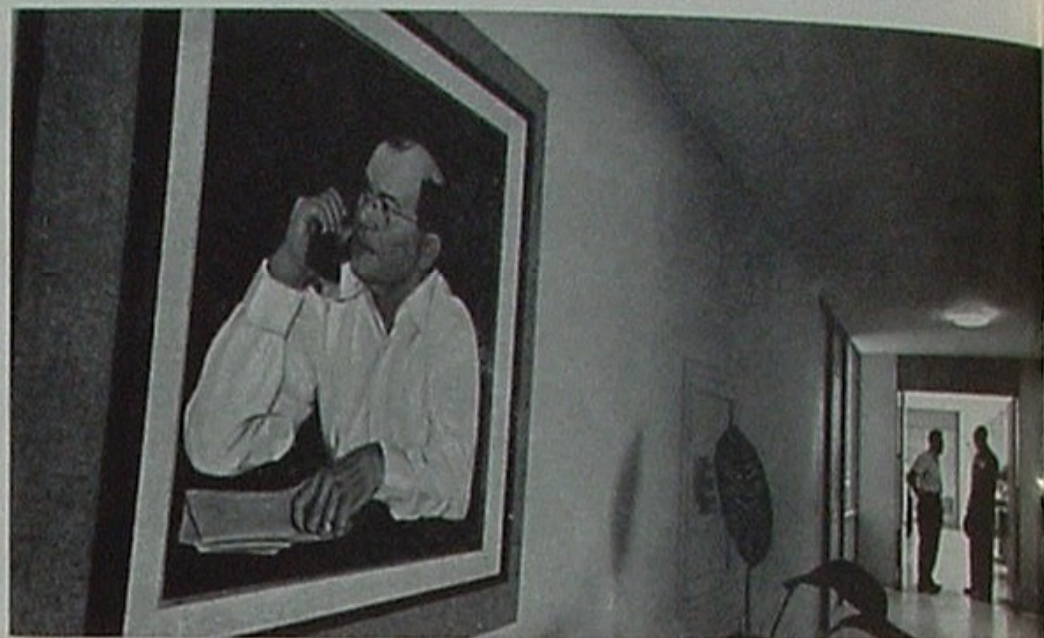
/THE END





*The Saul Camp family  
is reaping a cornucopia*

## THEY SOWED COTTONSEED



A busy, useful memorial to the life of an extraordinary farmer — Saul A. Camp — stands astride California's Highway 99 a few miles north of Bakersfield. It's marked by the Shafter overpass. You'll recognize it only if you stop and ask and look.

Most of the memorial is farm land — many acres beautifully tilled and skillfully rotated to yield bumper crops of cotton, alfalfa, potatoes, sugar beets or whatever else the American market demands. In trial plots are fresh plantings of citrus fruits and safflowers. Canals, wells and pumps carry irrigating water to every acre of the farm. Access roads divide it into an orderly checkerboard of fields, all in various stages of growth.

Besides the farm there is an excellent cottonseed oil mill where, during winter months, several tons per day of seed are converted to valuable oil and meal. A new solvent-extraction plant adjacent to the mill is first of its kind to refine cottonseed oil, and may soon be adapted to the extraction of oil from safflower seed.

On a plot of ground handy both to rail and highway is a potato packing terminal. Here, in June, hundreds of extra workers are employed to clean, sort, package and ship 30 carloads of potatoes daily. Another big crew is busy harvesting potatoes in the field.

An eastern margin of the farm is owned and operated jointly with Kenneth Mebane, cattleman. Here 30,000 head of cattle at a time are fattened on locally grown

alfalfa, cottonseed meal and beet pulp production.

Branches of the integrated enterprise reach out to neighboring areas and towns:

Farmer Camp foresaw the need of many cars, trucks and all sorts of modern agricultural machines. To assure that machines and mechanics were available always, he bought a new-car agency in Bakersfield and added a full line of farm equipment.

The trucks and farm machines demanded carload lots of petroleum products. The Camps liked Union Oil quality in general and at least one Union Oiler in particular — Senior Vice President Harold Sanders, to whom Saul Camp often came for advice. The two "likes" together suggested our Wasco marketing station as the farm's fuel base and a Camp affiliate, Circle Petroleum Agency, as the Union Oil consignee. This pleasant business relationship has continued for many years.

Additionally, the expanding cotton enterprise needed gins. Also a compress plant to squeeze normal gin-size bales into shipping bales, thereby more than tripling the carrying capacity of trucks and railway boxcars. The Camps built their own gins and compress.

Rather than depend on distant agencies for irrigation pumps and parts, this do-it-yourself family expanded to include the S. A. Camp Pump Company. It serves the farm plus other growers in Kern and Tulare Counties.

Indeed, so many ideas and innovations poured from



the mind of this farmer that his name and properties and accomplishments set a precedent for the West. He had to buy an airplane just to get from one productive venture to another — in California, Nevada, Idaho and New Mexico. Oftentimes he kept a property only long enough to try an idea or get the operation on a solid, profitable footing; then he'd sell and move on.

About the only opulent part of this memorial to a farmer, however, is an office building. Large and handsome enough for Wilshire Boulevard, it sits right in the center of the farm at Cawelo. Outside, the building could be mistaken for a deluxe country club. Inside, the illusion swiftly vanishes. It's 100% business-like — yesterday's rural roll-top desk unrolled into tiled and carpeted floors; spacious, beautifully equipped offices, machines, communications, computers; an office staff of farm workers well enough versed and groomed to step out for lunch on Fifth Avenue.

Only as you glance out the sky-high windows and across a patio of urban landscaping do you sense where you actually are — right in the middle of a cotton patch.

Saul Camp, so his son Jim relates between phone calls in the busy Cawelo office, never appeared to be the human dynamo type of man. He was quiet, friendly, easy to know, hard to cross. He spoke with a southern drawl characteristic of his native South Carolina. His

greatest personal assets were love of the land, vision, tirelessness, the competitive urge to excel, and a remarkable ability to inoculate other people with his ideas and ideals. He had a fine sense of humor. He disliked slipshod methods and performance; loved horses.

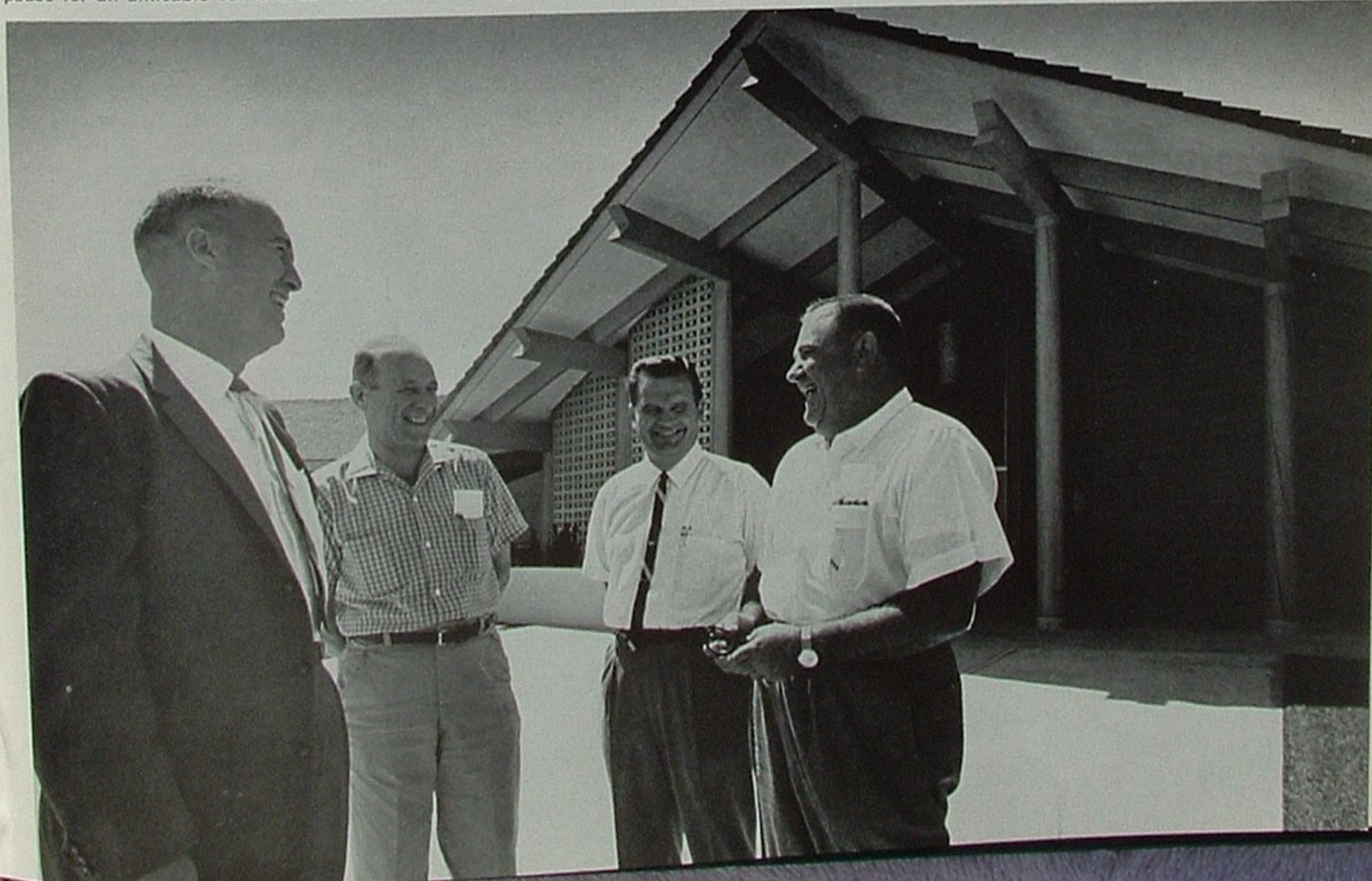
These traits were not long in coming to the fore after Saul, his wife Nel, their infant daughter Willene, and son Jim, then 10, migrated from South Carolina to Shafter, California in the fall of 1923. Equipped only with cotton knowledge and experience, flat broke financially, he found his first job in the West with Kern County Land Company.

It was the challenge of an idle field near his first humble farm cottage at Shafter that sparked the Saul Camp vision. He wondered if the tract would grow cotton. It did. He wondered if a select cottonseed might grow more bales to the acre in California than any grower was averaging in the South. The seed did.

Saul Camp promptly quit a foreman's job and struck out on his own. The first few years were tough. Three of them in fact turned him back to the starting point — broke. But 1929 — when most of the world, including cotton, took its economic dive into the great depression — came as a turning point for the Camp family. Through toil, sweat and self-denial, they paid for a foothold of cotton acreage.

*Continued*

Outside the S. A. Camp Companies office at Cawelo, Union Oil men, from left, R. D. Davis, L. W. Ragsdale and J. B. Campbell pause for an amicable conference with General Manager James Y. Camp. Painting, opposite page, commemorates Saul A. Camp.







Mechanization has been a big factor in the success of this farming enterprise. Here machines are harvesting the 1962 potato crop.

### *They Sowed Cottonseed—continued*

Then Saul met a Texan named Lawson L. Lowe and a Bakersfield man named Harry West. The Camp-West-Lowe partnership these three men formed is generally acknowledged as the real beginning of California's cotton industry. They acquired lands, grew cotton, built gins. Eventually the partnership broke up — and spread out in three separate, successful directions. Cawelo community, founded by and named for all three of the men, remained as "seed cotton" for the crop of S. A. Camp Companies this family continued to build.

A wise leader and father, as well as an outstanding farmer and businessman, Saul Camp equipped his heirs and successors with something more precious than lands and money:

To a dozen carefully picked managers and department heads he delegated responsibility and produced know-how. They have capably run their branches of the enterprise since his death in 1957.

Mrs. Camp, his indispensable partner throughout, became so intimate with the business that she now serves as president of the organization's ginning company.

James Y. Camp, the son, was handed no bouquet on a silver platter. He picked 'taters and cotton, hoed many a tough row, and learned farming from two of the most meticulous teachers on earth — his parents. He looks back at four years with the U.S. Army Air Force, where he served as a major in World War II, as the longest vacation of his career. Jim, as everyone calls him, has been presiding chairman and general manager of the Camp companies since 1951.

Significantly, Jim is following the Camp tradition. While escorting us through the busy potato packing plant, he pointed to his three youngsters, ages 8 to 12, each holding down a grownup's job beside the potato-sacking conveyor belts. Just out of school and starting

on summer vacation, they were learning the business from below-the-ground up.

As stated earlier, Saul Camp loved good horses — harness thoroughbreds in particular. In some of the early harness races held at Kern County Fair, he drove his own horses to victory against the fastest competition in the valley.

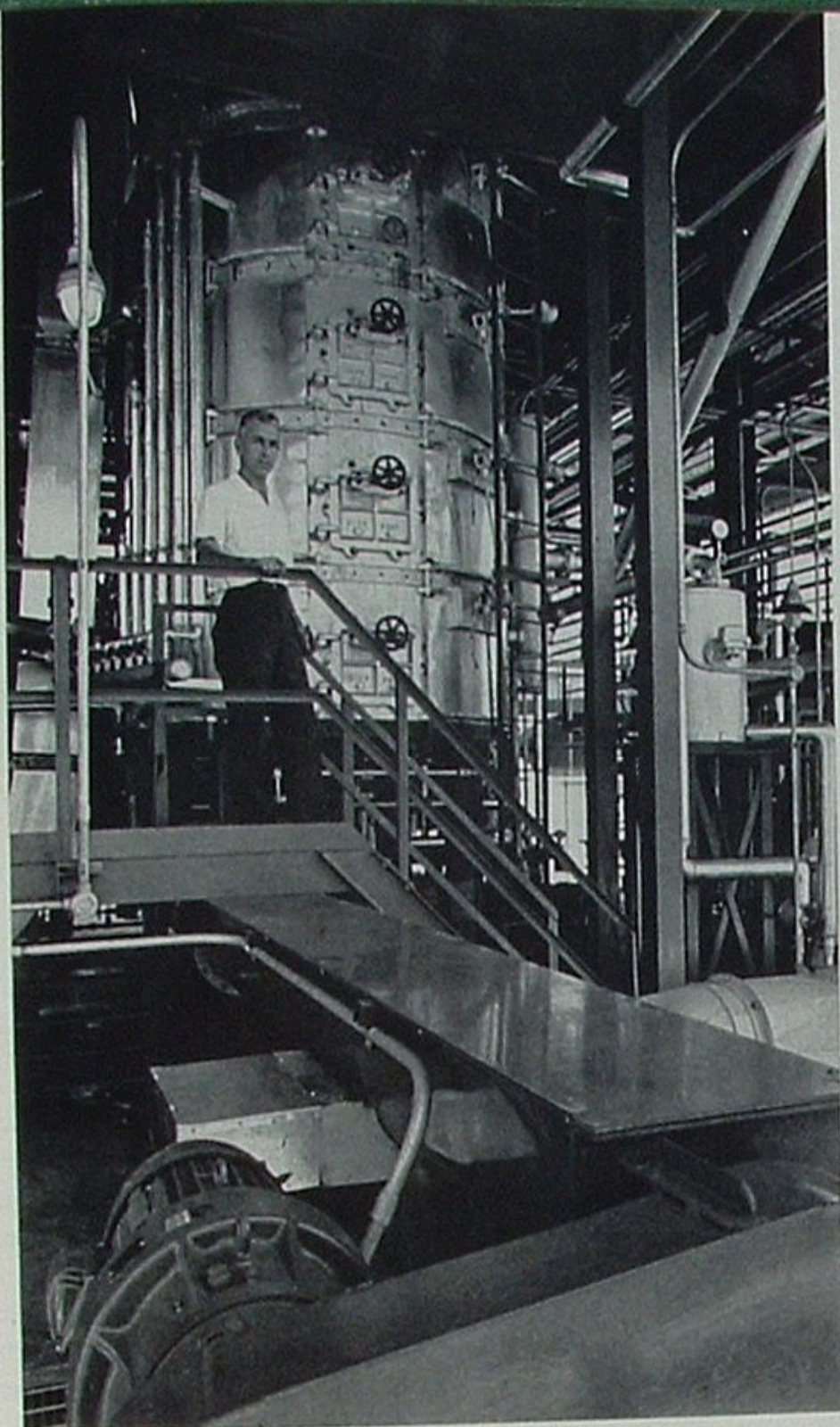
But local championships were not enough for this man's ambition. He acquired top Kentucky breeding stock and the services of an expert driver-trainer. Then near the farm at Shafter evolved a  $\frac{3}{8}$ -mile training track — a Santa Anita with homes and roof-top viewing platforms instead of grandstands. Presently the foremost harness racing tracks of America were making room for a new stable of champions — Scotch Victor, Scott Frost, Dazzle Way, Diamond Hal, Meadow Pace, Blaze Hanover. Even his horses seemed never content with less than first place or a new world's record.

Cawelo, you feel, is about the best possible memorial anyone could perpetuate to the honor of such a founder. The farm today — still growing — is better than he perhaps imagined it. Its more than 700 permanent employees are producing a goodly share of the nation's food and fiber, meanwhile continuing the search for new crops and improved methods. At harvest times, hundreds of extra workers come to help in the fields and gins, thereby sharing in the bounty.

Most of all, Cawelo is a symbol of man's capabilities in a free society. Most of it was achieved during years of depression and war when other men were deploring hard times — particularly in farming. It sprouted in the vision of a ranch foreman — was cultivated with uncommon labor — and irrigated with vital American sweat. And those who are reaping the horn of plenty had nothing to start with except a handful of cottonseed.

/THE END

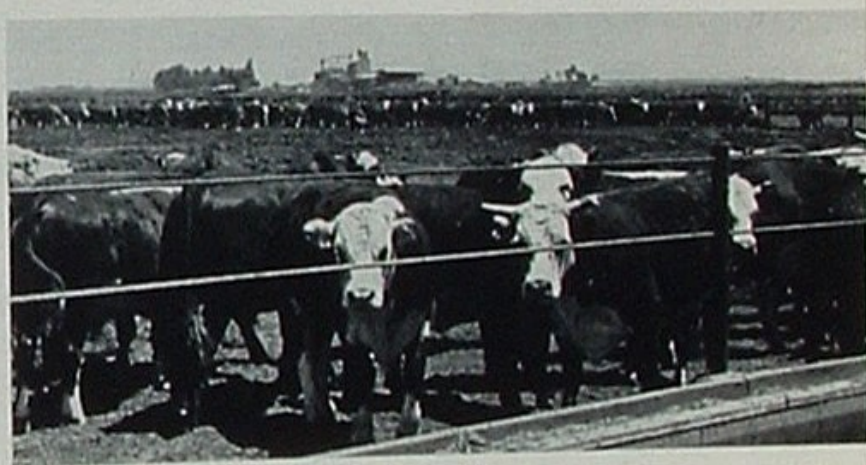




Rivaling a petroleum refinery, a solvent-extraction plant on the farm processes oils extracted from cottonseed and safflower seed.



Minute Man lubrication service goes into the field to keep the potato harvest moving at top speed.



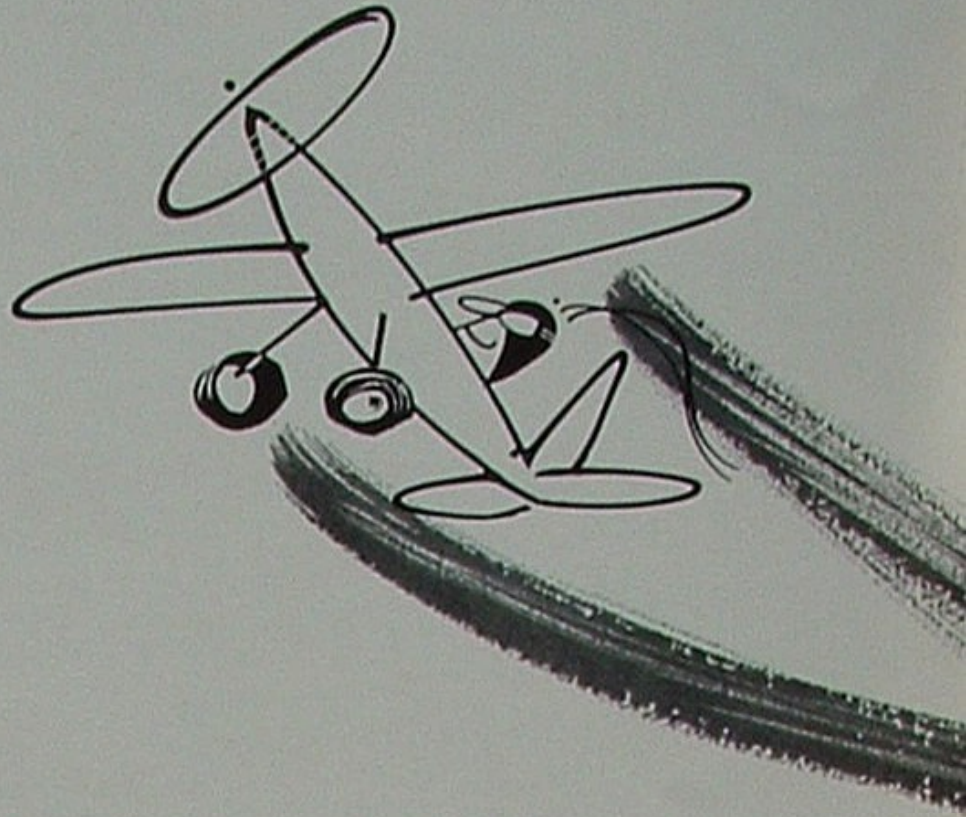
A branch of the business is cattle fattening — in lots capable of handling 30,000 head at a time.

A wonderful family tradition continues: In the potato packing plant, Jane, Richard and James Camp, just out of school, learn their father's business from the ground up.





# Whether by land or by air – Service!



*A letter to Dodger Announcer Vin Scully from two Union Oil customers, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Spalding of Pasadena, put us on the trail of an unusual "76" service station. It welcomes all ships of the desert including airplanes.*

*According to the letter, the Spaldings were returning from a Florida vacation trip last year by way of Highway 60 through Arizona. Running low on gas, they began looking for a sign of the 76. Presently one loomed up beside the road, but their path to the pumps was blocked by, of all things, an airplane.*

*Mrs. Spalding snapped a picture and soon learned that plane visits here were not at all unusual. There was a landing strip just across the highway; quite often a pilot would taxi across and ask the dealer to "fill 'er up." The Spaldings thought their favorite announcer, Mr. Scully, would be interested in the story and the picture. He was.*

*Some sleuthing via Company channels into Arizona pinpointed the location as Service Station LC-3789 at Salome, Arizona. Furthermore, the Spalding letter and picture, sent from Phoenix, evoked the following reply from Forrest A. Clark, the Union Oil dealer:*

Dear Mr. Luke: (Sales Manager, Phoenix)

Regarding the enclosed pictures, they were without question taken at this station. They were taken before I took the station over – probably a year ago, in May or the first of June.

I am not familiar with the plane nor its owner, and I doubt very much if any pilot, in his right mind, would make it a practice to gas up at a service station regularly. After such a delightful letter and excellent picture from Mrs. Spalding, it is with much regret that I am forced to give you this negative answer.

The fact that I can give you no help does not, however, rule out the possibility of a pretty good story. Before the story idea is rejected, I suggest that the following facts be considered:

The landing strips across from the station are strictly unofficial and appear on no maps. This leaves the owners of the land free from any liability.

There are probably from six to ten planes in and out each week. They are owned by farmers, contractors, road builders, insurance investigators, plane salesmen, crop dusters and just plain tourists.

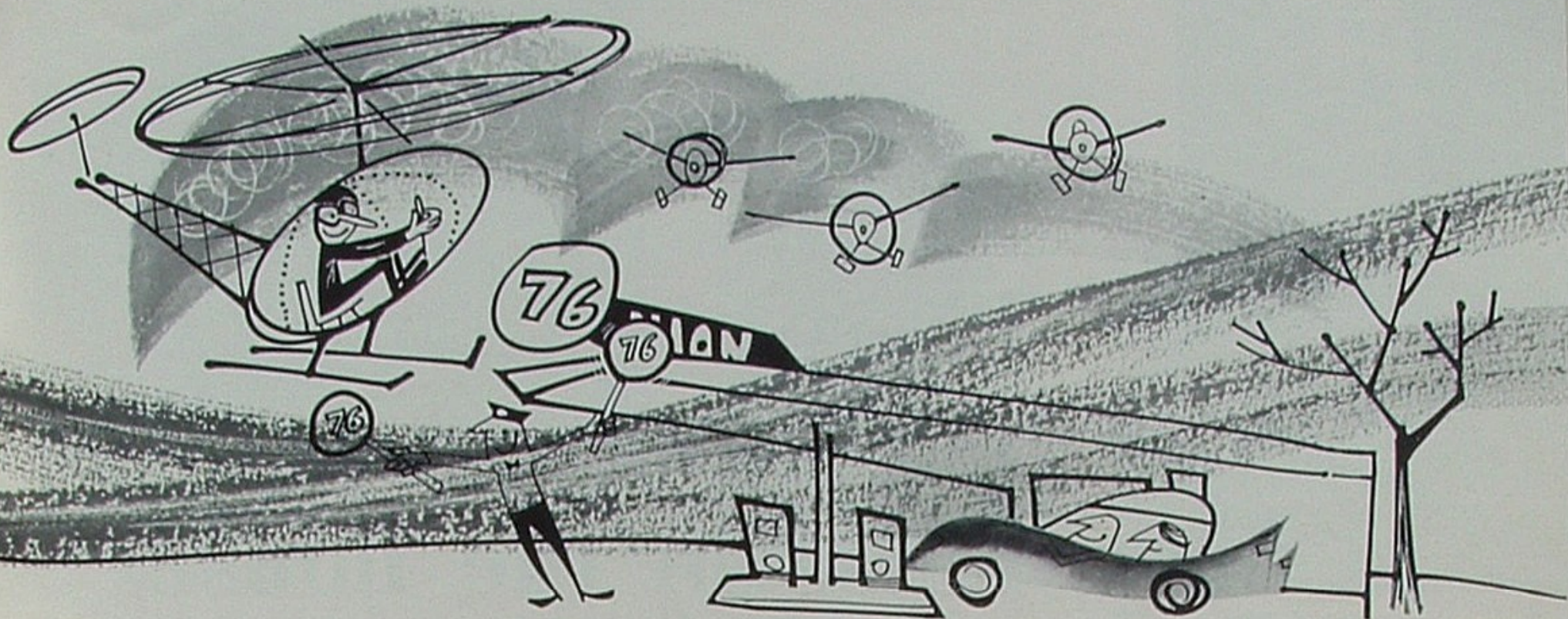
In the year that I have been here, we have gassed up at least three planes directly from the pumps, after they taxied across the road. The first one was a plane salesman from Long Beach, California, who flew in to demonstrate a plane to a prospective customer. The second was a young lady going from Phoenix to Los Angeles, who had got herself lost and was nearly out of gas.

Every week or two we carry gas across the road to fuel a plane – generally five gallons, sometimes ten. These planes have generally been bucking strong head winds and are taking out a little life insurance.

About an hour after I talked to you on the phone last Wednesday, a small plane parked across the road. The occupants, a man and his wife from Nebraska, came over and spent fifteen or twenty minutes drinking a coke. They borrowed my container to put five gallons of gas in the plane, returned the can, and bought a quart of Triton SAE No. 40 for the engine. He said he and his wife spend a month or so every year just roaming the country. Before takeoff, they said they'd drop in again.

We have also gassed up army helicopters on two or three occasions – always carrying the fuel across the road. The helicopters used Royal 76 whereas the small planes generally use 7600.





There are several other incidents which might be of interest:

For example, the Texas rancher on his way to Las Vegas, who sat down with a motor that was missing. When he found there was no airplane mechanic in town, he asked my permission to taxi across the road and park beside the station. When I saw about 700 pounds of people plus six suitcases come out of that Piper Comanche, I had no trouble believing him when he said, "Ah was shore tickled pink when ah looked down and see this here landing strip."

He called Blythe, sixty miles away, and made reservations on a Bonanza airliner that was leaving for Las Vegas in about an hour-and-a-half. He asked me to sup-

ply them with a ride to Blythe, which I did. Though their plane was grounded in the middle of the desert, I don't think they missed a turn of the wheel in Las Vegas.

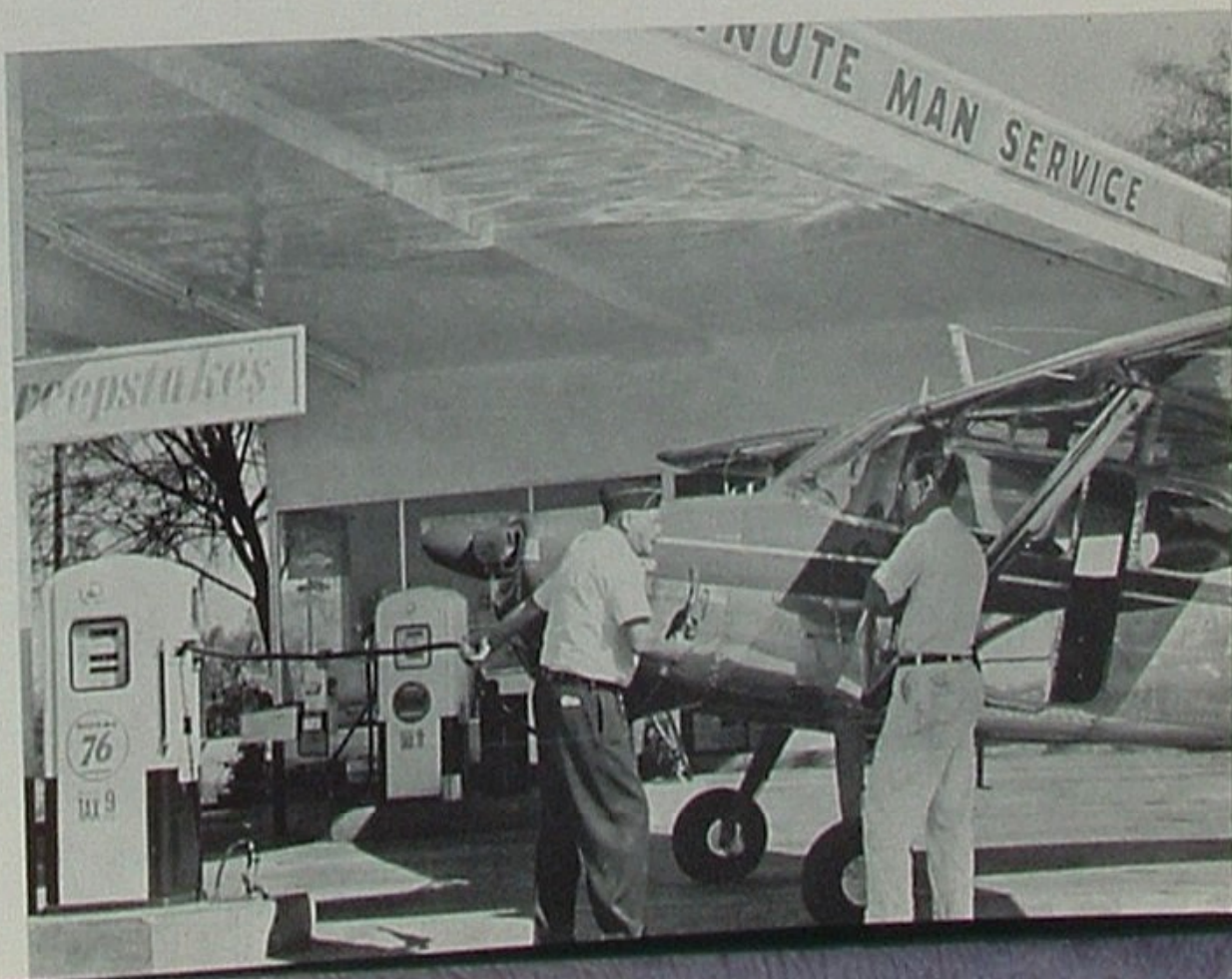
There are other examples, but I find this epistle is growing a bit lengthy. It would probably prove fatal if my wife were to learn that this letter to you exceeds by about five times the length of my usual letters to her.

I am returning the picture, plus all correspondence, to you. I have jotted down Mrs. Spalding's address and may drop her a line of thanks.

I am sorry that I have been unable to be more helpful. If there is anything more I can do, please ask.

Sincerely,  
Forrest A. Clark

Dealer Forrest A. Clark of Salome, Arizona, frequently welcomes airplanes to his pump island. Some of the flying customers were relieved to spot this Sign of the 76.







Rosemary Huffman



Bruna Giorgi

# There's a visiting nurse in the house

Recently a Union Oil employee with a long record of dependability and punctuality reported feeling "a little under the weather." To his department head he telephoned an apology for wanting the day off.

Within an hour or two a car labeled "76" stopped at the employee's door. Its driver, a genial lady in white uniform, introduced herself as the Company's visiting nurse.

The man expressed his gratitude but wished that she hadn't gone to so much bother. He insisted he was hardly sick at all — just needed a rest — he'd be back to work next morning.

The nurse replied, "Well, since I'm here, let's check your temperature, pulse, and blood pressure." This cursory examination revealed the employee was sicker than he thought. The nurse persuaded him to see a doctor. Subsequent tests proved he was suffering from a serious heart condition that might prove fatal without medical care.

The man was declared totally and permanently disabled, received the full amount of insurance and retirement income due him, and gratefully accepted early retirement.

In another case, an employee who reported off because of "a little stomach trouble" was suspected by the visiting nurse of suffering from an intestinal obstruction. Within a few hours he was through the doctor's office and into the hospital for an emergency operation.

A case involving a young woman employee presented the nurse with a dual responsibility. The patient, living alone, was discovered to be not only physically ill but emotionally disturbed because of marital troubles; she looked and expressed the feeling that life was no longer worth living.

The visiting nurse arranged for medical help and stayed with her case until the problem was talked out and resolved. Possibly a tragedy was averted.

These are three of the more dramatic cases cited by Visiting Nurses Rosemary Huffman and Adelaide Tatto. In response to other information sought during our SEVENTY-SIX interview, they were equally secretive about names and frank about the merits of this relatively new medical program.

## HOW DOES THE PROGRAM WORK?

Nurse Tatto replied: "When an employee is reported to his supervisor as off duty because of illness, the department immediately relays all pertinent information to the area nurse."

(At present the Company employs six visiting nurses: Jessie Lindsay at Los Angeles Refinery — Marcella Coyne at San Francisco — Ruby Vonk and Bruna Giorgi at Oleum Refinery, where the idea was first tried — Rosemary Huffman at Santa Fe Springs — and Adelaide Tatto at Los Angeles Terminal. Under contract arrangement, an additional nurse serves Company employees in Honolulu.

Approximately 65% of all Union Oil people enjoy these health services. The limited number of employees in some areas precludes Company-wide coverage.)

"Receipt of an illness report," continued Nurse Tatto, "sends us on a house call the very first day if possible. We find that early attention to a case usually shortens the recovery period, prevents complications, and greatly reduces medical expense for both the employee and his company.

"Most illnesses, such as colds and light cases of the flu, respond to a nurse's care and the two or three safe medicines she is permitted to administer. But if there is





Ruby Vonk



Marcella Coyne



Jessie Lindsay



Adelaide Tatto

any doubt about the symptoms, we always suggest a doctor.

"A written report of our findings in each case is sent to the Medical Department in Union Oil Center. Follow-up calls are made when advisable during serious illnesses until the patient is well on the road to recovery.

"Six to eight visits a day is about the case load each nurse is now carrying. These in addition to preparing reports and handling special assignments keep all of us very busy."

#### DO EMPLOYEES RESENT UNINVITED VISITS?

"Not that I can recall," answered Nurse Huffman. "If they do seem a little grumpy at first, we remind ourselves that some people when ill resent everything and everybody. We put the disgruntled ones at ease as soon as possible and usually leave them feeling a lot better and happier than when we came. No Union Oiler I can remember has ever been impolite to the nurses.

"On the contrary, now that the Visiting Nurse Program is known and established, I'd say we're most sincerely welcomed everywhere. The service we offer, the friendship we try to bring, our eagerness to be of real help — such things convince 'em we're not snooping.

"It might surprise you that the employees who need our help most are not the older ones but the young — usually single boys and girls who live alone in small apartments or rooming houses. Without a soul around to bring them an aspirin or a hot-water bottle, they often let an illness run its roughest course. We knock on their door and play the role of nurse, parent or just someone to talk to. They bounce back to health in no time."

#### ARE THERE MANY PSEUDO-SICK AMONG US?

If so, both nurses agreed, the impostors reformed promptly after the program was announced. Two things

the Company had no desire to foster were paternalism and unnecessary interference. A competitive business organization can't afford to become a charitable institution. Nor can it antagonize anyone by invading privacy.

"When the program started," Nurse Tatto explained, "bulletins were distributed beforehand explaining where and how the visiting nurses would function. I believe there was quite a drop in sick-leave and sick-pay at the outset. But certainly no one was embarrassed.

"The only awkward illness I ever tried to help involved an employee who was working night shift until six o'clock in the morning. At midnight he complained of not feeling well and was sent home. But shortly after eight the next morning I arrived to find him working energetically in his front yard. He explained that the illness vanished as suddenly as it came — promptly at his regular quitting time that morning. I believed him. Sometimes an upset can come and go just like that."

"Generally," Nurse Huffman added, "I find Union Oil people so loyal to their jobs that even a serious illness is occasionally ignored.

"One case I remember in particular. At the employee's door, his wife told me he wouldn't stay in bed where he belonged but was out in the garage putting around. When I introduced myself, he insisted there was nothing seriously wrong at all — a little fresh air was all he needed. But I noticed beads of perspiration on his forehead and detected that he was running a fever. He admitted he had an appointment with his family doctor that day, but his wife couldn't drive the family car and he hardly felt equal to it. We hopped into my car and kept the appointment with his doctor."

If you're feeling below par and there's a knock at the door, chances are there'll be a visiting nurse — in the house — and "on the house."

/THE END





## In our morning's mail

### OUR FRIEND, JOEY GREER

President  
Union Oil Company  
Gentlemen:

My name is Joey Greer. I am nine years old and I live in Findlay, Ohio.

Someday I would like to be a stockholder in your company, because I like your way of doing business.

My favorite team is the Los Angeles Dodgers. I read where your company had Mr. Nicholas Volpe paint 24 Dodgers. It is impossible for me to have my Dad drive to California every week to get my set of pictures so, I thought maybe you could help me get a set.

I get an allowance and if you write and tell me the amount it would cost I would send it to you.

Even if you can't get me a set of pictures I like what I read about your company on page 65 of Sports Illustrated. You sound like a good company, I wish you sold gas in Ohio.

I hope your company and the Dodgers have the best of luck. You're both top class.

Joey Greer  
Findlay, Ohio

Director, Public Relations  
Union Oil Company  
Dear Mr. Welty:

Thank you very much for sending the Dodger pictures. Boy when I came home from school and my Mom gave me the big letter you sent me, I was so excited I could hardly get it opened. I don't get much mail and never from California. When I saw those pictures and the nice letter, wow, I was the happiest boy in Findlay.

I keep a scrapbook of the Dodgers and I am putting the pictures and your letter in it. I am very proud of them. I told my teacher about you and she let me bring my scrapbook to school and show my class. They all agree you sound like a good company.

This summer I may get to come to California. My

aunt plans to be out in August and promised to bring me along. She says we can go to the new Dodger Stadium and see them play. I probably won't get to meet the players because I know it is a big place and they are real busy, but, it will be a thrill of my life just being in the same stadium with the Dodgers.

I know I am very lucky to have a friend who took the time to read and answer my letter. This summer if it is all right I would like to stop in and thank you in person for making me so happy.

Best of luck to you and your company,  
Your friend,  
Joey Greer

### TO NANCY, FROM DAD

President  
Union Oil Company  
Dear Sir:

Re: Your advertisement "Angelo Braccio"

For a long time I have admired your advertisements, calling "a spade a spade," as it were.

The articles, in my mind, are superbly written and it is most unfortunate that more corporations will not speak out in an effort to alert the public as to the dangers of government in business.

I have a twenty-one year old daughter, who is mar-



Joey Greer



ried and has two kiddies, living in Sacramento, and recently she has been interesting herself in economics and politics, and she has been corresponding with me asking questions about corporate structure, taxation, and politics.

I have clipped your advertisement relative to Mr. Braccio from the Examiner, and have sent it to my daughter with a letter, copy of which you may be interested in reading. I am certain that your advertising manager will appreciate it.

Sincerely,  
E. W. Paterson  
2014 Central Avenue  
Alameda, California

Dear Nancy:

Since you have recently been interesting yourself in economics — and politics, I am enclosing a very excellent advertisement of the Union Oil Company which appeared in a recent edition of the San Francisco Examiner. It appears to me that the advertising manager of the Union Oil Company has, for quite some time, been doing an excellent job of alerting stockholders and customers to the dangers the country is facing through excessive taxation.

I just want to give you my analysis of this company's situation. Please study the figures.

The Union Oil Company collected \$546,000,000 from sales. They paid out \$67,427,000 in wages, and other expenses, including all producing and distribution costs, were \$320,231,000, so that the total expenses of the company, other than taxes, actually amounted to \$387,658,000. Taxes paid were a whopping \$122,749,000, so that all that was left for the company's net profits was \$35,935,000. Of this, the company paid approximately one-half to stockholders, or \$17,463,000, and \$18,472,000 was transferred to surplus — for exploration, expansion, and reserves.

In other words, out of every \$5.46 collected by Union Oil \$3.87 went for expenses, \$1.23 for taxes, leaving 36¢ net to the company, and the stockholders (owners) of the company received 17¢ in dividends. Now, this 17¢ the stockholders received is also subject to income tax — a double tax — to the stockholders, so that, on the average, the stockholders received probably 10¢ to 12¢ from each \$5.46 the Union Oil Company took in from customers.

Now, I ask you, who got the "profits" from the operations of this company last year — the company, its stockholders, or the Federal, State and Municipal governments?

Why are men entitled to be elected and re-elected who will countenance a "steal" of this sort by government? Out of every \$5.46 the oil company collects, its stockholders get a return of 17¢, and the governments,

which have no invested capital in the oil company, but which are "silent partners," take \$1.23. Actually, when personal income taxes are figured in, the government's take is just about ten times that of the company's proprietors.

Is "government" entitled to a "take" of 80% or 90% of the net profits of our corporations? It is really something for you to think about.

Sincerely,  
Dad

#### FROM LINCOLN, TO POSTERITY

In Lincoln's day, as today, "Liberals" and "Conservatives" were in the throes of economic controversy. These Lincoln quotations will serve to remind us of his fundamental philosophy — as timely today as ever!

"You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.

You cannot establish sound security by spending more than you earn.

You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

*from the Unigas Times*

#### AMERICA

by J. Ollie Edmunds, President  
John B. Stetson University

This country was not built by men who relied on somebody else to take care of them. It was built by men who relied on themselves, who dared to shape their own lives, who had enough courage to blaze new trails — enough confidence in themselves to take the necessary risks.

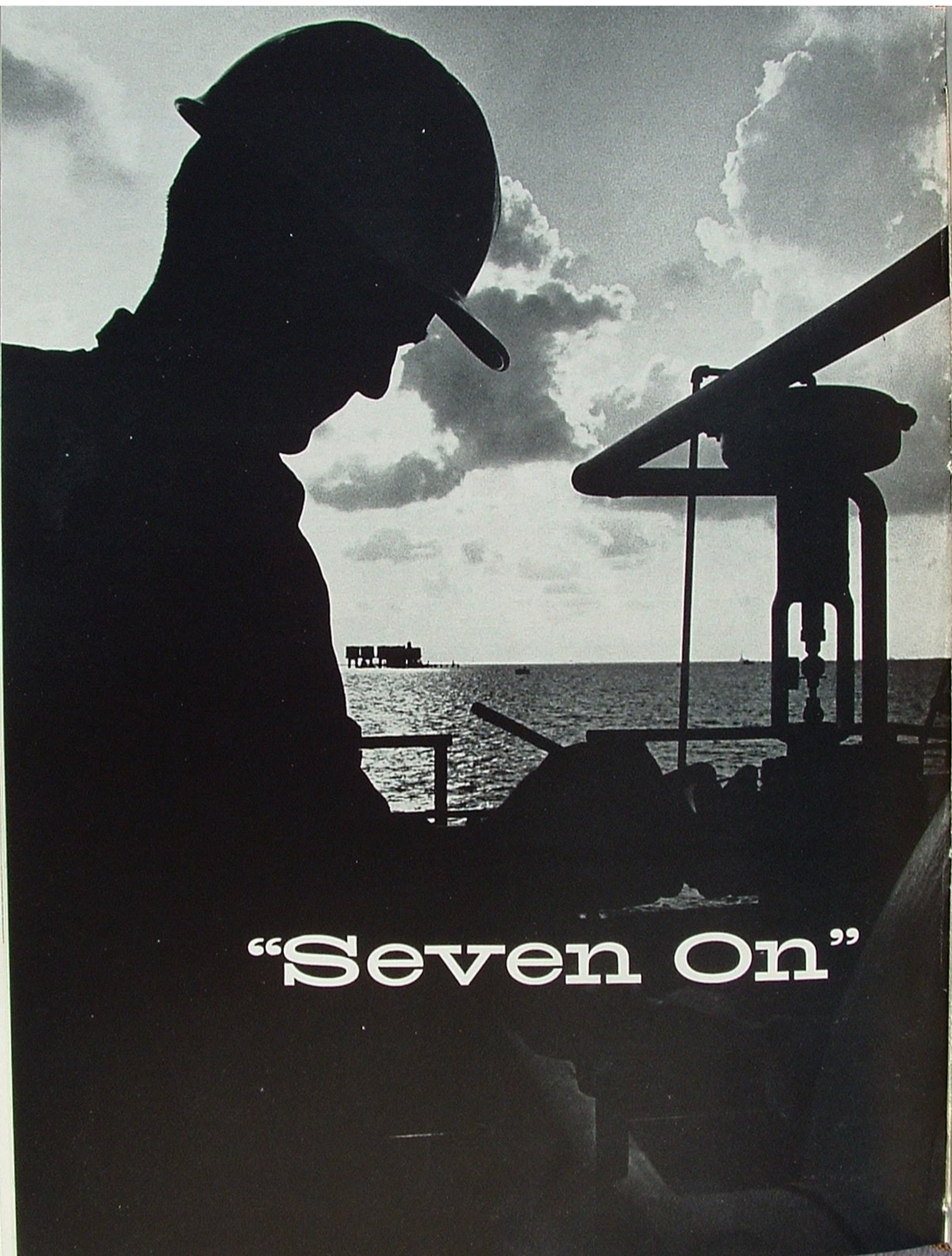
"This self-reliance is our American legacy. It is the secret of 'that something' which stamped Americans as Americans. Some call it individual initiative; others backbone. But whatever it is called, it is a precious ingredient in our national character — one which we must not lose.

"The time has come for us to re-establish the rights for which we stand — to reassert our inalienable rights to human dignity, self-respect, self-reliance — to be again the kind of people who once made America great.

"Such a crusade for renewed independence will require a succession of inspired leaders — leaders in spirit and in knowledge of the problem, not just men with political power who are opposed to communism, or to diluted communism, but men who are militantly for the distinctive way of life that was America. We are likely to find such leaders only among those persons who teach self-reliance and who practice it with the strict devotion of belief and understanding."

*from the Oleum On Stream*





“Seven On”



The place Union Oilers of the Gulf Division refer to as Caillou Island is aptly named, Caillou, sounding something like "Caw-you" when the Cajuns pronounce it, means rock.

The original island of that name is a long, low, uninhabited stretch of marsh serving as a natural breakwater between the Gulf of Mexico and Timbalier Bay. Years ago some neighboring Isles Dernieres (Last Islands) were the scene of a daring fishing and pleasure resort 60 miles south of New Orleans. But a hurricane and tidal wave swept the isles clean. No one has ventured to tempt the elements a second time.

Union Oil's version of Caillou Island is a 50-well oil and gas field near the entrance of Timbalier Bay. The wells are scattered over several square miles of restless salt water. Their sea-bottom pipelines converge at a central production platform made of concrete and steel. The platform — with its dehydrators, gas separators, oil tanks, barge dock and living quarters for the crew — was built to withstand winds up to 125 miles an hour.

Several times during the past few years the crew has been ordered to shut down the field and get inland ahead of oncoming hurricanes. Each time, they have returned to find the bastion hammered but intact. They believe a man could survive on the "rock" during the wildest storm, though none is anxious to try it.

Remoteness of the location — in a shallow bay too rough for dependable air transportation and too distant for daily boat service — suggested an unusual shift rotation for the production crew. Each group of four or five operators works and lives in Caillou a full week, then

goes ashore to coastal towns for seven days of rest. So life on the island is usually described by a roustabout as "seven on."

It's quite a life:

The day we are here, early in June, everyone begins to stir at 4:30 in the morning. Like well trained marines, the crew pull on "fatigue" clothing, tidy up their bunkbed living quarters, and open the camp door to inhale a warm gulf breeze. Daylight is still an hour away. Under the platform's downward reflected lights, hundreds of catfish are concluding a night-long swimming party.

Nearly all work at Caillou is done by men working in pairs. Roustabout Murphy Savoie and Utilityman Harry Simon speed off through the darkness in a workboat to check an ailing well. Operator Warren Waugespack, the man in charge, and Roustabout Daniel Detraz have plenty to keep them busy on the platform — tanks to gauge — charts to replace on a dozen control and recording instruments — a daily production report to prepare.

At 6 a.m., Waugespack checks his reports for the last time and flashes a radio signal to the district office in Houma. An early bird is on the job there also to receive it. Their conversation, limited mostly to figures, adds up to the fact that Caillou Island has produced some 4,400 barrels of black oils and 19,300,000 cubic feet of natural gas during the preceding 24 hours.

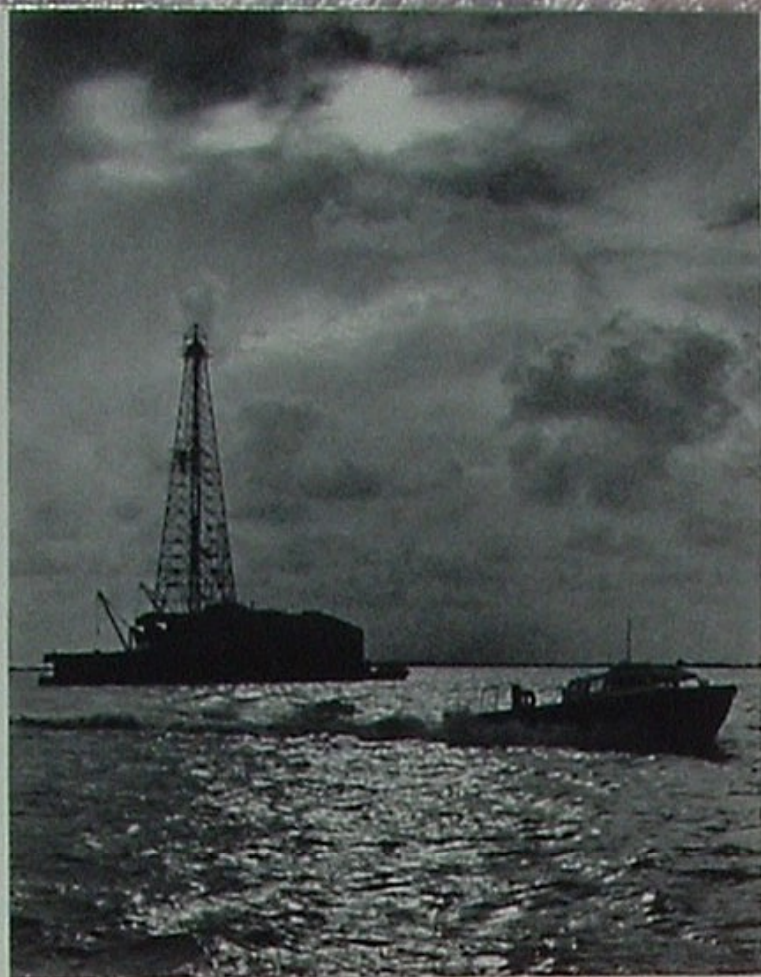
Breakfast is a catch-as-catch-can affair, the men eating when they find time and each preparing his own. All eat heartily of fruit, cereal, eggs, bacon and toast, abetted by Louisiana's hominy grits and several cups of

*Continued*

Dawn of every day at Caillou Island on Timbalier Bay finds men of the production crew, at left, tending the field's 50 wells and, at right, gauging the yield of crude oil. They retreat only from hurricanes in this Gulf of Mexico frontier.





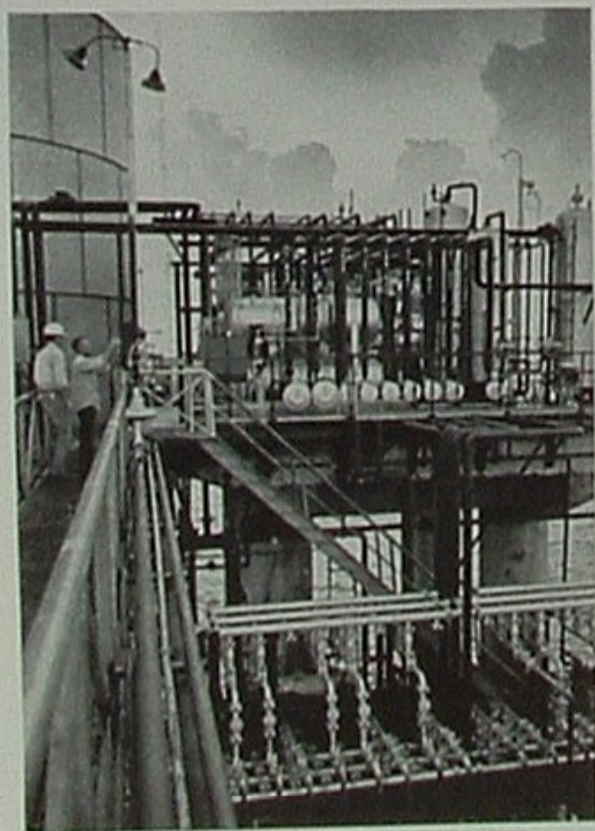


The workboat provides taxi service to a drilling rig.



A production engineer attends ailing well.

Two men keep the platform operating.



### Seven On—continued

Cajun coffee. The camp rule that every resident do his own dishwashing and housekeeping is strictly observed. Kitchen and dining table are left spotless and shining — without a sign of procrastination.

Flowing wells are not as reliable and automated as you might expect. They slow down, wax up, get sand in their innards, are attacked by corrosion and rust. Under the state regulation that limits each well's daily production, called the *allowable* in Louisiana, it is not easy to precisely regulate the flow. Some wells, in fact, seem downright temperamental.

Inspection therefore is a daily chore, doubly difficult and necessary where installations are pounded by a surging tide of salt water.

Today Detraz and Savoie make the rounds. One handles the workboat. The other collects samples of crude — here and there changes a *choke* to increase or decrease the rate of production — looks for evidence of weakness or corrosion — makes minor repairs.

Today, also, as on most days, two wells of the 50 receive their monthly four-hour check. Pressure gauges are applied to the tubing and casing. Samples of the crude are taken for gravity tests. Wellhead equipment is scraped to remove a month's accumulation of paraffin. The *choke*, whose slender aperture takes a tremendous sandblasting from oil-carried sediments, is replaced. Rust is chipped from exterior metal, fresh paint is applied. Timber buffers around the piping are tested and braced. Each well is made ship-shape for another 30

The radio carries reports, orders, weather forecasts.





days, unless subsequent inspection rules otherwise.

Meanwhile on the platform, Waugespack and Simon have a small refinery to operate and maintain. Though largely automated, the dehydrators and gas separators have to be watched, cleaned, painted. Oil in the storage tanks is sampled and gauged in preparation for the next barge shipment. Lab tests are run on the individual well samples. There's plenty of pencil work. And someone must always stay within earshot of the two-way radio.

Around noon the radio sputters out a message from the Company's Widgeon. The amphibious airplane, bringing a production engineer to the ailing well and a drilling engineer to a rig drilling at the edge of the field, reports itself about 20 minutes away and asks where to find the smoothest landing.

Recommending the leeward side of Timbalier Island, Waugespack relays the radio message to Detraz and Savoie in the workboat. The boat changes course, follows a memorized channel through the shallows of Timbalier Bay, and reaches the rendezvous point two minutes ahead of the Widgeon.

Following a quick transfer of the two passengers, the airplane heads north. The drilling engineer is water-taxed three miles to the drill site. Production Engineer H. D. Maxwell and the two operators speed back to see if they can prescribe a cure for the faltering well.

To handle the oil production of Caillou Island Field requires the contracted services of several tug-and-barge units. In a 15-hour journey, through a maze of islands and straits, a unit will carry as much oil as the tide will allow to Ostrica terminal in the Mississippi River's mouth. (Natural gas leaves the field via pipeline.)

One of the barging units arrives during late afternoon. Shipping tanks are gauged, loading hoses are connected, valves are opened, and gravity handles the pumping job. Part of the barge crew comes "ashore" on the platform for two or three hours of rest. If uninitiated Californians can be found, the relaxation may progress into a card game these Louisiana boatmen identify in

French. They say if you can spell it, you shouldn't play it.

Evening is announced by several events other than sunset behind a handsomely clouded sky:

The bargemen count their card profits or losses and cast off toward the Mississippi — only to hit a sandbar 200 yards from the dock and wait for the rising tide.

Engineer Maxwell returns from his successful diagnosis of the ailing well with a hankering to try his fishing luck. A half-dozen casting rods are always kept racked for action just inside the camp door. Catching only three pan-sized speckled sea trout in ten minutes, the fisherman tosses 'em back in and blames rough water for the unsatisfactory results.

Deep dusk has settled over the bay when the roustabouts return in the workboat. Part of the reason for their late cruise is carried up the steps in a bucket. Somebody, they explain, kicked a net overboard; when retrieved, it was all tangled up with a mess of jumbo shrimp.

But the sign of all evenings signs is Cook Waugespack hovering over some huge T-bone steaks. By the time the crew has showered, shaved and donned their Friday's best, dinner is ready. It includes, besides steak and all the trimmings, the South's gumbo, stuffed crab, and shrimp creole.

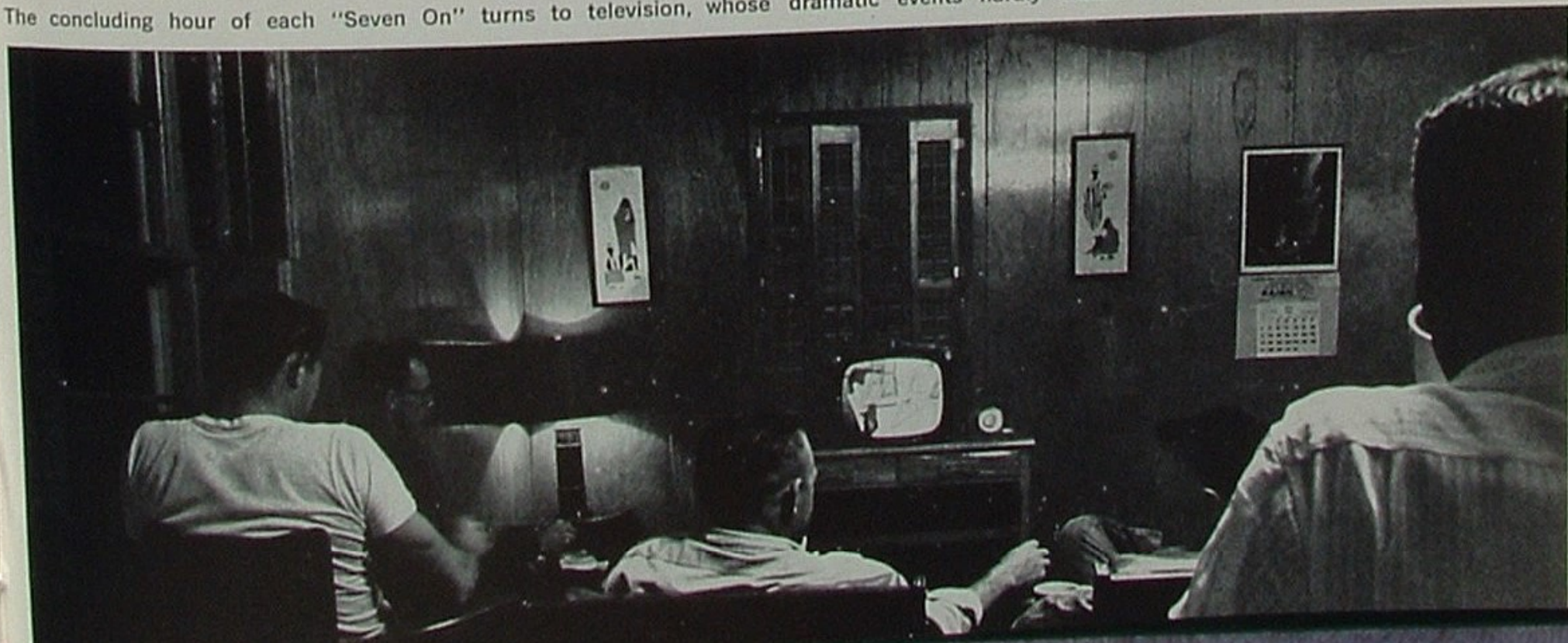
Only the final hour of this busy day seems a little incongruous: The four operators and their engineer guest sit down and watch television.

To our way of thinking, television might do better by watching them. For here in the hurricane country of Timbalier Bay men are playing some of the most useful and exciting roles in human history. They're finding and producing oil from thousands of feet under the sea. They're working and living comfortably, almost regally, on a man-made frontier where men have never lived before. No two problems or two days are ever the same.

After "seven on" like this one, they'll go ashore at a tiny landing called Cocodrie (meaning alligator), which, before the oil industry came along, was the end of civilization along the Gulf.

/THE END

The concluding hour of each "Seven On" turns to television, whose dramatic events hardly match life on Caillou Island.





# BUSINESS HIGHLIGHTS

## \$79,000,000 BUDGETED FOR EXPLORATION & PRODUCTION

According to present planning, a record for capital expenditures in the Exploration and Production Department will be established in 1962. A review of programs for the last half of the year points to a total capital expenditure of approximately \$79,000,000 for the full year.

The main reason for the high level of expenditures was Union Oil's acquisition of offshore leases in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Point Conception area of California, all of which cost about \$26,000,000.

Thirty-eight wildcat wells have been budgeted for the last half of 1962.

Of particular interest in the Pacific Coast Division will be the drilling of seven wildcat tests on offshore leases, four in the Point Conception area and three on offshore Washington leases.

The Gulf Division's offshore exploratory drilling program includes

evaluation of six prospects, four of which were acquired at the recent federal sale.

The Central Division has 12 exploratory wells on its program — in Oklahoma, New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah.

The most active foreign exploratory operations will be conducted in Australia, where 12 wells are budgeted.

The Company will be a participant, with a one-third interest, in a wildcat test to be drilled offshore from Trinidad, British West Indies.

*Field, from Ray A. Burke*

## ANTI-ICING ADDITIVE FOR MILITARY JET FUEL

Keeping up with achievements in technology and new customer requirements is a constant challenge at our refineries:

Early this year we were notified that, beginning April 1, 1962, all JP-4 jet fuel supplied to the Air Force was to contain an additive to reduce

fuel icing tendencies under the very low temperatures encountered in extreme high-altitude flying. The anti-icing compound was to be added in precise quantities just at the time of delivery.

This called for immediate action at Oleum Refinery, where JP-4 fuel was being produced under contract for the Air Force. Among the elements to be expedited were process design, engineering work, and installation.

Despite the short lead time allowed, the deadline was met. All JP-4 delivered from Oleum to the Air Force since April 1 has contained the anti-icing additive.

## NEWEST IN WAX PRODUCTS - WAX-POLYMER BLENDS

Facilities have been completed at Oleum Refinery to produce a series of new products consisting of blends of paraffin wax with polymers. The new products will combine the strength and flexibility of plastics with the desirable "flavor barrier" property of paraffin wax.

The job of mixing this wax with polymers is difficult, requiring special equipment. Precise measurement of raw materials is necessary to assure consistent product quality.

Oleum's facilities have been designed with a flexibility that allows production of a wide variety of

Governor Mark O. Hatfield, center, of Oregon termed Union Oil's "Living Constitution" recording "a wonderful public service" when presented with one of the records by Union Oilers R. C. Bogart, left, and Gene Kozowski.





blends to meet various requirements. We expect the major market for these unique products to develop in the paper and packaging industries.

#### FIRST IN SAFETY-FIRST

At a recent meeting of the National Petroleum Refiners Association, held in Texas, Oleum Refinery was presented a safety plaque in recognition of having operated throughout the entire year of 1961 without a lost-time injury. The NPR Association noted only one other similar achievement in the petroleum industry during the same year.

*Refining, from J. W. Towler*

#### WAREHOUSES PHOENIX TO SEATTLE LINKED BY CLOSED CIRCUIT TELETYPE

When Minute Man tires and batteries were introduced over a year ago, our Marketing Department expressed the need of fast, low-cost communications between all warehousing points.

As a result, the Communications Department has developed a private teletype network. As a beginning, two closed teletype circuits were provided, connecting the five tire warehouses between Phoenix and Seattle into special teletype machines at Union Oil Center. The system was so successful that Marketing requested a duplicate installation to serve Wilco Products warehouses.

Today, the 10 warehouses, strategically located throughout our Pacific Coast marketing area, are in constant touch with Home Office through three closed circuits.

*Communications, from P. O. Gooder*

#### STEP-UP IN TURBINE FUEL SALES PREDICTED

A recent action by the Civil Aeronautics Board has been interpreted as a green light for Western Airlines. They are preparing for regularly scheduled flights to the Hawaiian Islands by not later than January 1. Services will be provided from San

Vitaly interested participants in the opening of new Honolulu International Airport are, from left, Dom Renda of Western Airlines, Airport Manager Gil Livingston, Western's President Terry Drinkwater, Division Sales Manager R. H. Rath of Union Oil, and Art Kelly of Western. The airport will be among world's busiest.



Signing a fuel oil bunker contract with our Unoco Trading Co. Ltd., in Hong Kong is Director Sukkyo Kim of Korea Shipping Corp. Ltd. Witnessing culmination of the sale are, (L-R) Mr. Kim's Associate Byuen Hwa Park, Unoco's agent in Korea, Shin Dae Hyun, and Unoco Sales Manager James H. McGee. The contract involves a fleet of 15 vessels calling at ports throughout the world.

Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. The substantial amounts of turbine fuel required at all terminal points will be supplied by Union.

As attendance at Seattle's World Fair surpassed the three-million mark, our 76 Skyride had proved to be one of Century 21's most popular attractions. The distribution of free Skyride tickets at Union service stations in Oregon and Washington has had a beneficial effect on sales.

The Company's first venture into the consignee-marketing of liquefied

petroleum gas appears to be a success. Through our subsidiary, Unigas, Inc., 76 Unigas is being distributed to consignees at El Centro, California. The latter reported gratifying results during their first full month of operation.

*Marketing, from C. E. Rathbone*

Defense Petroleum Supply Center has awarded the Company a contract covering 8,000,000 gallons of aviation gasoline for delivery during the last six months of 1962 from Los Angeles Refinery.

*Marketing, from E. L. Hiatt*





## Santa

*Union's refinery on the scenic California coast is a refiner's refinery: wholesale only*

Here in the West where the trend is to outdoor living, about the outdoorsiest piece of Union Oil property is the unusual Santa Maria Refinery.

It sits almost half-way between Los Angeles and San Francisco among the sand dunes, eucalyptus groves, lakes, and pasture lands of the picturesque California coast. The mornings here are cool and the days are bright — unless they're foggy.

You won't find as much good, fresh air any place else as you'll find at Santa Maria Refinery. It's changed in a hurry every afternoon by winds that get a head start across thousands of miles of blue Pacific waters.

Highway 1, the road that follows every twisting contour of the coast like a beautifully scenic asphalt nightmare, curves around the refinery property. Fortunately, superintendent George Snyder, who lives 16 miles away in San Luis Obispo, drives a little sports car that can take the sharp bends without breaking in the middle.

Oleum Refinery is a fairly short drive outside romantic San Francisco. Los Angeles Refinery is 20 minutes down a crowded freeway from Union Oil Center. But to give you a better idea of the locale of Santa Maria's 3300 acres:

A man runs cattle on the center portion of the property. A dairy leases a piece, where it grows barley and pastures Holsteins.

A beekeeper has his hives in another corner. San Luis Obispo County leases a 500-foot-deep stretch

Windbreaker protects Superintendent G. B. Snyder against Pacific breeze.





Equipped with safety belts and lines, Jay Wright and Swede Larwick follow-the-leader as they make a repair high in the coker's drilling derrick. Leo Cottle, below, operates the big coker.



# Maria

of beach front (great for clam diggers and dune riders) and a bit of the shoreline of Oso Flaco Lake.

A rod-and-gun club uses a portion of Black Lake (good fishing for bass and blue gill). A turkey farmer unloads cars of feed on the refinery's railroad siding.

Even aside from its sand dunes, bees, and eucalyptus trees, Santa Maria Refinery is unlike Union's five other refining plants: you can't buy a pound of asphalt nor a gallon of Royal 76 from the Santa Maria Refinery. They don't make them there. It's a refiner's refinery, wholesale only.

Scenery didn't have much to do with putting Santa Maria Refinery where it is. The plant was built, primarily, to refine heavy, sulfur bearing, Santa Maria Valley crude.

The refinery's principal process is called "coking." The coker distills the crude oil until there's nothing left but great drums — 60 feet high and 18 feet wide — of almost-pure carbon.

Before we had the coker, Santa Maria Valley crude ended up as a little bit of gasoline and a lot of fuel oil and asphalt. Now, we get large quantities of much more valuable unfinished gasoline stock and gas-oil (similar to diesel fuel), plus sulfur and the coke.

The gasoline and gas-oil go to Oleum Refinery by pipeline for finishing; the coke is marketed by Collier Carbon and Chemical Corporation which has a plant right next door. (They also buy the sulfur.)

Collier sells much of the coke in Japan, where it is an important ingredient in chemical processes. Collier

coke from Santa Maria is also used in electrical methods of separating metals from the ores.

Leo Cottle, who's tugging on a wrench in one of the pictures, is among the men who handle the coking operation. All told, there are only sixteen in the company doing the kind of work he does: eight at Santa Maria and eight at Oleum, which also has a coker.

Part of Cottle's job is remarkably similar to that of an oil field driller. (You can see the resemblance between the framework above the drums and a drilling derrick.)

After a drum is full, Cottle goes on top of it and, with an hydraulic drill that shoots jets of water under 2000 pounds pressure, cuts a pilot hole through the column of coke. Then he changes drills, and starting at the bottom of the hole cuts his way to the top. The loosened coke slides out of the drum and is transferred to a moving belt that carries it to the Collier plant.

If you'd like to see this unusual refinery and its scenic surroundings, here are directions:

If you're coming from the North on Highway 101, turn off Highway 1 at Pismo Beach and travel a few miles farther south. Coming from the South, turn west on the Guadalupe Road in the center of Santa Maria, then north on Highway 1.

Whichever way you come, make it at lunch or dinner-time. Because in addition to scenery, the refinery is surrounded by good food: sea food at Oceano to the north and steaks in Guadalupe, to the south.

And all around it is that fresh, cool, Pacific air!

/THE END





THE HULA WITH A TWIST, is Hawaii's latest dance concoction, according to Process Supervisor Charlie Munson of Los Angeles Refinery, seen taking a lesson. Charlie and Mrs. Munson were among a group of Union Oilers who recently vacationed in the 50th state.

from T. H. Gaines

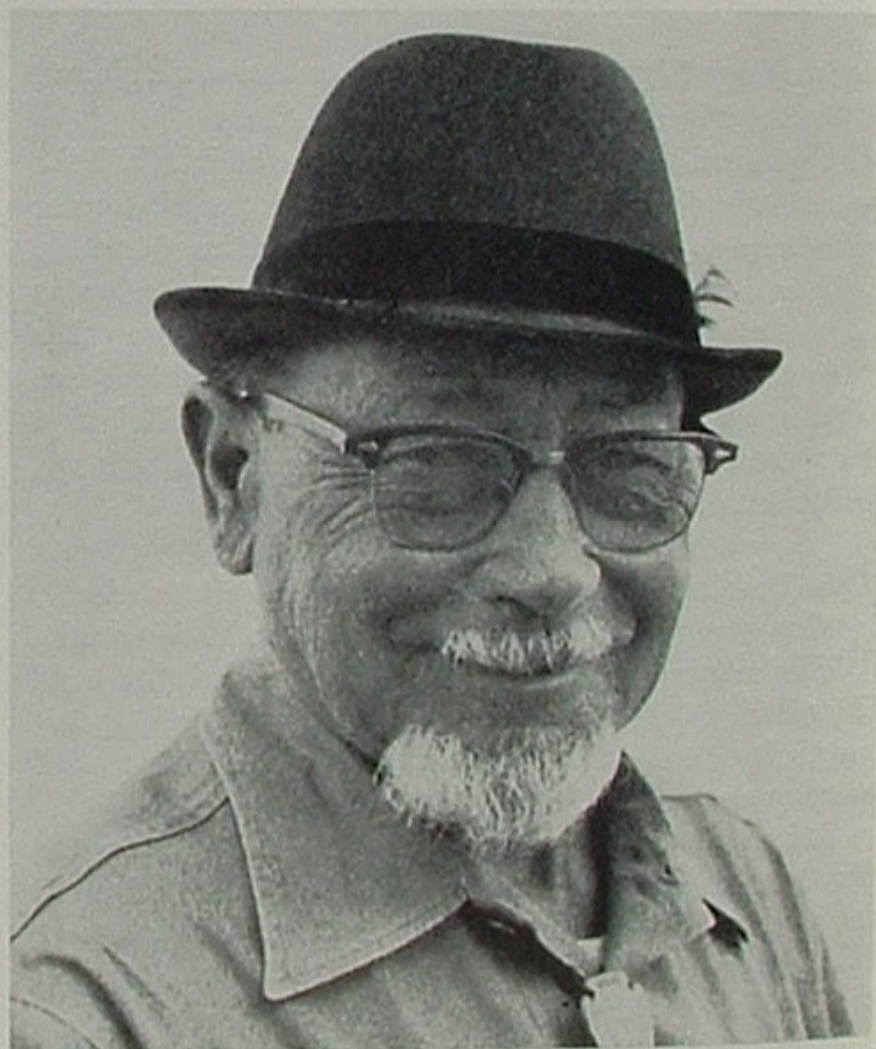


GUESTS OF LOS ANGELES REFINERY during Boys' Day in Industry were (kneeling, from left) Tom McAfee, Michael Shanks, Joe Legaspi; (standing) Noel Hasty, Jim Davis, John Giuffre, Paul Parano, Jerry Lewis and Rudy Monarry. George Orr, extreme right, served as refinery host.

from T. H. Gaines

DEALER PAT GALATI became president of the Studio City Chamber of Commerce at a June 21 "Silver Jubilee" installation party. Mayor Samuel W. Yorty of Los Angeles, at left of photo, was the event's principal speaker. Music by Page Cavanaugh's band and singer Clark Dennis included a special number dedicated to the incoming president entitled "Sign of the 76."

from J. S. Cowie



CONSIGNEE BERT LEWIS, who grew a beard to help the City of Chowchilla celebrate its 50th anniversary, is happy about quite a different milestone in his career. Since joining Union Oil as an employee in 1919 and as consignee in 1942, he has never experienced a lost-time accident. Nor has a lost-timer ever befallen any man working for him. Our estimate of the safe miles driven during this 43-year period adds up to a cool 1,760,000.

from Jim Boland





## in focus



C. L. CALDWELL, standing, general superintendent of operations at Oleum Refinery, served as moderator at a panel discussion sponsored by Rodeo Rotary Club. With a high school graduating class in attendance, the panelists, from left, Messrs. Ed Sacca, B. K. Shedd and Frank Joseph, answered questions on the subject, "If I knew then what I know now."

from Don Probst



EDWARD S. LLACUNA, center, manager of the Union Oil service station at 1291 Nuuanu Avenue in Honolulu, is instructing a group of teenagers from Palama Settlement on pump-island procedure. The training program is part of a preparatory employment service started one year ago with financial help from the Honolulu Optimist Club. Training and testing in several lines of work are offered at Palama to both boys and girls.

from R. H. Rath

CONSIGNEE W. D. BARKLEY, second from left, of Glendale, Arizona, is also currently the state representative from his area. On completion of Santa Fe Railway's new 14-mile shortcut between Ash Fork and Phoenix, he was one of several public officials invited to make the first special inspection run. Studying a relief-map of the route with the consignee are, from left, State Representative T. C. Rhodes, City Manager Stanley Van de Putte and Mayor Byron Peck of Glendale.

from T. E. Luke



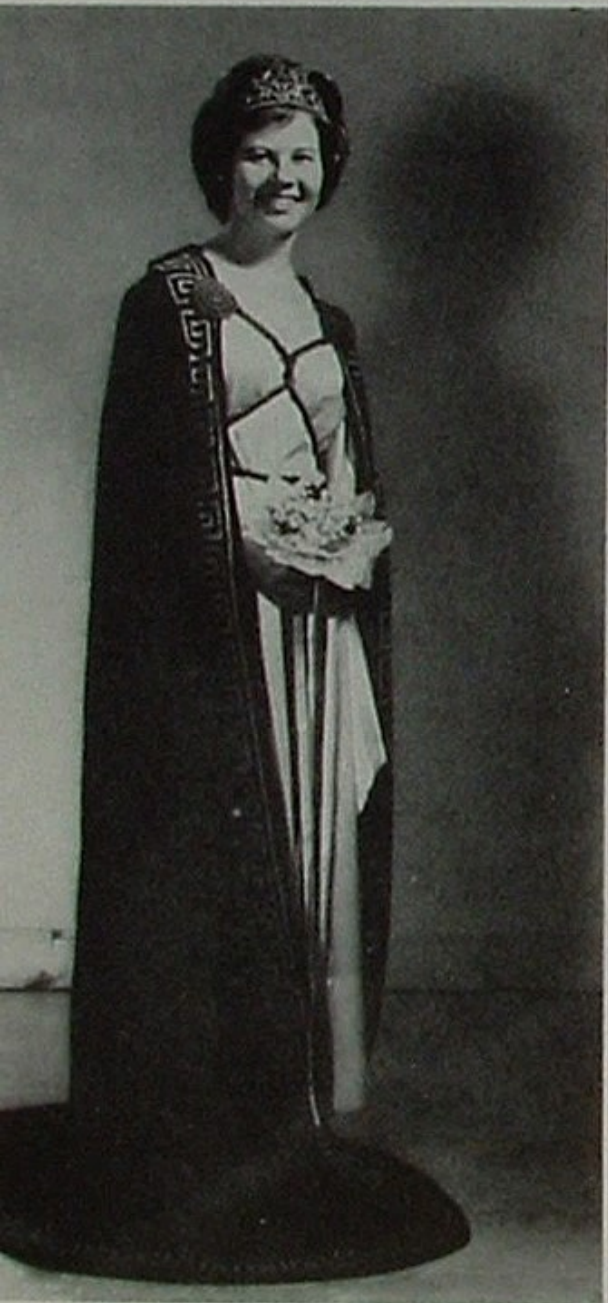
PALO ALTO CHILDREN from Fair Meadows School were so impressed with Ronald Veaudry's guided tour of our Redwood City Terminal early this year that nearly every member of the class responded with an art sketch and letter of appreciation. One of the little charmers wrote: "Dear Men: I liked the trip very much. It was clean too. The storage tanks are big. You are pretty. I liked the loading rack the best."

from D. W. Nichols





# The future looks bright



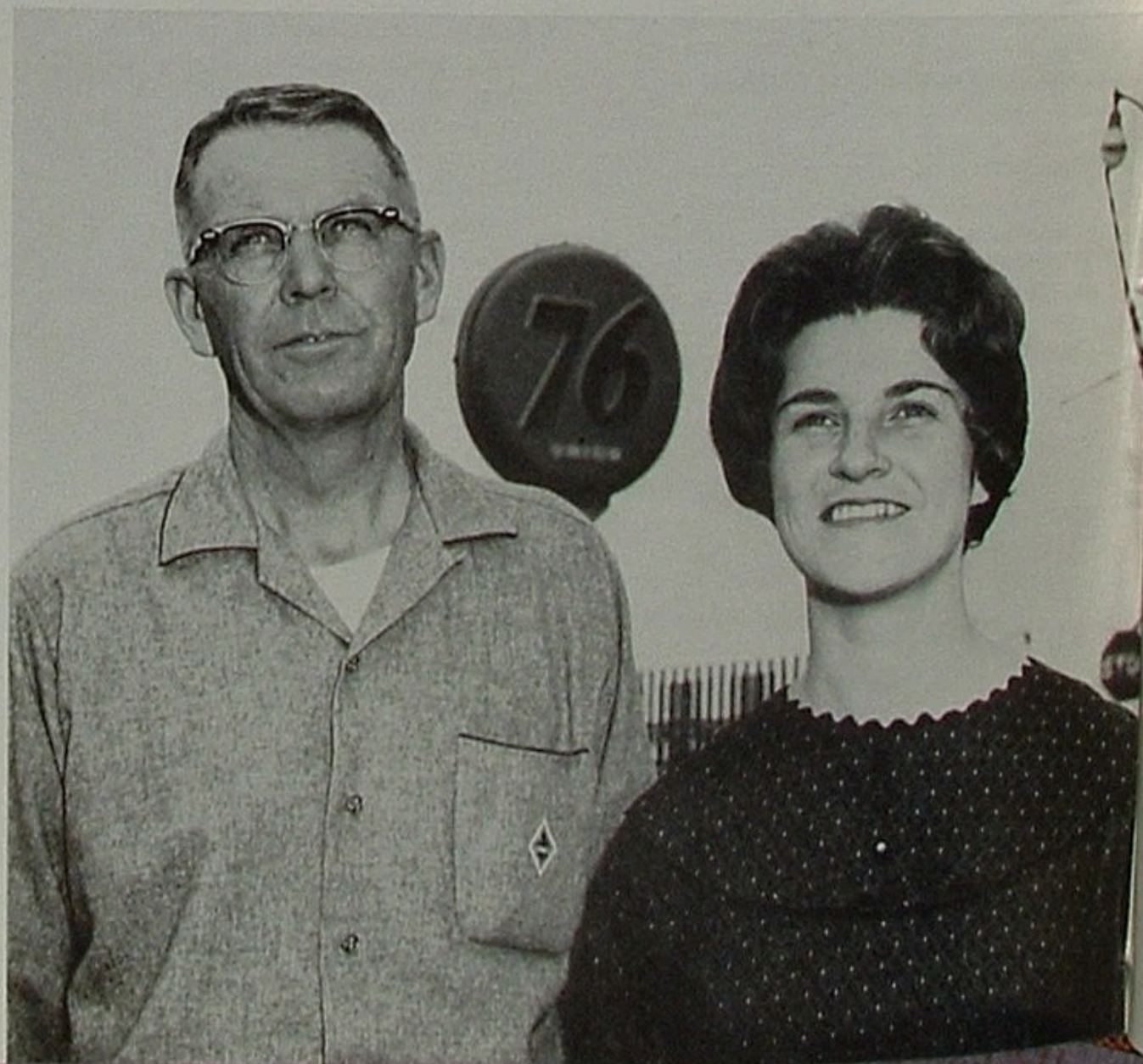
Margie McBride

ARRAH LOU DOLLE, introduced here photographically with her father, Melvin Dolle of Los Angeles Refinery, is first on an impressive list of Union Oil's finest young sons and daughters. As an honor student at the University of Redlands, Miss Dolle was selected to spend a semester of study at the American University in Washington, D. C. While in Washington she had the opportunity to interview Speaker of the House John McCormack, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, and Attorney General Robert Kennedy as part of her course in political science.

*from T. H. Gaines*

MARGIE McBRIDE, daughter of Consignee Jack P. McBride at Madras, Oregon, has won so many scholastic honors we haven't space to list them. Graduating from her high school this year with a 3.98 average, she was selected as class valedictorian. In addition she was varsity Yell Queen, editor of the school year book, an actress in the class play, and was voted Dream Girl in the school's popularity contest. She won the Outstanding Chemistry Student Award and the Oregon Honors Scholar Certificate. The school publication she edited has won a host of national contests and awards. She bowls, plays the piano and French horn, and was chosen

Melvin Dolle and daughter Arrah Lou Dolle





as Queen of Job's Daughters. She has turned down a \$1200 scholarship to one university in order to accept a tuition scholarship admitting her to the University of Oregon this fall. What a daughter!

*from C. C. Slimkosky*

**JOHN GARRISON**, 17-year-old son of Sales Manager Retail J. H. Garrison, is making great strides in athletics. Competing in 15 track meets, including the San Diego C. I. F. Championship event, he won 14 of the races and placed a close second in the 15th. In the only race he lost, a feature of the California State 44th Track and Field Championship, he was clocked at 1:52.7 for the half-mile, the second fastest time achieved in the United States during 1962. John is entering San Jose State College this fall on a four-year scholarship.

*from Jerry Luboviski*

**KURBY H. CHUNG**, son of Mrs. Rena P. Chung, Berkeley, has finally fulfilled his dream. When he was a young student at Willard Junior High School, he would always go down to the Union Oil service station at Dwight Way and Sacramento Street after he had completed his paper route. He would help pump gas and do other voluntary tasks there. His interest has always been

in automobiles and even in those days he dreamed of being owner and manager of his own service station.

While at Berkeley High, Kurby was selected from one of his mechanical classes to go to various automotive shops in Berkeley and learn the trade. Now, at 23, Kurby has completed all his professional training and apprenticeship and has settled down to run his own very busy service station. Perhaps one reason this happy-go-lucky chap is always cheery and meets his customers with a smile is because his station is the one at Dwight Way and Sacramento Street. His business partner is his long-time friend Simpson Dong, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. K. Dong.

Who says free enterprise is dead?

*from J. R. "Kacy" Ward column  
Berkeley Gazette*

**FRANK LORD**, son of Manager of Operations F. K. Lord, Oregon Division, was the winner of a speech and essay contest sponsored by the Odd Fellows and Rebekah Lodges in Clackamas County. His award included a 30-day trip to New York and a personal introduction to the United Nations. The subject of his prize-winning talk was "What the United Nations Means to Me."

*from J. T. Raabe*

John Garrison



Frank Lord



Kurby H. Chung and Simpson Dong





## EMPLOYEES

### September, 1962

#### 40 YEARS

CECIL C. REYNOLDS.....Compt., Auditing Mktg.—S.F.

#### 35 YEARS

GERALD G. CHAPPELL.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
W. A. ELY.....Legal—Tax Division  
RICHARD E. HALL.....Research  
HERBERT F. JOHNSTEN.....L. A. Refinery  
JOHN R. SPEICHER.....L. A. Refinery  
JAMES C. WARREN.....Research  
OSCAR WILLETZ.....Oleum Refinery

#### 30 YEARS

GEORGE F. HIGGINS.....Glacier Division

#### 25 YEARS

CHARLES N. COMBS, JR.....Mktg., Calif. No. Cstal.  
GERALD M. GIBBONS.....Mktg., Expt. & Ref. Blk. Sls.  
HOWARD J. GUNDY.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
EDWARD KENDALL, JR.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
JOHN B. KRIEGER.....Oleum Refinery  
MYRL A. REAUGH.....Oleum Refinery

#### 20 YEARS

ARYLE E. ARMSTRONG.....Mktg., Calif. No. Cstal.  
EARL W. CAIRNS.....Secretary's  
LEO F. COLLISTER.....L. A. Refinery  
DONALD C. CRAIG.....Mktg., Nat'l Accounts  
FREDERICK J. DUNN.....L. A. Refinery  
PHYLLIS M. GARCIA.....Compt., Credit Card Acctg.  
JOHN E. KEIDETH.....Mktg., N. W. Division  
HARRY A. MILLER.....L. A. Refinery  
HERMAN R. NEWMAN.....Oleum Refinery  
ROLLIE B. PLAUGHER.....Field—Pac. Coast, No.  
EPHRAIM G. STARKEY.....Field—Pac. Coast, No.

#### 15 YEARS

LLOYD H. ANDERSON.....L. A. Refinery  
JOSEPH A. AVILEZ.....Oleum Refinery  
EDMUND P. COONY.....Legal—Tax Division  
DONALD E. CRAGGS.....Field—Pac. Coast, So.  
JOHN D. DYESS.....Field—Central Division  
JAMES E. EKE.....Expl. & Prod.—Pac. Coast  
ERIC I. FREDHOLM.....Pipeline—So. Div.  
LEON H. GARNEY.....Field—Gulf Division  
MURRAY HAMILTON.....L. A. Refinery  
HENRY L. HOLDREN.....Santa Maria Refinery  
J. B. JORDAN.....Field—Central Division  
ANDREW LEMISH.....Oleum Refinery  
RICHARD C. NEUMAN.....Compt., Auditing Field & Transp.  
ROY G. PERRY.....L. A. Refinery  
FRANK W. ROBINSON.....Compt., Explor. & Prod. Accts.

WOODROW W. SEARCY.....Oleum Refinery  
MAYNARD STRADER, JR.....L. A. Refinery  
DOYLE R. THOMPSON.....Field—Pac. Coast, No.

#### 10 YEARS

HELEN M. ALEXANDER.....Pipeline—No. Division  
DANIEL B. BARRA.....L. A. Refinery  
MARCELEEN BRADFORD.....Field—Pac. Coast, So.  
W. L. BRADFORD.....Nat. Gas & Gasoline  
ERNEST P. BROWNE.....Research  
HARRY F. CAMPBELL.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
HELGA CHAPMAN.....Credit Card Accts.—S.F.  
GERALD W. CLARK.....L. A. Refinery  
EDWARD E. COLBURN.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
BOBBY L. DEAL.....L. A. Refinery  
WAYNE F. DILL.....Field—Pac. Coast, No.  
VIRGINIA A. FARRELL.....Credit Card Accts.—S.F.  
NORMAN M. FORCUM.....Oleum Refinery  
GEORGE O. FORGIE.....Pipeline—So. Division  
F. H. GOVREAU.....Field—Gulf Division  
DUANE B. HAUGAN.....L. A. Refinery  
RAYMOND L. HAZARD.....Pipeline—So. Div.  
ROBERT J. HILL.....L. A. Refinery  
YAYEKO IWASA.....Credit Card Accts.—S.F.  
R. H. KLOSTERMANN.....Field—Pac. Coast, No.

## SERVICE



FRANK N. KUHN.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
C. R. MARSHALL.....Field—Pac. Coast, So.  
ROBERT L. MILLIGAN.....Field—Pac. Coast, So.  
MARILYN J. NELSON.....Mktg. Engineering  
TERRANCE E. REDDY.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
DANIEL L. SANTOS.....Oleum Refinery  
BILLY H. SEELY.....Field—Pac. Coast, So.  
ELLIOTT D. SMITH.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
JACK STEINBERG.....Compt., Credit Card Acctg.  
LOLA A. TCHAKALIAN.....Compt., Credit Card Acctg.  
ELIZABETH M. TETLUS.....Research  
FRANK T. TOTH.....Mktg., Calif. So. Cstal.  
NORMAN W. WEISS.....Oleum Refinery

## DEALERS

### September, 1962

#### 30 YEARS

KENNY GRIBBLE.....Monterey Park, California  
W. H. SHAUL.....Lower Lake, California

#### 20 YEARS

G. N. BRODERSEN.....Gilroy, California  
CARLI's.....Walnut Grove, California

#### 15 YEARS

CLARK-BEAMER COMPANY.....Sacramento, California  
HANNAGANS MEADOWS LODGE.....Alpine, Arizona  
DAN HOLBROOK.....Lewiston, Idaho  
LEE SHEPPARD.....Nelscott, Oregon  
SUTTON & LIESER  
MOTOR SALES.....Los Altos, California

#### 10 YEARS

WAYNE COMPTON.....Phoenix, Arizona  
SCHOEDEL BROS.....Spokane, Washington  
J. W. SMITH.....Traver, California

#### 5 YEARS

DEAN A. BOYER.....San Diego, California  
CHARLES & LAWRENCE  
BURLEY.....San Carlos, California  
JAMES D. DAVIS.....Red Bluff, California  
PAUL DOUVROS.....San Fernando, California  
HARVEY A. FISCHER dba  
SLIDE INN.....Long Barn, California  
PIRL L. HOWELL.....Heppner, Oregon  
GERRITT JONKER.....Lafayette, California  
THOMAS LIBERTY.....Martinez, California  
L & M SERVICE.....Los Angeles, California  
GINO PARDINI.....Richmond, California  
THE PATIO CAR WASH.....Corte Madera, California  
RAYNALD A. PLOUFFE.....Wahiawa, Hawaii  
ROY RAMOS.....Echo, Oregon  
JAMES H. REED.....Halfway, Oregon  
VERN REED.....Pt. Orchard, Washington  
L. REESE.....Lancaster, California  
TURNER FORD SALES.....Centerville, California  
WAKLEY MOTORS.....Missoula, Montana

## CONSIGNEES-DISTRIBUTORS

### September, 1962

#### 30 YEARS

FRANK MATZ.....Olympia, Washington

#### 25 YEARS

P. F. GIRADO.....Tulare, California

#### 5 YEARS

VIRGIL D. GIGER.....Canby, Oregon  
HOLYOKE AUTO PARTS  
AND EQUIP. CO.....Holyoke, Massachusetts  
WILSON'S WHOLESALE  
DISTR. ....Lewistown, Pennsylvania

## RETIREMENTS

### August, 1962

GEORGE R. ALFORD  
Southern Field November 28, 1921  
EARL L. ANDREWS  
Northern Field July 18, 1922  
ROBERT B. BENSON  
Research September 19, 1944  
RICHARD BRUNS  
Northern Field February 16, 1945  
EDWARD A. CONROY  
Marketing - Oregon Div. June 5, 1944  
FRANCISCO DE FIGUIEREDO  
Oleum Refinery August 8, 1944  
HUGH KEEGAN  
Southern Field April 26, 1926  
JOHN W. MANES  
Northern Field January 20, 1943  
CLARENCE E. MOSIER  
Northern Field October 27, 1941  
JAMES M. NIXON  
Southern Field June 18, 1947  
EDWIN L. SATHER  
Comptroller's April 3, 1924  
RUBY SELF  
Oleum Refinery June 11, 1928  
GERTRUDE C. SMITH  
Northern Field May 19, 1942  
WILLIAM G. WAGNER  
Los Angeles Refinery July 12, 1943

## IN MEMORIAM

#### Employees:

RAY C. BURKLO  
Exploration & Production - Taft July 3, 1962  
EDWIN D. HAMMOND  
Production Dept. - Orcutt July 1, 1962  
EARL SCHUPPERT  
Expl. & Prod. - Santa Fe Springs July 25, 1962

#### Retirees:

HAROLD B. ASHTON  
Mktg. - Calif. No. Coastal July 21, 1962  
FRED F. FRAMPTON  
So. Div. Pipeline July 20, 1962  
ALDON V. MELEY  
Purchasing Department June 28, 1962  
ALFRED V. MELLO  
Oleum Refinery July 6, 1962  
ALFRED E. MORRISON  
Treasury - Insurance July 12, 1962





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wiser; doing well, wisest and best of all."  
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