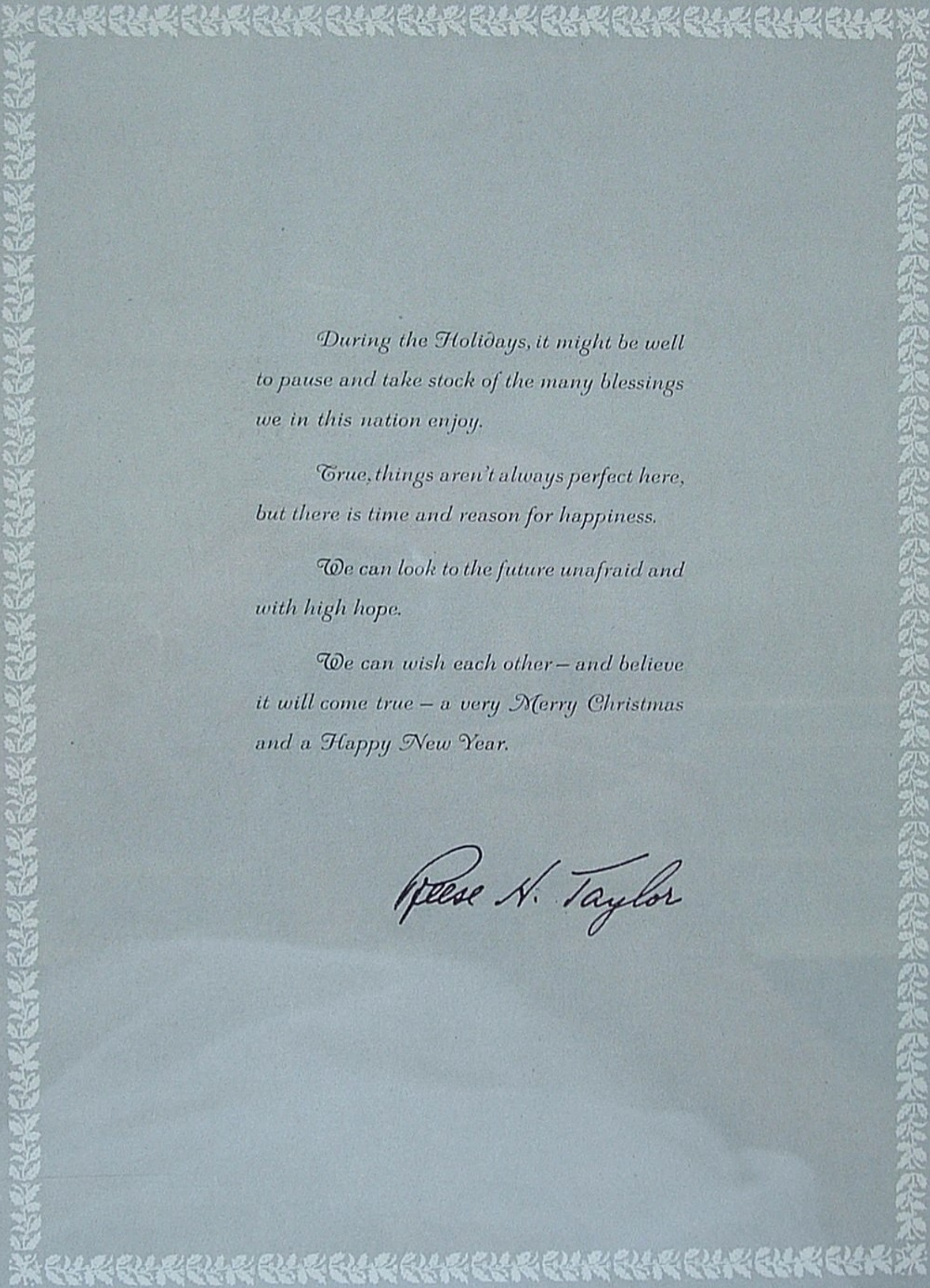




“On Tour”

DECEMBER, 1947

VOL. 9, NO. 12



*During the Holidays, it might be well
to pause and take stock of the many blessings
we in this nation enjoy.*

*True, things aren't always perfect here,
but there is time and reason for happiness.*

*We can look to the future unafraid and
with high hope.*

*We can wish each other – and believe
it will come true – a very Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.*

Roose N. Taylor

MANAGEMENT'S GREATEST CHALLENGE

In this address before the Life Insurance Management Association in Chicago, Reese H. Taylor tackles the greatest of modern industry's problems—employer-employee relations.



Most of us think of frontiers as opportunities—new lands to be settled, new fortunes to be won. But the frontiers that *management* faces today—the frontiers of *industrial* leadership—are not so much opportunities as they are downright *challenges*.

An opportunity is something that we can seize or pass by. If we seize it, the rewards are usually great; but if we pass it by, we're still not much worse off than we were before the opportunity presented itself. A challenge, on the other hand, is something that offers no choice. We either meet it successfully or we fail. We either conquer or are conquered.

In my opinion, American management is faced with just such a challenge today.

The situation has come about, I believe, because of a perfectly understandable—yet nevertheless dangerous—*lopsidedness* in our development. We've spent a disproportionate share of our time on one side of industry and neglected the other.

For example: We've learned how to assemble a complete automobile in about two hours. We can make silk stockings out of petroleum. We can tell to the ounce how many pounds of soap a typical family in South Bend,

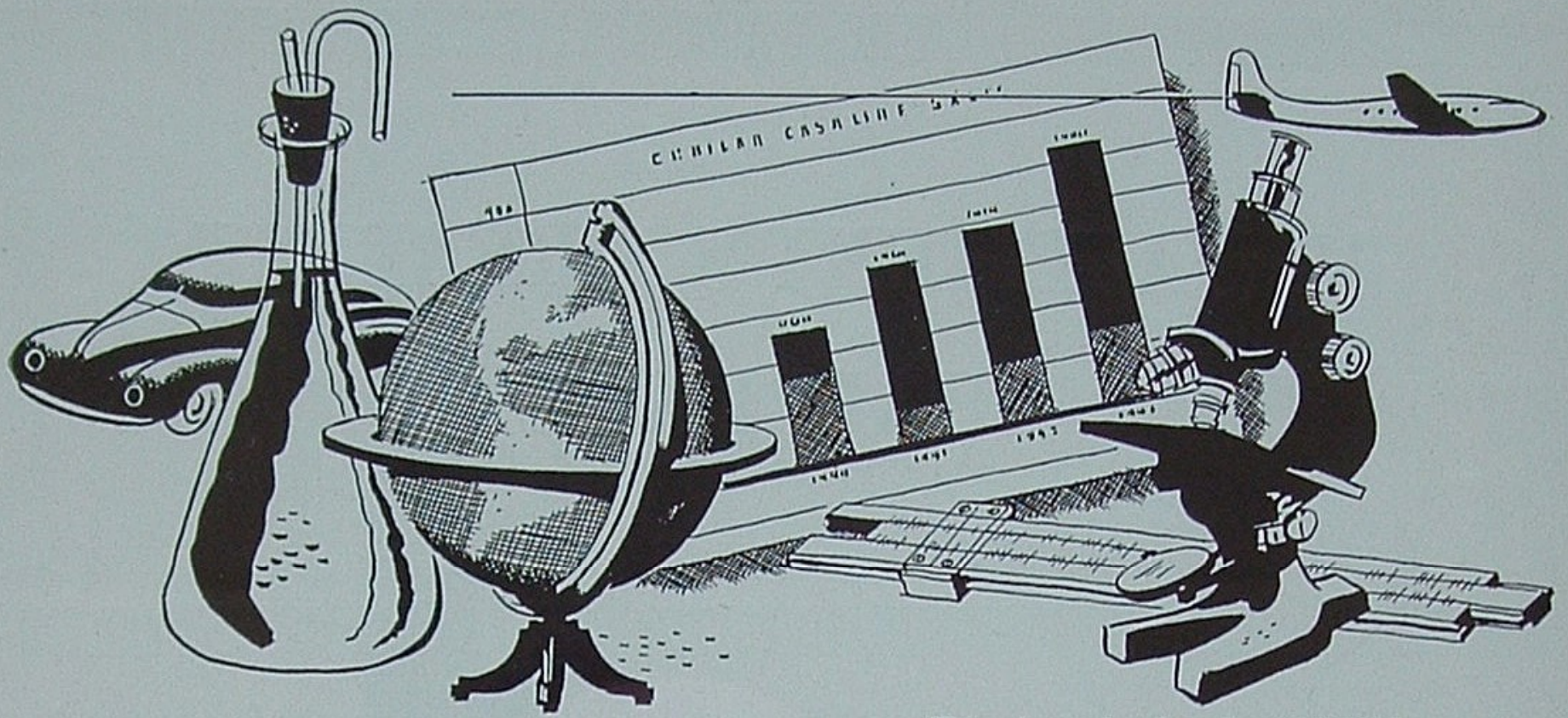
Indiana, will use during the month of November. We have the techniques for pooling the money of ten or fifteen thousand people who are total strangers to each other in order to build a factory.

And we can pack a completely cooked chicken dinner so perfectly that it could be stored away and served by our grandchildren for Sunday night supper in 1997.

In other words, we've done an amazing job of mastering the techniques of research, production, distribution, marketing, finance and so on. But we've only just begun to master the techniques of living happily with our own employees. We've learned a lot about *things*. But we know very little about *people*.

The engineers and specialists will go on improving techniques. They're well equipped to do so. But top management is going to have to spend most of its time solving the *human* problems that have arisen in this industrial society of ours. That, I believe, is the challenge that faces all of us today.

If this is true, it might be well to ask ourselves just what those human problems consist of. Are they real or are they imagined? And if they are real, what brought them on?



We've learned a lot about THINGS . . .

To begin with, I may as well go on record by saying that I don't agree with people who say that everything in this country is perfect. I don't think the situation is hopeless by any means, but I think we have some real problems.

Neither do I agree with the arguments that all our trouble is due to unions, or union leaders, or politicians, or communists or foreign "isms".

Unquestionably the communists, the fellow travelers, the demagogues and a few un-American union leaders have done a good deal of damage in fomenting class warfare and strife in this country. But if there hadn't been some real problems underlying this system of ours they wouldn't have gotten very far. In my opinion, they've only added fuel to a fire that already existed.

Everyone, I think, will admit the truth of the saying that "Man doesn't live by bread alone".

Most men in this country spend one-third of their adult lives working. Therefore, if a man's life is going to be reasonably happy, he has to take some satisfaction in his work, and the work has to *mean* something—above and beyond the mere *money* that it pays him.

This is just as true of people who work with their hands as it is of us who are supposed, at least, to work with our heads.

But let's take a look at the industrial worker.

Modern industrial mass production is based on two principles: division of labor and mechanization of the manufacturing processes. Of the two, division of labor is by far the older. As a matter of fact, it began—technically at least—when the first primitive craftsman began to specialize full time in making stone implements for his fellow tribesman.

But from the standpoint of our present day concept of the term, division of labor takes place when several men combine their specialized talents to build a single product.

One of the early examples was the European coach and carriage factory. These factories recognized the principle that ten men each doing all the work on ten individual coaches couldn't turn out as good a product, or as many of them, as if the ten pooled their efforts to work on one coach. For then, each man could specialize on the particular part of the manufacturing process that he did best—one making wheels only, a second putting in glass, a third doing the upholstery, and so on. Since this division of labor enabled each man to do better work and more of it, the whole manufacturing process became more efficient, the production per man-hour increased, and the earnings per man increased also.

Now this method of manufacturing didn't rob the individual craftsman of his pride in workmanship or his sense of making a contribution to the economic life of the community—to *any great extent*.

He could still take pride in being the best wheelwright in town. And he could still see the coaches, that he had helped build, rolling around the neighboring countryside and performing their service to the community. So since it enabled him to produce more, and consequently to *earn* more, without losing much of the satisfaction of working, he could still have his cake and eat it.

Nevertheless, the handwriting was on the wall.

The day he ceased to make *all the product* himself, some of the satisfaction that came from making that product began to disappear. *From that point on it became a matter of the degree to which this division of*



But we know very little about PEOPLE.

labor was practiced.

By 1890, this division of labor had not changed too much in most of our factories. We had power tools, of course. But there was still enough handicraft required in the manufacturing process to give the industrial worker some pride in his workmanship. Furthermore, most plants were relatively small.

So the industrial worker was quite aware of the products his plant was turning out—what his work meant in the manufacturing process—and the contribution his plant and he were making to the economic life of the community.

In fact, as recently as 1911, '12, '13 and so on, in the early years of the automobile industry, car fenders were shaped out of cold steel by two men using forms and hammers—an operation that took considerable skill and craftsmanship.

So the work of most industrial workers—even that short a time ago—rewarded them in a very real way *above and beyond* the money it brought in.

But with the widespread and amazingly rapid development of our second principle of modern mass production—the mechanization of the manufacturing processes—the situation changed almost overnight.

We developed an hydraulic press, for example, that enabled one man in an automobile factory to stamp out ten fenders in the same length of time that the two men had taken to hammer out one by hand. And we made comparable advances in the mechanization of countless other manufacturing processes as well—including the world-famous American assembly line.

In the course of this sudden technological change, what happened to the industrial worker?

On the credit side of the ledger, several things.

His work was immeasurably easier. Machines did the tasks that formerly had to be done with muscle and bone and nerves.

His work was far more productive. Machines and machine tools multiplied the labor that he could perform in a day with his two hands. Consequently, he could produce far more and earn far more with an hour's labor than any other worker in the world or, in fact, than any other worker history has ever known.

For the first time almost in history he had leisure to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Machines made it possible for him to produce enough so that he no longer had to work from dawn to dusk just to provide his family with the bare necessities of life.

Finally, his standard of living became the highest the world had ever known. For this mechanization not only made it possible for *him* to produce more, but it brought more goods within the reach of his pocketbook by making it possible to manufacture those goods more efficiently and less expensively.

But there was a debit side to the ledger, too. And this is the thorny dilemma of any industrial society.

If you're going to increase a society's standard of living you have to increase the production of the people who live in that society.

If you're going to increase people's production you have to practice the two principles: division of labor and mechanization of the production processes.

However—and here's the catch—the more you mechanize the production processes, the less personal satisfaction a man gets from performing the work. For that work requires less and less personal skill.

our operator of the hydraulic press in the automobile factory could certainly produce more fenders with the help of his machine than he could with a hammer and form. And he wouldn't chose to go back to the old method if you asked him. It was a lot harder work, and there's no satisfaction in doing a job the hard way when you know there's an easier way.

Nevertheless, some of the satisfaction of doing the job is gone—because it takes less personal skill.

Not only has he lost his pride in the workmanship. In a highly mechanized plant the work is so simple—the job so boringly routine—that it gives him no satisfaction.

Then, too, he has lost that feeling—which is a very real need in human nature—that his work *means* anything. The operation in a large, highly mechanized factory is so complex, the part he plays in it so small, that he has lost all awareness of any contribution that his work is making to the community. He goes on from day to day with the feeling that he could take a week off, a month off or drop dead and neither the plant nor the community would ever miss him.

As if this weren't enough, our industrial development has brought about a third, very disturbing change in his life.

If you're going to have a factory that can afford to purchase modern production machines, it has to be large enough so that it can mass produce. Only in that way can you spread the cost of the machines over enough product units to make the operation economically sound. And as soon as you start to mechanize factories, these factories have to get big.

Big factories take a lot of employees. And with a lot of employees it makes it extremely difficult for the individual employee to feel that he has a place in, and belongs to, the *economic group*—or the plant.

Big factories as a rule also have to be located in central places—close to sources of power, to raw materials and to markets.

As a result, we have witnessed the growth in America during the last generation of great industrial cities as well as great industrial plants. And with it has come the migration of large segments of our population from small towns and farms, where they had their roots, to large industrial cities where they have none.

As a result, many industrial workers—and large segments of the white collar class as well—have no more sense of *belonging* to the community in which they live than to the plant in which they work.

Now when a man spends just about one-half of his waking hours under conditions like this:

First, where his job is so routine and boring that he can hardly *stand* it, let alone *enjoy* it, or take any pride in the craftsmanship involved;

Second, where the work itself has been sub-divided to the point where his part seems about as important as a picket on a fence, and he has no real sense of contributing anything to the economic life of the community;

And third, where he has no feeling of *belonging*—either in the plant in which he works or in the community where he lives; he is very likely to become unhappy and dissatisfied.



If you want a concrete example of what this condition, when it's shared by enough workers, can mean in our day-to-day industrial life, we only have to look back at events of the last two years.

All during the war, the average industrial worker was continually reminded of the fact that his job—small as it might seem—was a real link in the chain we were forging against the Axis. Next to the men at the front, *his* was the most important work in the nation.

Consequently, in spite of the fact that the work itself was still as routine and uninteresting as it had been during peace it *meant something*—above and beyond the mere money it paid him.

When the war ended, this feeling disappeared and the old frustrations returned again. So what happened. We had a rash of strikes all over the country.

Now these strikes were almost all based on wage demands. But in my opinion—and in the opinion of a good many others—those wage demands were only a part of the issue.

I believe that labor's actions were a sub-conscious bid for attention and recognition as individual people. They rationalized the feeling of frustration they had into wage demands, but wages weren't all they were striking for.

Now this may sound a little academic and abstract; but it's just as concrete to a person who is afflicted with it as a boil on the neck.

All this evidence points to the fact that the American people have solved one of mankind's oldest problems, only to be confronted with an entirely new one.

We have learned how to achieve enough production to support a decent standard of living—something that has never been accomplished in the civilized world before—only to be confronted with the entirely new problem of making work in that productive system interesting enough to keep men happy.

If this is an accurate analysis of the challenge that faces us today, what are we going to do about it?

Frankly, I don't know all the answers and I don't think anyone else does.

The only thing I am certain of is that we can't go back. You hear a lot of people, Americans and others, criticizing us from time to time for our "materialistic" civilization.

They don't offer any definite suggestions but you gather from listening to them that most of our troubles come from the fetish we Americans have made of *material* progress. To my way of thinking this is an extremely childish line of reasoning.

To begin with, any nation that becomes industrialized will be faced with the same problems we have outlined here. Even the Russians are running into it with their industrial workers. So it is not just an American problem. The only reason we have it to a greater extent, perhaps, is that our American economic system happens to be far and away more conducive to industrial growth and progress and development than any other. So we've come farther.

In the second place, to suggest that we could cure all our problems by shackling our industrial growth—or destroying it—makes just about as much sense as suggesting that we kill off the human race in order to eliminate war.

The whole history of mankind's struggle to achieve a decent world has been linked with production.

Before a people can do anything else, they first have to feed and clothe and house themselves.

Everyone knows that life in the American colonies was considerably better for the average man than it was in Europe or anywhere else in the civilized world.

Yet as late as 1780 it took ten people on farms to produce enough food to feed themselves and *one other person* in this country. That means our food production was only great enough to release one man in every eleven to specialize in law, medicine, education, religion, writing, painting and music. The other ten had to toil away from dawn to dusk at the bitter job of raising enough food to keep the nation's body and soul together.

By the Civil War, our food production methods had improved. Ten people on farms were able to produce enough to feed themselves and *three* others.

Today, thanks to our "material" progress, ten people on farms can produce enough food to feed themselves and *thirty-five* others.

Replace these food production figures with our production figures on clothing, shelter, refrigerators, automobiles and all the other material things that make modern life, and modern leisure, possible and you begin to see what they mean in terms of all human progress generally.

In this respect we need *more* production, not less. For we still have a long way to go.

So in answer to our critics, I think we can say that material progress may not be an end in itself. But it is certainly the first requisite of all *human* progress.

Consequently, the only way we can assure further progress is by going ahead with our industrial development, not backwards.

And that means we've got to solve the *human problems* that this industrial society of ours has brought into being.

At this point, I wish I could give you a complete formula for solving these human problems—wrapped up and ready to deliver. Unfortunately, I can't.

But actually, this problem of making people happy in an industrial economy *isn't* unsolvable. If we can restore the industrial worker's feeling of importance; and if we can re-appraise our production techniques with an eye to giving the worker a chance to use his own initiative, vary his routine and work with his fellow-employees *as a team*, a good part of the disadvantages inherent in a highly industrialized system can be overcome.

A great deal can be done, too, I believe, in the field of *communications*. And by that I mean *two-way* communications—from worker to management as well as from management to worker.

One of the best ways to make an employee feel that he is a part of the plant is to *let him in on what's going on*—keep him informed on the decisions, policies and problems of management and ask him in turn for his opinions and suggestions.



One of the best ways to make him realize that his work *is* important is to show him—and keep showing him—the part his work and the work of his department plays in the whole operation.

One of the best substitutes, perhaps, for his lost pride in craftsmanship is to show him the part his company's finished products play in the economic life of the country—and what the quality and integrity of those finished products mean.

(Continued on Page 21)



Movie star William Eythe suffers "untold" agony as the chief cameraman takes a light reading. Confidentially, the hero's leg wasn't broken because the section of tubing was a stove-pipe prop.

Dominguez Goes Hollywood



Villain Alan MacDonald tried to depart with our "Nell" (Maurine Hyland, Company stenographer at Dominguez), but hero Eythe, aided by veteran actor Lloyd Corrigan, thwarted the serpent's designs.

A Star Is Born

If Hollywood presents an "Oscar" for the best drilling performance of 1947, one of our Dominguez wells, Callendar #98-A, will bow handsomely and waft a kiss to the lesser stars.

You see, Callendar #98-A, boasting one of the largest steel derricks ever constructed, is more than just an oil well. It has that indefinable something—poise, personality, legs, acting ability, charm. When talent scouts from Paramount Studios first cast eyes upon its 180 feet of handsome profile, they knew they had looked far enough. Here was the oil discovery of the year, as far as the movies were concerned. Here is a well, said they, that has cinematic octane!

Our new film star performed for the cameras of Pine-Thomas Productions, a subsidiary of Paramount, for the first time during October. In a forthcoming picture entitled "Hard to Kill," the well will try to steal a few scenes from such famous people as Barbara Britton, William Eythe, Nestor Paiva and Lloyd Corrigan. Even if the picture gets nothing better than a "B" rating, Union Oilers at Dominguez will regard the well's performance as definitely "five star."



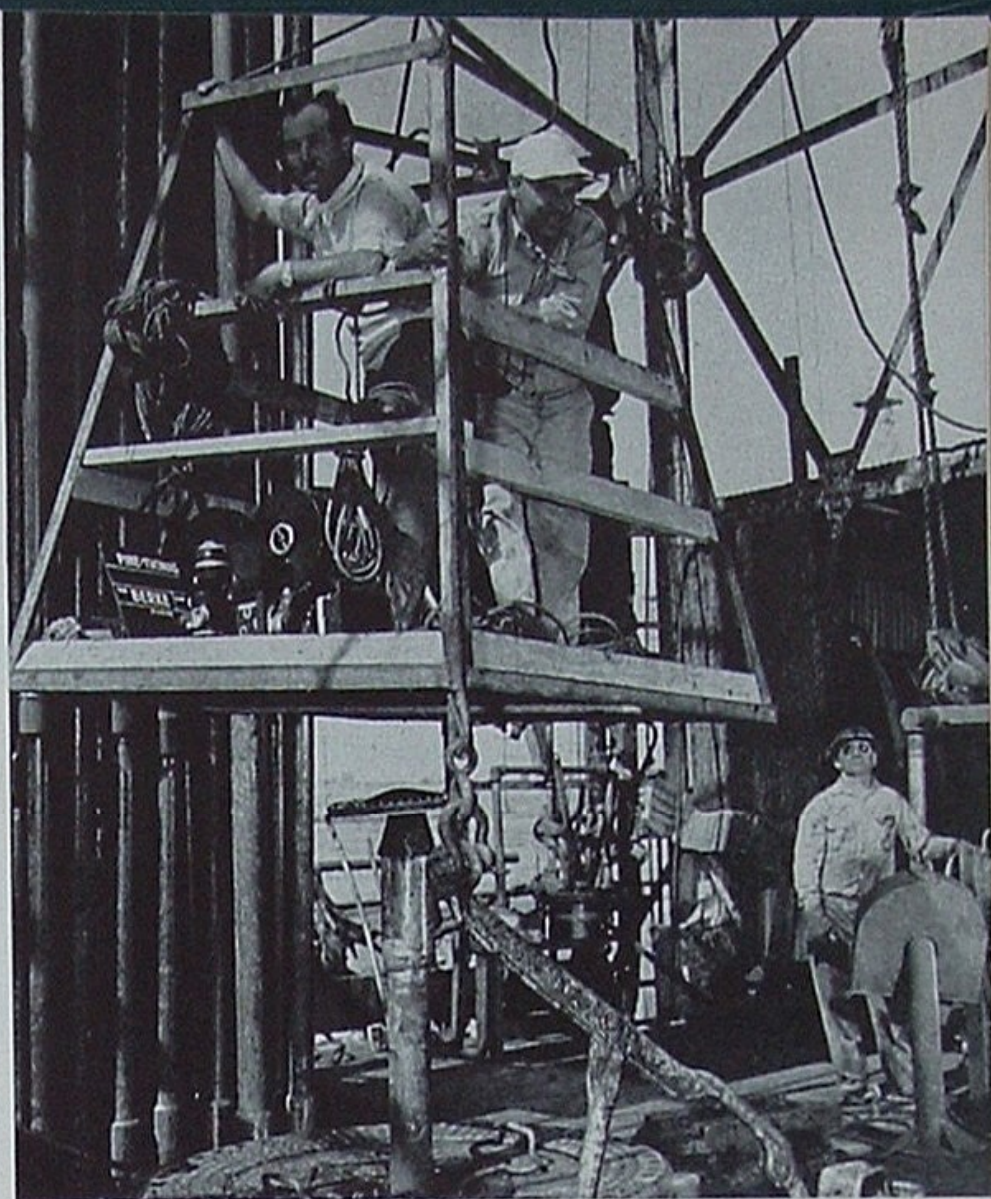
During the pause for lunch, Dominguez office girls, (L-R) Maurine Hyland, Pauline Murrell, Marion DeVinna and Patsy Aggers, met (L-R) Actor Eythe, Director Frank McDonald and Actor Corrigan.

Stupendous?

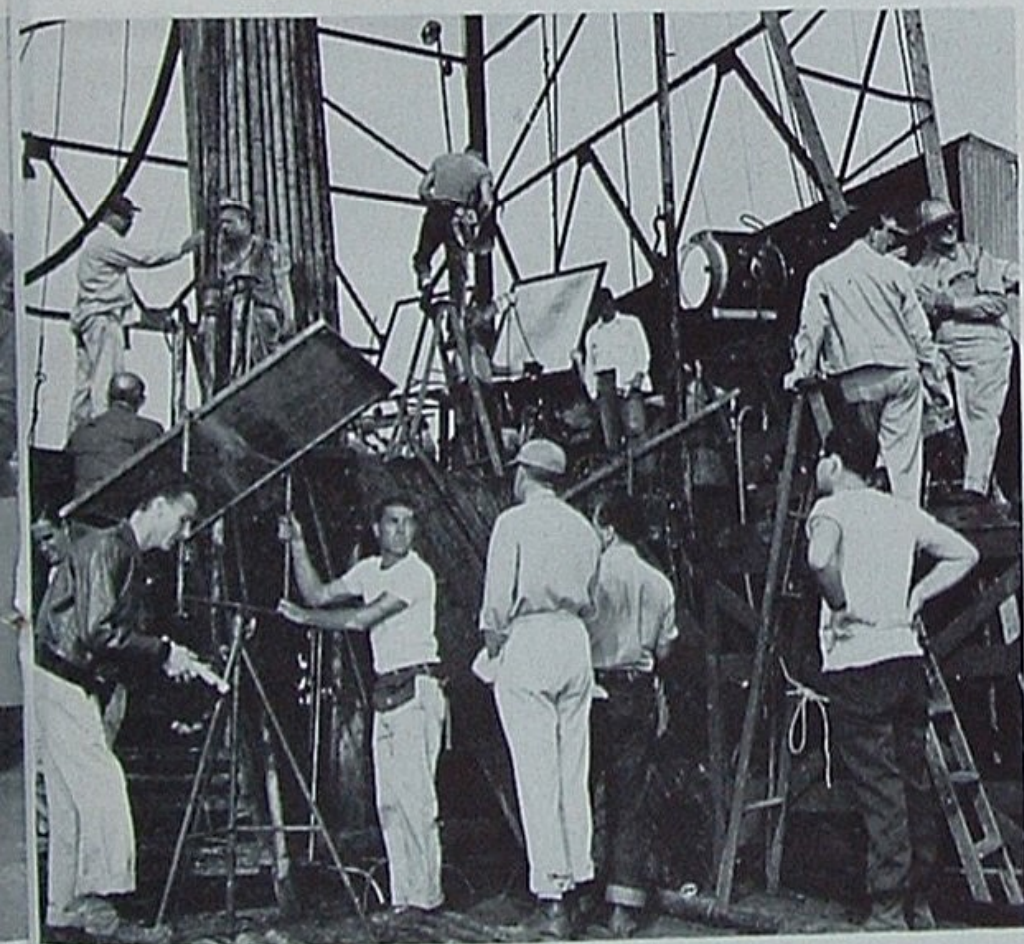
It is only on rare occasions that today's movies are filmed outside of studios and on authentic locations. Accordingly, for a day or two, Dominguez employees neglected no duties in the "shooting" area. Even the girls from the field office chose to spend lunch hour at the drilling site and, incidentally, meet the director and the stars.

They found picture making more complicated than exciting. The actual filming of each scene required only seconds compared with the minutes and hours that were spent in rehearsing and arranging cameras, lights and "props." Stand-ins and extras came in for considerable preparatory work. But life to the principal actors appeared to be a matter largely of waiting around and wishing they were in the oil business.

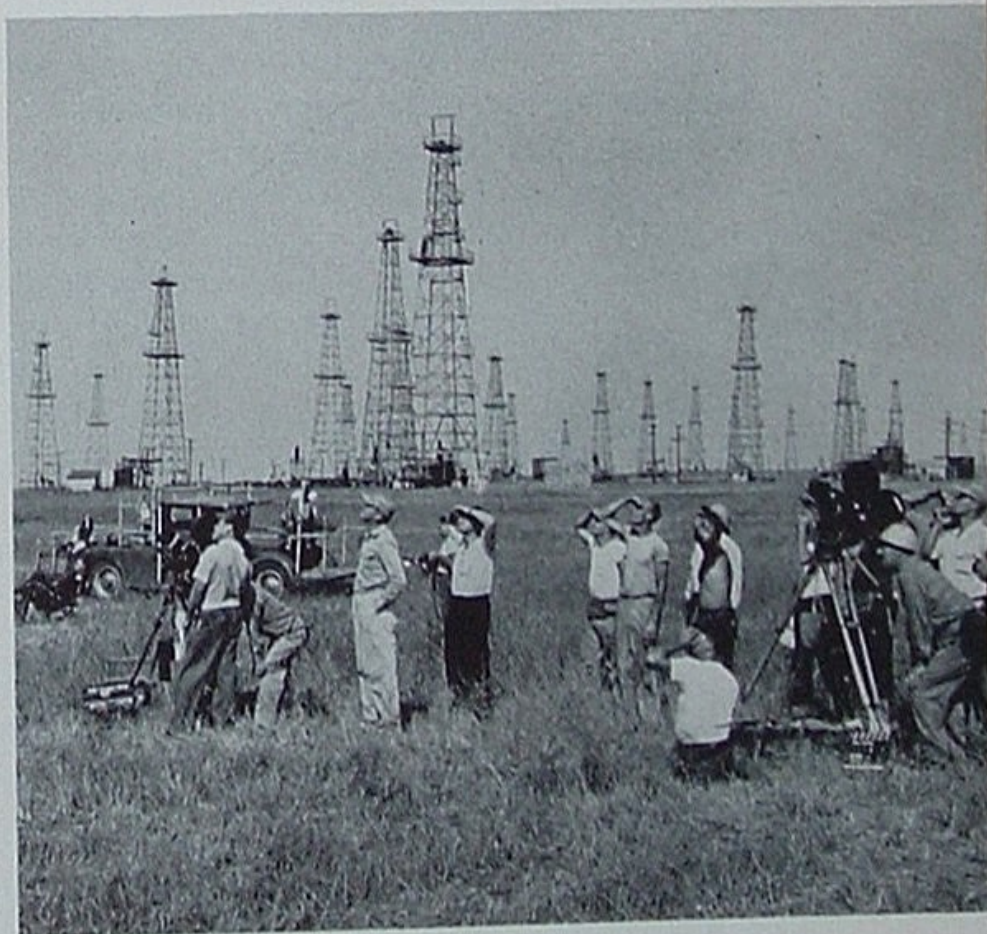
It was impossible to obtain any idea of the plot by watching the filming of "Hard to Kill." In fact, the first portion of the picture taken at Dominguez will be the last part shown on the screen. So, if you want to know whether the show will be terrific and colossal, or merely stupendous, the Field Department recommends that you buy a ticket and go see it.



To film shots atop the 180' well, the camera crew was hoisted aloft in this improvised cage. For this bit of realism, the movie men insisted that a bona fide driller "stand-in" at the rig controls.



Each few feet of movie film represents the shifting of many lights, reflectors, cameras and props. Here the crew prepares to film the start of a bruising fight to the finish (of a rag dummy).



The main event in the picture "Hard to Kill" takes place on the water-table at top of rig. A realistic-looking fist fight was taking place at that dizzy height as these cameras recorded the scene.

...Meet the Management

This sixth in our series of picture-charts and biographical sketches presents the men who supervise Union Oil's Marketing Department in the Southwest Territory.

J. W. MILLER

Manager Southwest Territory

Born July 14, 1896 in Oakland, California . . . Educated at Oakland High School, University of California at Berkeley . . . served as an army lieutenant in World War I . . . after discharge entered the grain business in San Francisco . . . later became assistant freight agent for Trans-Oceanic Steamship Company at San Francisco . . . was vice president in charge of retail sales for Shell Oil Company at San Francisco . . . became a distributor for Union Oil Company in Utah, later a distributor for Western Oil Company in San Francisco . . . Joined the Union Oil Company on May 11, 1936 as a contractor representative in San Francisco; made agent at Oakland in July, 1936; special representative and assistant to the division manager of Central Division in December, 1936; made a district sales manager at Oakland in January, 1939; made division manager of the Southern Division in May, 1939; became manager of the Southwest Territory in 1945 . . . is active in committee work for the Rotary Club, member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, member of the board of directors of Riviera Estates.

C. E. DENTON

Assistant Territory Manager—Wholesale

Born June 8, 1904 at Loon Lake, Washington . . . Educated at Lewis and Clark High School and Spokane College, Spokane, Washington . . . First worked for R. M. Hollingshead Company out of San Francisco on direct selling and jobbers' representative training . . . Next worked for Firestone Tire & Rubber Company out of Salt Lake City, Utah. . . Joined the Union Oil Company in 1932 as a service station salesman and later served as service station manager and manager of training station in the Spokane area; transferred to Seattle in 1934 as stop-wear representative; his succeeding assignments were: division salesman at Seattle in June, 1936; agent at Spokane in September, 1936; Northwest Territory's representative in dealer development program in 1938; agent at Phoenix in 1939; district sales manager at Riverside in 1940; assistant division manager at Los Angeles in 1941; supervisor of wholesale marketing (Head Office) in 1944; transferred to division manager at Los Angeles in April, 1945; promoted to assistant territory manager-wholesale for the Southwest Territory in 1946 . . . is past president of the Los Angeles Co-Operative Club.

H. D. McCARTHY

Assistant Territory Manager—Retail

Born October 27, 1900 in Saticoy, California . . . Educated at Santa Paula High School, Pomona College. . . Rached in Ventura County and San Fernando Valley for ten years before becoming a lessee of a Union Oil service station in Orange, California in 1930 . . . Joined the Union Oil Company as a service station manager in 1931; became a service station superintendent in 1932 in the Los Angeles area; transferred to Central Region in 1936 as an assistant regional manager, retail sales; transferred to the Northern Region in the same capacity in 1938; transferred to Southern Division in 1939 as the assistant division service station manager; became retail supervisor for Southern Division in 1943; transferred to Northern Division in 1944 as an assistant division manager, retail sales; returned to Southern Division in 1945 in the same capacity; was promoted to assistant territory manager-retail, for the Southwest Territory in 1946 . . . is a member of the Board of Administrators of the Employees' Benefit Plan.

HARRY M. SCHAFER

Assistant Territory Manager—Operations

Born August 10, 1895 in Marietta, Ohio . . . Educated at Marietta High School and University of Cincinnati, College of Engineering . . . After service in Field Artillery, World War I, worked for Leidecker Tool Company, Marietta Plant, as a superintendent until 1927 . . . Worked for Pan-American Petroleum Company in Los Angeles . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in 1928, as sales correspondence and contract clerk in San Diego; transferred to Head Office as property clerk in 1930; to Southern Division as property and equipment clerk in 1931; sales promotion clerk in refined oils in 1934; appointed resident manager at Culver City in 1937 . . . was made division distribution supervisor in 1940; supervisor of service and distribution in 1943; transferred to Head Office as supervisor of exchanges and distribution in 1943; chief clerk Distribution Department in 1944; appointed distribution manager for Southwest Territory in 1946; promoted to assistant territory manager in charge of distribution, operations, and construction for Southwest Territory in 1946.

JAMES S. FOSTER

Personnel Supervisor

Born December 13, 1910 in West Chazy, New York. . . Educated at Sweetwater Union High School in National City, San Diego State College, San Diego . . .

Joined the Union Oil Company in 1932 as a service station salesman in the San Diego area; became a service station manager in 1933 and transferred to Los Angeles in 1936 in the same capacity; transferred to Head Office Employee Relations in 1940 as an employment representative; promoted to employment supervisor later in the same year; transferred to Southern Division in 1942 as a personnel supervisor; became personnel supervisor for Southwest Territory in 1945.

JOHN S. SWANSON
Territory Accountant

Born November 11, 1904 in Concord, California . . . Educated at Oakland High School, took extension courses in accounting, business law, and marketing . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in June, 1922 as a service station employee; served as a collector and assistant service station superintendent in Oakland in 1926; salesman at Hayward later in the same year. Following various clerical assignments in our Oakland office in 1927 and 1928, he was made assistant district accountant in Oakland in 1928, transferred to Sacramento in the same year. Succeeding assignments included his appointment as district accountant in Sacramento in 1930, later transferring to Fresno in the same capacity; division accountant for Central Division at San Francisco in 1933; division accountant for Southern Division in 1935; became territory accountant for Southwest Territory in 1945 . . . is a member of the Petroleum Accountants Society, Los Angeles.

ROBERT D. ROBERTS
Credit Manager

Born April 26, 1894 in Liverpool, England . . . Educated in Ripley School for Boys, Lancaster, England. Through special studies acquired a knowledge of accounting, credit, commercial law, and business administration . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in August, 1917 as a clerk in the San Francisco Credit Department; appointed district credit manager at San Jose in 1928; in 1929 returned to Oakland as district credit manager; district credit manager at San Francisco in 1933; transferred to Southern Division as credit manager in 1940; made credit manager for Southwest Territory in 1945 . . . past chairman of the Petroleum Credit Managers in Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles . . . past director of the Los Angeles Credit Managers' Association, subsequently treasurer, 2nd vice president, and 1st vice president.

RICHARD M. SHAFFSTALL
Credit Manager—Arizona

Born December 21, 1903 in Deshler, Ohio . . . Educated at Deshler High School, International College at Fort Wayne, Indiana (School of Business Administration) . . . Employed by the International Harvester

Company at Fort Wayne, Indiana as a cost accountant. Came west in 1927, and was with the old Bradstreet Company, Mercantile Agency, until becoming assistant credit manager for the Union Oil Company in Phoenix, Arizona, on October 3, 1928; transferred to Head Office Credit Department as credit supervisor at Los Angeles in 1933; became district credit supervisor at Phoenix in 1935; credit manager at Phoenix for the Southwest Territory in 1946 . . . past director of the Wholesalers Credit Association, president of this organization in 1938; past field and council commissioner of the Boy Scouts in Phoenix.

HOUGHTON W. BRAGG
District Manager—San Diego

Born July 20, 1910 in Pasadena . . . Educated at Garfield High School in Pasadena, Pasadena Junior College . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in 1929 as a tank truck salesman in Alhambra; transferred to Hollywood as a tank truck salesman in 1937; became a district salesman in Monrovia later that year, transferred to Pasadena in the same capacity in the same year; district salesman in Los Angeles in 1940; resident manager at Alhambra in 1943; salesman at Los Angeles Main in the same year; retail representative at Los Angeles in August, 1943; made resident manager at Santa Barbara in 1944; resident manager at Pasadena in June, 1944; made district manager at San Diego in 1946 for the Southwest Territory . . . is a past member of the Board of Directors of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Pasadena, is a member of the Tournament of Roses Committee in Pasadena.

WILEY A. COLE
District Manager—Santa Barbara

Born April 21, 1893 at Sedalia, Missouri . . . Educated at Los Angeles High School, Burbank High School, University of Southern California . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in August, 1914 as a truck helper in Burbank; served as a tank truck salesman in the same locality in 1916. Entered military service 1918 . . . in 1919 became agent at Van Nuys. Succeeding assignments were: salesman at Van Nuys in 1921; assistant special agent at Burbank, 1922; assistant special agent, Pasadena, 1928; special agent at Santa Barbara in 1930; agent, Monrovia, 1930; agent at San Diego in 1936; district sales manager at San Diego in 1937; district sales manager at El Centro, in 1940; transferred to area sales manager in Santa Barbara in 1942; made district manager in Santa Barbara for Southwest Territory in 1946 . . . is Rear Commodore of the Southern California Yacht Association, Commodore of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club; director of the Santa Barbara Rotary Club; member of the Santa Barbara Greater Harbor Development Committee.

(Continued on Page 12)

The Southwest Territory



C. E. DENTON
Assistant Territory Manager
Wholesale



H. D. McCARTHY
Assistant Territory Manager
Retail



HARRY M. SCHAFER
Assistant Territory Manager
Operations



JAMES S. FOSTER
Personnel
Supervisor



HOUGHTON W. BRAGG
District Manager
San Diego



WILEY A. COLE
District Manager
Santa Barbara



A. D. GASS
District Manager
Los Angeles



C. A. GOUGHNOUR
District Manager
Arizona

MARKETING DEPARTMENT
Directed by A. C. Stewart



J. W. MILLER
Manager Southwest Territory



JOHN S. SWANSON
Territory
Accountant



ROBERT D. ROBERTS
Credit
Manager



RICHARD M. SHAFFSTALL
Credit Manager
Arizona



RAY C. INGRAM
District Manager
Long Beach



DUMONT KIMMELL
District Manager
Pasadena



WILTON I. MARTIN
District Manager
Riverside



ROBERT H. ROCKWELL
District Manager
Hollywood

MEET THE MANAGEMENT, Cont.

(Continued from Page 9)

A. D. GASS

District Manager—Los Angeles

Born August 11, 1904 in Artesian, South Dakota . . . Educated at Artesian High School, Pomona Business College . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in 1924 as a service station salesman; became a tank truck salesman at Los Angeles in 1925; made a salesman in the same locality in 1926. Succeeding assignments were: salesman at Santa Monica in 1929; salesman at Los Angeles in 1930; agent at Santa Monica in 1931; agent at Glendale in 1933; senior salesman at Glendale, 1940; agent at Pasadena, 1940; made area manager at Pasadena in 1944; area manager at Los Angeles in 1945; district manager at Los Angeles in 1946 for the Southwest Territory.

C. A. GOUGHNOUR

District Manager—Arizona

Born July 19, 1905, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania . . . Educated at Miami, Florida High School, Stetson University . . . Worked for Standard Oil Company before joining Union Oil Company in 1928 as a service station salesman; became a salesman for Los Angeles in 1930; became lube sales engineer for Southern Division in 1932; made agent at Alhambra in 1938; transferred back to Southern Division as a lube sales engineer in 1939; transferred to foreign sales in 1941 in Balboa, Canal Zone; became industrial service representative for Southern Division in 1942; was made area manager in Pasadena in 1945; became district manager of the Arizona district in 1946 for the Southwest Territory.

RAY C. INGRAM

District Manager—Long Beach

Born on September 25, 1900, in San Francisco . . . Educated at Johannesburg and Capetown, South Africa, Princeton High School, Princeton, California . . . Was a member of the air force in the first World War . . . Went to work for the Ohio Oil Company in Montana before joining the Union Oil Company in 1921 as a warehouseman in Fullerton; later, transferred to Santa Fe Springs as an assistant storekeeper; transferred to the Comptrollers Department to do auditing work; transferred to Head Office Personnel in 1927 as a clerk in personnel work; made personnel supervisor in 1928 at Wilmington; transferred to San Francisco in 1930 in the same capacity; special agent at Santa Rosa in 1931; transferred to Los Angeles head office as a fuel oil salesman in 1932; division fuel oil supervisor for Southern Division in 1933; supervisor of export and marine sales in San Francisco in 1934; supervisor of fuel oil for Central Division in 1937; division sales manager in San Francisco, 1940; transferred to Phoenix, Arizona in 1943 as a district manager; made district manager at Long Beach in 1946 for the Southwest Territory.

DUMONT KIMMELL

District Manager—Pasadena

Born November 30, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio . . . Educated at Whittier High School, Whittier College . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in 1931 as a student salesman in service stations; became a service station superintendent in 1933 in the Los Angeles area, later serving in the same capacity in Santa Barbara, Riverside, and Pasadena; transferred to the Los Angeles Refinery in 1935 as personnel supervisor, became supervisor of the Employees' Benefit Plan in Head Office in 1939; transferred to Southern Division in 1940 as a division personnel supervisor; assistant division manager, retail sales, in Los Angeles in 1942; assistant division manager, wholesale, for Los Angeles Division in 1945 . . . became district manager at Pasadena for the Southwest Territory in 1946 . . . is chairman of the Board of Administrators of the Employees' Benefit Plan.

WILTON I. MARTIN

District Manager—Riverside

Born on August 14, 1906, in Victor, Colorado . . . Educated at San Pedro High School, San Pedro, California . . . Worked in the lumber business before coming to work for Union Oil Company in 1927 as a service station salesman in San Pedro; became a salesman in Long Beach, San Pedro, and Wilmington from 1929 until 1933 . . . agent at San Pedro in 1933; district salesman at San Pedro in 1936; agent at El Centro in 1937; senior salesman at El Centro in 1940; agent at Alhambra, 1940; agent at Wilmington, 1941; resident manager at Wilmington, 1942; area representative for Long Beach in 1944; resident manager at Wilmington in 1945; area manager at Riverside in September, 1945; made district manager for Riverside District for Southwest Territory in 1946.

ROBERT H. ROCKWELL

District Manager—Hollywood

Born January 1, 1905, in Los Angeles . . . Educated at Long Beach High School . . . Joined the Union Oil Company in September, 1924, as a tank truck salesman at San Pedro; became a warehouse clerk in Long Beach in December, 1924; transferred to service stations in 1925; made a salesman at Long Beach in 1928; agent at Hawthorne, 1930; agent at Watts, 1931; agent at Wilmington, 1932; agent at Hyde Park, 1935; agent at Hollywood in 1936; made district sales manager at Riverside in 1941; area sales manager in Los Angeles in 1942; area sales manager at Pasadena, May, 1942; area sales manager at Los Angeles in 1944; became assistant division manager, retail sales, for Los Angeles Division in 1945; made district manager at Hollywood for the Southwest Territory in 1946.



SPEAKS TO API IN CHICAGO

One of four experts to address the American Petroleum Institute's Transportation Group Session in Chicago on Nov. 12 was J. W. Sinclair, our Automotive Department manager. He spoke at the Palmer House on "Future Problems of Transportation of Petroleum by Highway."



Mr. Sinclair traced for his audience the progress of oil transportation since tank-wagon days. He stated that further progress is dependent to a great extent upon using lighter materials and improved construction techniques in the manufacture of trucks. He also explained how regulatory control by federal, state, county and municipal agencies has interfered in needless ways with efficient operation.

EXPANSION AT OLEUM

Final engineering on the new \$8,000,000 Triton expansion program for the Oleum Refinery is well underway. This project will install a Duo-Sol plant for solvent treatment of lubricating oils and will revise the vacuum distillation equipment and the propane dewaxing equipment. As a result of these changes, capacity for the production of Triton type motor oils will be increased more than 140%. This project will also make it possible for us to provide heavy lubricating oils which previously had been purchased from Mid-Continent and Pennsylvania producers.

Improvement and modernization of the Oleum Compound is also being undertaken. This program, costing \$900,000, will install modern handling equipment in the Compound and Shipping area, will revamp and modernize the buildings and renovate the surrounding areas. An additional \$900,000 is being spent to modernize and increase the size of the Oleum Office Building and to install other smaller office buildings where needed.

CRUDE OIL PRICE INCREASE

On December 1, 1947, the Company announced increases averaging approximately 40c per barrel in the amount it would pay for crude oil in California.

Since Union Oil has never felt it could pay premiums over and above its posted price for crude oil and inasmuch as premiums in various forms were being paid by other companies, we felt it necessary to meet this competition in order to assure a continued supply of crude oil for our refineries. In addition, substantially higher prices were being paid for crude oil of comparable quality in the Gulf Coast and Mid-Continent and there was considerable danger that some California crude oil or products might be shipped East even though there is an urgent need for all of it in this area.

Even after this increase, the price of crude oil in California is still considerably lower than elsewhere in the United States.

RECORD DEMAND FOR PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The demand for oil products is setting new records and is substantially higher than the wartime peak. Today, the United States is using as much oil as did the entire world about ten years ago.

So far in 1947, the domestic consumption of finished products, including that for Army, Navy and Coast Guard use, will be at the rate of 582 gallons a year for every man, woman and child in the country. The demand, estimated at 2,118,000,000 barrels for the year, represents an increase of 25.4% over the per capita consumption in 1941 and 12.4% over the 1946 consumption.

SALES VOLUME CONTINUES INCREASE

The total number of barrels of Union Oil products sold in October increased 46.4% over the corresponding month of last year. For the ten month period ended October 31st, the volume of sales increased 39.6%, while the dollar value increased 43.2%.

Total gasoline sales for the month of October increased to 45,149,036 gallons compared to 38,680,274 gallons for October, 1946. The demand for "7600" has been substantially greater than the supply from present charging stock and facilities. To offset the high cost of purchasing additional components and to enable the Company to further augment the supply, the posted tank wagon and retail prices of "7600" were increased 1/2 cent per gallon last month.



THE ONLY CIVILIAN ABOARD when units of the Navy Air, Marine Corps, and Eleventh Naval District held their fall exercises off San Clemente was H. W. Bragg, Union Oil District Manager at San Diego. He is shown at left in the picture above with Major General Graves B. Erskine, U.S.M.C. (center), and Rear Admiral Bert J. Rodgers, U.S.N., his host.

—Official photograph U. S. Navy

MANUFACTURING

L. A. Refinery



Doyle Talbert (second from left) explains to his wife and her mother, brother and father that "this device is not a thinga-ma-jig."



If Santa gets a request for a tube roller this Christmas, Henry Johnson (above) may regret having enlightened his four alert younguns.

Seein's Believin'

Hereafter when Dad leads a supper discussion in terms of the drill press and the turret lathe, he will not be met by a youthful or feminine "What on earth is that?"

For, on a recent Saturday afternoon, members of the Los Angeles Refinery

Maintenance Department and Shops opened the doors of their new working headquarters to families, relatives and friends.

Each employee was host to his own group of visitors and served as a guide. In addition, a welcoming committee of machinists and foremen was on hand to

greet the visitors, explain the functions of each shop, and demonstrate the uses of equipment.

The kids were particularly impressed with the pop and cookie dispensary and needed no technical guidance in making the place hum.



Here amidst a captivating audience is Don Sogard explaining the mysteries and every-day accomplishments of a radial drill press.



"Now it's our turn to give a demonstration," exclaimed the younger visitors upon finding this bottled supply of iced carbonic acid.

MANUFACTURING

PRETTY DOGGONED GOOD!

This is the story of Bari Von Stolzenfels, a dog. But the story begins with Nick Kay, who does catalyst research work at L. A. Refinery, and his wife Marge, formerly a Union Oiler.

Nick and Marge had always confessed a weakness for a top-notch German Shepherd; but the desire to own one sort of gathered momentum during their courtship. Finally Nick ran across a fellow-workman, Dick Doring, who at one time had raised dogs professionally. So, with



Dick's help, the Kays started prospecting for a pet, and soon came upon Bari Von Stolzenfels, a German Shepherd puppy of ten months.

Lucky for the puppy, the Kays were not ordinary dog fanciers. They attended dog shows, read books on canine upbringing, and even attended a Pasadena school for dog trainers.

And lucky for the Kays, Stolzenfels was no ordinary pooch. He lapped up education like Grade A milk and soon had mastered more than fifty commands. He also learned the name of every room in the house and has been trained never to cross the street unless authorized.

Believing they had found a canine quiz-kid of some sort, the Kays decided to enter Von Stolzenfels in the Long Beach Dog Show, second largest in the country. To their delight the dog won first prize in the Novice Obedience class and a special prize for the best German Shepherd in the Obedience class. Other shows and successes followed. Out of nine competitions the dog has won seven first and two second places.

As an unbargained for result, Nick and Marge have been high-pressured into pass-

ing their training techniques along to others. Once a week a dozen or more dogs and their owners visit the Kay College for Kanines.

—By Gale Peterson

KELLY RANSOM

The Hard Times dance sponsored by the Refinery Social Club at Redondo Riviera Club was thrown into a dither by the antics of one Kelly "Mac" Ransom. Kelly came to the ball attired in padding, lipstick, the "new look," and a mop of hair. Barred from both the men's lounge and the powder room, he finally went home in disgust—richer, however, by a case of Triton for having been judged the worst dressed man.

BOB McKEAN, JIM HASTINGS, LES SMITH

"Your Harbor Town Forum," an educational feature being broadcast each Sunday over KGER, Long Beach, boasted the services recently of three well-known refinery men. Bob McKean translated refinery terms into lay language and gave an interesting talk on what goes on behind the big words and bigger towers. Jim Hastings described the intricacies of shipping and storing various petroleum products. Les Smith capably handled the subject of vocational training within a refinery.

THE WORD'S AROUND

Leave us not forget Old Man Stork, who seems to be getting plenty of overtime in these parts. Recipients of maternity ward invoices this autumn were Slim Crostic, Paul Williams, Jack Wilson, Paul Polizzotto, Bill Cannon, Bob Wheatley, Bill Brooks, Bill Silvis, Betty and Bill Newhall, Martha Folsom, and John Pownall. Hey, you guys!

Encouraged, or at least not discouraged, by the above statistics, we find stampeding toward the altar our Lonnie Carrol, Helen B. Jones (now Davis), Kathy Sheehy, Charley Posner, and Freddy "Cakes" Wood. Incidentally, Freddy was the last eligible bachelor of Process Development.

OUR BOSTON BRAVE

With major league baseball in moth balls for the winter, Froilan "Nanny" Fernandez, who has been playing with the Boston Braves, is keeping in trim as a Maintenance Department rigger.

BACON FETCHERS

Some of the Refinery boys literally brought home the bacon from the Company's annual turkey shoot held Nov. 2 at Stearns Park, Brea. Everyone had a "bang-up" time and the place sounded like a Chicago typewriter convention. Dick O'Connell took aim at 2 turkeys, 2 hams and 2 slabs of bacon—and didn't miss. Howard Emerson won one of each plus an extra ham. Cliff Donoho garnered a turkey and a bacon.

Oleum Refinery

FOREMEN ENTERTAIN

To their dinner meeting on October 29, the Oleum foremen attracted a large number of veteran oilers as special guests. Bill Stevenson, former Oleum manager and now Assistant to the Executive Vice President, was the principal speaker of the evening. Welcomed also were such



well-liked graduates of the plant as Spencer Briggs, Homer Ambrosier, Bill Miller and "Doc" Neukom. The emceeding was handled in a masterful way by Les Scroggins, ably assisted by Vern Taylor. C. E. Van Marter, who recently retired, expressed the hope and belief that the Company would continue the growth he has witnessed during his working career.

IT AIN'T NEWS, OR IS IT?

Two years of patient waiting brought George Creed a call from auto row and, in due time, a brand new Buick.

PAINLESS AMPUTATION

To most of us the loss of a foot would amount to one of life's major upsets. However, Milton St. Onge of Bulk Handling didn't even consider the tragedy serious enough to take a day off. He sought emergency aid in the Machine Shop and was back on the job within an hour— hale and hearty. Need we explain that Milt lost the original leg in World War II?

HUNTERS, NOT SHOOTERS!

A party consisting of Herb Hemmen, Harvey Fifer, George Creed, Duke Wannlass, Jim Reid, Paul Grandle and George Baumgartner made their annual trip to Tule Lake in search of ducks and geese. Judging by their luck, they may next year invite the ducks to come to Oleum and search for hunters, for a change.

—By Bud Fitzgerald

MARKETING

Northwest Territory



Since it is probable that your vacation itineraries may not include the scenic attractions of Coos Bay, Oregon, we are bringing some of its most personable features to your door. Here are (or were in March) (L-R) Bob Linder, Clerk; Bert Aubry, Resident Manager; and the three tank truck drivers, "Slim" Decker, Ken Schnick, and "Pack" DeWeese. Some climate to boot!



INGENIOUS

While posting a service station "A" Board, J. E. (Scotty) MacLeod tore the poster beyond repair. Not knowing where to obtain a second copy of the posting, he dug out some paper and crayon and drew the masterpiece shown above. His originality and artistry not only attracted many favorable customer comments, but caused Ray Snodgrass, Seattle Service Station Superintendent, to do some amazed head-scratching.

Southwest Territory

HOOT'S FUMBLE

It happened way back in September, but still evokes a chuckle at the expense of our District Sales Manager, Hoot Bragg. At a sales luncheon meeting in the San Diego Club, Hoot had done a remarkably fine job of introducing his new secretary, Miss Evelyn Baker, our cashier, Miss Winnie McCarthy, and three important guests, H. M. Schafer, H. S. Temple and J. S. Foster. But somehow he had overlooked introducing C. E. Denton sitting immediately to his right. The oversight was not neglected for long. Presently someone interrupted Hoot's oration to remark: "Mr. Bragg, if you don't know that thar stranger on your right, I'm sure I don't; so let's throw him out!" Introductions were immediately resumed.

FOOD AND RHYTHM

One of San Diego District's most enjoyable dinner-dances to date was held at the Bonita Club on Nov. 7. Invitations were extended to all marketing employees in the District, and more than seventy attended. We doubt if any Company party ever came closer to being 100% Union Oil. Even the "Rhythm Rounders" who furnished the music boasted Resident Representative Joe Miller at the drums, Chief Clerk Eddie Novotny saxophoning, and our Rosalie Marsh and Vic Morrison supplying vocal talent. Square dancing and the Virginia Reel proved to be two of the most popular dance features of the evening.

—By Walt Bugg

RIVERSIDE

The Company's 57th Anniversary found Riverside celebrating at a contest-dinner-meeting at the Potter Hotel. The "Big Three Campaign" had just been concluded, in which it was indicated that Consignees would be the world's best salesmen if Resident Managers hadn't been invented. For their second-place efforts the Consignees received a carved wooden trophy named "Dopey."

—by Lee Rice

LONDON VACATION

After an absence of twenty-seven years from her home in London, during all of which time she has worked for Union Oil, Alice Kroeger, a price clerk in the Territory Office, has experienced the thrill of a three-months vacation in England.



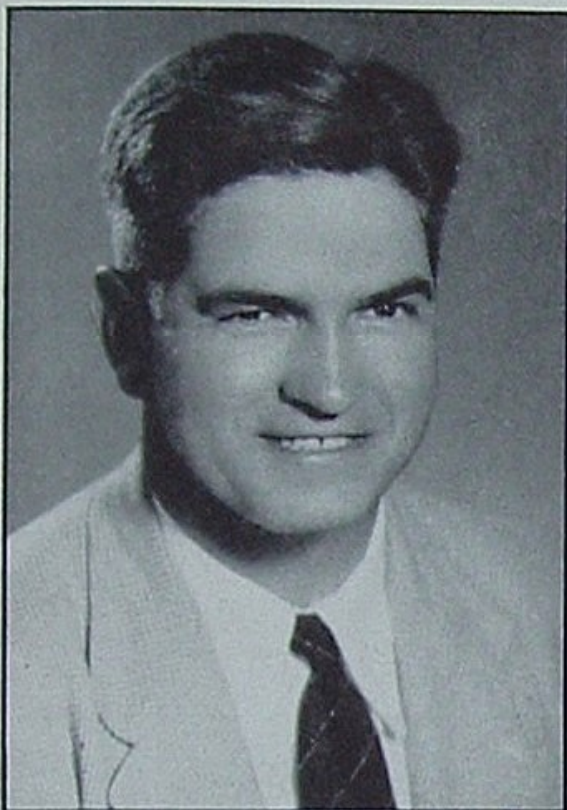
Alice, shown at left in the accompanying picture with her mother and cousin, was royally entertained by her parents and "hundreds" of cousins. Since one of her relatives is superintendent of Buckingham Palace, she was given the rare privilege of visiting some of the palace rooms that serve as residence of British royalty. The house where Alice was born is one of six in a three-block area that survived bombing during the war.

FOLKS

Housed at last at Riverside are W. I. Martin, C. R. MacKenzie and H. Glendenning. Less fortunate is Spencer Cockerham whose prospective bride intends to remain prospective until they find living quarters. . . . We notice some new three-cornered drawers on the clothesline of Charles Swan at Elsinore. Boy or girl? . . . It was our John W. Chapman who recently corrected Sam Hayes, prominent radio sports reporter, regarding the matching of Big Nine and Pacific Coast teams in the Rose Bowl. Mr. Hayes confessed the following week that John was right.

MARKETING

Central Territory PROMOTED



John J. Gallagher (above) is our newly appointed Resident Manager, Fresno. Jack graduated from Berkeley High School and the University of California, and started to work at Santa Cruz in 1935 as a tank truck salesman.

W. S. Christopher (below) was recently appointed District Representative at Fresno. He has gained wide and varied experience in marketing since his employment in 1932.



When the above crew of Bakersfield salesmen sell Royal Triton, the customer stays sold. On Nov. 5 Resident Manager J. R. Davies received an urgent order from Oklahoma, requesting that a case of the oil be shipped COD. Davies replied that the minimum delivery was two cases and that express charges were rather high. "Send 'em anyway and quick," came the reply, "cause I can't find a single quart

of it here in Oklahoma. If you do not have it, maybe you can get it at some other station."

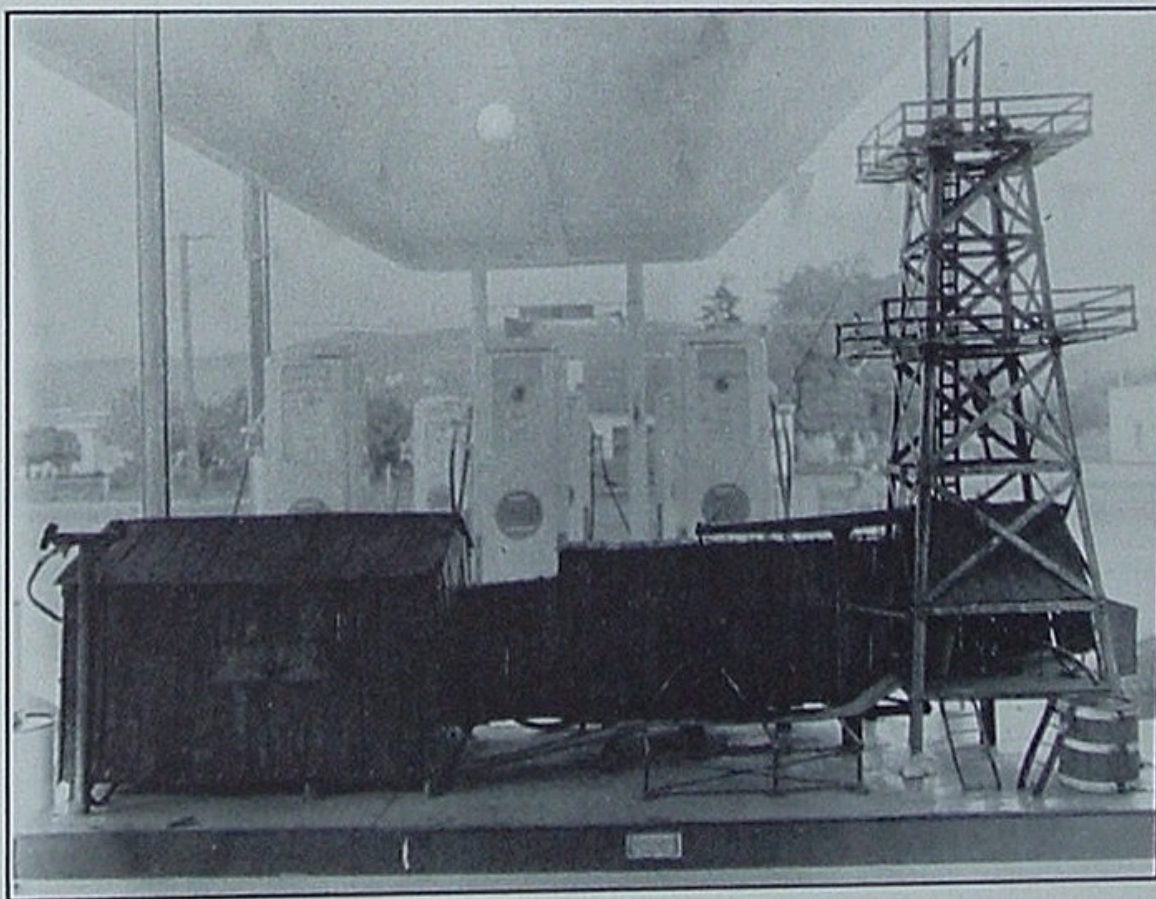
Everybody at the Bakersfield marketing station takes personal credit for making the original sale, so we introduce them en masse: (L-R) Standing: Davies, Gentry, Fabbri, Edgemond; Kneeling: Miller, Glover, Ek, Howard.

ROLLA OSBORNE'S MODEL OIL WELL

Mervyn Kjer's service station in San Leandro is attracting hundreds of visitors because of the model old-time oil well (below) on exhibit there.

The miniature model was built from scrap brass and copper pipe by Rolla

Osborne, a Union Oil compressor plant operator living in Long Beach. Rolla worked on such a rig many years ago and has built this one to scale from memory. For tools he used only a vise, a file, a drill and a hacksaw.



MARINE DEPT.

THE S. S. OLEUM LENDS A HAND

As reported officially by Capt. W. H. Peterman:



CAPTAIN W. H. PETERMAN

SS OLEUM
October 17, 1947

"Capt. J. B. Stene
Manager Marine Operations
Union Oil Company of Calif.
Los Angeles, Calif.

DELAY TO SS OLEUM AT SEA

Dear Sir:

While en route from San Pedro to Vancouver at about 1600 on October 14th, 1947, a small boat carrying a one-man crew was passed about fifteen miles north of Cape Blanco. A southerly storm prevailed at the time with large seas and heavy intermittent rain squalls.

The occupant of the boat which was apparently in distress and wallowing in the trough of the sea, waved frantically at this vessel and we turned around to see what assistance could be rendered. While turning around and reducing speed, the boat was temporarily lost in a heavy rain squall but relocated about half an hour later. We were asked to call the Coast Guard for assistance, which we did, being informed that assistance would be sent from Coos Bay, about 20 miles away. Due to the apparently desperate condition of the small boat, we agreed to stand by until the Coast Guard arrived. We steamed around and spread diesel over the water to make an oil slick, after which the boat rode fairly well. As darkness came on, being fearful of losing sight of the boat in the darkness, a line was passed to the craft and it was taken in tow. Due to the heavy seas running, we could only go slow speed, since any increase caused the boat to yaw and pitch violently.

Communication with the Coast Guard was difficult, it being necessary to relay

TUMACO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE EXPRESSES THANKS

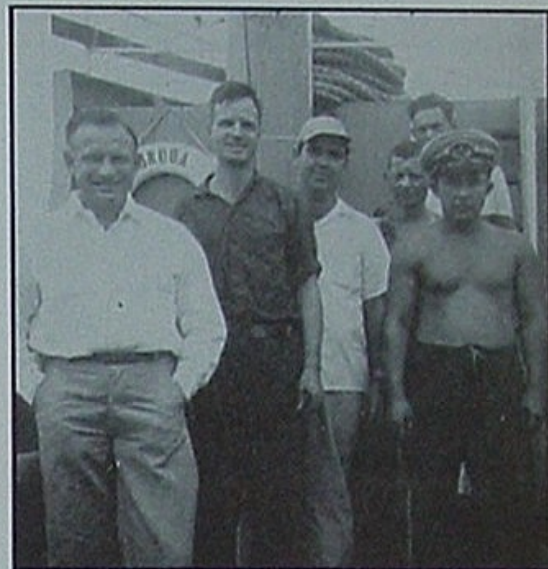
As a sequel to the rescue work performed by our UNOBA when the Port of Tumaco burned during the night of October 10, the Chamber of Commerce of Tumaco has written the following expression of gratitude:

"Present:

"The Chamber of Commerce of Tumaco takes this medium to express its gratitude to Captain Meyer of the Union Oil Company of California tanker "UNOBA" for his conduct and aid rendered during the conflagration that swept the Port of Tumaco on the night of October 10th.

"The aid rendered being of great benefit and comfort to the refugees from the disaster.

Very sincerely yours,
RAFAEL PUCHARD
Presidente"



Captain K. O. Meyer (Above Left) is shown with the deck and engine officers of the UNOBA (Below).



through NMW in Seattle and they in turn communicated with the life-saving station in Coos Bay. No contact was made until off Cape Arago about 2245 that night when a surf boat came out to meet us. We were requested to tow the boat to a position just north of the whistle buoy, which we did. The surf boat wanted us to proceed further inside on the Coos Bay range which I considered too hazardous, whereupon we received instructions to cut the boat loose, buoying the line with a ring buoy.

After seeing that the surf boat apparently was making headway with the boat, permission to proceed was obtained from the Coast Guard station and voyage was

resumed at 0025 October 15, 1947.

Name of boat—"Sun Setter," No. 29C867, port of registry, Portland, Ore.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ W. H. PETERMAN"

NEW CREW

Mrs. Robert Narey (nee Maxine Fredell), formerly of the Wilmington Marine Office, has taken up residence in Seattle, Washington. She is now employed as secretary to Captain D. L. Povey, Marine Representative in the Northwest.

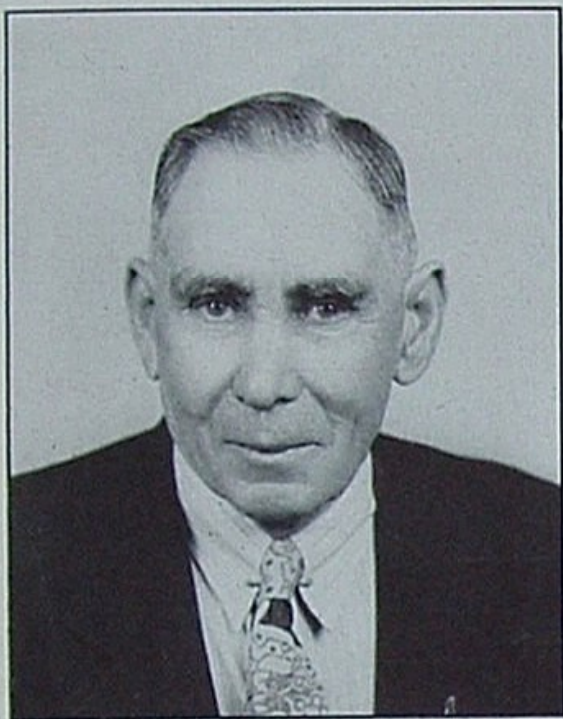
Miss Florence Pate has replaced Maxine in the Wilmington Harbor Office.

FIELD

RETIRING DEC. 31

On December 31 Father Time will initiate John E. Farrel into the Retirement Club.

Jack's colorful working career began in the logging camps of Washington and



Oregon. He later saw service in the copper mines and smelters of British Columbia. His Company employment dates from 1922, when he started work as a warehouseman in Los Angeles. At Brea, where he later worked and established his home, he now plans to lead the life of "Riley."

TURKEY SHOOT

The Pilgrim Fathers of 1621 would have been somewhat amazed to see how Union Oil employees shot their Thanksgiving turkeys in 1947. On the Nov. 2 just passed there was not a turkey to be seen anywhere in Stearns Park near Brea, and nobody actually shot at one. Nevertheless, the modern hunters bagged 58 of the coveted birds in a single day, along with 21 hams and 11 bacons.

The three pictures at right give a partial explanation of this phenomenon. By putting five shots in or close to the bull's-eye, folks had their turkey delivered to the door, plucked and ready for the oven.

A full day of shooting proved that R. D. O'Connell and R. H. Rockwell are two of our best pistol shots. Howard Emerson and Kenny Kingman were "hot" in the .22 calibre rifle events. On the trap range Frank Jones and Glen Hinkle were letting very few clay pigeons fall in one piece. Among the high-power rifle experts, Frick Gibbs and Irving Hancock rang the bell most consistently. And anybody with six-bits and a lot of luck could bag a turkey in the "Scatterboard" competition.

It was the Company's most successful Annual Turkey Shoot to date, thanks to a hard-working committee and the hospitality of Field Department employees including Jim McNeil.



This was the noisiest event of the Annual Turkey Shoot. Both gun and gunner had to be high-powered.



A .22 calibre event for ladies was really serious business, what with birds costing 80c a lb.



The on-coming generation gave bull's-eye proof that American marksmanship has survived Mr. Boone.

On Tour

MIKE COLLETT
Editor

MARGARET BURNELL
Assistant Editor

Associate Editors:

FIELD

W. P. Geissinger	Valley
Al Luttrell	Coast
Lloyd Kinney	Southern

MANUFACTURING

C. R. Fitzgerald	Oleum
Agnes Dougan	Maltha
Gale Peterson	L. A.

MARKETING

Gudrun Larsen	Northwest
Evertt Smith	Central
Betty Hart	Southwest

GLACIER DIVISION

Eva Searing	Great Falls
Barbara Wilson	Cut Bank

TEXAS-GULF DIVISION

H. L. Stuckey, Jr.	Houston
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HEAD OFFICE

Ray Teal	Los Angeles
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MARINE DEPARTMENT

Capt. L. L. Lishman	Wilmington
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PHOTO CREDITS:

Rod Daley—Charley Lippens

ON TOUR is published monthly in the interests of employees of Union Oil Company of California. Employee contributions of pictures, news reports and suggestions are invited. Address communications to the Editor, 617 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

HEAD OFFICE



HIGHLY REGARDED

In a meeting held November 4, John T. King (above), safety engineer in Head Office, was elected to the Board of Governors of the Southern California Industrial Safety Society. His vote count was the largest ever given to a director in the entire history of the society.

EXOTIC

From graphotype operator to belle of the ball was the recent happy lot of the Comptrollers' Betty Gustin.

Her memorable evening began with an invitation to attend the annual masquerade ball of Los Angeles Breakfast Club. Then by pulling a few theatrical strings in Hollywood, where Betty is well acquainted, she fell heiress for a night to one of the most exciting costumes seen on any stage this season. It was an authentic Javanese creation, the identical one worn this year by Vera Zorina in the operetta "Louisiana Purchase."



Betty's eyes would be classified as the flashy Spanish type, rather than Oriental. However, that fact didn't dissuade the judges a particle from awarding her top honors and a first prize of beautiful costume jewelry.

She has worked at Head Office for five years. Besides her graphotype duties, she frequently serves as a Spanish translator for our departments and people "que no hablan Espanol."



"ER-AH-AHEM"

Those definitely are not the words with which to begin a speech, according to Grace Wesson (above) of Head Office Comptrollers. And Grace speaks with considerable authority, having just received a handsome trophy for excellence as a toastmistress and public speaker.

Although she has been a member of International Toastmistress Clubs for only a few weeks, Grace proved adept at the techniques of oratory and, on her third attempt, was judged the best six-minute speaker in her competing group. The club members meet weekly for the purpose of improving, through study and practice, their abilities in conversation, speech, group leadership, and critical listening. Each member gives a two-minute speech each week, and once a month is called on for a six-minute oration.

At work Grace is an addressograph operator. The address on your ON TOUR envelope and your identification on each payroll deduction sheet are products of her industry.

CREDIT

Background photographs on Pages 10 and 11 were supplied by the All Year Club of Southern California.



SERVICE BIRTHDAY AWARDS

DECEMBER, 1947

Thirty Years

Brown, Chas. A., Valley Div. Field
Bailey Geo. N., Oleum Refinery Mfg.
McConnell, Geo. R., So. Div. Field
Michel, Max J. Central Territory
Lester, Harry O., L.A. Refinery Mfg.
Paulson, Yancy, Coast Div. Field
Reed, Geo. E., No. Div. Pipe Line
Taylor Vernon H., Oleum Refinery Mfg.

Twenty-Five Years

Bartella, Francis O., L.A. Refinery Mfg.
Boothe, Joseph, So. Div. Field
Church, John L., H.O. Land
Fowler, Robert, So. Div. Field
Francis, Fred, So. Div. Field
Gambetti, Victor, No. Div. Pipe Line
Geithner, Rudolph, Marine-Wilmington
Grinsfelder, Sam, H. O. Executive

Grizzle, Martin E., So. Div. Field
Home, Robert A., Oleum Refinery Mfg.
Jarvis, Anthony Oleum Refinery Mfg.
Jones, Thos. O. M., L.A. Refinery Mfg.
Kies, Roy E., Coast Div. Field
Lowrey, Earl W., Oleum Refinery Mfg.
McCullough, Thos. H., Southwest Ter.
Murphy, Ira E., No. Div. Pipe Line
Myracle, Alson C., So. Div. Field
Pepper, Carl J., Valley Div. Field
Ridenour, Jerry L., So. Div. Field
Slauter, Leslie B., So. Div. Automotive
Tavera, Timoteo, L.A. Refinery Mfg.
Thomas, Elmer C., Research-Wilmington

Twenty Years

Brant, Harold E., So. Div. Field
Garner, Ignacio, No. Div. Pipe Line
Larson, Willard J., H. O. Field.

Marcos, Arthur A., Oleum Refinery Mfg.
Monday, Geo. E., Central Territory
Nelson, Howard M., L.A. Refinery Mfg.
Pires, Antonio L., Oleum Refinery Mfg.
Robinson, Ferdinand, Oleum Refinery
Siqueiros, Ernest, L.A. Refinery Mfg.
Van Ness, Elise, H. O. Comptrollers

Fifteen Years

Jenkins, Vance N., Research-Wilmington
Kapin, George, Research-Wilmington
Thompson, Wm. O., Northwest Ter.

Ten Years

Hanes, Russell D., H. O. Exploration
Newman, Lawrence, Central Territory
Smith, Harry A., Oleum Refinery Mfg.
Snodgrass, Raymond O., Northwest Ter.
Weidenhammer, Harlan, Marine.

In my opinion ...



Mr. Reese H. Taylor,
President Union Oil Co.,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:

Please accept my appreciation of your article as appeared in The United States News.

If more executives would take the trouble to enlighten the general public relative to business conditions of today compared with past years, all would have more confidence, tolerance and patience. I am a stockholder in your company to the extent of one hundred shares as I am preparing for a well earned retirement after working forty-six years as a machinist.

Your last dividend check was indeed a pleasant and agreeable surprise.

I have persuaded numerous of my friends to use 7600 and they like myself, after using it, are satisfied with no other kind.

Very truly yours,
A. C. McKeehan

Editor's note: Mr. McKeehan refers to Mr. Taylor's article, "PROFITS, TOO, ARE LOSING PURCHASING POWER," which appeared in the October 10 issue of The United States News.

Office of the Editor
617 West 7th Street
Los Angeles 14, California

Dear Sir:

Oooh! What those boys in the psychology lab back rooms say about the mice that are afraid to sign their names to letters! Technically, they fall in the same clinical category as anonymous letter writers. I refer you to the Big Four of the loopy-coop cliché for verification: Addler, Meninger, Kraeplin, and Rosanoff. And of course that old master, Freud.

A slap on the wrist to your "In My Opinion" editor. The unsigned letters should be of no significance and therefore not given space. So let's quit playing "Guess Who." The mind that hides behind anonymity is valueless—ergo—so are his opinions.

Aren't we devils?

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) Charles L. Young

Management's Greatest Challenge

(cont. from page 5)

This whole field of communications is one in which we've hardly scratched the surface. And the same thing goes for the field of plant practices.

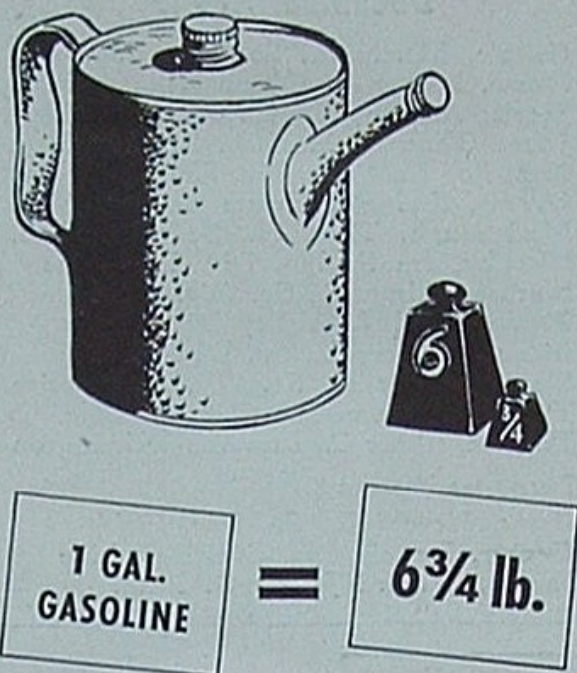
Obviously, ways and means of accomplishing all that there is to be done in both fields is going to take considerable working out. But I sincerely believe that this generation of management will have to work them out.

For this challenge we are facing is no little thing. We are either going to have to conquer it, or it is very apt to conquer us.

What's the cheapest thing you'll buy this week?



1. Prices vary, of course, throughout the country, but if you take Los Angeles as an example, you'll pay 10½¢ a lb. for flour. Potatoes, your cheapest vegetable, will cost at least 5¢ a lb; sugar, 9¢; table salt, 6¢; bread, 22¢; and meat—from 42¢ a lb. on up. A \$45 man's suit will cost you about \$11 a lb; a \$6 pair of shoes about \$3.



2. But regular grade gasoline, exclusive of tax, will cost you just 2½¢ to 2¾¢ per lb. depending on where you live. Pound for pound, that makes gasoline just about the cheapest commodity in daily use in America. To give you some idea *how cheap*, let's suppose it were possible to mail a pound from Los Angeles to Seattle.

	State Price	Fed. Tax	Total
New York	17.9	4 1/2	23.4
Seattle	16.7	5 1/2	23.2
Los Angeles	15.6	4 1/2	21.6
Chicago	16.8	3 1/2	21.3
Atlanta	17.5	6 1/2	25.0



3. The U. S. Post Office would charge you 17¢ just for taking it up there. But Union Oil will pump crude from a mile or two below ground; pipe that crude several miles to their refinery; process it into 76 Gasoline; ship it 1,349 miles by tanker to Seattle; deliver it by truck to your neighborhood station; and *sell* it to you for 2.6¢ per lb., less tax.

GASOLINE PRICES IN MAJOR CITIES

(On or about Jan. 10, 1939)

Berlin . . .	59¢	London . . .	31¢
Bombay . . .	30¢	Paris . . .	30¢
Istanbul . . .	45¢	Prague . . .	41¢
Lisbon . . .	42¢	Rome . . .	81¢



4. Does that mean that gasoline is just naturally cheap? No, the average retail price of U. S. gasoline 25 years ago was *twice* what it is today.* And the quality since then has been immensely improved. Furthermore, gasoline prices in other countries of the world in 1939—when conditions were normal—were *two to four* times higher than U.S. prices *today*.

*Probably 4 times considering the low purchasing power of today's dollar.



5. What it does prove is the value of *competition*. Competition has kept the American oil companies striving *constantly* for ways to improve products and cut costs. For in a competitive business that's the only way *you can get more customers*. Where an oil industry has been controlled by the government, this hasn't happened.



6. For there's not much incentive to go after more customers *when you already have them all*. But our American incentive system offers a reward in the form of more business or more wages to anyone who can do a better job. This incentive explains why the rest of the world's oil industries have been so far outstripped by our own.

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This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

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