



The L. P. St. Clair heads toward the Bering Sea



Oil is barged ashore at Nome

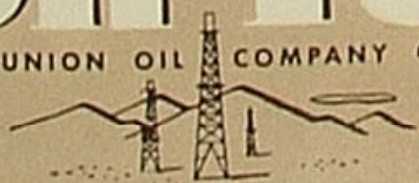


A far north reception committee

TANKSHIP VOYAGE TO NOME

On Tour

WITH UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



SEPTEMBER 1954



Eskimo salmon catch at Nome

On Tour



Volume 16, Number 8

SEPTEMBER 1954

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"ON TOUR",

pronounced "on tower," is an all field expression meaning "on duty." Our magazine by that title is published monthly by Union Oil Company of California for the purposes (1) of keeping Union Oil people informed regarding their Company's operations and progress, and (2) of recognizing and encouraging the fine accomplishments of employee groups and individuals. We invite communications from our employee readers, whose thoughts, interests and opinions are carefully weighed in determining editorial policy. Address correspondence to ON TOUR, Union Oil Building, 617 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles 17, Calif.

T. D. Collett, Editor
R. C. Hagen, Assistant Editor

TAN

Captain Austin Tomter



The L. P. ST. CLAIR turns to begin her 797th voyage



TANKSHIP VOYAGE TO NOME



A bank of fog envelopes Golden Gate Bridge



The ocean has become a vast panorama of turbulence

THERE'S no fuss or fanfare about a tankship departure, even though you're starting on a 2,500 mile voyage to Nome. Men simply disconnect the last cargo hose and hoist up the gangplank. Tugs with rope-padded bows move alongside to ease the big steel hull and its cargo of oil seaward. Mooring lines slacken one by one, drop from their loop-hold on the wharf, and are swiftly winched aboard. When the last line is freed, the L. P. ST. CLAIR backs and turns to begin her 797th voyage. A few oil-stained gloves are raised in farewell salute, but the sendoff seems subdued. For the few pensive faces ashore who seem to wish they were going, there's probably an equal number aboard who wish they were staying home.

One of the first things you sense about a tankship in motion is her quietness. She slips through the calm waters of San Francisco Bay without noise or vibration. Deck hands, stowing gear and tidying the decks, work almost inaudibly. Officers on the bridge move in and

out of the wheelhouse nervously, but soft-spoken and with quiet step. Even the ship's temporary escort of a dozen seagulls contributes not a sound. But as the vessel gathers speed you sense a low hum of wind in the rigging, and the ocean's brine renews its ageless whispering campaign against trespassers. Within hours you'll hear this gentle symphony mount to a tempestuous crescendo.

The weather, always a foremost concern of the seaman, can't seem to make up its mind. As Oleum Refinery begins to melt into the morning's haze, you turn toward a promise of cloudless skies and blue water. Your hopes subside within an hour. Dead ahead, down Raccoon Strait, you see a bank of fog enveloping all except the northern tower of Golden Gate Bridge. Within minutes the day turns from bright and warm to dull and chill. You go below to the chartroom where, opposite the date of June 22, 1954, one of the mates is making a noon recording in the ship's log. It reads

air temperature 59 degrees, sea temperature 66 degrees, distance traveled 22 miles.

It was a bank of fog that concealed San Francisco Bay from Explorer Drake and his contemporaries centuries ago. Today, Captain Austin Tomter of the ST. CLAIR is concerned with fog but undaunted. He keeps vigil before the ship's radar screen. With a type of vision Drake hardly imagined, he penetrates the mist to locate eight channel marker buoys, and reports the passing a half-mile to port of three ships steaming toward San Francisco. Reaching the final marker buoy, he orders the ship turned a few points northwest, then asks smilingly in your direction, "How about some lunch?"

Fog or no fog, there's only one route to the tankship's galley—a sky-roofed catwalk elevated some 10 feet above the valves and piping of the cargo deck. At least half a dozen times a day you'll negotiate this most inviting of ocean-going walks, sometimes moving on the



Officers' mess



Crew's mess



First Mate William Thompson

Helmsman John Mikkelson



Radio Operator Stanley Boman



Chief Engineer William Jones



double to escape cold winds or wave-tossed spray. You pull open a heavy steel door aft, move through a warmer passageway, and turn left at a doorway labeled "Officers Mess." The crew dine nearby at tables equally clean and inviting, but everybody aboard feasts at the grace of the same cooks, same galley, same ship's fare.

Gone forever are the scurvy days of the old sailing ships. You order your meals from a menu like a gourmet, even indicating how you prefer the food cooked. A wide variety of fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and healthful beverages are served throughout the voyage. Second helpings are available for the asking. Desserts are delicious and fattening. The messman who waits on your table is considerate and

overly generous. Between meals, coffee is brought to various stations on the ship; or you can go aft at will and raid the refrigerator. Few men dine better than the modern seaman.

Introductions are capably handled by Captain Tomter as one by one the diners take their customary places at the officers' long table. Facing the Captain from the table's far end is Chief Engineer William Jones, whom you'll address henceforward simply as "Chief." Seated near him are his First Assistant Herbert Kampe, Second Assistant Clarence Andrews, and Third Assistants Swanzy Leavelle and Joe Wattam. Next in relays you meet First Mate William Thompson, Second Mate Jack Walters, Third Mate Robert Hansen, Steward Albert

Fischer, and Radio Operator John Boman whom everybody addresses as "Sparks." Across from you sits Captain Robert Kamdron, Alaskan pilot. All of these men you'll come to know quite intimately during the voyage to Nome.

Lunch concluded all too heartily, you follow Captain Tomter and Pilot Kamdron back toward the bridge. The fog bank has dropped behind, but there's a freshening wind, a choppy sea and a heavy swell. Waves begin to spray over the bow. By late afternoon, seas sweep across the cargo deck and the ocean has become a vast panorama of turbulence. Head winds slow the ship to two-thirds of her normal 13-knot speed. In such weather most landlubbers get seasick, and even seasoned officers occasionally confess to feeling gray.

Two nights and a day later, you toss the druggist's seasickness pills out the porthole, take a hot shower, and report for breakfast. While eating, you hear that the ship is now four hours behind its sailing schedule, but the wind has shifted to the southeast and is now helping to push the cargo along at better than 13 knots. A breakfast of tomato juice, toast and poached eggs proves quite palatable. Your hatch stays battened. You've got your sea legs!

On the bridge after breakfast, First Mate Thompson explains how a tankship is manned:

Master of the vessel, and directly responsible for its operation, navigation, maintenance and cargo, is the Captain. He doesn't *stand a watch*, except perhaps during un-

usual emergencies, but is on call 24 hours a day. His duties generally are to chart the ship's course; actively command the bridge while entering or leaving port; remain in personal charge of the bridge when weather or other conditions make sailing hazardous; supervise the handling of cargo and ship's stores; and attend to the needs and welfare of all personnel aboard. A considerable part of his *cabin* time is spent in handling paper work—payrolls, cargo manifests, reports, supply lists, and so on. His predominant worry at the moment, you understand, is to make up the four hours' headway lost because of yesterday's "very heavy northwesterly sea and swell."

The 24-hour day aboard a tankship is divided into six *watches* of four hours each. Most men aboard work four hours on and eight hours off. The First Mate, for example, stands two watches daily—4 a.m. to 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. The Third Mate relieves the First at 8 o'clock twice daily and, in turn, is relieved by the Second Mate at both 12 o'clocks.

With one of the Mates always in the wheelhouse or chartroom serving as officer and navigator, steering becomes a matter largely of keeping the gyro-compass needle pointed toward a prescribed number on its 360-degree circumference. Change of direction is ordered vocally by the Mate and, on sustained runs, is chalked up on the wheelhouse blackboard. A *helmsman* from the crew is always at the wheel to carry out navigational commands

or check the behavior of mechanisms that steer the ship automatically. Two other seaman are assigned to the bridge on each watch—a *lookout* to man the bow during thick weather, and a *standby* to perform various services as directed by the Mate.

Aft in the engine room are a supervising Assistant Engineer, a *fireman-watertender*, an *oiler* and a *wiper*. Their function of maintaining a full head of steam and keeping the ship's propeller turning at speeds prescribed through signals telegraphed from the bridge, calls for a thorough mastery of machinery maintenance and repair. Oftentimes damaged machine parts are manufactured at sea with the skills and tools of the engine room.

So, to keep a tankship moving round the clock, requires at least eight men per watch, 24 men per day. In addition the vessel has a *bos'n* and three *maintenance men* to keep all deck equipment secure and shipshape; six men to assist the Steward with culinary and housekeeping duties; a radio operator; an apprentice seaman making his first voyage—42 men including officers and crew.

Forty-third man on the job this voyage is the Alaskan pilot, whose reputation for seamanship, humor and sagacity is becoming legendary on Union Oil's Alaskan bound tankers. You find him with wool skull cap, glasses and a cigar, peering thoughtfully over the bow.

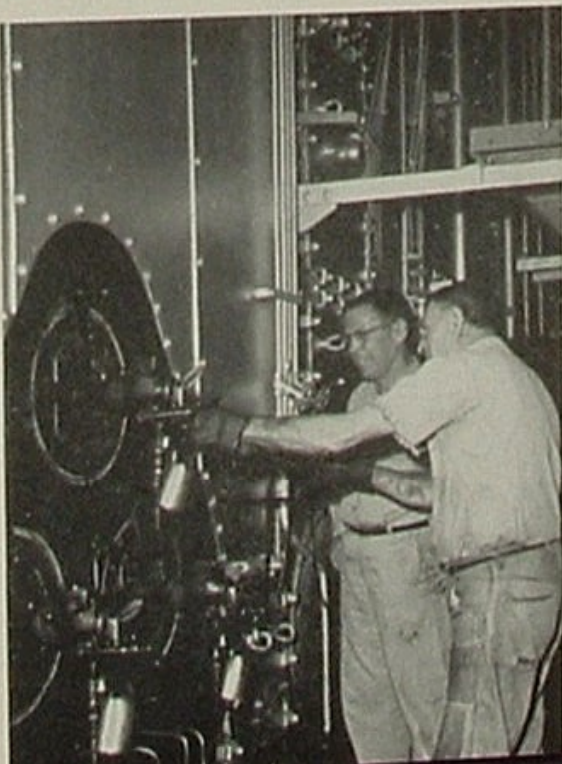
Mention Communism and you've triggered Captain Robert Kamdron's conversation, which he can carry on

In Engine Department:

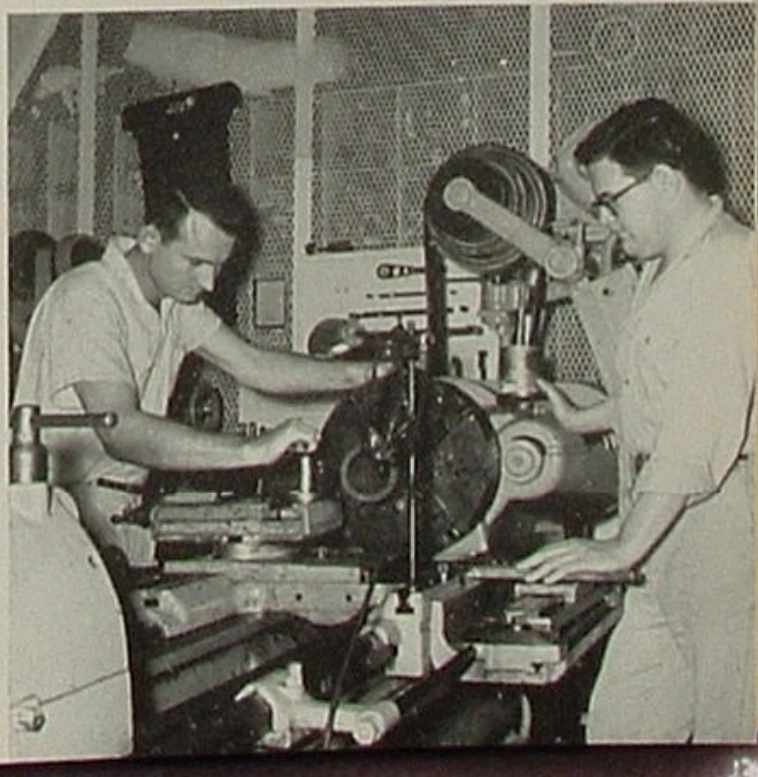
First Assistant Herbert Kampe
and Oiler Pete Bautista



Second Assistant Clarence Andrews
and Fireman George Scott



Third Assistants Swanzy Leavelle
and Joseph Wattam, Jr.



fluently in Estonian, Russian, Latvian or English. He was born under the Russian flag in Estonia—attended Russian navigation schools—after several years of experience on other European ships, sailed on a Russian mine-sweeper to the Asian port of Vladivostok—entered partnership with a young mining engineer and helped discover rich gold deposits where the Kolima River enters the Sea of Okhotsk—married the prettiest Russian girl in Vladivostok and fathered two children—became the owner of three schooners—then in 1922 watched the Red revolution suck up every vestige of Siberia's private enterprise. Avoiding certain imprisonment, Kamdron fled with his family aboard their only remaining schooner to Korea; sold the boat to Japanese interests; and migrated to Seattle.

Uncle Sam merely asked the ex-Russian what he was capable of doing, then pointed toward the North Pacific Ocean. Kamdron got one of his first jobs at Seattle because nobody else applied for it—that of captaining an overloaded, unseaworthy supply ship bound for the salmon fisheries of Alaska. He amazed quite a few *salts* by delivering the cargo and bringing the ship back. Following four years in the fishing trade, he joined a U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey party and for three years helped map the waters of Unimak Pass and the Bering Sea. Then for four years the whaling industry had need of his services to pilot their ships toward the Arctic Ocean. When war appeared imminent, Uncle Sam came

As a faint glimpse of sun appears, two mates grab for their sextants



knocking at this adopted nephew's door. Kamdron took the first contingent of U. S. Marines to Dutch Harbor in 1940, and, immediately after Pearl Harbor, guided the first shipload of airfield equipment to unexplored Chernovski Bay, 90 miles west of Dutch Harbor. He advised Uncle Sam against attacking Japan from the north, and Uncle Sam listened.

But the experience he chuckles about most was that of piloting lend-lease ships to the Russians. Between Seattle and Dutch Harbor, he'd needle Red crews about the empty promises of their political philosophy. He'd say, "Where in the world can you find such grasping dictators as Hitler, Mussolini and your beloved Stalin—absolute monarchs over their own people and greedy to rule everybody? And where do you find the proletariat free to work and to spend and to talk and to vote as they choose? Only in America! In Moscow you only brag of revolution, install another five-year plan, and dream of democracy. In America the revolution is over and forgotten; no five-year plan is necessary; democracy thrives like wheat in a field. The American worker has a 50-year headstart on you fellows!"

Commies of course always fought back in defense of Marxism and its leaders. Frequently they were obliged to argue, particularly in the presence of certain note-taking members of Red thought-police. But on leaving a lend-lease ship at Dutch Harbor, Pilot Kamdron would sense in a handclasp or word of farewell that many of his listeners had mimicked antagonism in order to feast longer on his reports of real freedom. He believes that Communism, being its own worst enemy, will disintegrate from within.

You learn such intimate details about a man's life from dozens of shipboard conversations. During the Captain's "social hour" between four and five each afternoon—at mess—on the bridge—in the privacy of the ship's immaculate cabins—there is little else to do but re-live the past and speculate on the future.

Your shipmates, you find, are solid, sea-faring men. Captain Tomter, born in Oslo, Norway, put to sea at 17 on a three-masted bark



Captain Robert Kamdron, pilot

in preference to accepting the security of a peacetime military career. He came to America and a West Coast fishing fleet in 1922; joined Union Oil as an able bodied seaman in 1929; and has remained aboard, becoming Third Mate in 1932 and Master in 1941. Most of the other officers relate long and interesting experience though fewer years at sea.

While you eat, sleep, pace the ship, and *shoot the breeze*, the ST. CLAIR steadily unreels her long ribbon of wake—a total of 271 miles the first day, 566 the second, 888 the third, 1205 the fourth, and 1523 the fifth. Tomorrow midnight you'll go through Unimak Pass in the Aleutian Chain and enter Bering Sea.

Since leaving San Francisco there have been a few changes. Heavy swells have subsided and the Captain has overcome his four-hour deficit. Sea temperatures have declined steadily to 48 degrees. Air temperatures, once up to a comfortable 66, have moved down the scale to 48. The nights are noticeably shorter and lighter.

Not a single ship have you sighted on the long, circuitous route toward Unimak Pass. Nor except for a following of several scavenging gony birds has there been any evidence of marine life. But now as you near the Aleutians there are reports of whales spouting. You finally sight one of the jets off to starboard, see

a broad back rise beneath it, and can't restrain a "Thar she blows!" Thereafter for a day whales—humpbacks, blues and killers—are a common sight, singly and in groups, spouting, rising, and showing their flukes at the beginning of a deep dive. Their feed, principally schools of shrimp in the Northern Pacific, also attracts great flocks of whale birds, which rise in thousands at the ship's near approach. The North's sea parrots with their crimson beaks become numerous and, toward evening as the ocean quiets to its greatest calm of the voyage, you exchange glances with hundreds of cavorting fur seals. Kamdron, standing beside you, reflects upon the wisdom of the Eskimos who for centuries have lived plentifully and peacefully on the wealth found in Arctic waters.

As a faint glimpse of sun appears through the evening overcast, two mates grab for their sextants and check the ship's position. Soon both report that Sanak Island ought to be about 40 miles off the starboard bow. Simultaneously a streak of white begins alternately to glow and fade on the keen-visioned radar screen. Captain Tomter and Pilot Kamdron agree that the ship is within a half-mile of its charted course and exactly on schedule.

Unimak Pass, a favorite roadway of ships through the Aleutians, proves to be a scenic disappointment at midnight. Hidden by fog, Unimak, Ugamak, Tigaldi, Akun and Akutan Islands fail to relieve eight day's steady diet of seascape. Hidden also next day are the Pribilofs, U. S. government sanctuary of several million fur seals. But St. Lawrence Island on the last evening out looms clear, close, snow-splotted and forbidding. It was discovered for Peter the Great of Russia by Danish Captain Vitus Bering in 1728. Its hardy band of Eskimos, all U. S. citizens, are 40 miles from Siberia, 118 miles from the nearest point in Alaska.

Adjusting her bow a few compass points for the final push to Nome, the ST. CLAIR steams northeastward, intent on arriving at 6 a.m. of the ninth day. Your sleep is restless, due in part to the four short hours of June twilight which at this latitude substitutes for night, but in



The ST. CLAIR steadily unreels her long ribbon of wake.

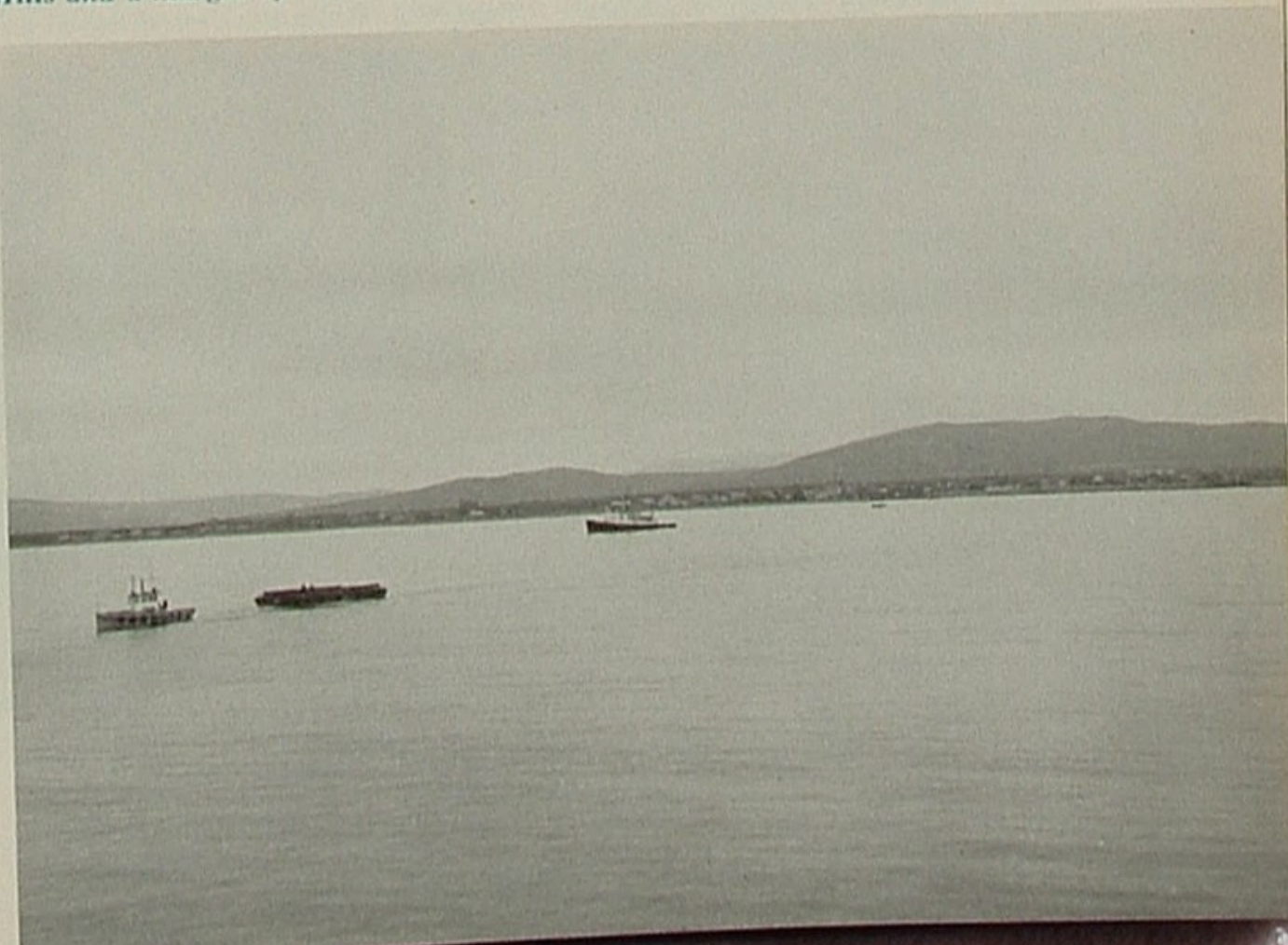
greater part to the anticipation of landing.

Up at 5 a.m., you join the Mate, the Pilot and the *helmsman* on the bridge. The Captain is only a cup of coffee behind you.

Sure enough, a long irregular land shadow darkens the horizon. The profile of an anchored ship can be seen through binoculars. Smooth, unforested hills emerge gradually from the mist. An unspectacular

margin of buildings slowly rises along the shore. Six months out of the year, here just below the Arctic Circle, you can traverse the Bering Sea on ice. Now all that remains of winter are patches of snow on the higher hills. Nevertheless, the *look-out* at the bow wears a parka. The ship's latest log entry reads sea temperature 44 degrees, air temperature 41, distance from Oleum 2482 miles. This is Nome!

Hills and a margin of buildings slowly rise along the shore. This is Nome!





Union Diesol brought to Nome by tankship starts ashore by barge. It is used by the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Co. to generate electricity.

HOW BLACK GOLD IS *Mining Yellow Gold*

FROM NOME'S
PERMAFROST DEPOSITS

NOME is one of the few towns in America whose assets and deficiencies are frankly publicized together by the local chamber of commerce. These forthright people advise you that homesteading and farming in the area are not practical. There are no factories or logging. There is no harbor; all ocean-transported freight and passengers have to be lightered ashore. With the ending of lend-lease air traffic to Russia by the military, new construction came to a halt. Housing is limited. There is no commercial fishing. You can't even reach Nome except by airplane or, during the ice-free months from July to October, by ocean freighter.

Then on what do the town's 1,800 people depend for a living? Gold! Ever since Jafet Lindeberg and his associates discovered placer gold on Nome's Anvil Creek in 1898, the area's ebb and flow of population has closely paralleled its production of the precious metal. A rip-roaring tent city of 10,000 mushroomed here in the feverish rush of the early 1900's. But the rush swiftly rebounded when prospectors sampled the stinging cold, the permafrost, the scarcity of water for placer mining, the high cost of obtaining supplies, and the hard labor required to produce *pay dirt*. As usual during the gold rush, only the skillful, the persevering and the re-

Company lubricants in barrels serve dredges and other mining machines.

Mate Hansen, W. H. Cameron and Capt. Otto Weidemann check oil cargo.

Nome's Snake River affords a channel and quiet anchorage for unloading.



sourceful shared in the big polk of wealth mined here up to 1910.

Eventually even the hardest sourdough miners began abandoning these Alaska diggings, believing most of the pay streak already cast into bullion. Nome might have become another ghost town. But then came mining engineers, mechanization—the dredges. They envisioned, in addition to Nome's 75 million dollars worth of gold so far mined, an estimated six billion dollars worth sealed here in cold storage.

Today, gold mining at Nome is a calm, orderly, cooperative and scientific operation conducted largely by one company—the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company. They also are foremost producers in similar dredging operations at Fairbanks, several hundred miles inland.

Geologists explain that gold was originally loosened from the mineralized land mass of western Alaska by erosion. Then the sea, encroaching upon eroded land deposits, served as a gigantic sluice box, washing away huge amounts of lighter earth and concentrating the heavy gold by surf action along a series of beaches. It was along the present beach that prospectors found panning quite profitable 50 years ago; and even today a panner can make modest wages near the shore. However, principal mining effort is

directed toward three ancient beaches lying $1\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from shore, the furthest being about 80 feet above present sea level. All of these old beaches, with their comparatively high concentration of gold, rest upon bedrock and under deposits of gravel, stones and muck from 40 to 100 feet in depth. This entire layer of mixed gravel and gold has remained frozen solid for thousands of years in the North's permafrost.

U. S. Smelting, who began acquiring Nome mining properties in 1923, are exploiting the ancient beaches through scientific prospecting, large-scale thawing operations, and thoroughly mechanized dredging.

The initial step after acquiring mineral rights through purchase or lease is to test the ground for gold content. Holes are drilled to bedrock in prospective areas, and the excavated material or core is carefully analyzed to determine its mineral content. Thus an area is mapped for future dredging.

The frozen ground then must be thawed to bedrock. This is initiated by driving pipe, called *thaw points*, into the ground. Three-quarter-inch pipes with chisel bits attached are driven by hand to depths of 50 feet or less, at rates varying from 5 to 15 feet per manhour. For depths below 50 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pipe with open end is set in churn-drill holes.



Arctic ground, frozen to bedrock, must be thawed before dredging begins.

Below, at Fairbanks water is used to wash away 100-ft. overburden of muck.

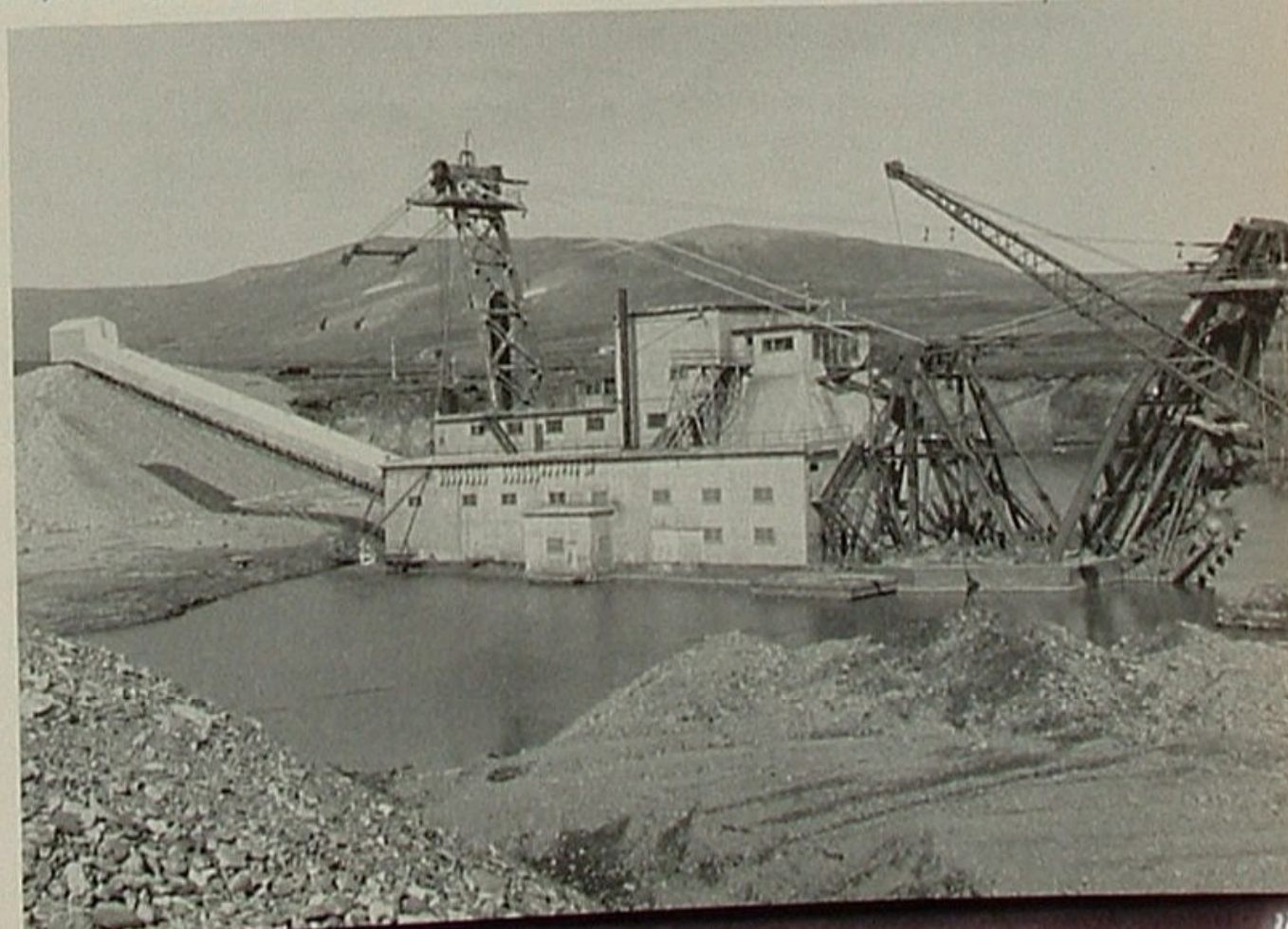


Engineer and Manager of U. S. Smelting at Nome is W. A. Glavinovich.



ON TOUR

Floating above thawed pay dirt, one of U.S. Smelting's largest dredges digs gravel 93 feet deep, and through screening and washing extracts its content of free gold.





Nome's main street in July differs very little from one you might find in Wyoming except roads end a few miles out.

Some 17 billion gallons of water required annually for thawing is brought through a 110-mile system of ditches, hydraulic pipe and pump stations. Entering the thaw points through hoses, and at temperatures only a few degrees above freezing, water effectively thaws the ground in from one to several seasons, depending upon depths and gravel characteristics. Once thawed, the ground remains in that condition indefinitely except for a surface layer that alternately freezes and thaws in winter and summer.

The overburden of surface soil called *muck*—which at Fairbanks dredging sites has accumulated to over 100 feet in thickness and is washed away by powerful hydraulic streams—presents no comparable problem at Nome. Generally, a bulldozer or dragline can strip away the overburden here.

Four dredges, one of them said to be the world's second largest, are normally operated by U.S. Smelting in their Nome Department. These, with a daily capacity of 8,000 cubic yards each, dig the thawed gravel from maximum depths of 40 to 93 feet. Digging and lifting the gravel by means of an endless chain of steel buckets, these floating mills simply sift the entire ore body, disgorging rocks and gravel on a tailings pile while slowly collecting the heavier particles of free gold in the riffles or depressions of corrugated tables over which the finer screen-

ings of ore pass. At intervals of 10 days or two weeks, the dredges pause for *cleanup*, this is, the removal of gold, amalgam and concentrate from the tables. Later in a retort house, the metal is milled, cleaned, retorted, melted and cast into bars. All bullion is shipped to the United States Mint, whose fixed-by-law price of 35 dollars an ounce during the past 15 years of rising costs in nearly all other commodities and fields, has made gold mining increasingly less attractive.

Very probably if it weren't for *black gold*, there would be no mining at Nome. The L. P. ST CLAIR's cargo of petroleum you accompanied through the Bering Sea was consigned entirely to U. S. Smelting. The 65,000 barrels of Union Diesel barged ashore represents a two years' supply of fuel for the mining company's power plant. Electricity generated by 11 diesel engines in this plant is transmitted through insulated cables to run the dredges, the pump stations and other field installations. Several thousand barrels of Union Stove Oil and Kerosene will help modify Nome's next two winters. Six hundred drums of Triton, Unitec and Unoba Grease went ashore to lubricate the numerous mining machines. Without oil there would be no economic justification for continuing this Arctic enterprise, for only petroleum-powered machinery can successfully mine the ancient gold beaches of Nome.

ESKIMOS?

Yes, this is Eskimo country. Well over half the population of Nome is comprised of these interesting people whose freedom-loving ancestors mastered the Arctic. You find them manning the barges, driving the *thaw points*, tending the mine's dredges and ditches, driving trucks and tractors. In town their wives and children keep house, do the shopping, work in some of the stores and offices, and generally behave like townspeople America-over. The school superintendent, who invites you out to Nome River for an evening of salmon fishing, relates that his Eskimo pupils are equally as studious and intelligent as—and perhaps better disciplined than—their blonde cousins.

However, something of the old life remains. It is salmon season, and racks behind some of the homes support a winter's supply of the drying fish. Fur parkas are in evidence in July—largely, you suspect, as a convenience for carrying chubby Eskimo babies piggy-back. Large oomiaks—walrus-skin boats—are turned bottoms up on the beach, evidence that the rugged King Island Eskimos are in town to sell ivory souvenirs and celebrate the Fourth. Dogs of evident Husky pedigree roam the streets.

This is Nome—city of few other resources than gold and a hospitable, happy, enterprising people!



Townpeople predominantly Eskimos, do most of their hunting and fishing these days in Nome's local stores; however, many an



Eskimo backyard displays racks of drying salmon—plus plenty of hearty young appetites.



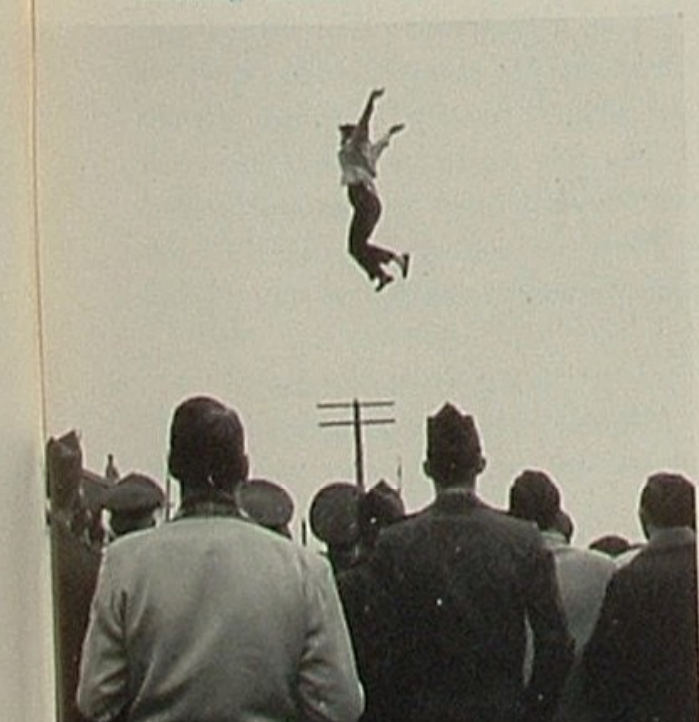
King Islanders are in town during July to make ivory and skin souvenirs for



tourists; and to celebrate the Fourth of July by performing Eskimo dances in which, surprisingly, some of the older men and women are talented performers.

The blanket toss also survives as a thrilling Eskimo and U. S. Military

sport; but a glance at one of the youthful groups celebrating in Nome reflects deep changes being made in the pastimes, dress and culture of the Far North.



DIRECTOR HERBERT HOOVER, JR.

APPOINTED UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE

DURING August, Herbert Hoover, Jr., member of Union Oil's Board of Directors and chairman of the Board of United Geophysical Company, was nominated to one of the highest executive offices of the United States—that of Under-Secretary of State, reporting to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. On August 18, the United States Senate confirmed the appointment by unanimous vote. Succeeding Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, the new Under-Secretary will function as acting Secretary of State during any absence of Mr. Dulles.

Mr. Hoover's selection, following by less than a year the appointment of Union Oil's former director Herman Phleger as legal advisor to Mr. Dulles, pays further high compliment to the caliber of men found in this Company. In both instances the appointees have made great personal sacrifices in order to better serve this nation.

Named for his father, 31st President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, Jr. was born in London, England on August 4, 1903. He followed somewhat in his father's engineering footsteps, graduating with a major in mining engineering from Stanford University in 1925 and from Harvard University in 1928. He was a member of the research staff of Harvard Business School in 1928; communications engineer for Western Air Express from 1929 to 1931; similarly employed by Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc. from 1931 to 1934; and held

a teaching fellowship at the California Institute of Technology in 1934-35.

The United Geophysical Company, until recently a subsidiary of Union Oil Company, was organized by Mr. Hoover in 1935. He served as its president until 1952, and since has been chairman of its Board. He also organized the Consolidated Engineering Company and was its president from 1936 to 1946.

Serving as a consultant to the governments of Venezuela, Chile, Brazil and Peru since 1940, Mr. Hoover earned some of the highest commendations of those countries. He received the Order of Bolivar from Venezuela in 1943; the Order "Al Merito Bernardo O'Higgins" from Chile in 1948; and the Order of Merit from Peru in 1953. Undoubtedly one of his greatest services in the cause of international understanding and peace occurred during the past year when, as a special consultant to the State Department, he took a leading part in the peaceful settlement of the British-Iranian oil dispute.

In severing all active relationships with Union Oil and United Geophysical as a voluntary gesture of complete dedication to the new office, Mr. Hoover expressed his sincere reluctance to interrupt the many pleasant associations with Union Oil people. And in his own words, "You may enlarge upon that sentiment without any danger of overstatement."

August 24, 1954

Mr. Reese H. Taylor, President

Dear Reese:

It is with the deepest regret that I find it necessary to sever my connections with the Union Oil Company in order to undertake my coming responsibilities in the Department of State.

I had looked forward to a pleasant and constructive relationship with the Company for many years to come, and it is therefore with the greatest sense of personal loss that I find it necessary to take this action. I would appreciate your giving my warmest regards and best wishes for continued success to the Directors and Officers of the Company, and to my many former associates within the organization.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Herbert Hoover, Jr.



Supreme Sacrifice

THE following citation may bring posthumously to First Lieutenant Harry P. Corder the Distinguished Flying Cross. A member of our Research staff at Brea, California, he died while on an Air Force Reserve training mission:

"First Lieutenant Harry P. Corder, A0930629, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism which cost him his life while participating in aerial flight on August 14, 1954, in the vicinity of Long Beach Municipal Airport, Long Beach, California. While flying as pilot of an F-80 aircraft returning from a training mission conducted by the 728th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron, 452nd Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, then engaged in active duty, Lieutenant Corder reported to the control tower that he was having difficulty with the hydraulic system and asked for permission to make his initial approach. Fire broke out and he then lost contact with the tower. Realizing that a crash was imminent and that there was grave danger of his aircraft crashing into nearby thickly populated residential and industrial areas, Lieutenant Corder apparently chose to sacrifice his own life in a successful attempt to guide his burning aircraft into a dairy lot some five miles northeast of his base. In placing his own safety second to that of the residents of the city below him, Lieutenant Corder displayed heroism and a



devotion to duty that reflect the highest credit to himself and the United States Air Force."

Medals for Heroism

Bobbie L. Phippen and James H. Burchett of our Los Angeles Refinery were the recipients on July 28 of gold medals and "Meritorious Safety Awards" presented by the American Petroleum Institute. The presentation was made at a luncheon ceremony attended by the two honored guests and a number of Company supervisors and officials. Briefly, these are the circumstances which brought both men their deserved recognition:

On leaving Los Angeles Refinery last November 10, a tank truck became involved in a fire. Flames soon enveloped the truck and its immediate surroundings. Phippen and Burchett, who were working nearby, sensed that the driver must be trapped somewhere within the flaming area. They braved the fire and radiant heat and found the driver lying unconscious on the ground.

Smothering the fire on the victim's clothing, they carried him into a safe area and administered First Aid pending the arrival of an ambulance. Although the driver later succumbed in a hospital, the rescuers greatly increased his chances of survival at risk to their own safety and welfare.



GIRLS COMPLETE "FRESHMAN" YEAR

THE Girl's Study Group No. 1 is completing during this month of September its first year of activity since becoming fully organized. Fifty girls in the Los Angeles area joined immediately when the idea was suggested by Barbara Coates, the group's first president. Then, such a large waiting list of members grew that Group No. 2 was formed and has been active now for several months.

Objectives of this organization are highly commendable. They seek (1) a better perspective of Union Oil Company and its operations; (2) a better knowledge of the petroleum industry; and (3) authoritative information through persons in the industry who have first-hand knowledge and a thorough comprehension of various specialized fields. Unlike the Men's Study Groups, who depend largely upon their own membership for speakers, the girls usually invite guest speakers from outside their group.

Meetings are held the second Monday of each month, excepting August and December, from 5:45 to 7:45 p.m. in a Home Office conference room. Occasional field trips are arranged to supplement the table discussions. Mem-

Charter members of Girl's Study Group No. 1 are, facing camera from left, Sylvia Sikes, Grace Brubaker, Florence Becker, Ann Petersen, Marie Farthing, Lu Oelfke, Ann Lannin, Jeanette McIntosh, Lucille Hoffman, Betty Solt, Lorene Peterson, Blanche Kelly, Vivian Ferguson, Eleanor



At the Study Group's head table with guest speaker Lawrence Wolff are, from left, Secretary Gertrude Hagner, Vice Chairman Ruth Crowther and Chairman Barbara Coates.

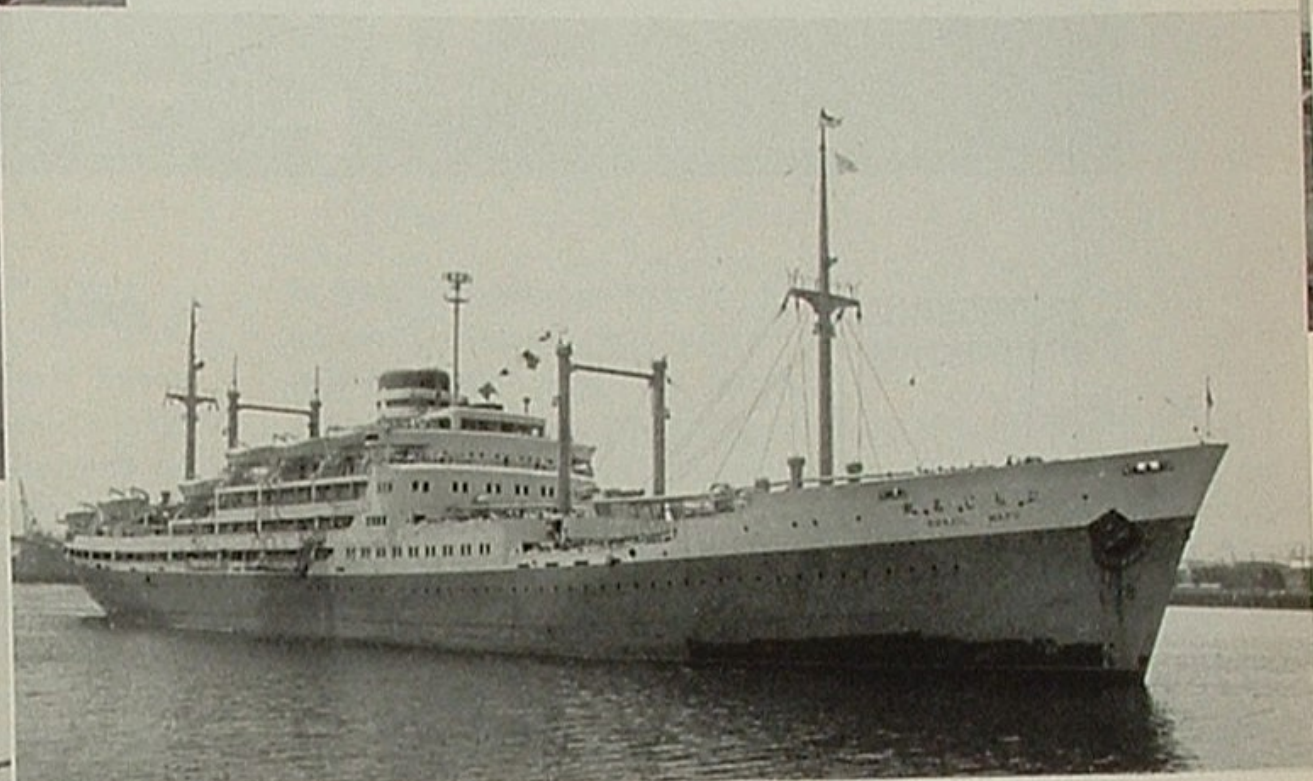
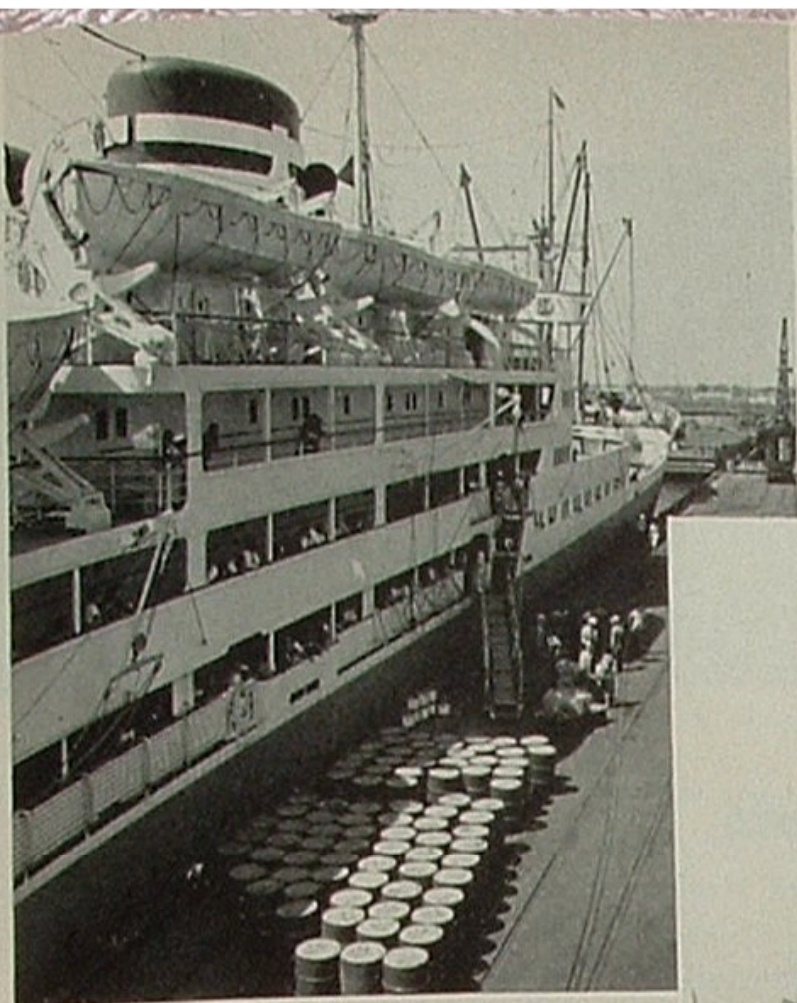
bership is open to all girls employed by Union Oil Company and its subsidiaries. Although the Study Groups of men and women grew through the urge and leadership of the members themselves, the Company has been most helpful and appreciative. Certainly such individual initiative and development today presage a more successful tomorrow—both for the individual and the company.

Murphy, Conny Duval; (below) Annis Tully, Vera Franzen, Isabelle Hill, Viola Kunzler, Rose Pelous, Rita Sork, Alice Roussel, Maxine Powers, Elaine Lawson, Marjorie Gleason, Nancy White, Jean Ivins, Kay Fischer, Margaret Thom, Muriel Kruck and Margaret Radspinner.



Union Oilers Welcome

THE BRAZIL MARU



THE arrival at Los Angeles on August 11 of the M. S. BRAZIL MARU, largest cargo-passenger liner built by the Japanese Merchant Marine since the end of the war, occasioned extraordinary Union Oil interest. Not only did we bunker the vessel, but she is lubricated from stem to stern with Company products, sold direct here or through Maruzen, our distributors, in Japan. Moreover, many Union Oil people were invited aboard for a buffet supper and reception arranged by the ever-courteous Japanese.

Making her maiden voyage, the BRAZIL MARU averaged 16.5 knots and crossed from Kobe to Los Angeles in less than 11 days. She is powered by a set of Mitsubishi Kobe Sulzer Diesel Engines having a normal output of 9,000 BHP. Her beautifully designed hull encloses 400,000 cubic feet of dry cargo space and excellent accommodations for nearly 1,000 passengers.

Significantly, this sleek O. S. K. Line ship has been entered in a Japan-Los Angeles-Panama Canal-South America service. For an indefinite period she will cater principally to Japanese citizens migrating to Brazil in conformity with a Japan-Brazil mutual agreement. Freight services offered on this run are delegated in the Los Angeles area to Williams, Dimond & Co., agents for Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Ltd.

Meeting in the BRAZIL MARU's beautifully decorated lounge are, from left, Y. Tabata and Chief Engineer Y. Aoyama of the O. S. K. Line; Shigeko Furuta and Marlene Hada, pretty Nisei guests from Long Beach; W. Posch of Maruzen Oil Co.; Captain A. Murai; Manager of Export Sales Philip Fell and Vice President A. C. Stewart of Union.





INDUSTRIAL SUMMARY

● INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

In accordance with provisions of the Employees Incentive Plan, the initial transfer of members' contributions was made to the Trustee in the amount of \$120,683. This sum represents the members' contributions for July, 1954, the first month the Plan has been in effect, and averages 4.3% of the members' basic monthly compensation. A total of 5,625 employees, or 74.3% of all those employees now eligible, are currently members of the Plan and are now on their way to becoming part-owners of the business. One of the principal purposes of the Incentive Plan is to encourage outstanding job performance through pride of ownership.

More than 2,400 employees have been given driver tests as part of a Union Oil program to prevent vehicular accidents. The tests indicated approximately 21% of our employees had uncorrected ocular deficiencies, all of whom were advised to have professional examinations.

During 1953, 95,000 Americans lost their lives in accidents.

Of this number, 38,300 were killed in traffic accidents. The cost to the community of each traffic fatality was \$95,000; and motor vehicle accidents destroyed \$1,600,000,000 worth of property. Three out of 10 fatal accidents resulted from speeding.

Home accidents resulted in 28,700 deaths and 4,350,000 injuries—falls being the No. 1 killer.

Accidents in industry accounted for 15,000 deaths and 2,000,000 injuries in 1953.

Obviously, there's room for improvement. Let's drive more safely—work more safely—and practice safety in our homes.

from W. C. Stevenson

● FIELD

The Company is participating in an interesting and profitable venture in the Province of Manitoba, Canada. Several years ago, a checkerboard of leases was acquired in the southwestern part of the Province in partnership with British American Oil Company. Recently production has been proven on a number of the joint leases by exploratory operations conducted by other operators on adjacent lands. During the past year, 25 producing wells have been drilled for the joint account in the Roselea, Daly, and Woodnorth Fields in Manitoba, and additional proven locations will be drilled under the current development program. The present allowable production from our properties is approximately 1,500 barrels of oil per day. The oil, which has a gravity of 35°, is readily marketable. This crude is found in the Mississippian Limestone at depths ranging from 2,200 to 2,600 feet, making the wells inexpensive to drill and operate.

At present, wells located on lands adjoining three other Union Oil-British American leases—two in Manitoba and the other in southeastern Saskatchewan—have been proven productive. Development drilling will undoubtedly lead to an increase in the Company's production from this area.

from Sam Grinsfelder

● MANUFACTURING

With demand increasing for lubricating oils in Southwest Territory, 20,000 barrels of new tank storage will be built at the Los Angeles Refinery Marine Terminal, and 20,000 barrels of existing storage will be re-assigned to lubricating oil service. The increased storage will permit larger and more economical shipments of lubricating oil by tankships from Oleum Refinery.

Our Refineries are now producing 7600 and 76 gasoline to the transitional specifications between summer and winter grades. Union's 7600 and 76 are produced in several gradations of volatility depending upon Pacific

Coast temperature ranges prevailing when and where the products are to be used.

Refinery construction programs, such as the MP-30 improvements now in progress at Oleum Refinery, present many problems besides that of the actual construction. For instance, at the peak of construction, over 1,000 men will be working at Oleum in addition to the normal refinery staff. Such problems as fire and safety, plant security, sanitation, parking and traffic control must be carefully planned for this additional work force to insure the project's successful completion.

from K. L. Kingman

● **MARKETING**

The new homogenizer placed on stream at our Willbridge (Portland) Terminal June 25 is working two shifts a day endeavoring to keep up with oil orders. The blending and canning facilities installed here are supplied with oil stocks by tankship from Oleum Refinery. Distribution of the packaged stocks throughout Northwest Territory is then made at lower cost than was possible when packages were shipped direct from Oleum.

In July, Central Territory completed the first full month of operation of its new lubricating oil transport. Initially, the vehicle served 110 retail units and three marketing stations in the East Bay area. It has six compartments with a total bulk capacity of 1,900 gallons and package-stock space for nine barrels. Gradual expansion of this delivery operation will continue until maximum efficiency is achieved.

The first river barge load of Brea Aqua Ammonia arrived at our Stockton Terminal on August 11.

from Roy Linden

● **PURCHASING**

Our Stationery Warehouse in Los Angeles has just completed the largest distribution of Company printed forms ever made. The recent change to I. B. M. credit card accounting required the distribution of about one-half-million forms to some 450 operating points for further distribution to every service station marketing Union Oil products. The five employees at this warehouse—Ralph Clark, Don Reader, Bill Richardson, Elwin Boice and Hayward Tarpley—also control approximately one thousand varieties of printed forms used in general operations, plus such items as paper clips, stapling machines, rubber bands, carbon paper, etc. The total cost of such office supplies during a normal year is about \$500,000, with mailing costs alone amounting to \$3,500 a year.

from C. S. Perkins

● **TRANSPORTATION & DISTRIBUTION**

One of the busiest fleets of tank cars in Union Oil service is based at our Whittier, Alaska Marine Terminal. Approximately 50 cars operate out of this terminal regularly over the Alaska Railroad delivering products to Fairbanks and intermediate points. The cars average three trips each per month and move over 450,000 barrels per year of gasoline, kerosene, stove oil and diesel fuel.

Pollution of the seas and coasts by oil, and the complex problems involved in the avoidance of this nuisance, were subjects of an International Convention held at London during recent months. Although the United States delegation was not signatory to the convention, the extremely restrictive measures adopted could prove very costly to the domestic oil and shipping industries if similar regulations were to be imposed on United States vessels. In recognition of this problem, there has been established an Industry Panel of the Merchant Marine Council to provide a joint effort by industry and government toward a reasonable solution of the difficulties. Thomas L. Catherwood of Union Oil's Marine Department has been appointed as the Pacific American Tankship Association representative on this Panel and will represent the entire West Coast tanker industry.

from E. L. Hiatt

Union Oil's Marine Terminal at Whittier, Alaska includes the wharf at left with its cluster of tanks and buildings. Tank cars carry our oils from here to interior Alaska.



RESEARCH & PROCESS

Assistant Manager of Research B. T. Anderson served as general chairman of this year's West Coast national meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers held in Los Angeles during the week of August 16. At the same meeting, an important paper on "Multi-Grade Motor Oils for Improved Performance," written by C. C. Moore, W. L. Kent and W. P. Lakin, was presented by the last named of these Union Oil Research people. Master of Ceremonies at the Society's banquet was our J. W. Sinclair, manager of the Automotive Department.

Our newest Unifining licensee, Eastern States Petroleum Company, completed their 3,000 B/D unit in the unusually short time of nine weeks and were fully on stream by August 17. Plant thruput is considerably exceeding design, and a low-sulfur, stable diesel oil is being manufactured from low quality cracked gas oil. Initial on-the-job start-up operations were guided by R. F. Deering and H. F. Poll of the Process Engineering Group. Basic information on Unifining the customer's stock was furnished by the Refining Research Group under the direction of Dr. H. C. Huffman and G. W. Hendricks.

from C. E. Swift



Prominent at this year's meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers were, above from left, Union Oilers D. R. Mabon, Dr. W. E. Bradley, Frank Ott, Vaughn Connolly, W. P. Lakin, C. B. Frain and W. A. S. Wright. At right, Assistant Manager of Research B. T. Anderson is shown in action as General Chairman of the meeting, between J. W. Sinclair, left, of Union Oil Company and M. E. Russell, right, of the Ethyl Corporation.

KILLED THROUGH KINDNESS

from "Petroleum World"

On making application for employment with a certain industry, a man asked the personnel manager, "Does your company pay my Blue Cross insurance?"

"No, you pay for it. It's deducted from your salary each month."

"Last place I worked they paid for it," the applicant said.

"Did they give you a life insurance policy, too?" the interviewer asked.

"Sure."

"Profit sharing?"

"Sure."

"Two and three week vacations?"

"Yes, and they had big bonuses and gifts for your birthday and . . ."

"Well, why did you leave?"

"The company folded."

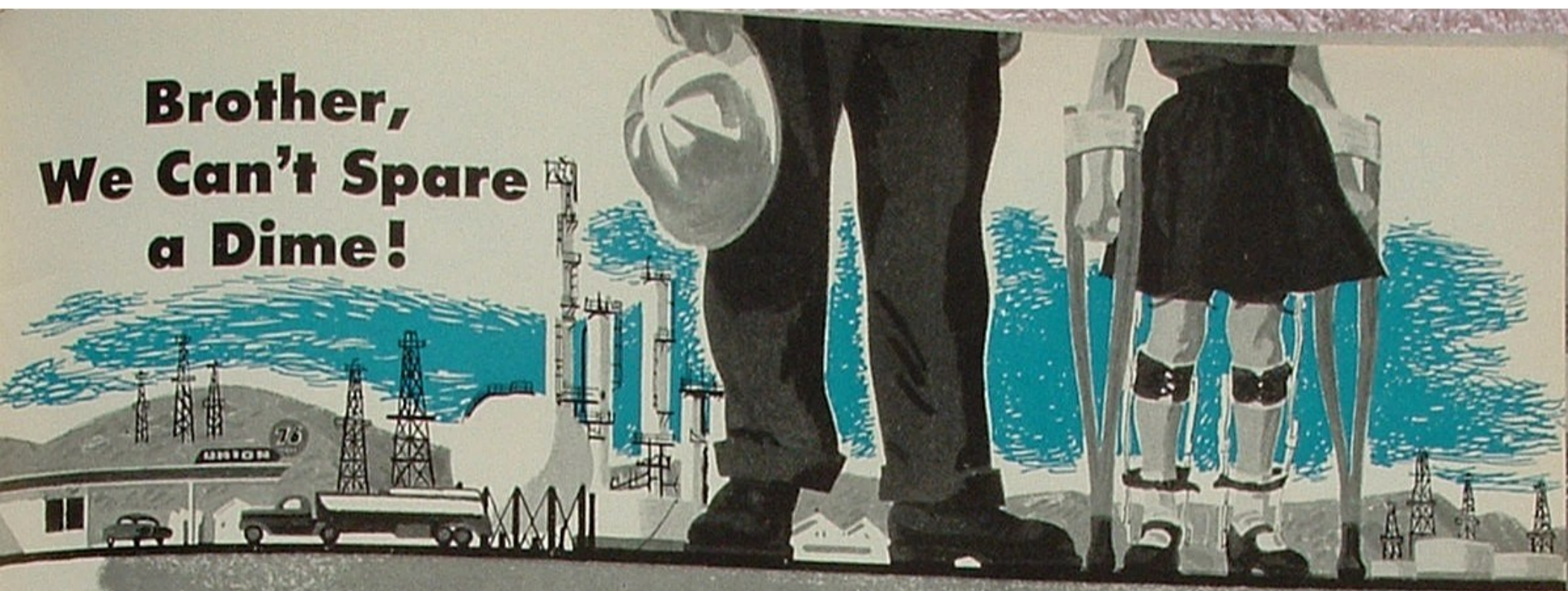
GIVE US THE AXE

The question: If you were shipwrecked near an uninhabited Island, which would you carry ashore—a case of food, a radio set or an axe?

Correct answer: The axe. It is a tool—far more valuable than the others for providing protection, shelter and a continuing supply of food. Today the average American worker has \$12,000 worth of tools rented to him by shareholders. The average Union Oil worker has an "axe" worth \$77,000.



Brother, We Can't Spare a Dime!



HOW would you like to have 2,000 solicitors put the finger on you for charity donations in a single year?

Actually there are over 2,000 charitable causes in Los Angeles County alone licensed to solicit funds. All are legitimate, justified appeals, asking the big-hearted American workingman to contribute a few dollars toward the relief or welfare of children and grown folks oppressed by sickness, poverty, tragedy.

But who these days has a dollar or so to spare for each of 2,000 worthy causes? Who has the time, the inclination or the patience to hear the pleas of 2,000 solicitors? Or who could possibly investigate so many charities and wisely decide which to help—and how much?

Certainly working people, no matter how compassionate they are, don't like to be button-holed constantly for a handout. Business and industry cannot reasonably grant all the help and production-time sought year after year by these numerous fund-raising organizations. And even the charity agencies themselves are not happy about their campaigns or results; in many cases too high a percentage of the money you contribute is spent for administration and fund-raising; far too little reaches the needy.

It makes one wonder, "Why not a Society for Frustrated Donors?"

Well, in a sense, there are such societies—operating under various names as united fund-raising organizations. One of the foremost of these is AID (Associated In-Group Donors), which started in Los Angeles two years ago and has spread to 658 chapters or communities.

AID takes charity out of the traffic jam and makes of it a dignified, businesslike, fair, effective community responsibility.

AID is an organization of givers—operated by a Board of Directors elected by the givers and composed of representatives of labor, management and the public.

AID enables individual employees and business firms to make *one* contribution for *all* health and welfare causes; or your gift may be given as you direct to any

cause, any community, in or out of AID.

AID raises more money at less cost. In the two years of its existence, AID has raised 91% more money from employee groups than was ever raised from these groups before . . . 25% more from corporations . . . at a fund-raising cost of only 5%. In comparison, other methods of solicitation write off as much as 50% and a national average of 14% just to get the money in.

AID is a one-package campaign method of raising funds. There is no solicitation from outside your company, no high-pressure from within. You simply sign a pledge card indicating the amount you desire to contribute in cash or through payroll deduction, and specifying whether the money is to be distributed as AID recommends or ear-marked for charities you favor in your community. You receive a membership card for your bill-fold and a window sticker for your home. All you need to do if approached by a charity solicitor is say, "Brother, if you'll contact the AID organizations to which I'm contributing monthly, they'll respond generously."

The amount we pledge to AID need be no bigger than our conscience. However, to encourage fairness, AID suggests one-half of one per cent of our earnings monthly. Such an amount, when sustained for a year, will go far toward, say, helping a crippled child to walk.

AID publicly acknowledges companies when over 50% of their employees pledge at least 1/2% of their annual earnings. Our Los Angeles Terminal and Home Office last year qualified for such acknowledgment . . . other departments came very close . . . making Union Oilers the AID leaders among Pacific Coast oil workers.

Let's do an even better job this year. Union Oil Company earnestly recommends and supports this method of giving. Labor organizations and communities applaud it. Countless welfare organizations welcome it. And the gratitude of those you AID will be eternal!

Brother, we can't spare a dime for haphazard fund-raising. But we'll respond with dollars through AID or similar united appeals.

Union Oilers



▶ **NO ACCIDENT** serious enough to result in lost time had occurred in Los Angeles Refinery's Thermal Cracking Department for 779 consecutive 24-hour days. Its 125 men had, since June 10, 1952, chalked up 493,126 manhours without a lost-time accident—a new record for that department. So, on the record-breaking day, Superintendent Loren Grandey treated each shift to cake and ice cream. At right, Gordon Folks, "Jeff" Jeffery, Fred Dunn and Orin Orr urge the photographer to hurry up and let them go to work.

from Jim McDonald



▶ **RETIRED NOTHING!** While trying to get away from it all on a recent fishing trip in the Blue Mountains near Sumpter, Oregon, what should F. L. Perkins of Los Angeles Refinery run on to far up the creek but a genuine old tank wagon with "Union" still decorating its round shoulders. Perkins took a lousy snapshot, below, of the ancient vehicle, then couldn't resist doing a

little private sleuthing. It developed that the old fuel oil specialist was retired about 40 years ago, during the evolution of horses to horse-power. Some miners found it loafing in eastern Oregon a short time later and suggested a gold dredging job—something that doesn't take too much running around. The old tank wagon accepted and to this day serves as portable storage near Baker.

from F. L. Perkins



▶ **RALPH CLARK,** Storekeeper at Union Oil's Stationery Warehouse in Los Angeles, was recently made a Lieutenant Colonel in the 311th Logistical Command of the United States Army Reserves. His recognition by the Army bears out his record of competence in the Purchasing Department of Union Oil Company, and lends support to the old saying that "If you want to get a difficult job done fast, give it to a busy man."

from C. S. Perkins

▶ **EDWARD C. CHAMBERS**, well liked member of Southwest Territory's Marketing Department in San Diego, attended his farewell sales meeting at the U.S. Grant Hotel on June 25. Among the 25 salesmen present to wish him the happiest of retirement were, from left, H. E. Hunt, Mr. Chambers, District Sales Managers F. C. Culling and A. R. Ousdahl. Ed, who came to work in 1922 and retired August 1 of this year, has served the Company in San Diego and vicinity throughout his entire Union Oil career. He was a district salesman prior to retirement.

from Jack McFarland



▶ **WAIT'LL NEXT YEAR!** A class "A" soap box driven by, from left, Paul Shannon, sponsored by Lessee Al Krause of Edmonds, Washington, and garaged by the driver's father, Union Oiler Fay Shannon of our Edmonds Refinery, didn't quite make the national derby; but won a set of tools in the Everett Classic with which to construct next year's championship entry.

from Gudrun Larsen

▶ **FISH OIL, AT LEAST!** Our boys haven't struck oil yet in the Sechura Desert of Peru; but they're evidently fairly successful on extra-curricular duty. From left are Jim Dabney, Stan Martin, Bill Greenwalt and Newell Williams taking joint-venture credit for 660 pounds of black marlin. The fish was hooked by Bill Greenwalt on July 1 of this year off Cabo Blanco, Peru.

from Cy Rubel





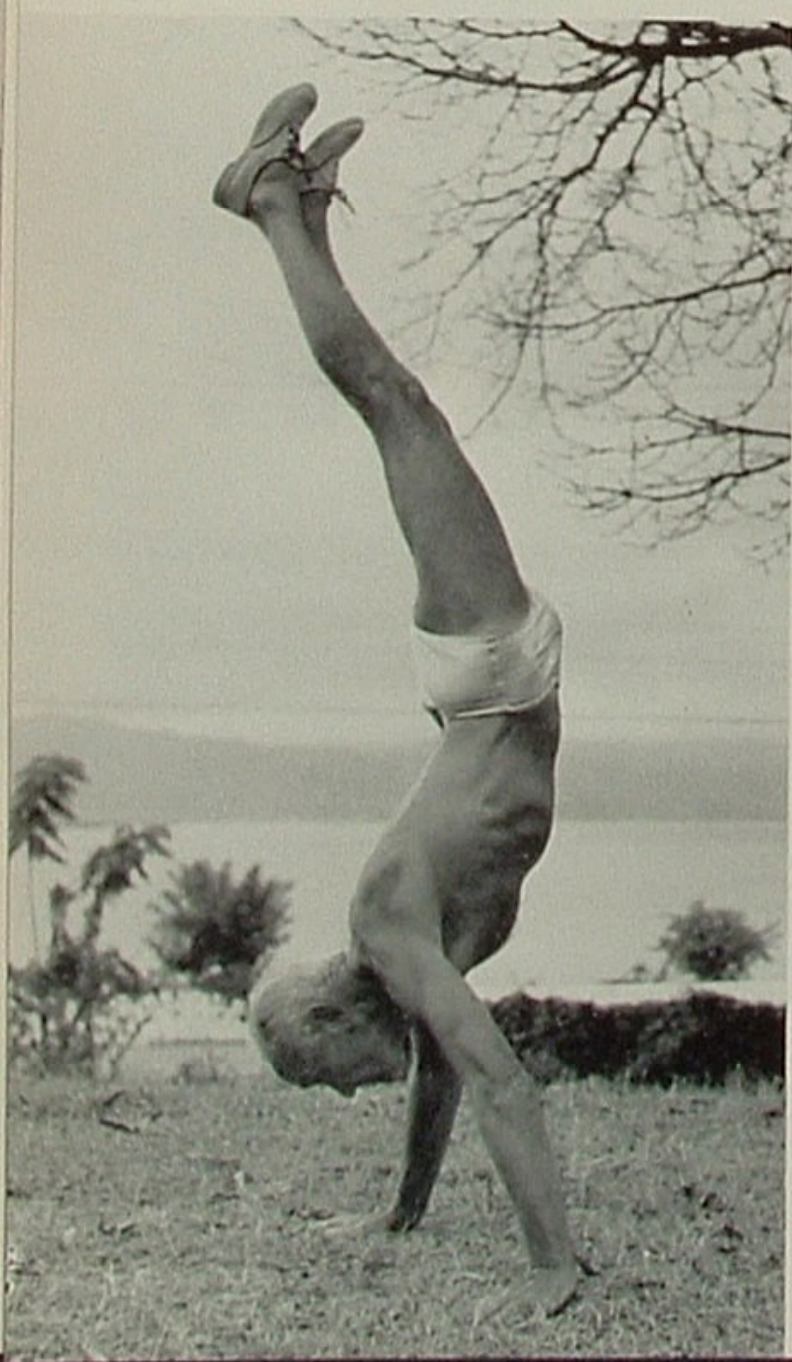
▲ **ED CONROY** of our Willbridge Terminal started his "Briar Patch Rabbitry" in 1932 as a small hobby. But then, you know rabbits! Pretty soon he was eating rabbits, selling 'em to cash buyers, and shipping some of the handsomer surplus off to rabbit conventions and shows. He is currently serving his second term as president of the Oregon Branch of the American Rabbit Breeders Association, oldest club of its kind in the United States. Among his many prize-winning show entries is "Briar Patch Mildred," the Grand Champon doe he presents in the accompanying picture.

from Gudrun Larsen



▲ **NANCY ANDERSON**, the daughter of Assistant Manager of Research Ben T. Anderson, has been acclaimed at the Orange County Fair in California for having raised the Grand Champion lamb of this year's fair. Nancy is studying agriculture at Fullerton Union High School. As her school project, she acquired the lamb last February and began fattening and grooming it in accordance with the best advice of her instructor and textbooks. The lamb developed into such a fine specimen that Nancy's first ambition of merely completing a 4-H project expanded. She won out at the fair against 30 seasoned competitors.

from Paul Doyle



▲ **RALPH C. POLLOCK** The photos left and right are of the same man—taken about 54 years and several thousand miles apart. At 20, in 1900, Ralph Pollock played end in a Wyoming-Colorado conference where long hair was recommended as the best available headgear. At 74, in 1954, we receive word of Ralph having the time of his life doing handstands and swimming at Jamaica in the British West Indies. Since retiring from our Research Department, he has sampled swimming holes nearly the world over. "Seldom get to Los Angeles," he writes, "it's too far from the ocean and I'm not that amphibious."





SERVICE BIRTHDAY AWARDS

SEPTEMBER 1954

MANUFACTURING

Smith, Arthur A., Oleum	40
Woods, Gerald A., Home Office	35
Hammer, Harry G., Wilmington	25
Patterson, Robert H., Oleum	25
Sherwood, Bertha M., Wilmington	25
Wills, Roy J., Wilmington	25
Hagner, Gertrude S., Home Office	20
Livingston, John A., Oleum	20
Norton, John W., Home Office	20
Beardsley, J. Dee, Wilmington	10
Budde, William L., Oleum	10
Drew, Eliot, Oleum	10
Geer, William J., Wilmington	10
Gilbert, Emory G., Oleum	10
Jenes, Herbert J., Wilmington	10
Lohse, Alex, Oleum	10
Pieterick, Jack C., Oleum	10
Ray, Oscar, Oleum	10
Riou, James E., Wilmington	10
Schulz, John D., Wilmington	10
Turner, Elden H., Wilmington	10

MARKETING

Lazear, Woodson, San Francisco	40
Keahey, Louis E., San Jose	30
Rockwell, Robert H., Hollywood	30
Boyd, Paul H., Los Angeles	25
Leonard, Lawrence C., Nevada	25
Ordroneau, Marcel G., Los Angeles	25
Barth, Florence M., San Francisco	20
Meldrum, Gilbert W., Edmonds	20
Woodley, Livingstone E., Los Angeles	20
Cambra, Lawrence, San Jose	15
Gibson, Ralph H., Spokane	15
Tufts, William M., Home Office	15
Adams, Truman H., Sacramento	10
Crowe, Maurice L., Seattle	10
Gonzalez, Domingo, Central America	10
Johansen, Peder J., Alaska	10
Minkel, Laverne J., San Francisco	10
Mulroney, Francis J., Hoquiam	10
Storni, Mary S., San Francisco	10

EXPLORATION & PRODUCTION

Butler, William O., Orcutt	35
Stea, Salvatore, Dominguez	25

Cheesebrough, Floyd C., Orcutt	20
Hicks, Ewing W., Orcutt	20
Hockenberry, Jerry L., Dominguez	20
Lundin, John A., Cut Bank	20
Steele, Marion D., Richfield	20
Green, Glenn G., Rocky Mountain	15
Biel, Mike M., Richfield	10
Chaves, Alfonzo, Orcutt	10
Crowley, Janice E., Home Office	10
O'Connor, William H., Whittier	10
Salvage, James R., Ventura	10
Spoo, Fred J., Orcutt	10

COMPTROLLERS

Cederlof, Francis H., Home Office	35
Limbocker, Lyman E., Home Office	35
Snodgrass, Agnes K., Home Office	15

TAX

Wilson, Joseph A., Home Office	35
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TREASURY

Witter, Merlin C., Home Office	35
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PIPELINE

Dunn, Herbert C., Santa Fe Springs	30
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TRANSPORTATION & DISTRIBUTION

Quackenboss, A. L., Home Office	30
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RESEARCH & PROCESS

Benham, Grant A., Brea	25
Benson, Robert B., Brea	10
Lafferty, James L., Wilmington	10
Liggett, Francis S., Brea	10
Nottingham, Annie H., Brea	10
Wilson, James W., Brea	10

AUTOMOTIVE

Bakala, Chester C., Portland	25
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BREA CHEMICALS, INC.

Ch'in, Norman C., Brea	10
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MARINE

Rhodes, Henry W., Wilmington	10
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Retirements



A grateful Company and a host of well-wishing employees are bidding farewell to the following Union Oilers who have concluded long careers of Company service and are retiring:

LEROY BLANKINSHIP

Pipeline Department
Employed 8/4/21—Retired 9/1/54

CASPER SPIKEMA

Los Angeles Refinery
Employed 10/19/21—Retired 9/1/54

CARL C. NOYES

Field Department
Employed 1/28/27—Retired 9/1/54

DON C. CONDON

Field Department
Employed 4/2/28—Retired 9/1/54

ROBERT D. WILSON, JR.

Comptrollers
Employed 4/1/35—Retired 9/1/54

In Memoriam

On July 11, 1954
JOHN HAROLD ROGERS
Central Territory

On July 18, 1954
ARTHUR D. CUMMINS
Field Department
Retired 7/1/54

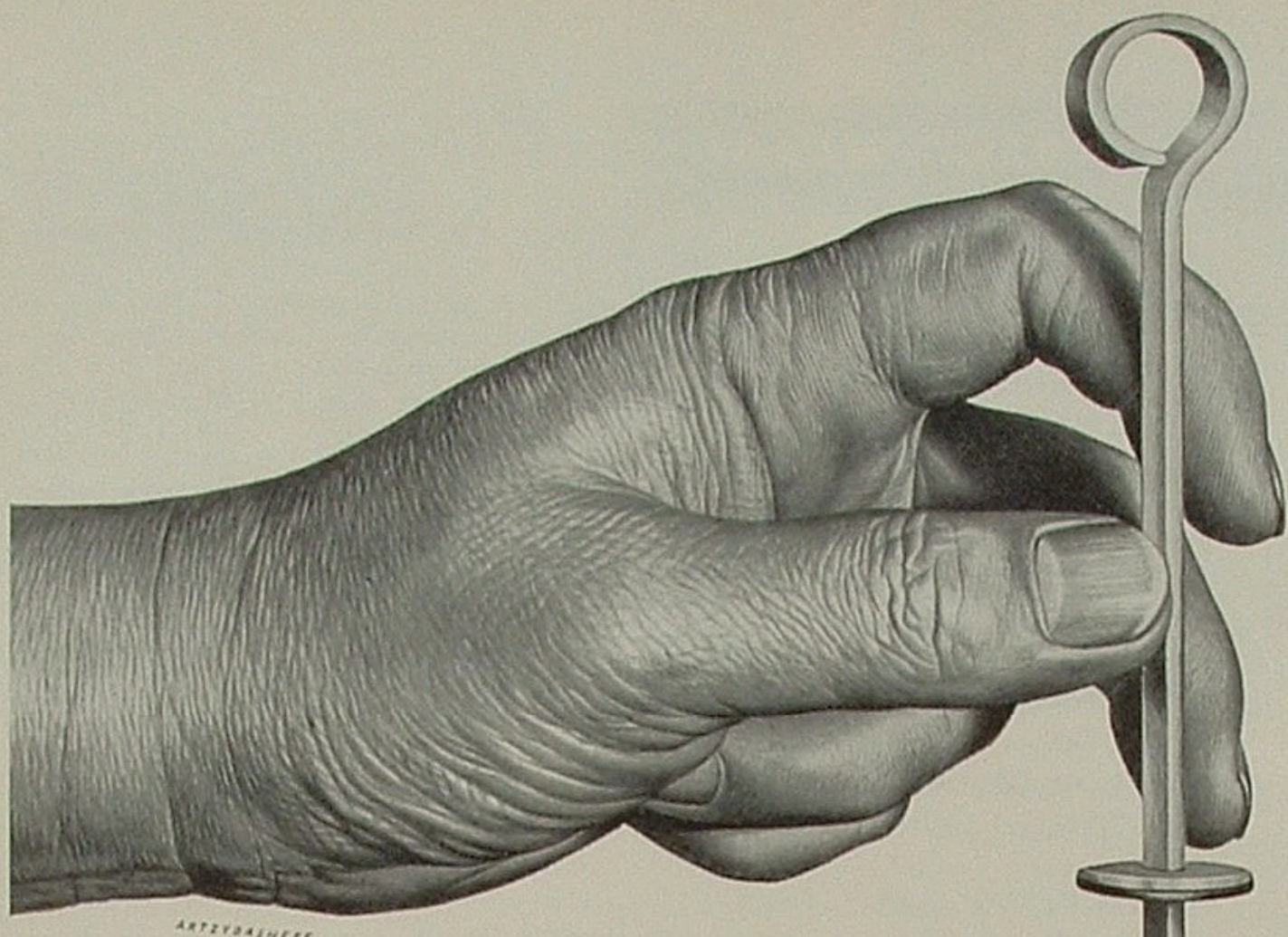
On July 30, 1954
ALVORD E. BROWN
Northern Division Pipe Line

On August 5, 1954
CORNELIUS CRONIN
Oleum Refinery
Retired 4/1/49

On August 16, 1954
HARRY PRESTON CORDER
Research and Process, Brea

On August 14, 1954
HAZEL BARTSCHERER
Communications Department
Retired 11/30/48

On August 15, 1954
EDWARD BURTON MESSENGER
Refinery Sales



THE MEASURE OF PROTECTION

IN AMERICA'S FINEST CARS

PURPLE ROYAL TRITON

America's Finest Motor Oil

Ask for purple Royal Triton — now available in the new 5-20 and 10-30 all-weather grades — at car dealers and service stations in most areas of the United States and Canada and Union 76 stations throughout the West.

UNION OIL COMPANY

76 OF CALIFORNIA

The West's Oldest and Largest Independent Oil Company

