The TEXACO STAR

MARCH-APRIL 1932

Hard Seats and Sharp Bargains

THE train bumped along, as trains of the 1860's were prone to bump. The Farmers' Railroad, between Titusville and Oil City, Pennsylvania, had just been completed, and it had been built neither for comfort nor speed. The wooden seats were far from soft, especially when the train jolted to a standstill every quarter-mile or so. The 17-mile run took three hours, for there was a station on nearly every farm in the valley of Oil Creek.

In a special car were the oil men, star patrons of the road. Hard seats, black cinders sifting through the cracks, and an uneven roadbed bothered them not at all; they had business to transact. In three hours large quantities of crude oil could change hands; there was no such thing as an oil certificate and there were no offices, rules or regulations for the conduct of business. Nevertheless, this stuffy coach, with its oil lamps, dirty windows and uncarpeted floor, was America's first oil exchange.

Oil brokers who had come when the new-found fields of petroleum were yet far from any railroad, had gone from well to well on horseback, driving hard bargains for crude. Refineries at Pittsburgh, New York, Cleveland, and Erie all had agents and representatives in Oil Creek with offices along Main Street, Oil City.

The first permanent organization of oil brokers in 1869 was dissolved by common consent in 1873. Oil brokers went back to buying and selling crude on the street corners, in hotel lobbies, and any other convenient place.

A petroleum exchange at 52 and 54 Pearl Street, New York City, was a meeting place for crude oil buyers and exporters of refined products in 1866, a few months after the "oil exchange on wheels" achieved note. The first quotations of refined petroleum in New York were recorded in 1860.

Today centralized oil exchanges no longer exist. Crude oil is produced commercially in 24 countries and 19 states of the United States. Since the beginning of recorded production the world has produced 18 billion barrels of petroleum; 12 billion of this amount has come from the United States.

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THE COVER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS ISSUE OF THE TEXACO STAR, SHOWING THE "OIL EXCHANGE ON WHEELS," IS THE TENTH OF A SERIES OF ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, BASED ON AUTHENTIC DATA, DRAMATIZING OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN PETROLEUM INDUSTRY

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The TEXACO STAR

VOLUME XIX
NUMBER 2

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MARCH—APRIL 1932

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IN THIS ISSUE

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Cover by O. F. Schmidt

A PUBLICATION OF
THE TEXAS COMPANY

Published bi-monthly for distribution to employes and stockholders

DIRECT ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR OF THE TEXACO STAR
135 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK CITY

★

BRIEF

★ The United States leads all other nations in the amount of coffee it drinks. One hundred million pounds are bought every year.

AND

★ The Texaco Educational Exhibit (see THE TEXACO STAR, August-September, 1931) would appreciate hearing from readers of THE STAR who may own old toy automobiles, trucks, and the like, which would be suitable for an exhibit showing the evolution of the present-day motor vehicle. Anyone having such a toy is asked to write the Texaco Educational Exhibit, 334 Madison Avenue, New York City.

TO

★ Two-thirds of the leather footwear exported by the United States comes from New England, also half the country's total exports of jewelry, shoe findings, hardware, cutlery, and tools.

THE

★ "There is a limit," says the Camden (New Jersey) *Post*, "beyond which taxation becomes a tragedy—a tragedy of confiscation of property, ruination of industry and destruction of employment. That limit has been reached on the motor car."

POINT

★ Natural gas production in the United States in 1930 totalled 1,943,421 million cubic feet.

★

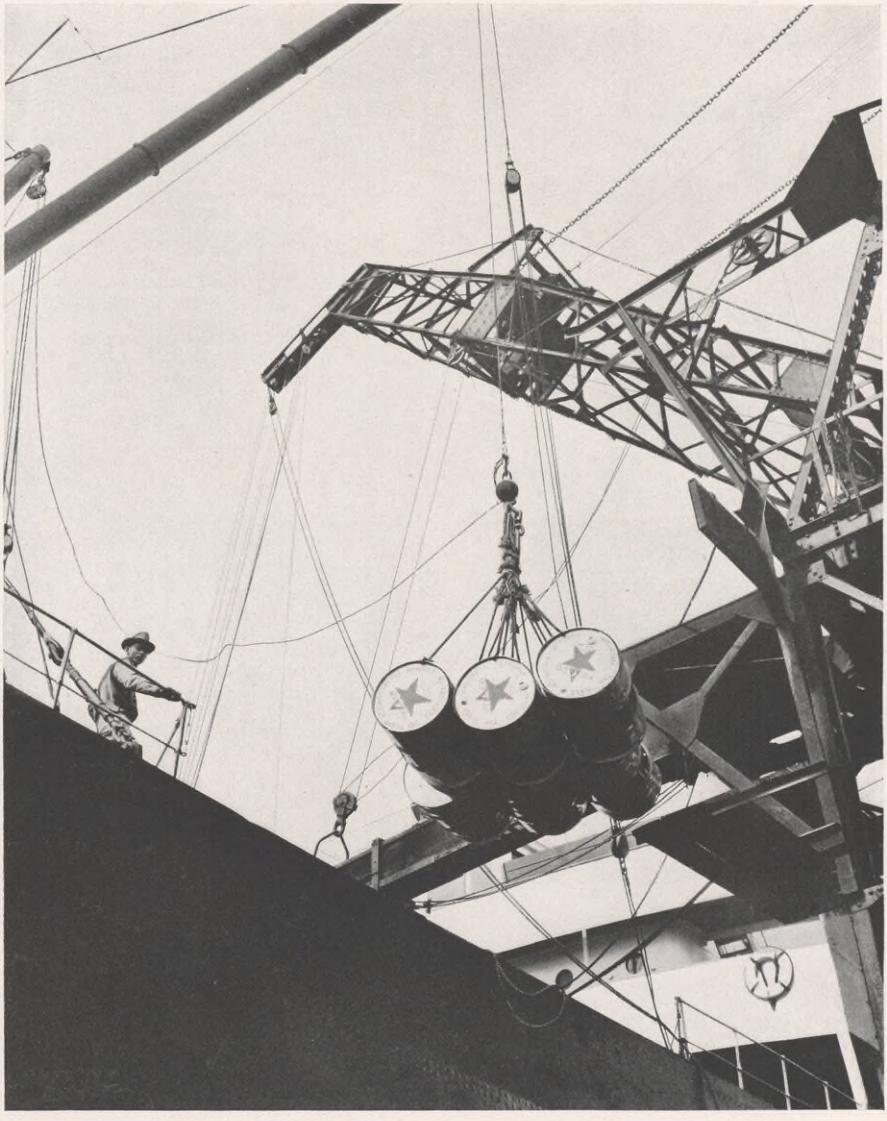
★ The 26,523,779 automobiles registered last year were valued at approximately $5,460,000,000, according to *The Oil and Gas Journal*. The aggregate tax paid by the owners mounted to $1,046,000,000, or 18 and one-half per cent.

★

★ Domestic motor fuel demand increased 2.16 per cent in 1931; motor fuel production decreased 0.64 per cent, says *National Petroleum News*.

★

★ Ignorance of right-of-way principles is to blame for one-third of all traffic accidents, according to the American Petroleum Institute's Department of Accident Prevention. Only one-fifth of such accidents is caused by speed.



CARGOES

★

Loading Drums of Texaco Motor Oil Aboard a Tanker at The Texas Company's Port Arthur (Texas) Terminal

EDITORIAL

Oil Industry Taxes

The oil industry is the third largest industry in the United States, and employs about two and one-half million men and women. Its products are necessary to the life and welfare of the nation. If it is to prosper in a way helpful to all interests it must have fair and proper consideration.

Gasoline, the principal product of this industry, is not a luxury. About 50 per cent of the total output is used for industrial and industrial transportation purposes. Possibly 25 per cent is used for the routine transportation of people in connection with business.

Nevertheless, within the past 12 years, gasoline has come to be the most heavily taxed commodity of modern life.

With the recent revision of the Federal Treasury's estimates of money to be raised by taxation there is concern that a Federal tax on motor fuel may be added to the already unwarranted burden. This despite the facts that the gasoline tax in every state in the Union is, without exception, excessive, and that any tax on motor fuel for other than the maintenance of roads is clearly discriminatory.

Gasoline taxes in 1931 amounted to $549,150,000. This is equal to a tax of 64½¢ per barrel on the entire crude oil production of the United States. Additional taxes paid by the oil industry approximating $175,000,000 bring this up to 85¢ per barrel. The average price of crude oil at the well throughout the United States for the year 1931 was 67¢ per barrel.

The average state tax on gasoline of slightly more than four cents per gallon is actually in excess of the wholesale price of motor fuel at refineries in the great Mid-Continent refining section of the country. In addition, the gasoline tax and other oil industry taxes amounted to about 50 per cent of the wholesale value of all refinery products.

What other industry would be taxed a manufacturer's tax of 50 per cent, or of 100 per cent of its principal manufactured product, or in excess of 100 per cent on the value of its basic raw material?

It is too often and too generally assumed that the gasoline tax can all be passed on to the consumer. It is not passed on and cannot be: First, because no tax, varying in amount as it does from two cents to seven cents per gallon in the various states, can be passed on. Second, because the inefficient and ineffective manner of collecting the tax results in a large number of small distributors escaping the tax, enabling and encouraging them to thus finance their activities, leading to underselling and general demoralization of markets. No tax of this character should be assessed that cannot be collected from all. Otherwise it is ruinous to honest business.

According to National Industrial Conference Board figures, Federal, state and local taxes amounted to $2,187,000,000.00 in 1913, and $10,251,000,000.00 in 1930. Is it not time that steps were taken to stop these increases and begin to make reductions?

Possibly in an effort to raise the necessary revenue Congress will decide upon a general manufacturer's tax on practically all commodities which would seem to have possibilities of a more equitable distribution and a relief from excessive taxation of any one commodity or class.

Business Activity and Cost of Living

General business activity, as indicated by statistics compiled by *The Annalist*, has been declining now thirty-two months, from 110 per cent of normal in May, 1929, to 63 per cent of normal in January of this year, and compares with 74½ per cent of normal in January, 1931, and 65½ per cent in December.

In the most severe previous depressions of the last fifty years, 1831-86, 1892-95, and 1907-09, the low points were 77 per cent, 72 per cent, and 76 per cent of normal respectively, reached in the forty-second, twenty-eighth, and eighth months of the respective declines.

Measured by the length of time that business activity has ranged below estimated normal, a comparison of these four is as follows: 1831-86, thirty-one months; 1892-95, twenty-four months; 1907-09, nineteen months; 1929-32, twenty-six months.

There may be some encouragement in the fact that we have in this one exceeded all previous limits of percentage declines and the average period of subnormal activity.

Accompanying the decline in general business activity, the cost of living has also gradually fallen. According to National Industrial Conference Board figures, the cost of living in December was 17 per cent under the average of 1923 and 18 per cent below October, 1929.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Hawks Greeted on His Arrival at Agua Caliente by Messrs. W. G. Bowman, President of the Agua Caliente Company (Left), and R. T. Herndon, Vice President, The Texas Company (California)

At It Again

By **FRANK M. HAWKS**
Aeronautical Advisor, The Texas Company

THE recent flight of the *Texaco No. 13* from Agua Caliente, Mexico, to Vancouver, British Columbia, and return, in slightly more than half a day is a bit of unfinished business finished.

Late last November, I flew in leisurely stages to Vancouver and on December 1 decided to see how long it would take to fly from that city to Agua Caliente, a distance of approximately 1,300 miles.

An aviator usually thinks only of his plane and engine, assuming that he himself will be perfectly safe as long as his ship and power plant remain in order. On this particular day I, too, started off with the same idea. I had taken off from Vancouver at 9 a.m., and to fight a strong head-wind, which I encountered all too quickly, I began to fly low over the ridges that constitute the Coast Range. The lower the altitude, the more moderate the wind, and by flying low I was able to make the best of rather bad conditions.

To fly low, however, a pilot must be more observant of what is ahead of and under him. Accordingly I kept pushing my head out either side of the cockpit to glance down over the fuselage, along which poured the exhaust gases.

Coming into Portland, Oregon, the first refueling stop, I began to feel nauseated, but dismissed the feeling as a slight stomach trouble. Halfway to the next refueling point, Oakland, California, my illness became more pronounced and as I came over Northern California I found myself becoming dizzy. In the neighborhood of Yreka, I decided that I had to land safely or come down in a heap. I spent several minutes looking for the landing field, but was unable to see it. At length I had to pick out the nearest likely looking pasture. Just before the wheels touched the ground I felt myself losing consciousness. I cut the ignition switch—at the same time spotting a ditch in front of me. I lost consciousness the next instant and didn't recover for two or three hours. Somehow the ship had made a safe landing and the ditch had been avoided.

As the effects of the carbon monoxide which had poisoned me during the flight left my system, I became a bit disappointed with myself for failing to reckon sufficiently with the human element.

"Next time," I told myself, "I'll know enough to keep my head inside."

In January of this year, with J. D. (Duke) Jernigin, our Superintendent of Aviation Sales, and P. J. Claussen, our aviation maintenance foreman, I went to the West Coast on business. We were visiting Mr. R. T. Herndon, Vice President of The Texas Com-

pany (California), and were discussing my ill-starred hop of the previous month. Just to see what would happen, in a way of speaking, I telephoned a meteorologist for weather conditions up and down the Coast.

"Good tomorrow and the next day," he said. "After that, bad."

That settled it. In an hour I was in San Diego, where I caught a few hours' sleep before starting off on my junket of almost 2,600 miles the next day. I fueled the *Texaco No. 13* at Lindbergh Field in San Diego, and took off in the darkness, cruising the few miles across the border to Agua Caliente. Shortly after 4 a.m. I headed north.

It was a beautiful night; a bright moon over my shoulder made the Pacific a fascinating blue-black and made the rollers shine like ribbons of silver as they beat against the shore.

I arrived at Oakland, 450 miles from Caliente, two hours and 20 minutes later, but I set the ship down without difficulty and a speedy Texaco service crew had me gassed up again in less than 10 minutes. Again I was off—this time for Portland, 550 miles up the line.

The winds, which had been more or less considerate of me during the night, now began to act up—hitting me on the nose and broadside, and, of course, cutting my speed. I readily saw that I'd have to come down somewhat and fly low again, but this time I made sure to keep my nose away from the exhaust gases along the fuselage of the ship. And so, flying low but being very careful, I reached Portland in two hours and 45 minutes. I spent nine minutes on the ground and then set out on the remaining 265 miles to Vancouver, feeling that the winds which had slowed me down going north would be on my tail and helping me coming back.

I reached Vancouver in one hour and 19 minutes, and turned around immediately. But the winds which I had figured would help me going down had, perversely enough, swung around also and were against me southbound. I was back in Portland in one hour and 22 minutes, five minutes behind my northward time for the same stretch. The 550 miles from Portland to Oakland required two hours and 50 minutes, and the last stretch of 450 miles from Oakland to Caliente took me two hours and 15 minutes. The airport beacon at Caliente was a welcome sight and it was still more comforting to be greeted by Mr. Herndon, H. F. Faerber, our District Manager in Los Angeles, and other friends.

During the day I had aimed at three targets—the northbound record of six hours and 38 minutes established by Jimmy Wedell, New Orleans pilot; the southbound record of seven hours and 48 minutes established by James Goodwin Hall, flying broker of New York; and a round trip record which had not previously been attempted.

The round trip was completed in 13 hours and 44 minutes. Hall's southbound time was bettered by 57 minutes, although I was about 10 minutes short of Wedell's record for the northbound run. The average speed based on my elapsed time which, of course, included four stops for refueling, was 183 miles an hour, and the average speed based on flying time only was 198 miles an hour.

T. J. LAWHON

THOMAS J. LAWHON, General Attorney for The Texas Company, and for the past several years Associate General Counsel in charge of the Company's legal affairs in the Southern Territory, died February 12 in Houston, Texas, after a brief illness.

Judge Lawhon was born July 4, 1876, near the township of McDade, Bastrop County, Texas. Shortly after his birth the family moved to Williamson County, where young Lawhon attended the Granger High School, graduating in 1897. He taught school for two years and entered the University of Texas for the study of law in 1899. Receiving his degree in 1901, he began his law practice in Taylor, Texas.

From 1902 to 1906 Judge Lawhon was Assistant County Attorney for Williamson County and subsequently was elevated to the post of County Judge. On April 1, 1913, he entered the employ of The Texas Company and his progress from then on was marked by his appointment as Assistant General Attorney in 1920 and as General Attorney in 1925. He leaves his widow, Mrs. Josephine Lawhon, and two sons, T. J., Jr., and James G. Lawhon.

Judge Lawhon was an accomplished lawyer and reflected the highest standards of the legal profession. He commanded the respect and esteem of the bench and bar wherever he appeared, was a strong advocate and profound interpreter of the law, and a loyal servant of The Texas Company.

A View of the Royal Exchange in London, England

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTOS

Fair Exchange—

Many of the World's Great Financial Marts Were of Humble Birth

LIKE the oil brokers who established their first exchange in a railroad car, several of the world's most important stock exchanges had humble and primitive beginnings. The inns of England, famous as trading places for almost everything from political propaganda to literary comment, fostered London's stock exchange. New York's started under the cool shade of a tree. The Amsterdam Bourse began its life amid the chaos of private commerce.

A central agency where the investor may liquefy his capital by disposing of his stock holdings to someone else for cash is needed to prevent capital from becoming frozen or stagnant. The stock exchange performs this function.

The years after the American Revolution seemed to the citizens of the new United States to contain about 365 stormy financial days each. Currency had to be standardized for a group of sprawling, thinly populated colonies which seemed to have little relation one to another. There were problems in improvement projects, transportation, and even language. But one of the stabilizing forces was a small group of stockbrokers in New York who bought and sold securities beneath a buttonwood tree in lower Wall Street. Stock certificates for many of the country's earliest attempts at improvement financing passed through their hands. They prospered.

In 1792 these men signed an agreement outlining the methods they were to follow in the future. By 1817 their volume of business caused them to form a definite association and to hire indoor quarters. The new union of colonies had gained definite shape, but the century to come was to bring pressure upon them in the shape of foreign and domestic wars, currency difficulties, booms, depressions,

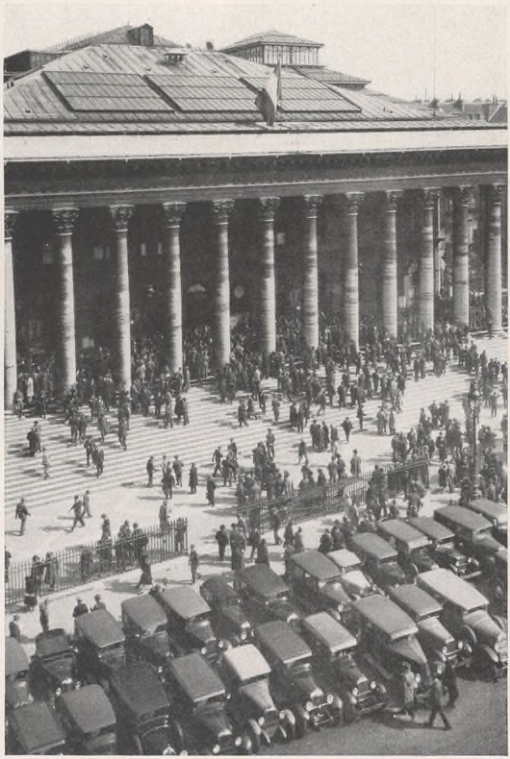
periods of intense activity, and times of practical stagnation. When that century closed the New York Stock Exchange was to have had hitherto unprecedented experience in economic problems. Its code of rules was to be whipped into shape to withstand almost any storm.

"The original New York securities market," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "sprang from the trading in Alexander Hamilton's United States six per cent Government bond issue which funded the Revolutionary debt, as well as dealings in the original stock of the first United States Bank. Shortly afterward, shares of the earliest fire and marine insurance companies and of the earliest incorporated banks were added to the list. Another wave of economic development brought into the market many state bonds which represented canals and turnpikes, the construction of which the various states of the Union were undertaking. In 1836 occurred the first trading in steam railway securities, which for the greater part of a century was to constitute the principal occupation of the market, as the enormous railway systems spread across the great plains and over the Rockies to the Pacific.

"The discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania and coal in this and other Eastern States was also soon reflected in the market by the appearance there of oil and mining shares. After the Civil War, in addition to the great railway consolidations of the time, industrial and utility securities were listed. A final stage was reached in 1915, when the market began not only to list foreign government (and subsequently foreign corporate) securities of Europe but those of other continents."

The New York Stock Exchange is a voluntary association which has neither received a charter nor become incorporated in the form of a business organization. It is limited to 1,100 members, and those who wish to join must purchase the "seat" of a deceased member or of one retiring from the business. Its constitution declares: "Its objects shall be to furnish exchange rooms and other facilities for the transaction of business by its members; to maintain high standards of commercial honor and integrity among its members; and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business."

Before 1773, London stockbrokers were accustomed to meet informally and do business in the Royal Exchange and neighboring places. From their gatherings sprang the London Stock Exchange, the most international stock exchange and the largest in range and volume of securities. Those who had met at "Jonathan's," a coffee house in Change Alley, secured a room in Sweeting's Alley which was called "The Stock Exchange" and later "The Stock Exchange Coffee House" or "Tavern." In 1801, a site in Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane, was obtained, and this is now an entrance to the London exchange, an unpretentious building without, but handsome and spacious within. Trading goes on around notable memorials to those who served in the Boer War and the World War.



Crowd on the Steps of the Paris Bourse

Discipline is strict in the London Stock Exchange and offending members are dealt with severely. There has been no Saturday session since the World War, which is attributed to changes in banking hours and the fact that the automobile and telephone have made it possible to transact more business than formerly.

The Paris Bourse differs from *(Continued on Last Page)*

ROUGH GOING

★

An example of the driving conditions encountered by the Texaco-lubricated trucks of the Italian Army on the recent expedition to the Oasis of Kufara in the Sahara

The Conquest of Kufara

Texaco Motor Products Assist Italian Colonial Army in Accomplishing a Most Difficult Feat of Modern Desert Warfare

By **T. THEODOLI**

Managing Director, The Texas Company, S. A. I.

OF ALL the inaccessible oases in the Sahara Desert, the most difficult to reach is the Oasis of Kufara. Until a few months ago, when the Italian government decided to occupy this oasis, only two or three white men had been there.

Kufara is situated on the Tropic of Cancer, longitude 22°30′. To reach it either from Tripoli or from Egypt the traveler must cross one of the most inhospitable, dry, and monotonous sections of the Sahara.

Only full-blooded Bedouins live there, and the difficulties that Nature piled in front of anyone who wanted to reach Kufara from any direction have hitherto defended them from all invasion. The Bedouins took advantage of this to concentrate there their resistance against the Italian government, which wanted to put down the brigandage practiced against the caravans crossing that region of the desert to reach Tripolitania from Egypt, or *vice versa*, or from the south.

Kufara was the last stronghold of the Bedouins. From there they started out to hunt the caravans, and as soon as they heard that either Italian or British camel corps were on their trail, they retreated into Kufara, knowing that no one would dare penetrate so deeply into the desert and that if any of their enemies did succeed in getting so far, they would never return alive.

The Italian government understood that only a perfect organization in the way of modern transportation would make possible the occupation of the Oasis of Kufara. When the Italian Colonial Army of Cirenaica expressed the intention of occupying Kufara, the most experienced French and British colonials who were familiar with the desert and its difficulties expressed the opinion that the project was, if not impossible, certainly very difficult. To accomplish it, they said, would be an undertaking which would remain famous in the annals of desert warfare.

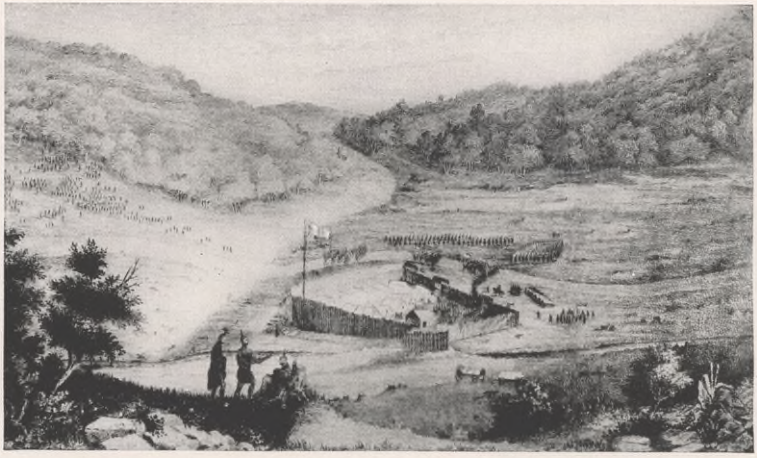
Maresciallo Badoglio, commander of the Italian Colonial troops in North Africa, and one of the outstanding Italian generals of the World War, was put in charge of the expedition. He fully realized the enormous importance of having means of rapid transportation that could travel for weeks in the desert without giving out under the terrific strain to which bodies and engines would be subjected when traveling over the caravan trails, trodden by camels from time immemorial.

An accurate investigation disclosed that one of the principal difficulties in the use of military trucks through the desert was engine trouble caused by deficient lubrication. In many cases trucks had to be abandoned because of carbon residue accumulations, which clogged piston rings and fouled bearings, ruining the engines so that they could not be repaired on the road. In addition to the lost time and expense of having these trucks taken apart and brought back to the coast, the transportation corps in many cases was obliged to abandon the load or distribute it among the remaining trucks, thus overloading them.

The transportation corps was then instructed to study the question thoroughly, regardless of expense, and to find a lubricant that would give a much better performance than any then in use. Several oil companies were invited to make an offer and submit samples of their lubricants.

Of several companies which made offers and supplied samples, three were selected and asked to supply four tons of lubricant to be analyzed and tried on engines which were kept running for 10 hours on the bench. After this test had proved satisfactory, the lubricants were tried in practical tests on fleets of trucks traveling in the desert. Of the three grades so tested, Texaco Golden Motor Oils gave the best performance, and it was decided that all the motor vehicles especially prepared for the dash to Kufara would be lubricated with Texaco motor products. A contract was concluded for the supply of the entire quantity necessary and large supplies of Texaco products were established at various points in the desert.

The expedition, as it started for the interior of the desert, included camel corps, armored cars, and light infantry, which were followed by a fleet of trucks carrying the (*Continued on Last Page*)



Fort Necessity in 1754, From a Rare Old Painting by David Shriver Stewart

★

Colonel Washington and Fort Necessity

By HARRY D. STONE

THE Old National Pike, as it was known in our early pioneer period, extending from Baltimore, Maryland, to Wheeling, West Virginia, has long occupied an important place in the annals of American Colonial history.

Designated by present-day engineers as United States Route 40, this old road offers to the observant traveler many landmarks and points of interest with which the names of our forefathers are intimately associated. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Lafayette, Franklin, Hamilton, generals of Continental fame, senators, and others prominent in the foundation and establishment of our early Colonial government all used this landmark of transportation for many years as the only means of travel and communication between the settled country east of the Alleghenies and the vast wilderness of the West.

Still to be seen on the Old Pike are ancient toll gates, wrought-iron road markers, and here and there solidly constructed stone houses of Colonial design which were used as inns for stage coaches and their occupants. Only within the last decade have the engineers and road builders removed the "thank you ma'ams"—large bumps in the road used by the stage drivers as stops or brakes in descending the steep grades found in the Allegheny ridges of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

On this historic trail, about nine miles east of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, there lies a natural meadow, known as Great Meadows. This site, in view of documental discoveries made during 1931, has taken on an added historical significance which, in the minds of many nationally known historians, places it foremost among the shrines of American Colonial development.

Here in 1754 Virginia and South Carolina troops, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel George Washington, built a fortification, named by Colonel Washington "Fort Necessity," to resist an impending attack by combined French and Indian forces under the French commander, Coulon de Villier.

Events immediately preceding this engagement were the establishment by the French Government of a line of fortifications southward from what is now Erie, Pennsylvania; their refusal to comply with the request of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to cease constructing these forts, and their subsequent capture of the Virginia fort at the forks of the Ohio River. Western Pennsylvania at that time was held as a portion of Virginia and had been selected by the French as a strategic spot for settlement.

The French refusal and capture of the Virginia forts constituting a virtual declaration of war, a Virginia expedition was sent forward. Washington was second in command until the death of his superior officer, Colonel Joshua Fry, after which we find the young Colonel, at the age of 22, in full charge of the expedition.

Washington proceeded westward with about 400 men. Reinforcements had been promised from New York and North Carolina, but they did not arrive. In about two months he reached Great Meadows. Many of the troops were ill and the French, with full knowledge of his expedition, were marching toward him 900 strong, with an equal number of Indian allies.

Under similar circumstances, many would have chosen retreat. Perhaps, however, because of the impression such action would have made on those Indians who had associated with him, or because of his confidence in the Colonial troops, Washington chose to stand and make battle.

Fort Necessity was constructed in open territory in the heart of Great Meadows, surrounded on all sides by forested territory. Washington knew the French and Indian troops fought from behind trees. He knew the range of their muskets and he entrenched his own forces so that his attackers must leave shelter and themselves be within range of the Colonial musket fire.

The action took place on July 3, 1754. Accurate records of the engagement, which have just been uncovered, develop that 300 of the attacking troops were killed and many more wounded.

De Villier, however, so concealed his casualties that Washington was unaware of them, and was astonished when the French called for parley. He feared treachery and declined. The request was repeated and again declined. Then the French asked Washington to send a man to them. He did so and evacuation terms were offered. Twice he declined the terms presented but at midnight agreed to terms largely prepared by himself.

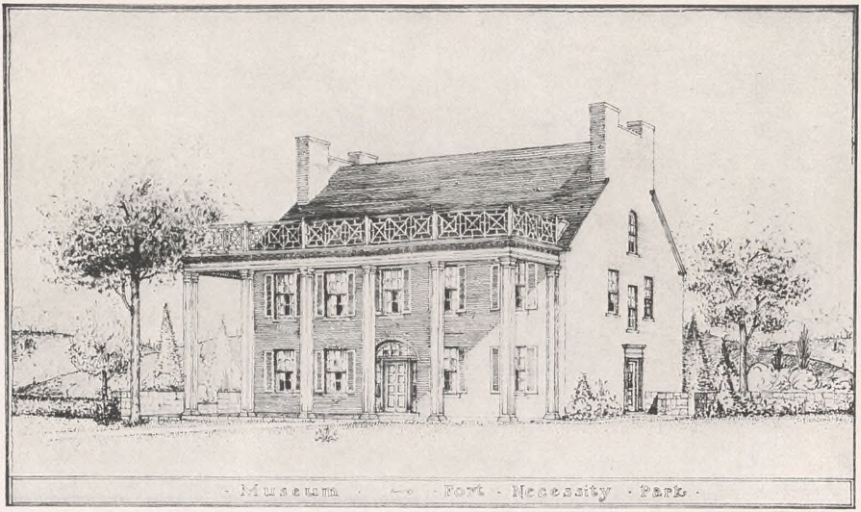
The following day the Colonials marched out of the fort with colors flying, and the French marched in the opposite direction.

De Villier reported the battle as a French victory, probably for propaganda purposes, as France was at that time entering the Seven Years' War in Europe. The majority of historical references which we have used prior to this time have followed the French viewpoint.

It has now been proven conclusively that such was not the case. William Blake Hindman, D. D., of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Fort Necessity Memorial Association, has uncovered Washington's own report of the battle in the archives of the state capitol at South Carolina. His records are as pictured above, supplemented further with a remark by Colonel Washington, when he heard of De Villier's report, as follows:

"If the general had been as anxious in regard to truth as he was in regard to vain glory, he would have set forth the matter in a different light."

The historical significance of the battle may be summed up as follows: It was the first active, effective, and practical coöperation of the Colonies with each other. It marked the beginning of the French and Indian War, which determined that the Western Territory should be permanently Anglo-Saxon. It was the real beginning (*Continued on Last Page*)



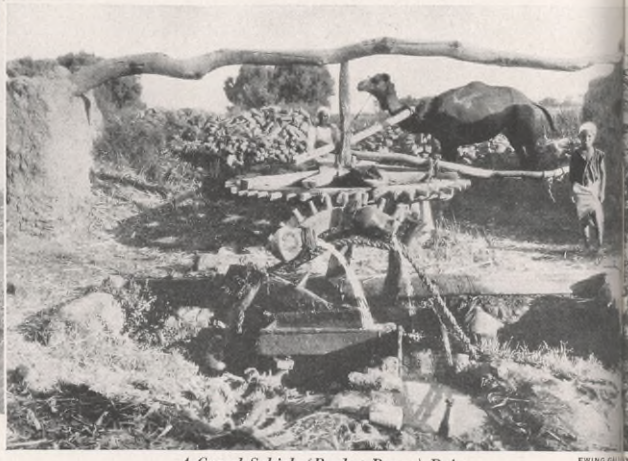
Proposed Structure to Commemorate the Battle of Fort Necessity

POWER–PAST

This Primitive Crusher Prepares Stone for a Modern Auto Road in the Valley of the Nile, Egypt

Water is Lifted from a Ditch to the Rice Field by the Exertions of This Siamese Woman Laborer

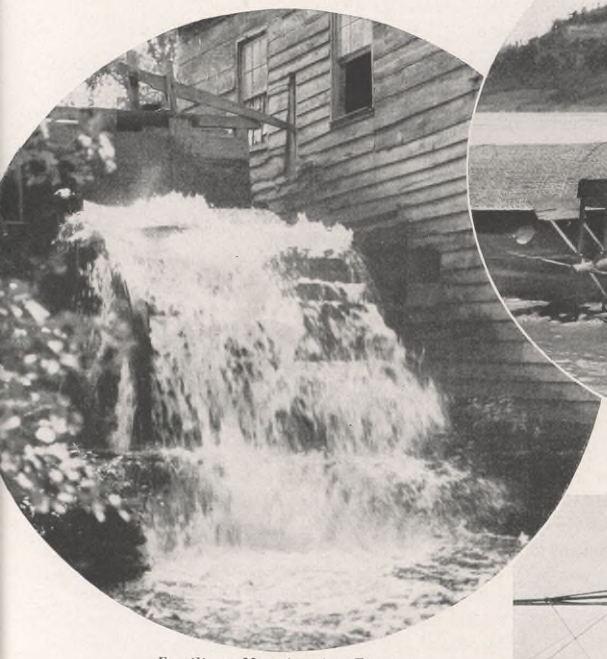
In India, as the Men Walk Back and Forth on the Sweep, Water is Lifted to the Rice Fields



A Camel Sakieh (Bucket Pump) Raising Water from a Ditch at River Level to a Grain Field: Note Primitive "Gear"

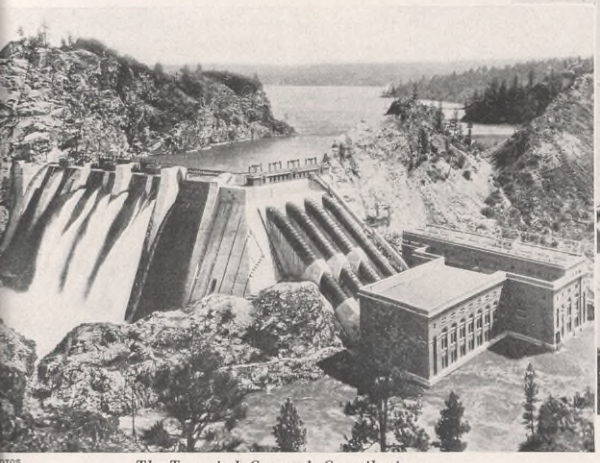
EWING GALLOWAY PH

AND PRESENT



Familiar to Most American Farming Folk is the Old Mill Wheel: This One is at Warsaw, Virginia

A Swift Current of the Yangtze Turns the Paddle Wheels of This Chinese Sampan Tied to the Bank



The Twentieth Century's Contribution: A Great Water-Power Plant on the Spokane River in the State of Washington

Huge Bamboo Irrigation Wheel in Western China: A Beautiful Example of Chinese Craftsmanship

Tom Gilroy's Fiddler

By **J. FRANK DOBIE,** Author of
"Coronado's Children," "A Vaquero of the Brush Country," etc.

OLD Tom Gilroy was "on the trail" in '68 during 50 years of trading mules from Cape Horn to Quebec. He has heard the owl hoot in all sorts of places, but it is my opinion that Tom Gilroy has never worried a minute in his life. He is the most zestful and the merriest story teller I have ever met.

We have just run into each other in the lobby of the Cowman's Hotel, in San Antonio. Tom Gilroy can't wait to sit down to begin his story. He has too much energy to sit anyway. His face, in ruddiness, brightness, and eagerness, is like the rising sun.

"Listen!" he cries, tugging at my coat and jogging into my ribs. He has not said 20 words before I am laughing. I can't keep from laughing. He is laughing too, and now his face is like a wet Mexican blanket rolled up. By the time he has got a third through his story I realize that in order to hear any further I have got somehow to check my laughter and that in order to get on he has got to control his own. Yet the funniest part is to come.

"Listen!" he cries, tugging at my coat like a famished bull calf at its dinner. "Listen, that ain't all."

Transferring one of Tom Gilroy's anecdotes to the written page is like taking a log cabin out of its wilderness setting into the middle of a square of concrete surrounded by skyscrapers and taxicabs. Nevertheless, such transferences are made.

* * *

One day I was in my livery stable at Sherman. This was in the '70's. A tramp-looking feller with something in a sack that I took to be a fiddle limped up. He appeared all wrung out.

"Mister," he says. "I've hoofed it to Texas all the way from Illinois. I ain't got but 50 cents left. I'm dead tired, and I wish you'd let me sleep in your hay."

"Hell," I says, "you won't hurt the hay. Crawl in back yonder and sleep all you want to."

Well, he hadn't been hitting the hay more'n an hour when I heard a noise like hades emigrating on cart wheels, and a big iron-gray horse with a cowboy a little bit bigger on top of him lit inside the stable door. Men don't grow that size any more. He was six foot six and as trim as an ash. His name was Yarborough, and his voice shook the mangers back in the corral.

"We're all ready to start up the trail in the morning," he says. "Herd counted, cook sober, a sackful of buffalo chips already gathered, and everything in shape. We got to have a farewell dance tonight and I'm hunting a fiddler. Tell me where in all outdoors I can find a fiddler?"

"Just hold your potatoes a minute," says I, "and I'll tell you something. There's a feller asleep back there in the hay that I'm pretty certain is a fiddler."

By this time Yarborough was off his horse and clanking back to the hay shed. I heard a scuffle and the man from Illinois came out rubbing his eyes. His name was Mathis, he said, and his profession was fiddling.

"How'll I get out to the dance?" he asked.

"Right behind me," yelled Yarborough.

Yarborough was already on his big iron-gray and had the horse headed toward the street. Mathis handed up the sack with the fiddle in it. It was evident he had never mounted a horse in his life but I kinder shoved him up. He'd barely got his arms around the cowboy when that devil socked the spurs in the gray and the gray gave a leap that landed them, I'll swear, more than half way across the street. If you've ever tried to look at greased lightning through a dust storm you'll know how the fiddler, the six-foot-six cowboy and the horse left town.

Well, the fiddler got back some time next day and between him and one of the boys I learned all about the dance:

As I have already said, Mathis was dead tired to begin with. The ride out 10 or 12 miles didn't rest him any, I guess. But the crowd was already gathering; they gave him a good, stiff drink, and he began sawing. He could make that fiddle talk. Every time he fagged they'd pour in some more whiskey. Sometimes they'd vary it with hot coffee, and they were so het up they'd saucer it and blow it for him so he wouldn't lose time swallering. Along about midnight he got so fagged he said he'd just have to rest a while. Two cowboys got some knitting needles and knocked time on them while the dancing went on and the fiddler recuperated. Say, I've danced many a time to the click of knitting needles.

Along after sun-up the dance broke. Mathis wanted to know how he was going to get back to town.

★

"The Gray Gave a Leap That Landed Them, I'll Swear, More Than Half Way Across the Street"

★

"Well, me and the old gray has got to go to the herd," says Yarborough, "so we can't take you. But we'll get you to town all right. We'll get you there in a comfortable way too and won't punish you with riding double. Hey, there! some of you fellers hitch up a pair of horses to that buggy."

The corral was full of horses, not one of which had ever looked through a collar, and half of which would pitch at the glimpse of a saddle. The boys were feeling good, and they snared out a couple of browns as skittish as ever tugged on a rope. They were hitched to the buggy and held blindfolded.

"Git in!" Yarborough bellered to the fiddler. "Grab them lines, and we'll herd you down the road a piece so as to start you off in the right direction. When you git to town just leave the rig at the livery stable and somebody'll bring it back."

The fiddler got in and grabbed the lines. The cowboys snatched off the blinds and turned the browns loose, and four more cowboys, two on each side of the team, pointed them out of the lot toward Sherman. The browns did not want to go straight, though, and in spite of the herders began making parabolas, circles, acute triangles, parallelograms, and other geometric figures all over 10 acres of prairie.

"Hold up! Hold up!" Yarborough yelled, spurring up to the buggy. "Don't leave 'til we pay you. How much do we owe for all that fiddling?"

"If you'll put somebody in this buggy that can drive these horses, you won't owe me anything," Mathis called back.

Well, they gave the fiddler 20 dollars and put a man in the buggy who, with the help of two herders, finally got the outfit to town.

Mathis said they'd treated him fine. "But I'll confess something to you," he told me later. "When that gray horse jumped into the street, my heart did something that'll keep me from getting life insurance as long as I live."

★ Probably more people will be on the road during the Spring and Summer of 1932 than have been in the past decade.

The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of George Washington's birth will bring thousands of motorists from all over the United States to the Atlantic seaboard. The Olympic Games, in Southern California, will be the objective of, at a conservative estimate, a million motorists.

Everyone who is planning these trips will get road information from one of the several reliable agencies. They will plan their itineraries so as to reach *friendly* towns each night.

Between five and seven hundred million dollars will be spent by motorists making these two pilgrimages in 1932. The highway engineers of the various states have prepared for this heavy tourist traffic by improving roads. The communities which will benefit to the greatest extent are those which give the greatest amount of thought to kindly consideration of the travelers' needs. Neither costly advertising nor good roads is half so valuable as having motorists say to each other, "Be sure and go back through 'Our City,' it's one of the best places to stop along the whole route!"

—TEXACO NATIONAL ROAD REPORTS

EWING GALLOWAY

PLAZA DE CONGRESO BUENOS AIRES

★

One of many beauty spots to be found in what has been called not only the garden city of the world but also a most progressive South American city

Globe-Trotting with Texaco—XXVII

ARGENTINA

By **O. B. SMALL**

AFTER a sea voyage of about 18 days from New York you round the "Cerro" lighthouse at Montevideo and enter the River Plate itself for the last long day's run up the river to Buenos Aires. All the way up from Montevideo one sees nothing but a broad expanse of muddy water with nothing of interest except the buoys placed at every kilometer to mark the only deep-water channel connecting the port of Buenos Aires with the outside world. To keep this channel deep enough to permit the safe navigation of the large passenger and cargo vessels now on the River Plate run, the Argentine Government's public works department maintains a large fleet of powerful dredgers, many of which can always be seen working in the channel leading into the port.

Passing the port of La Plata (some 35 miles down river from Buenos Aires) one arrives at the Buenos Aires Roads, where the sanitary, customs, and other ports officials (including the port pilot) are taken aboard, and soon one may see the chimneys and factories of Avellaneda, one of the principal industrial centers on the outskirts of Buenos Aires. About six miles from the port the channel branches off to the right and the steamer enters the North Basin, where the passengers disembark.

On the left bank of the river one sees the tanks of the various oil companies in the section known as the Dock Sud area. This area has been set aside by the government as an inflammable zone. It is here in full view of the river that The Texas Company, Sociedad Anonima Petrolera Argentina, has erected six storage tanks for gasoline and kerosene, and now has under construction a large lubricating and compounding warehouse. The Dock Sud (South Dock) area is all land reclaimed from the river and is virtually an island, surrounded on three sides by water and reached by a channel from the river. It is sometimes called Demarchi's Island, after the man who was responsible for its being filled.

Buenos Aires has one of the most modern ports in the world today. It is also one of the cleanest ports in the world, and the authorities take special pride in maintaining this reputation. When one considers that not so many years ago, due to the shallowness of the river, vessels had to anchor a long way out in the stream and that to reach the improvised wharfs of the city passengers and freight had first to be unloaded to barges and thence to high-wheeled carts, it is easier to visualize the foresight, years of work and millions in money it took to bring about this modern port and garden city of the world with its numerous parks and plazas.

Even the land between the docks and the river front has been utilized by the municipal authorities to build a wide boulevard flanked on the land side with gardens, extending from Dock No. 1 to the Yacht Club's building, which is at the entrance to the North Basin, a distance of more than two and one-half miles.

Buenos Aires has been justly named the garden city of the world. To those who have had the privilege of flying over the city, the name is even more a reality. From the air Buenos Aires appears to be one huge garden. All the main arteries of traffic, as well as many of the less-important streets, are lined on both sides with trees, connecting the numerous parks and plazas, the largest of which is Palermo, located along the river front, the land it embraces having been reclaimed from the swamps and low lands adjoining the river.

Today the Palermo Park, with its lakes, walks, avenues, flowers, and trees of all varieties, interspersed with statues, sunken gardens, and artistic bridges, is surpassed perhaps by none in the world, except by those cities which are fortunate enough to have natural scenery. On the Avenida Alvear, the main thoroughfare leading to Palermo, are located many of the palatial residences, each having its own garden to add to the beauty of the scene. On this avenue are also located the Zoölogical and Botanical Gardens, as well as the Palermo Race Course.

The rapid growth of the city can at once be seen by comparing the area in 1880, which was approximately 28 square miles, to its present area of about 118 square miles, to accommodate the increase in population from 821,000 to 2,152,000 over the same period. These figures only cover the federal district and do not include the numerous additions and suburbs, many of which are separated by only a street.

Buenos Aires no doubt is one of, if not the most

Partners of Mignaquy and Company, Who Have Represented The Texas Company in the Argentine Since 1915. Left to Right, Seated: Don Juan and Don Louis Mignaquy. Standing: Don Ricardo, Don Ernesto, Don Arturo and Don Horacio Mignaquy

modern South American city. The architecture, as a whole, carries the old European influence in design, with numerous overhanging balconies, spires, domes, and narrow streets in the older section of the town. The various points of the city are connected with subway systems, which are being enlarged, and when complete will be comparable to those serving New York. As in New York, many of the inhabitants live in the suburbs, commuting to their work in the city.

Argentina is a veritable land flowing with milk and honey,—a country that wants for nothing in natural resources. The Argentine Republic extends from Bolivia on the north approximately 2,700 miles south to Cape Horn, and from the ridge of the Andes on the west to the Atlantic Ocean on the east. Its greatest width is about 900 miles. The whole area is comparable in size to that portion of the United States lying west of the Rocky Mountains. Many parts of the country are intersected by numerous wide and deep rivers forming natural outlets for products. Owing to the nature of the soil it is not surprising that these sections have developed into the richest agricultural and pastoral lands to be found in any country.

In the north of the Republic, extending from the Andes to the east are the great, wooded plains known as the "Gran Chaco," providing many kinds of hard woods, dye woods, as well as the *quebracho*, used in the tanning industry. To the south are the vast, treeless pampas, given over to cattle raising and agriculture, the principal crops being wheat, maize, linseed, and oats. Tobacco is grown in the provinces of Misiones and Corrientes in the north in rapidly increasing quantities, as is cotton.

Argentina plays a leading rôle in the world's markets with her produce. More than 60 per cent of the world's linseed and about 40 per cent of the hides imported by the United States come from the Argentine, and Europe secures much of its meat from the numerous packing houses in the Argentine. Large quantities of wool are yearly exported from this country; wool is one of Argentina's foremost industries.

Cereals form the largest of the exports, with Rosario, the second city in size and importance, located inland on the River Parana, leading all other ports in this trade.

Owing to its geographical location, Buenos Aires is the inlet and outlet for a large and progressive area. From it branches one of the world's largest networks of railways and waterways, and it can easily be termed the hub of the Argentine.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that the story of the economic development of the Argentine Republic is the story of its railway system. Beginning in the middle of the last century, the railways have been steadily pushed into the far corners of the interior of the country, and year by year further extensions are added. To such an extent have they been built that today the Argentine has nearly 25,000 miles of railways, of which some 4,000 miles are owned and operated by the Government. The remainder is practically all controlled by British capital.

For those who are lovers of nature, the Argen-

tine presents a complete picture from the sea to the mountains. In the central zone is the province of Cordoba—the Cordoba Hills being an ideal place for a holiday, on account of the wonderful climate as well as for the beautiful scenery and excellent roads. The authorities of this province have spent endless time and money on their roads to attract tourists, and Cordoba has some of the best automobile roads in the country.

Far away in the southern part of the Argentine is the wonderful lake district of Nahuel Huapi, with some of the finest scenery in South America, and every kind of Winter sport may be enjoyed there. Another beauty spot is the Iguazu Falls on the border of the Argentine and Paraguay. In the Spring and Autumn of every year an enormous number of tourists go to the falls. Regular boats leave Buenos Aires traveling up river to within easy reach of the falls. About eight days are required for the journey.

The Argentine can also boast of its Summer resorts along the Atlantic Coast, the principal and most fashionable of which is Mar del Plata. This place offers all the usual seaside attractions, including a fine golf course and a casino where one —if so inclined—may risk his money at roulette or baccarat.

The Argentine people are almost entirely of European origin, with no trace of any other than the white race. There is a decided strain of English and Irish, and a not uncommon occurrence is to meet an O'Leary, a Duggan, or an O'Reilly who speaks no English, but only Spanish, which is the national language.

The people of the Argentine are peaceful and industrious, always looking for and accepting new ideas, new customs, and innovations of every kind. This is exemplified in the many radio broadcasting stations, the wireless telephones to all parts of the world, and the intense interest in aviation. The moving picture theatres are all "talkies," releasing films at the same time as the United States or Europe.

The water works recently completed in Buenos Aires is considered an engineering model, not only from design and efficiency, but from size. The new apartment houses include everything to be expected in convenience. In fact, one could go on enumerating the many things which prove that Argentina today is one of the foremost and progressive of countries.

The one thing that perhaps is noticed by a newcomer is the many horses on the streets. The coming of the automobile has not replaced them in the every-day lives of the people. Most deliveries in the city are still made by horse-drawn vehicles, horses which show the best of care, always well groomed and well fed.

Argentina has always been a producer of raw materials and is not a manufacturing nation. However, each year sees new industries springing up, new factories being installed, and at the present time one is able to buy practically any class of merchandise stamped with "Industria Argentina."

The production of oil in Argentina is confined to three fields, Salta in the north in the province of Salta, Comodoro Rivadavia, located in the south in the province of Chubut and comprising several small holdings, and Plaza Huincal in Neuquen.

As yet sufficient oil has *(Continued on Last Page)*

(Left) Señor Don Juan Bautista Mignaquy, Founder and Head of the Firm that Bears His Name: At 71 Señor Mignaquy Still Takes an Active Part in Business and Finds Time As Well to Devote to His Cattle Ranches

★

(Right) Don Horacio Mignaquy is a Great Lover of Polo: He Should Go Far on the Mount Shown In This Photograph

Oyster Cocktail

A Few Facts and Figures Anent the Private and Public Life of the So-Called Succulent Bivalve

WHATEVER may be the faults of the oyster in the kingdom of the mollusks, he has but one in the eyes of the oyster-loving public; namely, he does not appear on the menu when the letter R is missing from the calendar. The oyster is naturally reticent during the months between April and September, for that is his honeymoon season, and even the oyster fisherman concedes him the right to a little privacy.

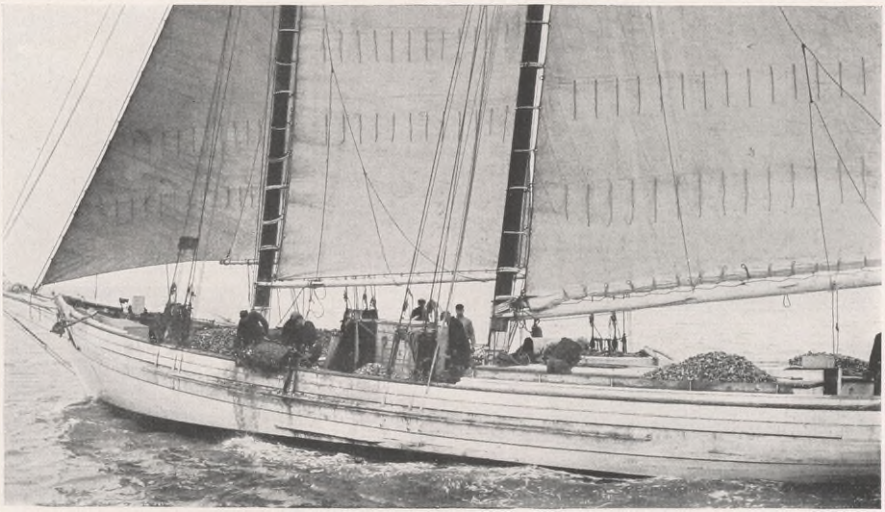
And when, on September 1 every year, restaurant owners dust off the sign that proclaims "Oysters R in Season," millions of little oysters, the fittest survivals from one hundred million eggs laid by each Mrs. Oyster, are lying cosily on a mattress of their ancestor's shells in some sheltered bay and wondering whether they will eventually turn up in a pan roast at the Ritz or a stew in a "one-arm joint."

Some say Indians discovered the oyster, and that it, like corn and tobacco, was once native only to America. But oysters were known ages ago. One of the Delaware tribe, tradition says, discovered the succulence of the raw oyster, but quite by accident. The brave sat one day near the shallows, waiting for a fish to come within spearing distance, and saw beneath the surface a large oyster with its shells separated, feeding upon water plants.

As he reached for it, the sensitive oyster closed its shell on his fingers. Screaming with pain and fright, the Indian ran back to his camp. His aboriginal fortitude was gone, but the oyster was still there, hanging blindly on. When other braves freed his hand he naturally put his fingers in his mouth to ease the pain, and the corners of his mouth, which had been turned down in a grimace, turned upward in a grin. The liquor from within the oyster tickled his palate, so he and his companions tore the oyster open, gingerly tasted the meat, and found it good. From that time on the oyster was a staple food in the red man's diet, and oyster and clam shells, made into wampum, were the red man's money standard.

In many ports of the United States sailmakers wail that the bottom has been dropping steadily out of their market since the age of steam and petroleum furnished a new maritime motive power. They sigh for the good old days of clipper ships, packets, and whalers. But along the shores of Delaware Bay, near Bivalve, New Jersey, the skyline is a forest of masts and spars. It is a sailmaker's paradise.

It is only during the Spring and early Summer that wind blows the oyster schooners about. After

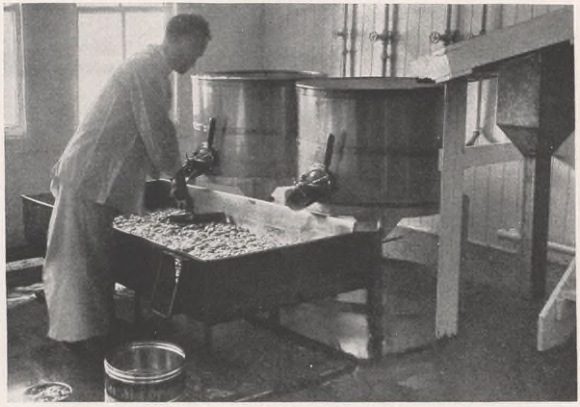


ACME

Dredging for Seed Oysters in Delaware Bay

that the sails are put away and for eight months the vessels scud under oil or gasoline power.

The registry list of the owners of oyster schooners sounds like a roll call of financial firms. There are, for instance, Robbins, Robbins, Robbins & Robbins; Berry, Berry, Berry & Berry; Sharp, Sharp, Sharp & Sharp, and Newcomb, Newcomb & Errickson. Fogg, Stowman & Stowman do business in the oyster beds, and so do Meerwald, Meerwald & Meerwald; Pepper, Pepper, & Pepper, Sockwell & Sockwell, and Bates & Blizzard.



EWING GALLOWAY

"Shucked" Oysters to be Shipped Are First Washed in Purified Water and Then Packed in Cans Which are Heavily Iced en Route

If these names sound like those of good business men they are rightly so, for the men of the oyster industry have solved the problem of doing big business with a minimum of red tape. They need no contracts; word of mouth suffices. If an oyster grower says he will deliver a deckload of oysters or the entire output of his season's beds, the party of the second part is as sure of getting the proper delivery as if the party of the first part had set his hand and seal on the dotted line and posted a bond.

Honest as the oystermen are, there is keen rivalry, and sometimes a few small-timers "outside the pale" make their way by poaching on the preserves of others. To prevent this New Jersey's watch boat, the *Senator Firman M. Reeves*, with watchful Captain "Barney" Cosier at the wheel, cruises around the oyster waters and lends moral support, prestige, and assistance in dredging oysters when needed. For more than 100 years the boundary line in Delaware Bay between Delaware and New Jersey has been under dispute, and this adds to the oystermen's troubles.

Oysters abound in most of the coastal waters of the United States. The oyster industry has attained considerable size in Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, on Long Island, and in Massachusetts. Gulf Coast oysters are well known, and so are those of the Pacific Coast. Certain markets have a preference for a particular kind of oyster, and the oyster's size, flavor, and firmness of flesh varies widely according to the water in which it is grown.

The southern section of New Jersey, centering around Bivalve, asserts that it leads the world in scientifically grown oysters. A year's expenditure for labor in the entire oyster industry is 11 million dollars, and many of these millions go through paymasters' hands right there. The taking of oysters is the most valuable fishery of the United States and one of the most valuable in the world. The annual yield of oysters in the United States is about 30 million bushels, and 67,257 persons are engaged in the industry in America. There are almost 18 million bushels of oysters beneath the coastal waters of the Middle Atlantic States.

A few more of the oystermen's boasts are these: If all the twine used in sewing sacks of oysters were rolled into one ball it would be twice the size of Mars; if all the eggs of a pair of Delaware Bay oysters hatched to maturity, and all the eggs of their children and their children's children and so on, the resulting mass of oysters in 10 generations would be 12 times as large as the earth; if the oysters sent out from "the world's oyster center" were placed end to end, they would encircle the globe four times; if the bags of oysters shipped from "the world's oyster center" were piled on top of one another, they would reach a height to which airplanes have not yet climbed; it would take one man a lifetime to make, with machinery, all the sacks used at Bivalve in a single season; the crushed ice used in the oyster industry in the course of a year would supply all the ice rinks in the world, and the ice used at Bivalve alone is more than can be found in the world's largest glacier; to supply containers for "the world's oyster center" demand, four can machines would be required to run 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

These figures are, no doubt, measured by the oysterman's yardstick and slide rule. They are not for the layman to question, but the layman may, if

he wishes, place the burden of the proof upon the oysterman before he swallows them. As for the skill of the oyster harvesters, it is said that an oysterman can guide his schooner through the thickest fog straight to his own oyster beds.

There are 98 ways to serve an oyster, and every one of them better than the one before it. At one time fresh oysters were considered a rare delicacy inland, but today they are obtainable in almost every part of the United States and are sent abroad. Progress in shipping and packing has been responsible. A "shucked" oyster can now be obtained inland as well as on the coast, fresh and delicious as far as the shipper is concerned. Many like to see their bivalves shucked just before they are eaten, and to cater to these persons, oysters are packed tightly in double-headed barrels that will preserve the flavor two weeks or more.

One pound of oysters will furnish seven per cent of the energy a man needs daily, 28 per cent of the protein, 35 per cent of the calcium, 53 per cent of the phosphorus, and 136 per cent of the iron. Recent investigations by the United States Bureau of Fisheries reveal that oysters, clams, and lobsters contain about 200 per cent as much iodine as milk, beef, and similar foods. Iodine has been used successfully to combat goiter, especially in areas where there is a deficiency of iodine in the drinking water. Oysters are good for delicate stomachs, and said to be equal to liver in the treatment of pernicious anemia.

Many persons are misinformed about which oysters have the best flavor and food value. One who is honest about them will say that an oyster of brunette complexion, which has every appearance of being aged and unhealthy, is really one with a rich, full flavor. Physicians recently have been recommending green, weak-looking oysters as those with the greatest food value. Green oysters have been discarded by retailers for years because buyers did not like their looks.

The oyster that is plump, white, and healthy-looking may have been "freshened" too much, say the men who know their oysters. It will probably be found deficient in flavor, although it is frequently pointed out, by those who do not know, as the finest of its class. Actually, it has been drowned and has absorbed a quantity of water, which makes it plump and pleasing to the eye. The oyster of which to beware is one that has begun to turn pink around the edges. It is a bad oyster, and, likely as not, a very bad oyster. The brighter the oyster's blush the more questionable is its innocence.

After growing from a microscopic egg into an embryo covered with fleshy bristles that beat the water and keep it suspended, a young oyster leads a sedentary life for a time. It grows a shell of its own, cements itself to other clean shells on the bottom, and awaits its time to be transplanted to private beds.

A thicket of poles, crowned by markers to indicate the various owners, extends 12 miles out from the Maurice River, in New Jersey, and the average section under private ownership amounts to about 150 acres. Here the oyster grows for two to four years. When it attains a marketable size it is dredged up, classified as to size, and placed in a water storage raft suspended just below the surface.

Here the oyster frees its shell from marine growths. It strains through its gills 30 quarts of water a day during high tide, seeking its daily meal of minute plants called diatoms. When the tide is out the oyster stops feeding because of the low salt content in the water, and spurts out particles of sand and sea growths which irritate its tender flesh. Before it starts feeding again, scows take it to the dock, and from there it goes to the shucking firms or to those who specialize in packing the unshucked oyster.

In a shucking plant, where the best in sanitation prevails, there are sometimes 150 shuckers,

(*Cont. on Last Page*)

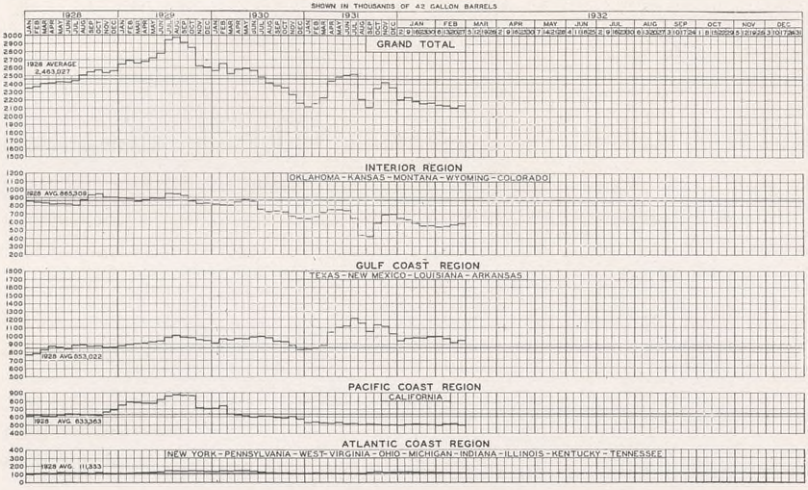
EWING GALLOWAY

Sorting Oysters at Fulton Market, in New York City

DAILY AVERAGE CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION

TOTAL UNITED STATES

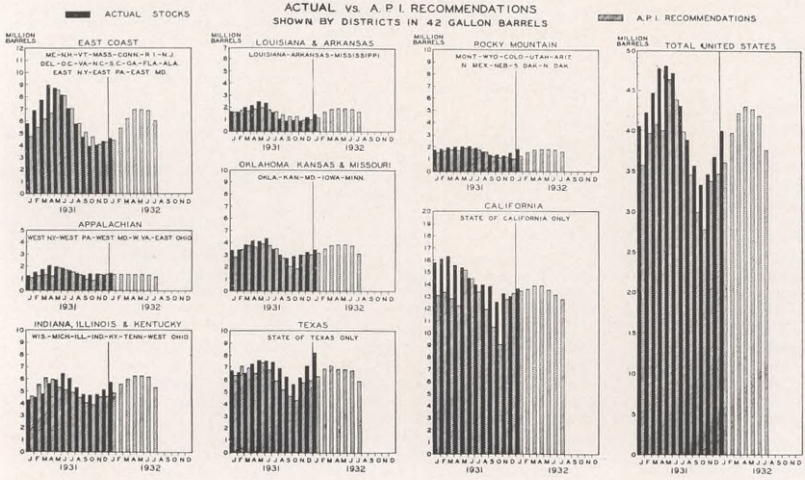
Up to and including February 20



GASOLINE STOCKS FIRST OF EACH MONTH

IN UNITED STATES

As of January 1



GLOBE-TROTTING

(Continued from page 19)

not been produced to supply the needs of the country. This necessitates the importation of large quantities, especially refined products. For the most part the fields are in the hands of foreign companies. However the Argentine Government, under the name of "Yacimientos Petroliferos Fiscales" has extensive holdings, from which they supply their refinery in La Plata. This plant is equipped with the latest cracking and refining units, producing gasoline, kerosene, and so on. At present they produce no lubricants but have virtually completed plans for an addition to their La Plata plant for the manufacture of motor oils and greases.

The Texas Company has been very well represented in the Argentine since 1915 by the well-known firm of Mignaquy and Company, and through their well-directed efforts the Red Star with the Green T is well known in the Argentine as a symbol of high-grade petroleum products.

Recently an affiliated company, The Texas Company, Sociedad Anonima Petrolera Argentina, has been incorporated in the Argentine and bulk terminals have been erected at Buenos Aires, Rosario, Santa Fé and Bahia Blanca.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 11)

of the Seven Years' War in Europe, which changed the map of the world. It was the beginning of a war in which Great Britain's burden of expense was so heavy that she placed excessive taxes upon the Colonies, thus precipitating the American Revolution—and it was the first real battle of George Washington's career which gave him a place in the eyes of the world.

As an indication of the sentimental value George Washington placed upon Great Meadows, he purchased the land in 1769 from the State of Virginia and held it until his death.

Commemoration of the Battle of Fort Necessity is now proceeding rapidly. The George Washington Bicentennial Commission, which this year will direct the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, has heartily approved the plans. President Hoover has placed his stamp of approval upon the rejuvenation of the landmark and Congress has appropriated $25,000 for a suitable monument.

The State of Pennsylvania has purchased the actual battlefield and will dedicate it for park purposes. This will mark the site as the only land actually owned by George Washington, other than Mount Vernon, which has become a public park.

The shrine will be dedicated July 2 and the ceremonies will be one of the high spots of the 1932 observance of the Bicentennial. Many motorists from other states will travel over the Old Pike at that time to number themselves among those who will pay homage and patriotic honor to the young Virginia Colonel.

FAIR EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 7)

the London Stock Exchange in that it is subject to Government control and supervision. Its members, called *agents de change,* are nominated by decrees countersigned by the minister of finance or the minister of commerce and industry. It is an institution very strong financially and politically.

Although the average Frenchman prefers investment to speculation, several large speculative ventures have been aided in part by the Paris Bourse. The success of the Suez Canal caused the French to take stock in the Panama Canal Company, which lost huge sums of money for them.

The *Börse* in Berlin is subject to Government and legislative control, and its procedure in transacting business is somewhat different from that pursued by stock exchanges in other cities. The World War, which destroyed much of Germany's capital, hampered the *Börse* in resuming business along pre-war lines.

The Amsterdam Bourse, as it exists today, was founded in 1876, and until comparatively recent times shared its meeting place with commercial businesses. This exchange, which is particularly interested in oil shares, deals in large numbers of foreign bonds. American railway securities, which found a booming market there before the World War, are now traded only in small quantities.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

(Continued from page 22)

both men and women, who sing at their work as if they enjoyed it immensely. Today 70 per cent of the oyster harvest is delivered to these shucking houses, who send out more than a million gallons of dry, solid-pack oysters every year.

Boat builders, sailmakers, shipsmiths, dredge builders, ice men, and laboratory men of the New Jersey Board of Shell Fisheries and the New Jersey Board of Health all coöperate to bring the oyster to the consumer's table with the same flavor it had when the Indian discovered it.—W. B. T.

GEORGE R. ROWLAND

GEORGE ROSS ROWLAND, who in November, 1931, completed 21 years of service with The Texas Company, died at his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, on February 10, after a brief illness.

Mr. Rowland was born in Hampton, New Jersey, August 3, 1867, and was employed by the Central Railroad of New Jersey from 1883 to 1910, when he entered the service of The Texas Company as a staff engineer in Northern Territory Sales. Step by step he advanced to the position of Supervising Engineer, Lubricating Sales Division, Northern Territory, which post he held up to the time of his death.

As an employe of The Texas Company Mr. Rowland proved himself an efficient and tireless worker. He was a true friend, a sympathetic counsellor, and a personality who will not soon be forgotten. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Katherine L. Rowland, one son, Ross, and a sister.

CONQUEST OF KUFARA

(Continued from page 9)

necessary water, ammunition, and supplies.

The results of the expedition were brilliant, and the Oasis of Kufara was finally occupied with a complete victory over the Bedouin rebels. No less important, from our point of view, was the victory of Texaco products over the enormous material difficulties created by the burning sands of the Sahara. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that Texaco motor products played a large part in the conquest of the Oasis of Kufara, and deserve to share in the praise that the British and French press accorded to the splendid accomplishment of the Italian colored troops, hailing the occupation of Kufara as one of the most brilliant and best-organized operations of colonial warfare that had ever been accomplished.

★ The student finds THE TEXACO STAR useful in many ways. Frank H. McCumber, Jr., 15-year-old son of a Texaco Tank Truck Operator in Brooklyn, New York, cuts pictures from each issue of the magazine, mounts them, and beneath each writes essays to obtain scholastic credits in Alexander Hamilton High School.

★ Cigarette consumption in the United States is 17 tons a day greater than the total consumption of 16 years ago.

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Texaco No. 14, Latest Addition to The Texas Company's Aviation Sales Fleet, A Stearman Junior Speedmail Biplane with a Wasp Junior Engine, Developing a Maximum Speed of 145 Miles an Hour and a 120-Mile Cruising Speed: Photo Shows J. D. (Duke) Jernigin, Left, Superintendent of Aviation Sales, The Texas Company, Who Will Pilot the New Ship

★

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