

THE
TEXACO
STAR



FOR EMPLOYES OF
THE TEXAS COMPANY

Vol. XI

SEPTEMBER 1924

No. 9

Subjects for Study and Public Discussion

The Inspiration and Setting of the Constitution of the United States: Such as Magna Charta, English Bill of Rights, Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, etc.

The Nature of the Government Established by the Constitution.

What the Bill of Rights in the Constitution Has Meant to the American People and What It Means Today.

Watchwords of the Constitution: A Government of Laws and Not of Men: Liberty Under the Law: Equal Opportunity to All Citizens.

Present Dangers to the Free Institutions Established by the Constitution. For example: Communism, Organized Minorities, Too Much Government with Resulting Burdensome Taxation, Federal Usurpation of Powers Belonging to the States, Inactivity of the Average Citizen in Governmental Affairs.

*—Recommended especially for
Constitution Week, Sept. 14-20,
by American Bar Association.*

Under the operation of the Constitution we have been free and happy; civil and religious liberty have stood firm and unshaken; education has received a new impetus and a wider spread; ...agriculture, commerce, and manufactures have been steadily encouraged and sustained; and general competency and satisfactory means of living have everywhere rewarded the efforts of labor and industry. ...Of what other country can this be said with so much truth? Who, then, would raise his hand against this Constitution? Who would scoff at those political and social blessings which Providence has never before seen fit to vouchsafe in such abundance to any community of man? Self love, our hopes for the future, national pride, and gratitude to God, all conspire to prompt us to embrace these institutions of our native land with all the affection of our hearts, and to defend them with all the strength of our hands.

—Daniel Webster.

The TEXACO STAR

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION
TO EMPLOYEES OF THE TEXAS COMPANY

Vol. XI

September 1924

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"All for Each—Each for All"

Address: The Texaco Star, The Texas Company,
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Voting

All of the Subjects for Study and Public Discussion (see the opposite cover page) recommended by the Citizenship Committee of the American Bar Association deserve thoughtful study by every reader of *The Texaco Star*. The editor, to do his bit, submits some reflections upon the last of the subjects listed. It is not his idea that anyone should accept his views without independent assent; beneficial courses of action will be pursued only by those who frame by their own judgments a true scale of values and clear aims, and who choose means well adapted to good ends held constantly in view.

On the subject of the widespread failure to vote in general elections there is just now much public utterance. It could hardly be called *discussion* because the bulk of it has been—in the literal sense of the word—thoughtless. A bare fact has been cited and bewailed, with—for the most part—only vapid or hysterical comment. When the question, what should be done about it, has been confronted, the conspicuous proposal has been only another instance of the war-engendered 'drive' methods. One of our biggest weeklies is sending a "Vote Pledge" to everyone whose address they have and offering to supply cards in quantity for "taking the pledge."

The facts which have justly aroused solici-

tude are thus stated: "In each national election since 1896 the proportion of voters has dwindled; in 1896 80% of those qualified to vote did vote; in 1900, 73%; in 1908, 66%; in 1912, 62%; in 1920, less than 50%—four years ago 54,421,832 could have voted but only 26,786,753 did so. Such is the descending curve of American democracy."

Now, the first thing to understand about facts—especially statistics—is that a fact is not the truth for a mind which does not comprehend its true relations. In this case, instead of assuming that the dwindling percentages prove a proportional diminution of the interest in or capacity for republican government on the part of the people and proceeding to call for "pledges" to repentance and reformation, it would be more serviceable to analyze the facts with respect to their causes and then to seek broad organic remedies.

Far more space than is available would be necessary to present an adequate discussion. I can do no more than offer stimulants to reflection.

In the first place, note that those who are exhorting you instead of reasoning with you, do not mention the fact that in 1920 the number of qualified voters had been so increased by the addition of all women through the Nineteenth Amendment that the voting of 50% in 1920 really showed greater popular attention to the election than the 62% in 1912. The sudden imposition of voting upon women found the majority of them unwilling or unready to exercise the franchise. Many refrained from distaste, more because they had no opinion to express; for instance, if your cook did not vote because she knew nothing about the issues, she showed better sense than those who summoned her to the polls.

Other adjusting factors might be mentioned:

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absentees from place of residence; 2,000,000 illiterate citizens disfranchised by State laws; etc. In States which are preponderantly of one party, if they have primary elections for nomination the issues have been settled in advance of general elections and heavy voting in the primary is followed by a light vote in the general election.

This somewhat cleared view of the statistics shows that the predicament is not quite so black as it is painted, but it remains dark and ominous. We are confronted with a grave problem. Why have the people fallen into such indifference or disgust or despair, as the case may be, that their inactivity in governmental affairs menaces the security of the commonwealth? We must discern the true causes and apply genuine fundamental remedies, or confusion will increase to disaster. No treatment of mere symptoms can help, but would probably aggravate the evils. For instance it would be worse than futile to devise punishments for non-voting or rewards for voting.

Experience and reason agree that two parties, both conservative of the fundamental principles and constitution of our government, are needed *in order to secure political responsibility*. Those who aim to destroy the constitution should not be harbored in either of these; let them form a third party.

Now primary elections for nomination for State offices and for the U. S. Congress have so disordered our parties that party responsibility has nearly vanished. The voter is so often left without any acceptable choice that a great many have said, "What's the use?" Self-constituted candidates, all claiming to be of the same party, present themselves, often in such numbers that the two highest combined get only a minority of the votes, and sometimes both of these are so unfit that neither could ever be nominated by any convention. In the "run-off" one of these must be chosen. In the general election, what is the voter to do if he still clings to his party and is unwilling to vote for a candidate of the other party?

The welfare of a nation depends upon the choice of suitable men for the offices of government; its peril lies in the choice of unfit lawmakers and executives. It is hard to induce suitable men to seek office under the conditions of our primary elections. The primaries are in advance of any platform, and many of the candidates shamelessly beg for the jobs for their personal gratification and their argu-

ments are for the most part personal attacks upon their rivals. The expense of one or two of the internal primary contests, followed by the general election in contest with the other party, is an additional deterrent. Well qualified men who would accept a nomination upon a platform adopted by their party and go upon the hustings in its support, will not go uninvited into the nasty irresponsible scramble of the primaries.

The growing evil of organized minorities, each ruthlessly seeking its chosen object, is fostered by primary elections for nomination. If it is not checked soon, such political disintegration must ensue as would drag the nation into abject humiliation.

The sound core of our body politic, the best part of our people, does not have a fair chance in primary elections for nomination as they function in this country. Selfish groups and groups of fanatics have an advantage which would be beyond their grasp if genuine party responsibility were restored.

One way, then, to secure increased political activity on the part of good citizens is to restore representative government. Let due deliberation be given to the choice of questions and candidates to be submitted to the voters, and more will vote and—which is of greater importance—more will vote intelligently.

In the consideration of this whole matter one should clear up in his mind his concept of the proper nature and function of the political franchise—of voting. Our sentimentalists have treated it as a natural right. Should it not be regarded as a privilege and responsibility, to be generously but not recklessly conferred?

Our easy going people let some zealous dreamers induce us to offer the franchise to immigrants upon more facile terms of naturalization than were ever used by any other country. We went further, and invited the immigrant to vote on declaration of intention—with the curious result that under our laws many a man has voted who never was a citizen of the United States. At the present juncture many have expressed the opinion that the 6,000,000 unnaturalized aliens in the country should be legally qualified to vote as quickly as possible. What particular harm does an alien in the country do if he does not vote? We know what harm he has done—or has been done through him—when he has been legally qualified to vote while unqualified in every other respect. Should not ten years of

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residence and some other qualifications be required?

For native born citizens the franchise to vote should be easily acquired. But should it be conferred without any qualification? I offered a practical scheme for a liberal but not unlicensed franchise in the leading editorial of the issue for October 1921.

Meanwhile, most of us have sins of omission to make amends for by better diligence in the future. If, while able to do so, we have not informed ourselves how to vote in accordance with the public welfare, a plain duty has been neglected.

Those who have understood clearly to their own satisfaction what vote would be for the country's good and have in self-absorption or laziness failed to cast their vote, are guilty of no small wrong. This sort, alas! seems to consist mainly of prosperous business and professional men. They are gravely at fault and they may have to pay 'at the nose' for having shirked their responsibility.

Space limits bring us to the conclusion that all of us should study to qualify ourselves to discharge our full duty as citizens—which can not be done if one remains in ignorance of the principles of the original constitution of our government. In short we should be concerned—both in our own conduct and as to public measures—more for the quality than the quantity of our voting.

Amending the Constitution

The present circumstances are so critical that the wise counsel is to oppose any more amending of the Constitution until the pernicious one-ideaed groups and their *methods of coercing legislators* become generally understood and it therefore becomes possible to have such questions properly considered. (By all means find a *Saturday Evening Post* for August 23, 1924, and read the leading article "Government by Blackmail.") If I were convinced that a certain amendment to the Constitution would be advantageous I would keep silent about it until a more opportune time.

At its outset the federal government faced great jealousy in the minds of the people who were accustomed to look to their States for all governmental action. The Articles of Confederation had not constituted a real government,—it had no executive, no courts, and its Congress was a mere committee in charge of the

war. But the Constitution of the United States did ordain a genuine government for all spheres covered by the powers delegated to it, the States reserving all powers not delegated. Step by step the Supreme Court—by declaring the constitutionality of acts of the Congress and the unconstitutionality of attempted encroachments by States upon the powers delegated to the federal government—confirmed and extended to the very limits of legitimate expansion the authority of the central government.

Finally this process met a check. But when it was impossible, with reason and integrity, for the Court to go any further, the Congress, driven by fanatical or selfish groups, attempted to take over powers not delegated to it or even expressly reserved to the States. This evil is now at its height. At every point where it has been checked by the Constitution, amendments to the organic law are proposed or pending—even to the last extremity of abolishing the Supreme Court.

If the Supreme Court can not determine what is constitutional, then there is no Constitution. The Congress could do whatever it pleased or whatever its members regarded as, at the moment, requisite for their reelection.

The individual and minorities would be divested of all protection, of every guaranty.

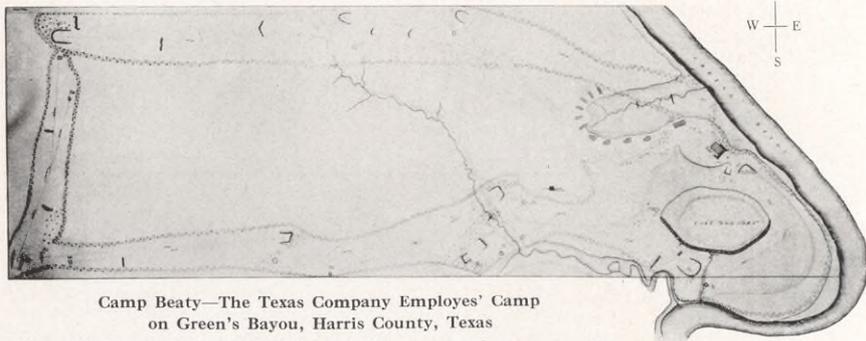
Silenced would be that great watchword of the Constitution, "A government of laws and not of men." Winds of freedom would cease to blow. A servile populace would toil under the burden of boundless expenses to pay bureaucratic agents to spy upon and direct their behavior and their business.

The Congress would be the whole source of government. Its dominant faction would only make laws to protect itself against adversaries, or hurriedly utter decrees to meet the demands of a bloc or an outcry of reformers. It would represent only the passions of the most pernicious groups within the citizenry. Its administrative instrument would be an immense parasitical bureaucracy.

As long as majorities oppose sensible laws and demand foolish ones, legislatures will act accordingly. . . . If the newspapers should decide that as part of their service to the nation they would make every effort to educate the people into correct economic thinking, I believe we should soon have no cause to complain about the economic follies of Congress.

—Guy E. Trip in *The Nation's Business*.

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Camp Beaty—The Texas Company Employees' Camp
on Green's Bayou, Harris County, Texas

Ten miles from the Home Office Building in Houston—112½ acres—1320 feet on Green's Bayou which affords a navigable course, 15 feet of water, to Houston municipal pier by way of Buffalo River.

Dedication of Camp Beaty

ROBT A. JOHN, August 30, 1924

We are here, today, to dedicate Camp Beaty, —to be the center of the social life of a great corporation, a corporation with a vital spirit, even if, as is contended by some, it cannot be endowed with an immortal soul. The camp is named after the great chieftain who presides over its destiny—a native of the State from which The Texas Company derives its name and from which it lives and moves and has its being.

I think I should also congratulate the camp's chief promoter, one who has grown from infancy to manhood and leadership within its fold. I, therefore, congratulate Dan Moran, whose untiring zeal, energy, and enthusiasm has made this beautiful sylvan home possible. He joins me in hoping that, unlike the traditional garden of our first parents, this garden of the gods will continue in its original innocence, a solace to the weary and heavy laden, who will come here to rest; to commune with Mother Nature; to listen to her many voices; to lie down in pleasant dreams beside the still waters; to drink deep the only draughts worth while, those of love for your home and your job, respect for your fellow servant, and loyalty to your magnificent Corporation.

My first thought is that life, after all, is but the image and the symbol of eternal change. Nothing is static. Everything moves and each day the old world evolves to a higher

plane. I belong to the past, and may be only drifting; but progress, with magic wand, leads you, friends of a younger generation, to heights unknown to me or to my contemporaries.

If I were a minister, I would choose a text, but being a layman, I must content myself with a theme. My theme is inspired by a verse, written by a man reputed to be exceedingly wise, but who made very foolish use of his wisdom. It is safe to do as Solomon said, —exceedingly unsafe to do as Solomon did. You will find the text in *Ecclesiastes*. It reads: "Say not thou, What is the cause that former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

Who among you has not heard grandpa or grandma, looking askant over tilted spectacles, say, "Land's sake, what is the world coming to? Young folks didn't dare to carry on so when I was young."

Their day is not your day; that is the only difference, grandpa and grandma. Our time —our ways—our virtues—and, pardon me, our sins, were not like theirs. Our children and our children's children are, in their way, as good as we were. Your lessons, old gray head, were learned in another school and taught by another teacher. In the hardy school of toil, you cleared the forest that a city might spring to life. You chased the buffalo that the tinkle of the cowbell might be heard. Your hearts

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Club House.



Green's Bayou.



Lake Bob John when half filled.

were tried by the fiery ordeal of war and famine, and under the iron heel of the conqueror,—which was but to refine for us the crude production of a heritage better than was yours. We, of my day, studied the soil and caught the gleam of the treasure that lay hidden in this vineyard. We dug and found the liquid gold, but we must stand aside and watch our children take out the hidden riches; free the beast from his burden; harness the blind forces of nature—the telegraph—the telephone—the radio—the motor and Deisel engine—the automobile, chariots never dreamed of by Solomon in all his glory. Building cities, not macadamized but asphalted, greater than Rome or Babylon; and establishing nations, not monarchies but republics, that make the empires of the past seem but as molehills beside the mighty mountains.

I, therefore, turn the wisdom of Solomon against the chidings of those who see, in the ceaseless change of time, a change for the worse. I believe that, "Three great angels, *Conduct, Toil, and Thought*, are still calling us, and waiting at the post of our doors to lead us, if we will, with their winged power, and guide us by paths which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."

I declare my implicit belief that since the day that Constantine made the Roman gibbet his imperial ensign, the children of men have sifted the grain from the chaff; the gold from the dross; the oil from the basic sediment; and from sire to son, and from dame to daughter—day after day—year after year—the treasures and pleasures of life have become greater and its rewards better and better, and that the young of the old world are but the young of the new, and the immortality of our youth is renewed like the youth of an eagle.

And what is our heritage, young Texan?

A Texan is an inveterate boaster; his State pride is monumental; it is as colossal as her

boundaries. Wherever he goes, he feels called upon to brag about her resources; if you crowd him a little he will pronounce a eulogy upon her history; and if you crowd him further, he will give you a star spangled panegyric upon her wonderful future. There is a reason for this attribute. About the first thing a young Texan is taught, is that his State, geographically speaking, is the biggest thing in the Union. With his undeveloped mind, a luxuriant if disordered imagination, he seizes his beginner's geography and turning to the map of the United States beholds the map of his native State (generally painted red) standing as if on tiptoe, the toe near Brownsville and spreading giant arms from El Paso to the Sabine, Atlas like—holding on broad shoulders the forty seven puny splotches of blue and yellow that constitute the balance of the Union.

He is early taught something of the resources of his State; for instance he is told that enough wheat could be raised in the Panhandle to feed all the hungry children of the world; that enough cotton could be gathered from the cotton fields of Texas to clothe mankind; that there is one iron mountain in Llano County, still untouched, that could supply the forges, shoe the horses, equip the flivvers, furnish the gun metal and sword blades and armor plates of all the armies and navies of Christendom. That there is a granite mountain in Burnett County, out of which could be taken sufficient material to rebuild New York and London; that our Colorado River cuts its way through canyons of parian marble so inexhaustible that it could duplicate every cube and square foot chiseled by Egyptian or Grecian sculptors, or Roman builders, in all the ages of the past. That enough rice can be raised to furnish rice pudding three times a day to the entire nation; that the politicians and the peaches of Texas are incomparable, and the vineyards of pre-Volstead Pecos Val-

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Fairway.

On golf course.

Artificial and natural hazard.

ley grapes are more excellent than the grapes of Eschol, more stimulating than those on the vine clad hills of Sunny France.

That there is a city in our State that has every Olympian gift that the gods can shower upon us mortals; that in this city (a gift of one of her own sons) there is a great institution of learning, surrounded by the silver bow of her waters—which legend says was the seat of the Garden of Eden, and some future oil geologist will yet discover the petrified trunk of the identical tree called in holy writ, "the tree of knowledge."

This young Texan is then taught something of the history of his State. A history absolutely unique. It excels in romance and adventure the history of all the other states of this Union, as wine does water, as sunlight does the moonlight. Do you read the history of Greece? We have our Thermopylae in our Alamo, our Marathon in our San Jacinto. A handful of rough and rather illiterate, but English speaking, backwoodsmen threw themselves between the homes of the Texans and the veterans of Santa Anna, and held his army in check until the tidings of the invasion could be carried to the scattered colonists, and the women and children brought to a place of safety, and the little army (or was it really an army) could gather under Sam Houston and overwhelm the foe on the field off yonder, close by, San Jacinto.

With this interpretation of their sacrifice, the Alamo becomes one of the greatest and the most unselfish deeds in history. Not like other states, placed in tutelage until grown to the full measure of a sovereign, Texas sprang from the brain of Jove full fledged, full panoplied, and armed cap-a-pie. With a population less than the city of Houston now has, our forefathers demanded and received a recognition of their independence from the proud and populous monarchies of Europe, and when

we entered the Union we dictated the treaty of annexation, retaining control over our public domain and the right to subdivide ourselves into four separate states at our election—rights granted to no other state in the Union.

Less than 200 gave us the Alamo.

Less than 1,000 gave us the San Jacinto.

Less than 50,000 established the Republic of our fathers.

But the martyrs of the Alamo spoke with a dramatic tongue, and the victors of San Jacinto made fadeless and immortal yon five pointed star on her historic flag, the trademark and symbol of the great corporation that you and I are trying to serve.

But what is the special gift to him who works on that monument of Texas energy, resource, and commercial primacy called The Texas Company.

The Texas Company is an open corporation. This should always be borne in mind by its employes. No men or group of men control the Company, and for that reason promotion in its ranks does not depend upon heredity, but on individual merit. The law of primogeniture does not concern us.

I know that statistics are dry and uninteresting, but let me give you a brief review of the organization you serve: It was organized on April 7, 1902; a child born on the day of its charter has just reached manhood. It began with a capital of \$3,000,000, with 119 stockholders, and about 125 employes. It now has a capital stock of \$164,450,000; over 30,000 stockholders; and over 20,000 employes representing an annual payroll of \$36,000,000; and I wish to say to you that there is not a youth on its payroll who may not aspire to hold the highest office within its gift. It needs but *Conduct, Toil, and Thought*, the three angels, to win your way to leadership, and to win a prize worth while in life and achievement.

Unlike cotton, which leaves the cotton fields

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Cottages for members. The location of the locker and shower bath house is shown on the map northwest of the Club House—the building nearest to it.

of Texas to feed the spindles of other states and countries, Texas oil is taken from the soil of Texas, refined by Texas labor, and the finished product sold to the markets of the world. And to this The Texas Company has contributed signally. It is with such splendid record in the oil industry that it has won premiership in this State. Not content with its thousands of miles of pipe lines feeding the great refineries, with its fleet of tank cars covering every railroad siding in this country, The Texas Company has sent forth on the seas and to foreign shores a fleet of 21 tank ships having a gross tonnage of over 115,000 tons transporting Texaco products to the markets of the world.

If it is a soft snap that you are seeking, young gentlemen, you should leave The Texas Company, for there is no such thing existing. But if, by industry and fidelity, if by that trinity "*conduct, toil, and thought,*" you expect to win your way in life, you should stay with the old Company as one of the monumental accomplishments of your day and time.

And, ladies, not in the sweat and grime of the oil fields, not with the rough and rugged

work of the pipe liners and tankers, not in the many hazards of those mammoth refineries, but in gentler tasks that touch not your finer nature, you are to do your part; if not directly in the service then you are to be the inspiration of the husband, of the father, and of the son, who are and will ever be, as God has so appointed, the brawny fighters and rough toilers of the world, which is no play ground, but a battlefield. "Say not thou, that the buckling on of the knight's armor by woman's hand is the mere caprice of a romantic fashion; it is the type of an eternal truth, that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it."

This great Company of ours has long outgrown the original bounds of gigantic Texas; yet savoring of her soil, and captained in the main by men who are either her native or her adopted sons, it has carried the flag of the Lone Star to the remotest points of this earth. If there be ambition in your hearts and energy in your actions, you may sail behind that star, be ye man or woman, to a splendid future, "as broad as the domed firmament inlaid with suns."

CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELL

July 31st, 1924

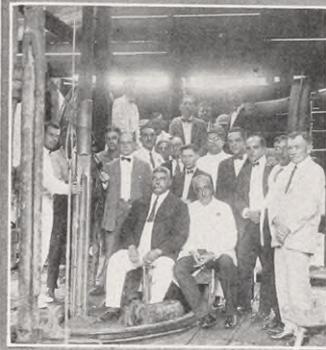
Penna., Bradford . . . \$3.25	Homer . . . \$1.00 to 1.35
Other Penna. 3.00	Caddo . . . 1.00 to 1.35
Indiana 1.88	DeSoto . . . 1.35
Canada 2.48	Bull Bayou . 1.00 to 1.30
Ragland, Ky. 1.00	Crichton . . . 1.15
California . . . 1.00 to 1.40	Gulf Coast . . 1.50
Kan. & Okla. . 1.10 to 1.50	Mexia 1.50
N.&N.C.Tex. . 1.10 to 1.50	Luling90
Eldorado . . . 1.25 to 1.35	Currie 1.50
Smackover60 to .95	Powell 1.50
Haynesville . 1.15 to 1.25	Wyoming88 to 1.45

CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELL

August 31, 1924

Penna., Bradford . . . \$2.85	Homer . . . \$1.00 to 1.35
Other Penna. 2.75	Caddo . . . 1.00 to 1.35
Indiana 1.63	DeSoto . . . 1.35
Canada 2.48	Bull Bayou . 1.00 to 1.30
Ragland, Ky.90	Crichton . . . 1.15
California . . . 1.00 to 1.40	Gulf Coast . . 1.35
Kan. & Okla. . 1.10 to 1.50	Mexia 1.35
N.&N.C.Tex. . 1.10 to 1.50	Luling90
Eldorado . . . 1.25 to 1.35	Currie 1.35
Smackover60 to .95	Powell 1.35
Haynesville . 1.15 to 1.25	Wyoming88 to 1.45

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President Elect Rodolfo Chiari
Standing by the hanging bit with bottle in hand.

Distinguished Visitors

Our camp at Carib Well No. 1, Province of Chiriqui, Panama, recently enjoyed a visit from Senor Rodolfo Chiari, Popular Candidate for President of the Republic of Panama, and a party of his friends including Senor Pinnel, President of the National Steamship Company, Governor Dias of the Province of Chiriqui, Senor Aleman, Treasurer of Panama, Senor Enrique Halphen, banker, and Senores Preciado, Clement, Delgade, and Jurade, leading cattlemen of Northern Panama. We entertained these distinguished gentlemen with an informal dinner and by showing them the well. While at the well Senor Chiari made a beautiful speech wishing prosperity for us and for his country, and at the end of his talk he broke a bottle of champagne over the hanging bit.

On August 3 Rodolfo Chiari won his election by the greatest majority ever given a president in the Republic's history. He will take office on the first day of October.

A Trip to the Panama Well of the Carib Company

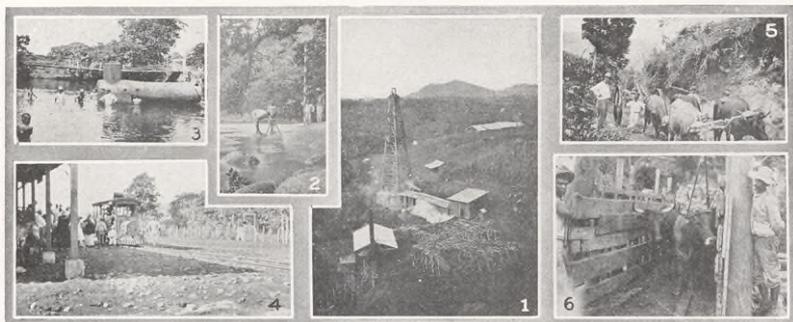
MRS. JAMES TERRY DUCE

After two days and nights on the Pacific Ocean in a little cattle boat, which the Vikingish Danish Captain assured me was only 35 years old, with a weirdly constructed bottom for dumping mud in the canal dredging days, which now makes the little ship so difficult to steer that our trail on the waters looked as though the pilot had imbibed too much chicha, we arrived in David. If you will look on your map of Panama you will find David up on the west coast near the Costa Rican border. It is a little city, such as you see in Latin-American countries, with the parque in the center and one main hotel, and the brown babies and dogs spilling out of the doorways, while the very old ladies with gray hair go

about clad in short chemises looking like grotesque copies of our modern flapper.

My husband and I, in company with Mr. Scholl, were bound for the camp of the wild-cat well being drilled by the Carib Company. We did not need to take the train on the narrow-gauge railroad up to David from Pedregal, as Mr. McDermond, Mr. Rank, and Mr. Halphen were down in their reliable sea-going Ford to meet us. Fourteen miles on red clay roads through a luscious green country—where we divided our time between dodging cows and polka-dotted young pork chops intermingled with young hopefuls, and gazing off to verdant mountains on the horizon—brought us to the camp. There we were met

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1. Carib No. 1 Well. 2. Geologists at work on Rio Majagua. 3. Hauling across river with block and tackle. 4. The "train" to Boquete. 5. Oxen after the day's work. 6. Loading cattle at Remedios.

by the crew and Col. and Mrs. Cuthbert who run the menage under Mr. McDermond. The Colonel, a rare old South Carolinian gentleman, whom I can never think of apart from his beloved horse and hounds, has a fascinating side line in the collection of specimens of large native mammals for the New York City "Zoo" in the Bronx. The Colonel loves this work and he considers the months expended in hunting wild tapirs and sloths as time well spent, although the red tape he has to go through in signing on dotted lines and writing out instructions for the caretakers of the animals on their way to New York would discourage anyone except a born naturalist. The Colonel's lady is doing her bit in contenting the crew with pies "like mother used to make" and running a little mission for the natives whom she teaches to cook and tat and take care of their babies.

The camp is at an elevation of 485 feet and the climate is hot. Hills surround it, so that one can see only a few thatched bamboo huts and a landscape of cocoanut palms dotted with patches of corn, beans, and rice, with a few living fences of Nancy trees. The rig, surmounted by a large white flag, can be seen from far off. The camp is most comfortably arranged, separated from the great out of doors by screening all around the house. Two showers help to keep us cool. Mr. McDermond's office is a surprise in this remote spot—a bright rug on the floor and wild animal skins, crude but modern furniture, walls laden with boxing gloves, guns, and tennis rackets, a phonograph, and a candle bracketed piano of the vintage of '76. Bright electric lights,

home-made, illumine the college pennants on the wall and our games of cards in the evening after the day's work is done.

The second day we were there, being Sunday, the men went hunting and came back bearing a huge buck deer. Mrs. Foote and I went horseback riding and stumbled upon a tannery where we watched while a bronzed young Indian with coarse black hair, clad only in a loin cloth, lifted the massive skins out of one vat and threw them into another of different solutions. The owner of the establishment gravely brought us some tiny chairs to sit on while we admired the tiger skins he was cutting up for belts for the caballeros about town. We got back just before the customary afternoon rain and were glad to see the huge glasses of pineapple squash waiting for us.

The well was spudded in on August 17, 1923, but it has been shut down a good part of the time waiting for emergency parts. It has been drilled 2,900 feet although there are only three Americans working on it, Mr. Foote and his two sons. The geologists come in every evening, hot and tired and wet from fording around in the rivers but happy over their day's work and the fossils and samples and information they have collected. They see many things of interest besides rocks. One morning I drove out with them and saw my first iguana, which is said to make good eating. It took me some little time to distinguish her from her surroundings but when I did I was astonished and delighted. She was 3 feet long, vari-colored in orange, brown, and green, with a ringed tail, and reared up her head with its long crest that reached down to the center

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of her back and goggled large eyes at us. Suddenly I spied two little green iguanas beside her, bright as parrots, while a little gray baby scuttled away in the bushes. Next I was introduced to the ant-tree. It is an extraordinary plant, averaging six feet in height with long fern-like fronds of leaves and huge thorns up and down each stalk. The species of ants that have it for their dwelling place bore a tiny hole in the end of the thorn and a little colony of them pass through and live within. Thus the tree is full of very hot thorns, and if you brush against it out they pour and bite as many mouthfuls of you as they can reach.

On our return I noticed a quaint little bridge over the river and asked how the oil men got their materials over it. I was told that some 400 tons of materials had been taken to the camp, a thousand pounds at a time, on two-wheeler ox-carts which had to be driven at night on account of the intense heat, and since these little bridges were too weak they had to use blocks and tackle to get the material across the streams. Our men dynamited and graded and dug ditches for most of the roads and put them into good condition, yet they have to pay the local government \$2.50 a month for the privilege of driving over them.

Our next adventure was a trip to Boquete, 50 kilometers *mas o menos*, uphill. It is 3,500 feet above Quetana. We boarded a diminutive train, consisting of one 15 passenger car equipped with a Stutz motor, and rattled on our way, stopping now and then to hint to some recalcitrant cow or curious horse that it might be well to get off the track. The country was beautiful. The Volcan towered in the distance lending majesty to the scene. Arrived in the little village, we sauntered up to the "hotel" ably managed by the Wrights. Joe Wright, a living counterpart of Frank Bacon in *Lightnin'*, leads a busy life farming and raising tomatoes the size of cabbages and tending his bees. He has Lightnin's ingenuity for "fixing" things, as witness his array of iron traps before the bee hives set to catch the frogs which come to squat before the doors and swallow the bees as they fly out. Mrs. Wright tickled our palates with the fruits of her husband's labors, and proudly showed us her flower gardens which astonished us with a display of asters and chrysanthemums in May! We spent the next day digging graves—sounds pleasant, doesn't it? But a portion of the Wright place is honeycombed with old

Indian graves, said to be from 3,000 or 4,000 to 10,000 years old. At any rate, great cedar trees have grown above them and not a trace of bone is left—only the pottery that was buried with these forgotten races has been found. I said we dug graves—we didn't, we dug holes; for in the short time we couldn't locate a grave. However, it was thrilling and we desisted only when the *baha-reque* (the pretty local name for a heavy mountain mist that elsewhere would be dubbed a drizzle) threatened to develop into a downpour. Our return to the camp was hair-raising as we sped backwards down the tiny crooked rails in an hour and 20 minutes. We fairly hurtled through space; but it had the advantage of hurtling in one direction, which is more than can be said of the good boat *David* which next day bore us back to Panama City.

No unbusted broncho could think up more contortions than that boat did. The absurd little decks were full of sleeping natives, and on the deck below us 160 cattle and eleven crates of hens slipped and slithered with each lurch. The air was filled with dismayed bawlings and cacklings and indescribable odors, not to mention the je-jens and sand flies which descended on us as we tied up for the night at Remedios to take on more cattle in the morning. The sweltering heat precluded any advances from Morpheus and at day break we were glad to struggle into sticky clothes and watch the poor animals being lifted by roped horns and swung, eyes rolling and legs pawing the atmosphere, down into the hold.

The next two days we *revolved* through the Pacific, playing cut-throat bridge on the tiny table, listening to the monkeys lift up their voices in tigerish howls in the jungle as we passed, and watching in amazement while the sweet-faced Panamanian mother opposite us at meals fed her four lusty babies, all under five years old, on huge plates of meat, rice, potatoes, greasy fritters, plantains, fish, and soda-pop. When the harbor was reached at last we anchored far out, being again confronted with the local peculiarity of having to be rowed ashore in a rowboat although the *David* could have docked perfectly well, simply because the oarsmen had a concession from the government. Mr. and Mrs. Schail very kindly gave us a tour of Panama City in their car and Mr. Powell showed us Cristobal; so on this short business trip we met many loyal members of the Texaco family and have many happy memories for future days.

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Bombay, India—The Texas Company's Headquarters Staff

Around the World with Texaco—VIII

INDIA AND CEYLON

C. S. DENNISON, Advertising Division

Leaving East Africa for India, the traveler sails the northern waters of the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea. Nightly that cruciform of stars, the Southern Cross, appears lower in the heavens until it disappears. After nine days, and 2,403 miles, he enters the harbor of Bombay with the skyline of the "Mistress of India" arrayed on the foreshore for miles dominated by magnificent buildings of Gothic or Saracenic design in the business center.

On the Bombay waterfront, one of the world's finest, a massive granite arch is taking form under the patient efforts of Indian workmen. With its back to the Apollo Bunder, a spacious plaza bordered with magnificent hotels and clubs, and facing a broad expanse of water with purple hills on the opposite shore, this arch when completed is to be called The Gateway to India and will afford entry to one of the most fascinating and mysterious countries of the East.

With its great area, its vast polyglot population, its antique background, its religious fanaticism, and its present day political consciousness, India is a continent rather than merely a country. It projects off the Asiatic Mainland in a great triangular peninsula washed by the Arabian Sea on the West and the Bay of Bengal on the east. Its area is 1,802,629 square miles—equivalent to the United States east of the Rockies. The physical geography discloses three major features. First, the mighty ranges of the Himalayan Mountains spreading in crescent shape for 1,500 miles along India's northern border, the highest on earth, with many peaks over 20,000 feet, culminating in Mt. Everest, the unconquered, the highest pinnacle of the earth's surface. South of the foothills of the Himalayas, extending the width of the land, are the vast Northern Plains, watered by three river systems, the Indus in the west, the

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Bombay: View of city from Malabar Hill. Taj Mahal Hotel. Hornby Road—principal business street.

Bramaputra in the east, and the mighty Ganges in the middle; in this section are the greatest density of population and the most productive areas. South of the Northern Plains a line of mountains crosses India, the Vindhya Hills System, which together with two ranges, one paralleling the east coast the other the west coast and known as the Eastern and Western Ghats, are borders of the great triangular tableland of Southern India rising from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above sea.

In this huge country there is every variety of tropical and temperate weather, from the piercing cold of the upper reaches of the Himalayas to the scorching heat of the Sind Desert, from the steaming jungles of river deltas to the beautiful and invigorating Kashmir Valley. In the Dry Season, December to May, all Europeans who are able to do so desert the torrid cities and seek refuge in the hill stations. Then the monsoon comes and the rains break over the sun-baked lands, lasting from June to November. When the monsoon fails to bring the required amount of moisture famine stalks abroad.

India's plant life is not distinctive; instead of flora peculiar to the country there is a blending of the plants of many lands. About 25% of its surface is forested and the trees range from blue pine on the mountain slopes to coconut palms on the coast. Among commercial woods are the sweet-scented sandalwood, ironwood, teak, satinwood, giant banyan, etc. Most of the tropical fruits and nuts abound, and the Bombay mango attains a quality which has made it famous.

Cultivation of the soil engages about 70% of India's 320,000,000 people. In spite of aversion to modern farming methods these farmers produce immense crops—and obtaining food is the chief concern of India's millions. The farmers reside in villages and around these spread the fields. The village is the chief unit of India's population; they are always in sight,

clusters of baked clay huts with grass roofs, primitive and unsightly, presided over by the village headman. Here, too, are the merchants and artisans who depend upon the farmers' trade—weavers of hand-loomed cloth, hat makers, brass and wood workers, shoemakers, who follow their respective crafts as their ancestors have for countless generations.

In the fields men, women, and children labor over the growing things. The earth is turned by wooden plows with iron tipped shares unchanged for centuries. Modern plows, however, are coming into use. The plow is dragged by Indian bullocks, gentle beautiful cattle peculiar to the country with soft hide, creamy color, and a big hump behind the neck; they are light and active but have little hauling power. The farms are from one to eight acres and no harvesting machinery is used. Grain is threshed by spreading it and causing the oxen to tread over it, and it is then placed on trays and repeatedly tossed in the air that the wind may carry off the chaff.

Owing to the uncertainty of the monsoon, irrigation is resorted to extensively—especially in the North. Three forms are practised: the most important is tapping the rivers as they emerge from the foothills and diverting their waters through miles of canals; the second, large wells and raising the water by windlass into ditches that wind through the fields (one sees many of these wells powered by bullocks); the third, storing monsoon water in ponds, called tanks. Two crops, in some sections three, are harvested and crop rotation is common.

The soil is rich but does not receive proper fertilization, as practically no cattle are fattened for slaughter, and manure is used for fuel with trash from the fields. The major crops are in Burma and Madras and Bengal, wheat on the Northern Plains, corn in a variety of species (principal food of the poor and fodder for cattle), and short staple cotton. Sugar, oilseeds, tobacco, and jute are also

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Bombay: Maharajah of Baroda's City Palace. Mohammedan mosque in native quarter. Street scene sacred cattle wander everywhere. The barber brings his shop to his customer. Afghans from N. W. frontier.

important products. The live stock is principally cattle, buffaloes, and goats, sheep being of minor importance. Horses are not used in farming, the buffalo being the beast of burden in the low areas and cattle elsewhere; camels and some elephants are used also. Native butter, produced in large quantities, is called *ghee*, and their cheese is called *dahi*. Tea is an important product; great plantations cover Assam and Bengal. Silk, chemicals, and dyes are sources of revenue, and the country has considerable mineral wealth. The British Government has done much to improve agriculture by the introduction of scientific methods and experimental farms, but the problem is vast and time alone will bring results.

India's chief industries are textile. She has been a weaver of cotton since earliest times. Every village has its hand looms, but modern cotton spinning plants have been built in the Bombay Presidency and today nearly 300 mills turn out millions of yards of both cheap and high grade fabrics. At Calcutta are 80 jute mills producing gunny sacks and gunny cloth (burlap); the U. S. takes half the supply.

The Empire of India is divided into two groups of states: in fifteen provinces British control is absolute, each local government being administered by the central government whose head is the Viceroy appointed by the King of England; the second group are native states (70,000,000 population) not completely under British administration. There are nearly 700 native states (varying from Lawa in Rajputana with 19 square miles to Hyderabad with 13,000,000 people), Baroda, Mysire, Kashmir, and Hyderabad being the most important. In about 100 of these states control is exercised by the central government and in about 600 by the Provincial Governments.

They are ruled by native chiefs called Maharajahs and Rajahs; while the British protect them from without, their authority within is upheld; in each there is a British Resident who acts as an adviser and medium of contact with the Central Government.

The Central Government of India, which sits at Delhi in the Punjab, is extraordinary in the variety of its functions; for instance, it derives its principal revenue from a share of the crop of every farm and it undertakes the management of landed estates where the proprietor is disqualified. In famines it gives relief on a vast scale. It manages the forest preserves and controls the making of salt and opium. It owns the bulk of the railways and manages a large portion of them. It owns the postal and telegraph systems. It controls intoxicating liquors and drugs, education, agriculture, sanitation, and public works. The most remarkable fact about this government, with its stupendous task of directing the affairs of one-fifth of the world's population, is that it has a personnel of less than 5,000 Englishmen, and these will diminish under the policy of giving educated Indians administrative tasks now entrusted to Englishmen.

No other country approaches India in the complexity of its racial groups. The population of 320,000,000 is a mosaic of human types. The stranger sees a bewildering array of people costumed differently, colored differently, alien to one another. In physique they run from pigmy tree dwellers to big powerful Sikhs; from black tall Tamils of Madras to brown corpulent Bengalese; all complexions, colors of eyes, kinds of hair, facial features.

India's history is lost in a maze of mythology, tradition, and folk lore. The land, forest covered and inhabited by an aboriginal

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race, was invaded by Aryan peoples through passes of the Himalayas which to this day are molested by raiders; these Aryans set up a civilization superior to that of the aborigines, and some of their cities, such as Benares, still stand. This happened about 600 B. C., but the Hindus claim a historical starting point 3,000 B. C. The South was invaded by the Dravidians from an unknown land who crushed the aborigines, and at a much later time were conquered by the Aryans from the North. Then came the raid of Alexander the Great, and periods of war and strife until the 7th century A. D., when Mohammedan invaders overran India, launching the religion of the Prophet which is still one of the main beliefs of the land. The next historical high-light was the Mughal Empire in Northern India with its military power and magnificent cities. European colonies followed and activities of missionaries and the British East Indies Company. The flag followed trade and in the reign of Queen Victoria England took over India.

India is a land of religious manifestation; no other factor is of so great import in the life of the individual as religious belief, it is the moulder of character, the foundation of philosophy. Religious groups are the causes of the animosities among India's teeming millions.

Hinduism includes many beliefs and practices. It is divided into sects and castes. It sanctions polygamy as well as monogamous marriage; it attaches great importance to self-sacrifice and kindness, and so profoundly do the Hindus practice this code that they have made little material progress. The Hindus recognize three ways to salvation: knowledge, faith, and service, but they differ in the importance attached to each. Unfortunately the idea of service to idols, to priests, to religious recluses, rather than to mankind, prevails. This has made possible much corruption and insincerity among the priestly cult who take advantage of the poor and superstitious.

Jainism was originally a sect of Hinduism and is distinguished for the extreme sanctity with which it holds all forms of life. A Jain will not eat after dark for fear of killing insect life accidentally. They are principally bankers and traders who reside in the cities.

Buddhism is practised largely in Burma and Ceylon where it has many magnificent temples and monasteries.

Sikhism is an off-shoot of Hinduism but it teaches beliefs in only one God and salvation through devotion to Him and to good deeds.

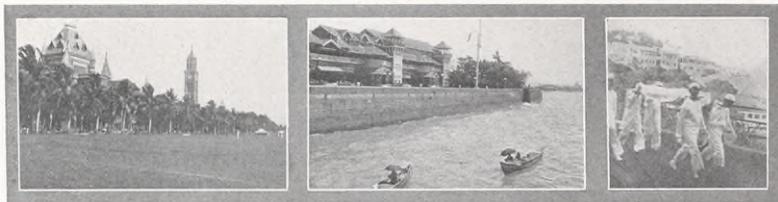
It is void of ritual, pilgrimages, and rites, and is a militant religion largely centered in the Punjab. It was originated to unite the Hindu and Mohammedan religions.

Mohammedanism follows the precepts of the Koran. Antagonism between Mohammedans and Hindus is bitter. Among the odd sights in India are the sacred cattle of the Hindus prowling about the finest streets of the cities. These have been consecrated and are held in veneration by the Hindus. If they walk up to a Hindu shop selling green vegetables the favored bovines may gratify their sacred appetites without interference; but if the shop should be a Mohammedan's—action! The Mohammedans do not drink intoxicants nor eat pork. A favorite Hindu method of venting hatred for Mussulmans is to throw the carcass of a dead pig into the precincts of a Mohammedan mosque. Riots generally follow.

Marriage is universal in India. Children may be given in wedlock to join each other at puberty. It is believed a man must bring into the world a male to perform his funeral rites, and a girl must be given in marriage or her parents will be ostracized and their souls lost. A common but appalling sight in India is to see little girls with their offspring, tiny bits of humanity, straddled across their thighs or in shawls on their backs. Many castes do not permit remarriage of widows. The women develop quickly and wither quickly and as a rule the span of life is short.

The Zoroastrian religion is practiced by the Parsis, the majority of whom live in Bombay. There are only 100,000 but they are the most influential and successful non-whites. Originally Persians who fled their country to avoid persecution, the Parsis are distinguished by shrewd business ability. They control the cotton spinning industry and are active in trade, manufacturing, and real estate. Slight of build, olive in color, they have Semitic features and black straight hair. They are worshipers of the elements; for instance a flame is held in such reverence that they will never come into contact with it. The Hindus cremate their dead; the Mohammedans bury theirs; the Parsis have their own method. In a park-like section on the summit of Malabar Hill overlooking Bombay the Parsis have erected the Towers of Silence—tall square buildings. On the top of each is an iron grille beneath which is a roof sloping to the center where there is a deep cistern filled with water. When a Parsi dies his body is placed upon the grille

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Bombay: Law Courts. Royal Bombay Yacht Club. Carrying a dead Parsi to the Towers of Silence.

and out of the sky appears a flock of vultures. They dart down and within two hours consume the remains. Liquids drop to the roof and flow into the cisterns; the bones are broken up and swept into the cistern whence through an underground passage they pass out to sea.

The other large religious group, Animists, have a Hindu religion with subtle differences.

The caste system is an institution of the Hindu social code which, being based on birth, has divided the people into vertical sections whose members range from millionaire to pauper. Caste originated from several causes, the chief being the number of races and their diversified occupations. Originally there were four Hindu castes but they have multiplied to near 2,000. Some consist of thousands of members, others of a hundred families. Even after adopting Christianity some Hindus insist on maintaining their caste relations. If a man, for instance, is a stone mason his status is fixed and he remains a stone mason his entire life. There are 50,000,000 who are outside any of the castes, known as "untouchables." Their plight is pitiable. They live in their own settlements and are not permitted to mingle with others or to use public thoroughfares, wells, or shops; if they touch or even if their shadow falls on a Brahmin (high caste Hindu) he is defiled and they are subject to punishment. With the growth of India's intellectual class and industrial development, caste is not so important as formerly and its collapse is predicted.

In India women are much more numerous than men, and their lot, especially among the poor, is not a happy one. Girls are frequently neglected as infants or as children disregarded by parents. One sees many of these little creatures in tattered rags begging alms at the railway stations. Ninety percent of India's millions are illiterate, but this percentage is diminishing. About 8,000,000 attend public schools or institutions conducted by religious

bodies, and there are eighteen universities and many trade and agricultural schools.

India is a babel of languages. English is the commercial tongue and is understood by the upper classes, but the masses speak 130 dialects derived from six families of speech. The most widely used are Bengali on the Calcutta side, Hindi and Gujrathi on the Bombay side, Tamil and Telugu in Madras and southern India, and Punjabi in the Punjab. Hindustani is the lingua franca of the country and equipped with this one may get about without difficulty.

The unit in Indian currency is the rupee which exchanges at par for 32 cents. The rupee is divided into 16 annas and the anna into 12 pies. Although its intrinsic value is so small the pie is the principal unit of currency used by the poor.

The country observes eight calendars, each of the major religions having its own.

The average Hindu wears only a linen cloth which lengthens into a skirt in some castes and in others to a coat with buttons on the right. He is usually unshod, but shoes are worn—heelless slippers. Scarfs are thrown over the shoulders and used to cover the head when the man works in the sun. If the Hindu can afford it he wears a long cotton cloth draped like a Roman toga. At night many may be seen stretched on the sidewalks completely covered with this cloth. Hindu women wear a modest costume of a wide piece of cloth dropping from the waist in a skirt and running over the head like a shawl. A bodice completes the dress. The turban is worn continuously by followers of the Prophet, who never bare the head in public. It is a strip of cloth 10 to 50 yards long wound around the head in different styles. Many Hindu castes wear little skull caps, velvet or cloth, some plain others brocaded. The Parsis wear a hat of material resembling black oilcloth shaped like the hoof of a sheep. Cones, domes, cylinders, pyramids, folded brims, projecting rims

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Hindu high caste wedding, groom 12, bride 10 years old. Indian carriage—you sit over the wheels. Snake charmer—music charms the cobra. Hindu women—note manner of carrying children on hip.

are seen in the crowded streets. Hindu women are adorned with jewelry more than any others; among some the practice prevails of investing the entire wealth of the family in jewelry for the women. Their arms are covered with bracelets to the elbows and armlets above; on the ankles gingle a mass of anklets, and rings are on all fingers and toes; earrings dangle and the thin portions of ears and nose are pierced and gems inserted. The hair is oiled daily, parted in the middle, and brushed tightly over the head. Hindu men shave the head up to the crown from which a lock of hair drops back of the head. Parsis cut the hair European fashion, while the Sikhs never cut the hair on the face or head until it is a foot in length. They turn the beard under in some ingenious manner and part it down the middle of the chin while the ends are run up under the ears and tied on top of the head under the turban. Caste marks are common among the Hindus: they may be a round spot on the forehead representing joy or prosperity, vertical or horizontal lines, V or U shaped lines, etc. made of sandalwood paste.

The majority of India's population is rural, only 9.5% live in towns and cities. Most of the Parsis, Jains, and high caste Hindus live in the big centers, and the frequent plagues and industrial development have started a movement cityward. India has 33 cities with over 100,000 and 51 with 30,000 to 100,000.

The traveler usually does the "grand tour" of the premier cities. Bombay, the starting point, with 1,175,000 population, is one of the finest cities in the British Empire and India's second port. It is the capital of the Bombay Presidency on an island connected with the mainland by a causeway. In its magnificent

harbor "the ships of the world wait"—from Arab dhows to big liners. The mercantile section of the city is laid out with broad plazas, wide streets, and open spaces. While the British have injected the Gothic of Old England they have constructed many buildings on Saracenic lines with delicate turrets and towers, domes and arches, and elaborate carving. Among the notable structures are the Taj Mahal Hotel, a palatial structure on the waterfront, the Victoria Terminal, a huge railway station, the Law Courts, Gothic brick structures facing a palm bordered plain where England's sons play cricket and football, the University, and the Memorial Museum. Hornby Road, the principal business street, is served with double-deck trams. The business buildings rise from the curb and the sidewalks run in arcades as protection against heat and monsoon rains.

There are modern department stores and shops; the bazaar section is impressive with wide streets from which run alleys crowded with the colorful crowds. All kinds of merchandise stock the shops and booths while languid merchants, always squatting,



Jain Lands, Bombay

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Camel transportation in Northern India. Hindu holy man with sandalwood ashes on face. Water vendor with goat skin bag. Kashmir sheep in streets of Delhi.

barter from the cool of dawn till evening. Many of the bazaars rise three and four stories with windows of colored glass and tiny carved balconies or large verandas opening from the living apartments. In the currents of humanity that surge through these channels of trade one sees rich Mahrattas riding in motors or victorias with wives and daughters clad in gorgeous silks and richly bejeweled; Parsis conspicuous by black coat, cotton trousers, and sheep's-hoof hat; Arab traders from the Persian Gulf; stalwart Sikhs from the Punjab in khaki uniforms and red turbans; Hindu ascetics nude but for a loin cloth, unclean, mere skin and bones, begging from pious Hindus; Jains; low caste Hindus, emaciated and apathetic; bank messengers in gaudy raiment; Eurasian clerks; white clad Britishers in motors; water carriers from a page of Kipling with goat skin bags over their backs; vendors of goat's milk, fruits, sherbets, *etc.*, each with his street call; women of all castes, from the rich in silks and jewels to the poor in rags with babies strapped on their backs.

The Europeans' residential district has fine houses set in lovely gardens; the social life is delightful, dinners, dances, cards, and sports offering recreation. The Bombay Yacht Club has its home on the harbor front off the Apollo Bunder, Malabar Hill is dotted with palatial homes; facing the water is a row of magnificent palaces, town houses of rajahs.

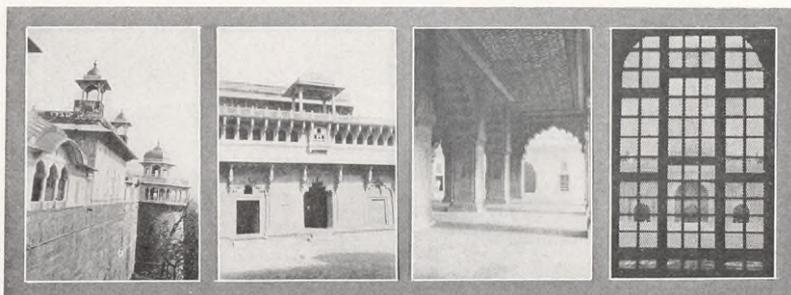
One of the first things the traveler does in India is to hire a boy to act as guide, interpreter, valet, and handy-man. They may be sixty years old yet they acknowledge the appellation "boy." They are indispensable. The hotels do not conduct laundries, so the boy takes one's clothing to a *dhobi* or washerman; he shines boots, serves chota hazzri (little breakfast) of fruit and tea at 6 a. m., follows

luggage from hotel to van, guards one's compartment while one dines in railway stations, makes up the sleeping berth, *etc.*

Leaving Bombay one starts north on a 5,000-mile journey. The railways are very good. There are 37,000 miles of them—7,600 miles state owned and operated, 19,000 miles state owned and privately operated, the balance owned and run by private companies. There are 4,000 miles of navigable waterways and 200,000 miles of highways. The railway tracks are of various gauges and trains have first, second, and third class passenger accommodations. The seats in the compartments run lengthwise, and as no bedding is furnished one has to carry his own. No porters or trainmen are employed, the station guard at one's destination collects tickets. Some trains carry diners, but there are no corridors through the coaches and when the traveler wishes to eat he waits until the train stops, calls his boy to guard his luggage, and walks to the dining car; after finishing he waits until the next station to return to his compartment. The confusion and noise at every station is nerve-racking. The third class accommodations used by the masses are little more than box cars with benches. In their haste and excitement many natives storm the doors of first class compartments and one is kept busy pushing them bodily from his quarters as they fail to understand his explanations. All kinds of food and iced drinks are for sale, but one rarely buys as cholera may be picked up in this way.

The car windows were of blue glass to break the sun's rays and two electric fans kept the air in motion, but a thermometer registered 120 F. in the cars as the train crossed the Sind Desert. One simply peels off coat, collar, and shirt—and parboils. Outside yawning heat-cracks are everywhere. The dust is formidable.

The TEXACO STAR



Delhi: Red Fort Palace, built by Mughals in 14th century. Entrance to the Fort Palace. Peacock Room. Looking through marble lattice.

Britishers stationed in the interior are seen wearing khaki short trousers, soft shirts, woolen socks, and oxfords; spine pads of padded cloth cover the shoulders as one may be stricken with sunstroke through the back; huge helmets protect the head. But the Indians equipped by nature with thick skulls and thin blood go about unprotected.

After 30 hours the train pulls into the station at Delhi; it is night but the place swarms. One locates his boy and after the luggage has been placed on the heads of porters he drives to his hotel in the Capital of India. It is deserted as the Government has moved to Simla, 9,000 feet up in the Himalayas, for their annual retreat from the plains of Delhi.

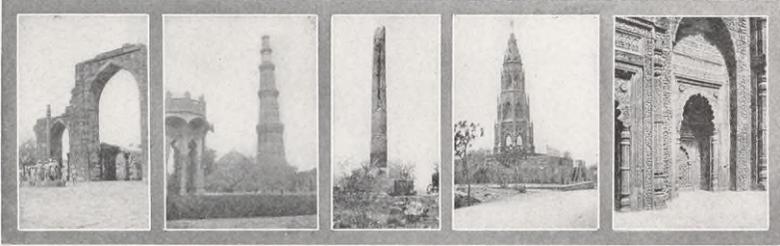
The city has 304,000 inhabitants. It is not solidly built and spreads along the right bank of the Juma in a series of communities connected by wide roads, but the native quarters are congested. Miles of bazaars house the local industries. Here are produced brass and ivory carving of exquisite delicacy, jewelry, silks, shawls, and pottery. Delhi is a great railway center and trade from the vast Punjab focuses in this ancient city.

From time immemorial Delhi has been the site of the Capitals of India. Her history has been bloody, as it was an outpost against the nomads of Central Asia. In the vicinity are the Seven Cities of Old Delhi. The Imperial Palace of the Mughal Empire is enclosed within massive walls of red sandstone surrounding 100 by 600 yards. This Fort Palace, called the Red Fort, erected in the 16th century, is in good preservation. Here stand glorious gems of architecture that took form during the heydays of the Mughal Empire.

These buildings were rescued from decay during the administration of Viceroy Curzon and while stripped of their jewels and precious metal still reveal the marvels of line and ornament produced by the old craftsmen. The most notable is the Divan-i-Amor, or Hall of Public Audience, of white marble 100 by 60 feet, consisting of a roof without walls supported by pillars forming engrailed arches. In the 16th century within this Hall stood the Peacock Throne, stolen from the Persians, the "Seat of the Shadow of God." It had two peacock figures standing behind it with tails expanded studded with the costliest gems while the arches were encrusted in solid gold. The throne was sacked and the precious stones and metals disappeared long ago, but the wonderful structure with its inlays and delicate carving stands. The throne itself was carried back to Teheran in Persia where it now remains a most sacred treasure. Around the frieze of the Hall is the inscription in Persian: *If there be Heaven on earth it is here, it is here, it is here.* Magnificent chambers of the emperors, private audience halls, the harem, private baths with mirrors by the hundreds in the ceilings and walls, rose-water fountains, the Garden of the Moon, Courts of Justice, and the exquisite Moti Masjid or Pearl Mosque—a tiny place of worship used by the Sultans, are in this place of beauty.

Riding out to the dead cities one passes through the famous Chandni Chank—Street of Silver, at one time the richest street in the world, with its rows of trees down the center and old buildings on either side. A religious procession passes—hundreds of men in colorful costumes, some on elephants with gorgeous

The TEXACO STAR



Delhi: Iron Pillar, erected 400 A. D., standing today without a bit of rust, 24 feet high, carved with quotations from the Koran. Kutb Minar, built in 13th century, 238 feet high, carved in Arabic—finest pillar in India, overlooking the Plains of Ghazni. Tower of Victory, 700 years old. Mutiny Memorial. Tomb of Altamsh, wonderful Hindu carving in red stone.

trappings, others on camels or mules, but the majority on foot, while mellow notes of reed instruments fill the air as this Oriental pageant winds solemnly by. Along the curb surrounded by motley crowds magicians perform wonderful feats of legerdemain. A small boy is placed in a grass basket and disappears only to reappear a block away the next minute. The snake charmer produces a writhing cobra; he plays a weird melody, and slowly the cobra raises its flat head until it is several feet from the ground and remains in that position hypnotized by the music. Arab wrestlers, jugglers, and acrobats reveal their skill for a few rupees. A fight between a cobra and the snake-killing mongoose will be staged for five rupees. The mongoose resembles a squirrel but has a longer body and head; after a furious encounter he seizes the snake behind the head and usually comes out victor.

Driving out past the ancient cities of Siri, Tughlagabad, and Jahanpannah, piles of stone without form, and less ancient ruins bleak and deserted, one reaches the Kutb Minar—the finest tower in India, built in 1200 A. D., with twenty sides rising 238 feet, slim and graceful. It is built of red sandstone and white marble

and has five stories from which balconies open. The color is purplish at the base and modulates into dark orange on the upper story, harmonizing with the Indian skies. On its sides in huge characters are quotations from the Koran. After six centuries it stands on the Plains of Ghazni like a lone sentinel watching the rise and fall of dynasties.

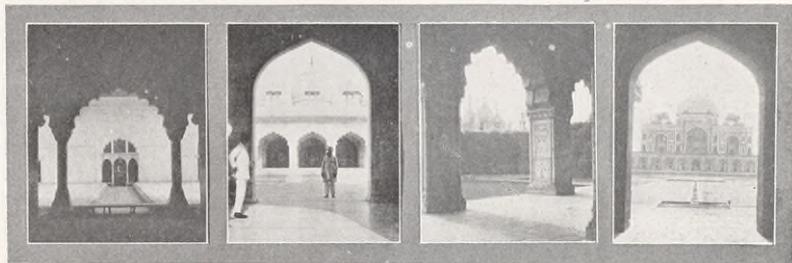
The Kutb stands in a corner of an old mosque in whose courtyard is the most ancient monument near Delhi—a solid shaft of wrought iron 23 feet high and 16 inches thick erected in 400 A. D.

The Jama Masjid or Great Mosque, the largest in India, is a huge building approached by magnificent stairways; three marble domes rise majestically from its roof, and two tall minarets from its front corners each with small balconies where the mizzen calls the faithful to worship. The Christian being an infidel is required to remove his shoes, but out of deference to the stranger's generosity they permit him to enter wearing cloth shoe covers. The interior is paved with marble slabs outlined in black, each just large enough for a man to kneel upon. There are no seats. A pulpit and a high stand for holding the Koran are faced

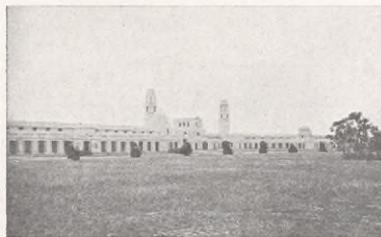


Delhi: Hall of Public Audience, Fort Palace. Garden of the Moon, Fort Palace. Jama Masjid or Great Mosque, largest in India, filled with Mohammedans every Friday.

The TEXACO STAR



Delhi: Hall of Justice, Fort Palace. Sultan's Mosque in the Fort Palace.
Domes of the Pearl Mosque from Throne Room in Fort Palace. Tomb of Humayun, Delhi.



New Delhi—Government Building

by the worshippers. On either side, separated by marble screens, are sections for women who are not permitted to worship with the men. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath.

A new capital city, started in 1910, is being constructed on slopes of hills south of Delhi proper. Here the British are building a city, some day to be one of the finest on earth.

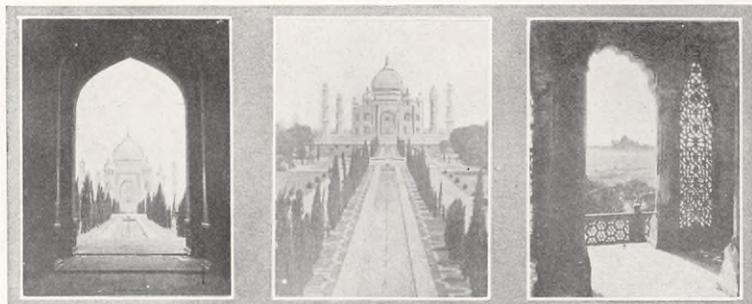
Leaving Delhi the journey continues to Agra, another ancient city. It has 185,000 people and is famous for its Mughal architecture. Its crowning glory is the Taj Mahal. Here, too, is a great red stone fort enclosing the palaces of forgotten dynasties. For centuries Agra was a citadel of defense against the North. Agra is on the Jumna River, the principal highway from the rich delta of Bengal to the heart of India, and is a cotton mill town.

The best time to view the Taj Mahal is early morning or by moonlight. It was erected in 1632 by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal, whose body with his own reposes there. The beautiful building is approached through a big red stone gateway, and as the visitor enters there stands before him a dream in

marble which is considered to be the finest building on earth. It is a square structure of white Jaipur marble with a dome rising like a giant bubble into the azure of the skies. Four minor domes surmount the corners and from the marble terraces which surround it four minarets with balconies tower 264 feet. Inside, the walls and dome are inlaid with thirty kinds of marbles, agates, bloodstones, jaspers, precious stones, and gold, the design and colors relieved by the white of the marble. In the center stand the tombs surrounded by a high lattice of alabaster and marble. The Taj is massive but finished like a jewel. It is a marvel of symmetry and proportion, color and delicacy. Facing it is a long marble lagoon filled with sky-reflecting waters bordered by waving cypress trees, while formal gardens spread their colors around this masterpiece of Indo-Saracenic Art. To see the Taj at its best is to see it bathed in soft moonlight. Its white mass mellowed by the lunar light rises from the earth and reveals its glory of line against the mantle of night. It becomes ethereal—a phantom of unearthly beauty.

The journey continues across plains carpeted with growing crops; with villages and towns innumerable and shrines lifting their sculptured forms. After 18 hours the traveler enters Benares, Holy City of the Hindus, on a sweeping curve of the River Ganges. The population, 200,000, is greatly augmented by the constant pilgrimages from all over the Empire. Benares is one of the ancient cities of the world (founded 1200 B. C.) and was a center of Buddhism in the 5th century B. C. It has 1500 temples in which are conducted daily the rituals of Hinduism. As one enters the narrow streets from the European section he is in a maze of alley-ways only several yards wide with old

The TEXACO STAR



Taj Mahal: From entrance to grounds. Approach. In distance, from Sultan's quarters in Fort Palace.

Chanda stone buildings of two to five stories, the first floor generally devoted to shops.

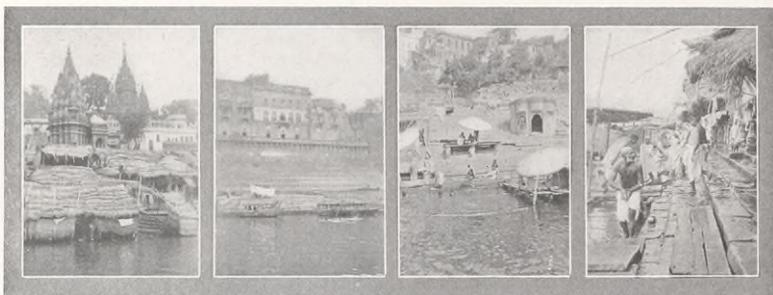
The doors are arched and on the walls are painted objects from Hindu mythology. In the shadows are temples, usually small, and the chants of priests mingle with the notes of temple bells and brass gongs while hot breezes carry the intoxicating fumes of perfumed incense as the groups bend before stone idols.

The bank of the Ganges for four miles is lined with great stone stairways, at many points forming burning ghats, at others landing places. Along the top of this high stone embankment is a line of shrines and palaces. In this heart of Hindu sacred places stands the Aurangzeb Mosque of the Mohammedans erected as an intended insult. Every devout Hindu believes he must bathe once in his life in the waters of the Ganges. People of all ages crowd the ghats performing their ablutions. There is a belief that anyone who dies in Benares wins eternal happiness, and rich

Rajahs, etc. have palaces there to take advantage of this assurance.

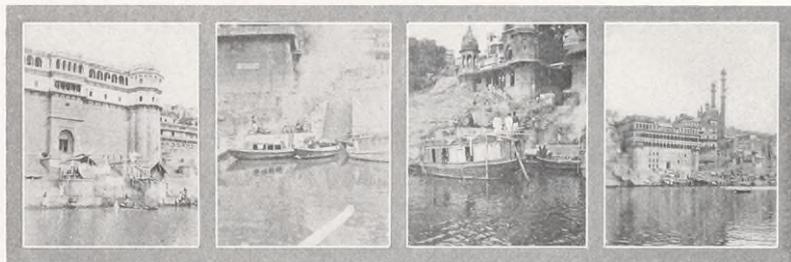
The cremation of a dead Hindu at the burning ghat is an interesting spectacle. Big pyres of dried wood are piled on the stone platform; the body, carried on a bamboo stretcher covered with white cloth, is placed on the pyre which is ignited by a piece of burning charcoal from one of the temples; when it is half consumed a man with a pole pierces the skull to release the spirit; the ashes are consigned to the Ganges. If one dies of plague or leprosy he is unclean and the corpse is thrown into the river to be eaten by vultures which stand on it as it floats while turtles attack it from the sides.

As the visitor passes these strange streets he sees the inevitable goat feeding from bunches of grass hanging from walls, and Kashmir sheep with coats of fine wool—stained different colors to identify ownership—and fat tails protruding over the hindquarters a foot or so giving a grotesque appearance.



Benares: Hindu Temples on the sacred Ganges—the shacks are dressing rooms for pilgrims. Pilgrims' Quarters. Bathers. Once in his life the faithful Hindu must cleanse his soul of sin by washing in the Ganges.

The TEXACO STAR



Benares: Palace of a Rajah. Burning ghats. American "movie" man "shooting" the burning of dead Hindu. Mohammedan mosque in the heart of the Hindu's most sacred city.

Leaving Benares the next stop is Calcutta, metropolis of India, with 1,300,000 people. On the banks of the Hugli River, 80 miles from the Bay of Bengal, it rambles for 10 miles surrounded by a series of municipalities which form its suburbs. In the center stands Fort William surrounded by the Maidan or public park. In this stately park are many notable monuments, the most imposing being a huge marble hall in honor of Queen Victoria. The Chowringhee, Calcutta's main street, faces the Maidan. Here is the residence of the Governor of Bengal in magnificent grounds.

An interesting point is a monument marking the Black Hole, where a small building stood during the mutiny in 1756 when the Indians rose against the British. Into a strong room 18 feet square 146 British men and women were crowded, the door was locked, and the next morning all but 23 were dead.

The city abounds in big commercial buildings, temples, mosques, churches, fine homes, and miles of bazaars. It is the seat of Calcutta University, engineering and medical and art colleges, Sanskrit College, and Mohammedan University. Along the river are 80 Jute mills.

Being near the mouths of the Ganges and Bramaputra, Calcutta is the market for those

valleys; also an immense trade converges there through three trunk line railways and the bullock carts that lumber in from the interior. The Hugli is congested with craft from all quarters of the globe. Calcutta is hot and humid. Malaria and dengue fever are common among Europeans, while the loathsome diseases which claim victims among Indians all over the country are prevalent. About two-thirds of the population are Hindus and one-third Mohammedans, while 50,000 Britishers live there permanently.

India suffers from the ravages of wild beasts and reptiles. Over 30,000 people die each year victims of the ferocious Bengal tiger, the wild buffalo, elephants, *etc.* The land is overrun with snakes, the deadly cobra being the principal enemy. Many Indians sleep on the hut floors and at night these snakes crawl into the huts and strike death to sleeping victims. The tiger, once he tastes it, develops a lust for human blood, and government records show that as many as 130 deaths in two years have been inflicted by one of these big cats.

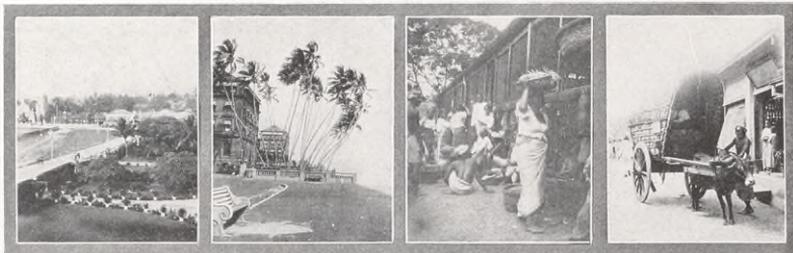
A thousand miles south along the Indian coast brings us to Madras, the chief city of Southern India. Flat and uninteresting it covers 27 square miles and has 526,000 people, most of whom are Tamils—the tall, thin, black races of the South. The port is an open roadstead protected by two breakwaters. It is a railway center and the military headquarters of the South. Its industries are a few textile and cement mills, cigar factories, *etc.*

Proceeding south from Madras after eight hours the traveler comes to the sandy point in which the Indian Continent terminates. The railway line ends at Dhanushkodi, where he boards a boat for the four hours passage to Talimannar, Ceylon.



Victoria Memorial—Calcutta

The TEXACO STAR



Colombo, Ceylon:

Hotel Galle Face.

Fruit Market.

Bullock cart.

The Texas Company has marketed its products in India for twelve years, either through its own organization or through distributors. Competitive conditions are severe by reason of the proximity of the oil fields of Burma which are able to supply a large percentage of India's petroleum requirements. Our headquarters are at Bombay while agencies are maintained in the larger cities. Only Texaco lubricants are marketed at present.

Ceylon

Ceylon is one of those palm fringed islands that lift their emerald forms above the ultramarine of tropical seas. Back from its shore line the lowlands spread in a rim from 10 to 80 miles in width around half of the island while the east coast is rocky and broken. In the interior hills grow into mountains, some of the peaks of these ancient volcanic masses lifting their heads 8,000 feet. The great slopes are covered with dense forests broken by deep valleys and rugged formations all clad in the plethora of vegetation that nature lavishes near the equator.

Ceylon is a British Crown Colony with a population of 4,500,000. The island is 271 miles long and 137 wide at extreme points and is a delightful prosperous country. Millions of acres have been reclaimed from the jungle and converted into tea plantations by British interests; 171,000,000 pounds of Ceylon tea were exported in 1922. Rubber, too, is heavily cultivated, while coconuts flourish on the coastal belt. Coffee and spices are grown on a considerable scale.

Ceylon is a prolific source of various kinds of gems which may be purchased cheaply from Indian traders in Colombo. Rubies, sapphires, cat's eyes, amethysts, moonstones, *etc.* are

found in abundance in the 500 pits through the country. Her manufacturing industries are nil and agriculture is the chief occupation of the people.

The population of Ceylon is a mixture of races in which the Singhalese predominate. There is a large overflow of Tamils from Southern India—about a million, and about 250,000 Moors—Mohammedans.

The Singhalese are a most interesting race with a long proud history. They are Buddhists and that religion is practiced here in its pure form. Many shrines have been erected through the centuries, one of the most notable being the Temple of the Tooth, a magnificent structure built to enshrine a human tooth alleged to have been one of Buddha's. Their festivals are conducted on a most elaborate scale. The Singhalese are small of stature, very retiring, and almost effeminate in appearance. The color is light brown and the features regular. The men wear the hair long and tie it in a knot on the crown of the head. A curved comb of genuine tortoise shell runs around the crown. White coats buttoned to the neck and skirts are worn, but the feet are bare.

The chief city is Colombo, a town of 250,000 with an excellent harbor. It is on the ocean lane between East and West and is an important coaling station. It is a languid tropical city with beautiful gardens, a busy commercial section, and fine houses and hotels. A British fort is in the heart of the place, and it has a magnificent promenade along the sea. All the oriental races people its streets, and its fruit market, gem bazaars, *etc.* are fascinating to the Westerner.

The Texas Company has no representation in Ceylon at present as the market is very limited for high grade petroleum products.

The TEXACO STAR

LAW CURRENT

Rob't A. John

Net Container Act.—The net container act of the last Legislature of Texas requiring that the containers of all commodities shall be plainly and conspicuously marked showing the weight, measure or numerical count of such container, is unconstitutional and cannot be enforced because the penalties and their consequences are such that they cannot be imposed upon corporations or joint stock companies, included within the definition of persons who are made subject to the same, and is therefore indefinite and void. *Overt v. State*, 260 S. W., 856.

Ownership of Waste Oil.—Waste oil flowing upon the lands of the lessee, although abandoned by the owner, does not become the property of the lessee, but it may be recovered and appropriated by the surface owner or the lessor. *Humphreys Oil Company v. Liles*, 262 S. W., 1058.

Oil Pipe Lines—Nuisance.—Although the business of transporting oil through pipe lines across the state may have legislative approval, it is nevertheless a nuisance to conduct the business in a negligent manner, and subject to injunction restraining the same as a nuisance when so done. *Pipe Line Company v. Christensen*, 143 N. E., 596.

Payment of Rentals.—The form of the mineral lease involved in this case in no particular required lessee to either drill or pay rentals, but left it to his option that he might do neither and suffer only the forfeiture of the lease. The lease, however, had a clause that if a certain well, being drilled in the neighborhood, was a producing well, that the optional rentals should be double the amount agreed upon. The lessee exercised his option to pay

rentals, but tendered the smaller sum, claiming that the particular test well was non-productive. The Court held that lessee having elected to pay rentals and hold the lease, that the controversy between lessor and lessee as to whether the well was productive gave plaintiff a good cause of action in the face of the optional features of the lease. *Stovall v. The Texas Company*, 262 S. W., 152.

Corporations—Stockholders.—The right of a stockholder to sell and transfer his stock to a third party cannot be limited or restricted by the by-laws of the corporation. He may, however, himself, by a contract give an option which is continuing in its nature, which will be enforceable and will destroy the negotiability of his stock. *Baumohl v. Goldstein*, 124 Atl., 118.

Mineral Grant—Granting Clause.—Holding strictly to the old technical rule of common law that a reservation or exception in the habendum clause of a deed is void where the granting clause grants an absolute fee title, the Court of Civil Appeals of Texas, at El Paso, has held that a reservation of mines and minerals, which is not contained in the granting clause but is contained in the subsequent clauses of the deed, is void, and no reservation or exception of oil and gas or other minerals applies. *Hart v. Associated Oil Co. et al.*, 261 S. W., 506.

Senior and Junior Leases.—The senior lease contained no privilege of extension beyond a certain fixed date. The junior lease was executed to a third party before the senior lease had expired by its terms. A subsequent extension was then executed on the senior lease. The Supreme Court of Oklahoma, under such circumstances, holds that the senior lease thereby became subordinate to the rights fixed by the junior lease, and that the rights of the junior lessee and his assigns were paramount. *Rorex vs. Karcher*, 224 Pac., 606.

Station Prizes

The station competition is in full swing. It is not too late to get on the track for the remaining quarterly prize or for the national prize to be awarded at the end of the year. The entire plan was outlined in the February issue. Those who have not yet been named for one of the prizes had better read again the conditions of the race and get started for the last quarter.

The June number carried the results of the first quarter. The results of the second quarter

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are listed below. New names have appeared and some holding second or third place in the first quarter have moved into first place.

The first named in each group wins the quarterly district prize. In certain of the districts no second or third awards are made for this period. In the filling station competition it was found that in the combined Philadelphia-Boston-Chicago District group the Joliet Station was again entitled to the first place. The rules state no station may win the quarterly prize more than once during the year. As no other filling stations in this group came up to the standards expected of prize winning stations, no award for the prize or for honorable mention has been made for that group.

Bulk Stations

Atlanta District

Spartanburg, S. C.—Agent F. G. Mitchell
Charleston, S. C.—Agent G. H. Nickles
La Grange, Ga.—Agent V. B. Ingram

Dallas District

Gainesville, Texas—Agent S. W. Sims
Marlin, Texas—Agent Quincy Barnes
Weatherford, Texas—Agent C. W. Geiger

Florida District

Tampa, Florida—Agent H. G. Thompson
Orlando, Florida—Agent H. Duggan
Sanford, Florida—Agent J. W. Jones

Houston District

Livingston, Texas—Agent N. J. Cochran
Rockdale, Texas—Agent W. E. Gaither
Harrisburg, Texas—Agent C. G. Glass

New Orleans District

Opelousas, La.—Agent Dallas Pitre
Monroe, La.—Agent G. F. Price
Lake Charles, La.—Agent J. J. Satterlee

Oklahoma District

Durant, Okla.—Agent J. R. Reed
Muskogee, Okla.—Agent J. A. O'Neill, Jr.
Miami, Okla.—Agent I. B. Cogdell

Billings District

Hillsboro, N. D.—Agent J. S. Stutz
Helena, Mont.—Agent T. V. Sharp
Langdon, N. D.—Agent W. W. Stranger

Denver District

Pueblo, Colo.—Agent D. A. Campbell
Grand Junction, Colo.—Agent W. F. Miles
Salida, Colo.—Agent Guy Hall

El Paso District

Clovis, N. M.—Agent J. P. Haynes
Estancia, N. M.—Agent Mat Nidey
Dawson, N. M.—Agent A. M. Van Dyke

Omaha District

Broken Bow, Neb.—Agent Glen Linder
Moberly, S. D.—Agent M. Schamber
Tyndall, S. D.—Agent T. R. Wagner

Spokane—Salt Lake Districts

Ogden, Utah—Agent A. E. Halstead
Colville, Wash.—Agent J. P. Howell
Enterprise, Oregon—Agent E. E. Johnson

Boston District

Provincetown, Mass.—Agent F. A. Enos

Springfield, Mass.—Agent R. R. Kibbe
Lakeport, N. H.—Agent C. M. Goodwin

New York District

Newburgh, N. Y.—Agent Fred Peck
Cooperstown, N. Y.—Agent H. L. Van Valkenburg
Babylon, N. Y.—Agent J. D. Brown

Philadelphia District

Dover, Del.—Agent Herman Cohee
Cape Charles, Va.—Agent Lance Fulcher
Atco, N. J.—Agent Z. S. Parkell

Norfolk District

Charlottesville, Va.—Agent C. J. Stockdale
Berkley, Va.—Agent J. H. Watson
Greensboro, N. C.—Agent H. H. Maclin

Chicago District

Des Plaines, Ill.—Agent F. L. Richardson
Chicago, Ill., Kingsbury St.—Agent W. L. Cole
West Pullman, Ill.—Agent W. F. McCalpin

Filling Stations

Atlanta District

Selma, Ala. F. S. No. 1—Agent W. R. Swarez
Tusculoosa, Ala. F. S. No. 1—Agent T. T. Joudon
Waycross, Ga. F. S. No. 1—Agent C. E. Lamson

Dallas District

Wichita Falls, Tex. F. S. No. 1—Agent J. E. Quinn
Dallas, Texas F. S. No. 3—Agent Murl Saunders

Florida District

West Palm Beach, Fla. F. S. No. 1—Agent U. I. West

Houston District

Houston, Texas F. S. No. 2—Agent G. V. Pattison
Yoakum, Texas F. S. No. 1—Agent W. A. Hittner
Austin, Texas F. S. No. 2—Agent I. C. Edwards

New Orleans District

Jackson, Miss. F. S. No. 2—Agent J. B. Clark
Shreveport, La. F. S. No. 1—Agent L. P. Busbey

Oklahoma District

Joplin, Mo. F. S. No. 1—Agent J. D. Robbins
Hot Springs Ark. F. S. No. 2—Agent F. H. Byrum

Denver-Omaha-El Paso-Salt Lake-Billings

Colorado Springs, Colo. F. S. 1—Agent R. C. Glasier
Denver, Colo. F. S. No. 4—Agent E. R. Burkey
Pueblo, Colo. F. S. No. 1—Agent J. W. Tillman

New York District

Newark, N. J. F. S. Vauxhall—Agent John G. Keller
Brooklyn F. S. 4th Ave.-3rd St.—Ag't. A. J. Allsopp
Brooklyn, N. Y. F. S. Alsop St.—Agent A. J. Bond

The TEXACO STAR

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The managers of the respective Departments have assigned to the persons whose names are here given the duty of sending to *The Texaco Star*, so as to be received by it before the 25th day of each month, departmental news, photographs, and other items of general interest. Material for this purpose should be sent to them before the 20th of the month. All are invited to cooperate.

Refining Dept.
Natural Gas Dept.
Ry. Traffic & Sales Dept.
Marine Dept.
Legal Dept.
Treasury Dept.
Comptroller's Dept.
Insurance Dept.
Governmental Reports
Sales Dept. S. Territory
Sales Dept. N. Territory
Sales Dept. W. Territory
Asphalt Sales Dept.
Export Dept.
Purchasing Dept.
Producing Dept.
Pipe Lines
T. T. Co. of Mexico S. A.

C. K. Longaker, Houston
W. H. McMorris, Jr., Fort Worth
J. A. Brownell, New York
H. Hassell, Port Arthur
H. Norris, New York
H. Tomfohrde, Houston
H. G. Symms, Houston
R. Fisher, New York
B. E. Emerson, Houston
P. A. Masterson, New York
C. M. Hayward, New York
Miss M. Marshall, N. Y.
R. C. Galbraith, Houston
Geo. W. Vos, New York
P. C. Kerns, Denver
J. J. Smith, New York
J. B. Nielsen, New York
J. A. Wall, New York
J. E. McHale, Houston
J. P. Rankin, Denver
Otto Hartung, Houston
Fred Carroll, Houston
C. W. Pardo, Tampico

REFINING DEPT. Port Arthur Works.—Resolutions by The Texaco Welfare League on death of J. B. Saint:

Whereas God in His infinite judgment has removed from among us our fellow and friend, J. B. Saint, the Board of Directors of The Texaco Welfare League has thus lost one of its valuable members and a personal friend and associate whom all held in highest esteem.

J. B. was a member from the inception of the League and was at all times vitally interested and actively engaged in the deliberations of the Board. His counsel and judgments were much respected in formulating policies and maintaining the principles upon which the League was founded, for the success of which he, with the others, was so justly proud.

Therefore be it resolved: That the Board of Directors of The Texaco Welfare League at this its first regular meeting assembled since the death of Mr. Saint do hereby formally express the high esteem and respect in which he was held by his fellow-members:

That we personally mourn his loss and extend to his beloved family our most sincere sympathy and respect:

That a copy of these Resolutions be placed upon the records of the League, that a copy be sent to the family, and that copies be sent to *The Texaco Star* and *Look Box* for publication.

WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF AUGUST, 1924

Refined—Coastwise	1,339,620 bbls.
Refined—Foreign	418,184 bbls.
	1,757,804 bbls.
Crude—Coastwise	424,885 bbls.
Crude—Foreign	22,385 bbls.
	447,270 bbls.
Total	2,205,074 bbls.

Page twenty-six

This photograph shows the highly esteemed Third Officer on the S. S. *Lightburne*, George B. Johnson, familiarly known in steamship circles as The Sea-Going Sheik. Mr. Johnson has been going to sea for the past ten years. During his travels he has been presented to court on several occasions and it is rumored that he was engaged to marry a duchess, but it seems that romance was shattered. He has a wonderful and pleasing personality, especially with the ladies. The 'movies' boast of their 'Sheiks,' so it is fair that we who go down to the sea in ships should boast of a Sheik also. It is whispered by Dame Rumor that Mr. Johnson is interested in a young lady who is a member of the Russian nobility, and it is said that she is very wealthy. Mr. Johnson himself is wealthy and goes to sea for the fun and adventure. He has been contemplating starting in business but has not made up his mind where he will locate. He has hinted that he would like to settle in Texas, but his aim is not to settle on shore until he is happily married. We of the *Lightburne* feel proud of having Mr. Johnson as one of our ship mates and our hope is that he will remain with us.



George B. Johnson

H. B. Robinson, Jr., Engineering Division, Houston Office

Probably winner of the C. L. Bering Trophy for 1924—with this 36-pound redfish caught August 16.



TREASURY DEPT.

The Houston Office enjoyed a visit from Assistant Creditman W. J. Tête, Dallas District.

The place where an accident is likely to happen is the place where one will happen if neglected.—*Walworth Craftsman*.

He is safe from danger who is on his guard even when safe.—*Cyrus*.

The TEXACO STAR



Marine Sales.—Upper: American S. S. "Delecto," of American Sugar Transit Company. Chief Engineer Kyparissis (Insert). Mr. Kyparissis has found that Texaco Marine Lubricants render efficient and economical lubrication aboard his vessel.

Luxurious yacht "Dolphin" belonging to Mortimer H. Schiff of New York, lubricated with Texaco Marine Lubricants. Many splendid pleasure vessels move southward for the winter months, and the facilities at all South Atlantic ports afford the best of service and offer oils of the highest quality. The Texas Company enjoys a position that may be termed enviable. Preference for Texaco Marine Lubricants is unmistakable.

Lower: Italian Navy Collier "Brennero." Chief Engineer Captain Angelo Traverso (Insert). This vessel and other vessels of the Royal Italian Navy have long been successfully lubricated with Texaco Marine Lubricating Oils to the entire satisfaction of many chief engineers.

Delivering Texaco Marine Lubricants to the Royal Italian Navy Collier "Brennero" at Houston, Texas.

SALES DEPT. S. TERRITORY

Houston District.— Stations making 100% on collections for July: Beeville, Bryan, Carrizo Springs, Kennedy, Seguin, Smithville, Uvalde. Many made 98% or 99%.

We regret very much to report the death of two valued employes: City Salesman Gus W. Kirven on July 28; and J. W. Wagner, Cooper at Houston Station, on July 31. Both were conscientious workers and had a host of friends.

July 25 was a bright morning for Order Clerk Jesse Wilkerson, he could not keep the secret: a baby girl, Marilyn Jean. Congratulations.

Friends of Robert William Patten will be pleased to learn of his promotion to the Houston Agency. Houston Station is one of two Southern Stations contesting for supremacy—basis volume, marketing cost, and other points of merit. Robert says: "That other bird better look out."

Dallas District.—The reorganization of

the D. O. has been effected and we are anticipating increased efficiency. We hope to produce even more than is expected by the Management.



Threshing Grain at Bangs, Texas

Mr. Jenkins says Texaco Motor Oil is the best oil he has ever used for his Case Tractor.

The TEXACO STAR



W. J. Tete, Ass't Creditman, Dallas D. O.

Catch of 150 speckled and channel trout caught in one hour and thirty minutes at Pass Christian, Mississippi, by W. J. and his brother Auguste Tete.

Oklahoma District.—We welcome back to the ranks an old time fellow worker, Kenneth Carroll, appointed agent at Drumright Station. Everyone is expecting Drumright to give our leaders a run for their money.

We regret the resignation of Special Agent R. D. Starbuck of Ada, Okla.; but "Star" is still going to sell Texaco, as he has gone into business at Wewoka with Agent Youngblood and these two are promising wonderful results

from Wewoka and the new Cromwell Oil Field. We wish you success and prosperity.

The five leading Filling Stations on draining crank cases for July were: Oklahoma City No. 2, Tulsa No. 2, Tulsa No. 4, Joplin No. 1, and Oklahoma City No. 3 and Hot Springs No. 1 tied for 5th place. We hope to announce new winners for August, as a dark horse or two appears to be looming up.

The marriage of Jack Martin, D. O. bookkeeper, and Miss Marjorie Gray, of Bristow, Okla., was announced Aug. 14 at Winchester, Ind. Their honeymoon is being spent on the Great Lakes. Congratulations.

New Orleans District.—Realizing the truth and force of the Biblical injunction, "It is not good for man to dwell alone," Edmond Castagnos, Assistant Agent at Donaldsonville, La. Station, took unto himself a helpmate, on August 10, Miss Camille Gilbert, daughter of Judge and Mrs. P. H. Gilbert of Napoleonville, La. The happy couple enjoyed an automobile honeymoon to Galveston and other points.

Atlanta District.—An incentive to harder work has been given to Truck Salesman Nor-



Texaco B Q at work in a cotton field

This photo shows Special Agent J. A. Groover (with the straw hat), Zone No. 22, Atlanta District, and Stake Truck Salesman J. A. Favor, of Montgomery, Alabama Station, applying Texaco B Q purchased by the McQueen-Smith Farming Company of Montgomery and Prattville, Alabama. This plantation embraces 4,000 acres in cotton alone and is one of the largest in the South.

The spraying machine shown sprays five rows of cotton at a time and covers 50 acres a day. The container holds 35 gallons of Texaco B Q and is charged with compressed air at 40-lbs. pressure. One charge of Texaco B Q and air is sufficient to spray 15 acres.

Mr. Groover and Mr. Favor have caught the spirit of the game in marketing Texaco B Q and are to be commended for their intelligent activity in this important movement.

The TEXACO STAR

wood Johnson, Greenville, S. C., who on July 12 was united in holy bonds of wedlock with Miss Betty Cromer. May their ship of happiness journey through calm waters and each passing year lend enchantment.

On August 7 Tank Motorman B. C. Williams, Greenville, S. C., was visited by the stork who made delivery of a namesake for Omaha District Superintendent Geo. H. Seawell. We trust George will furnish many pleasant surprises for Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

A future Special Agent at Columbia, S. C., arrived at the home of Special Agent E. O. Griswold on August 7, named Evlon Oris Griswold, Jr. Congratulations to Mrs. Griswold and to E. O.; may their fondest anticipations be realized.

Florida District.—Agent E. B. Patterson of West Palm Beach recently paid D. O. a visit. He is always welcome, for he has a smile and kind word for everybody. He has been agent at West Palm Beach for only ten months, but it is now one of our leading stations. Pat says he is going to hit a new high mark.

Agent C. M. Trammell, Ft. Lauderdale Station, and Miss Grace Turner were married on July 28. Mr. Trammell is an energetic young man and has made a wonderful showing at his station. Our best wishes for perpetual peace and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Trammell.

We extend sympathy to Agent W. C. Wooten, Daytona, and family for the death of his sister, Miss Ellen Wooten on July 27.

SALES DEPT. W. TERRITORY **Denver District.**—Our Second Quarterly Meeting of Zone Salesmen was held August 1-2. The salesmen were welcomed by Judge F. W. Freeman and Manager H. W. Dodge, and the many details of the Zone System were thoroughly discussed. The effects of the meeting can be seen from the increased business and improved reports coming in.

New stations have been opened at Boone, Colorado, and Craig, Colorado.

We enjoyed very much the visit of Hugo Friedrichs, Jr., Secretary to Vice President C. E. Herrmann.

Billings District.—William Cox, Bookkeeper and Warehouseman at Butte, Mont. Station, was burned to death in an explosion and fire on July 16. He was pumping a tank car of gasoline and had just gone into the pump house to see how things were going

when the explosion took place. Agent Murphy, hearing the explosion, rushed from office and saw the pump house in flames. As he reached the end of station platform he heard Mr. Cox cry from the burning house. Oblivious of his own danger, Murphy shielded his face with his arm and went into the flames to rescue his friend. The explosion had thrown Mr. Cox to the corner of pump house where Murphy found him in the sand barrel and dragged him from the building, too late to save his life as he was burned almost to a crisp, dying three hours later. The cause of the explosion is unknown. We extol the heroism of Mr. Murphy and extend our sympathy to the bereaved widow and sorrowing friends of Mr. Cox.



Grand Forks, N. D., Fair, July 21-26, 1924
Texaco gasoline and oils used in all racing cars.

Spokane District.—Freewater, Oregon Station with Agent Tony Freeburn in charge is the latest addition to our organization.

Messrs. Hugo Friedrichs of the New York Office and Bradford and Harville of the Denver Office visited the D. O. July 28-29. We enjoyed having these gentlemen with us.

Omaha District.—Superintendent G. H. Seawell is spending a vacation with his mother in Atlanta, Ga.

T. E. Goodwin has been promoted to Assistant Superintendent Omaha District.

J. O. Yelverton has been promoted to D. O. Chief Clerk.

We regret to see Spencer T. Rudd leave the D. O. It is understood that Mr. Rudd will enter a business of his own. We wish you success, Spencer.

Agent R. H. Crum, Aurora, Neb., informs us that he has been blessed with the arrival of an 8½-lb. boy on July 21. Mr. Crum has passed the cigars around the D. O., but the whole Texaco organization send their congratulations.

Be wise to resolve and patient to perform.

The TEXACO STAR

SALES DEPT. W. TERRITORY

New York District.—We send a letter and a photograph from the boys of Utica Station. The letter shows the right fighting spirit:

Utica wasn't dead, it was just having a sleep, but we all decided to see how it would feel to be on the top floor and we began to climb up the stairs. We are a long way from the roof garden yet, but the dampness of the cellar is gone.

Last month was our banner month, but we are a few thousand gallons ahead of June now and yet three days to go. The pictures enclosed show where some of this increased gallonage is going.

On July 12 as we were ready to close up for the night (6:30 p. m.) one of the fellows noticed the smaller of the two boats coming into the harbor. When it was tied to the dock Texaco was there and she tanked up on old reliable. Before we had completed with her another yacht tied up alongside the smaller boat and she too tanked up on Texaco.

The smaller yacht was the *Wayfarer* from New York, the larger the *Norma II* from the same port.

We are not the only oil company in Utica; it is a case of first there gets the order. We might add that to our knowledge we have lost but two sales of this kind this season.

We are not crowing but we say this much, that Utica has had her sleep and from now on you can keep your eye on Utica, because—She ain't got started yet.



Utica, N. Y.

Boston District.—We had the pleasure of visits from Vice President C. E. Herrmann, Ass't Treasurer D. B. Tobey, and Superintendent C. R. McCarthy of Philadelphia District.

Miss Beatrice Duffy is the latest victim of Cupid's dart, having returned from a vacation wearing the decoration on the third finger of her left hand. Who is the lucky man? Why George Davis of course. Congratulations.

Philadelphia District.—Only on a few occasions has our District been depleted by death, and on none of his previous visitations has the Reaper brought more sorrow, nor the District suffered greater loss, than on July 27 when Representative Samuel E. Moudy was called from us. Captain Sam, as he was affectionately known, died, as he had often hoped,

without a prolonged illness, but his sudden passing will long be mourned by a host of friends.

Mr. Moudy was born in Hancock, Md., Jan. 5, 1875. His parents moved to Washington, D. C., where the young boy received his education. He entered the service of the Standard Oil Company and remained with them until May 1910, when he joined the Philadelphia District of The Texas Company then in its infancy. No small part of the difficult foundation work



Samuel E. Moudy

from which has arisen a successful organization can be attributed to him.

Mr. Moudy was a man whose friends were many, and he had the faculty of keeping their loyalty. Slow to make accusations that could reflect adversely on one of "his boys," his section knew in him a friend who would always protect its interests. Many instances have occurred within the knowledge of the writer, whose privilege it was to be closely associated with him, where his advice and counsel succeeded when untempered justice would have been far less productive of beneficial results.

A sorrowing delegation attended at his home in Moore, Pa., on July 28, prior to the departure for Washington, D. C., where interment was made at Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. Moudy is survived by his wife and son and by an older brother, a resident of Washington, D. C.

Pittsburgh District.—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Schwab announce the birth of a daughter, Grace, on August 12. Mr. Schwab is of the D. O. accounting. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Grob announce the



Fayetteville-Green Oil Co., Fayetteville, Pa.

Our distributor's nifty decorated car was a prize winner in the Fourth of July auto parade.

The TEXACO STAR

birth of a baby boy on August 17. Mr. Grob is Cashier Clerk at Wheeling, W. Va. Station. Congratulations.

Norfolk District.—In the July issue of the *Star* we showed a picture of one of the most attractive service stations in this District. We were in error as to the location and ownership. We should have said that it was located at Mebane, N. C., and operated by the Eagle Oil Company, and was erected under the supervision of L. A. Corbett, Secretary and Treasurer of that company. Mr. Corbett deserves much credit for this beautiful station.

June champions in Distributors Contest:

- Class A—Holt Oil Company, Smithfield, N. C.
- Class B—Sprinkle Oil Company, Reidsville, N. C.
- Class C—Pope Oil Company, Clayton, N. C.
- Class D—Gatesville Oil & Gas Co., Gatesville, N. C.

We welcome the following Distributors:

- Milden Packing Co. at Potomac Beach, Va.
- Leaksville Oil & Gas Co. at Mayoden, N. C.

ASPHALT SALES DEPT.

We have completed another motion picture. Our maiden attempt in this field, which portrayed the construction of a Texaco Asphalt Macadam Pavement, proved so popular and was such effective advertising that it was decided to produce a second film to show the construction of a Texaco Sheet Asphalt Pavement. The pavement selected for the picture is laid on the Trenton-Princeton Highway in New Jersey, which is an important section of the Lincoln Highway. The picture conveys a comprehensive idea of the construction of a Texaco Sheet Asphalt pavement and therefore has a great educational value for engineers, contractors, officials, students, and others desiring a knowledge of this type of construction. To add a touch of human interest, a little American history is introduced at the beginning of the picture and it ends with a cartoon in which is shown the course of the Lincoln Highway across the country and the location of the newest Texaco link. The film will be shown in all parts of the country.

One of the famous transcontinental routes of the United States is the Meridian Highway, which is planned to connect Winnipeg, Canada, with Mexico City, Mexico. The final link in the section of this highway between Winnipeg and San Antonio, Texas, has just been completed,—the Minco Bridge crossing the South Canadian River in Oklahoma. To provide a floor which would reduce vibration to a minimum and thus lengthen the life of the bridge, a two-inch Texaco Asphaltic Concrete pave-



Minco Bridge over South Canadian River, Oklahoma

ment was constructed on a six inch cement concrete base. In addition to its importance as a link in the Meridian Highway, the Minco Bridge has a very great local value, and its opening to traffic was one of the greatest celebrations in the history of the State.

The automobile owners of the Company who desire tips on the economical upkeep of their cars may well be referred to R. E. Donohue, Superintendent of Operations of this Department. In a year and a half of service, during which it has covered 8,000 miles, "Don's" Durant Sport Model has required the extraordinarily slight expenditure of \$30 for maintenance. He will give a good cigar to anyone in the Company whose car can be credited with a smaller expenditure for repairs for the same distance.

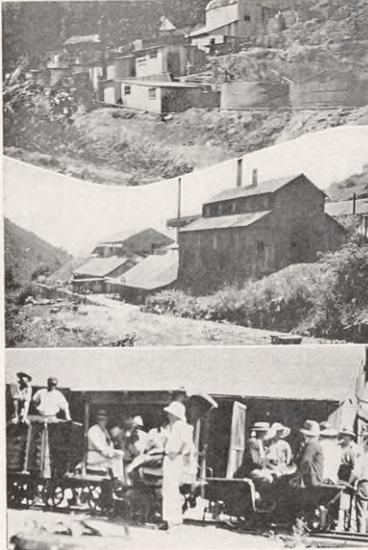
Again our Department contributes to the victims of the magical bow and arrow. This time it is Frank R. Bisso, assistant to A. Holland of the New York office. The knot was tied on August 2 and the girl in the case was Miss Sylvia Brunet.

The newest addition to the literature of the Asphalt Sales Department is a booklet, *The Famous Oiled Roads of Long Island*. In it are set forth the wonders which have been worked by the towns of Long Island through the use of Texaco Road Oil on their secondary roads. Hundreds of miles of these roads are treated with Texaco Road Oil every year.

EXPORT DEPT.

We recently had the pleasure of a brief visit at New York of J. C. Hinman, General Manager of The Texas Company (So. Africa) Ltd. Mr. Hinman is a true Texaco pioneer; he joined the African company at its inception

The TEXACO STAR



Sheba Mine, Transvaal

One of the oldest mines in South Africa. Uses Texaco lubricants and the tanks are painted with Texacoat. Visitors using the little train from the railway station, 10 miles away, must sign a "death warrant," relieving the owners of responsibility for injury in case of accident.

13 years ago and his perseverance and loyalty is largely responsible for our success in the South African field.

PURCHASING DEPT.

Houston Office.—J. T. Rankin, Western Purchasing Agent, journeyed overland from Denver to Houston in August making the trip from Denver to Dallas in four days. He spent four or five days in Houston. He says they are working overtime in his office but his force all seem to be enthusiastic about their new location.

Ed "Hoxie" Daniels was seen swinging a golf club the other day and we are wondering if he is going to desert the lure of the finny tribe for the lure of the gutta-percha. Now that our golf course at Camp Beaty will soon be finished we expect to see Ed dolled up in golf togs chasing the pill hither and yon. We hope no one will mistake Ed for a tree and shoot without first calling *Fore*.

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PIPE LINES

D. G. Gray of the Oil Accounting, Houston, was called on August 25 to Cleveland, Miss., by the death of his mother. We extend our deepest sympathy.

J. H. O'Brien, District Foreman, headquarters Beaumont, was called early in August to Washington, Pa., by the illness of his mother. For a time encouraging reports were received, then her condition became serious and she died August 26. Many friends offer heartfelt sympathy.

Texaco Club of Denver

The Texaco Club of Denver was reorganized in June. The present membership consists of 100% of the employes throughout the Denver District. The first event since reorganizing was a Texaco Picnic at Dome Rock, Colorado, which was financed by the Club and was without cost to the individual. The program was elaborate, and the picnic was exceptionally successful—due to the whole-hearted cooperation of all. The membership expects big things of the club, and worth while events are being planned.

The following officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year:

S. R. Knox, President
A. B. Patterson, Vice President
F. M. Sykes, Secretary-Treasurer

Board of Directors, F. W. Freeman, Chairman

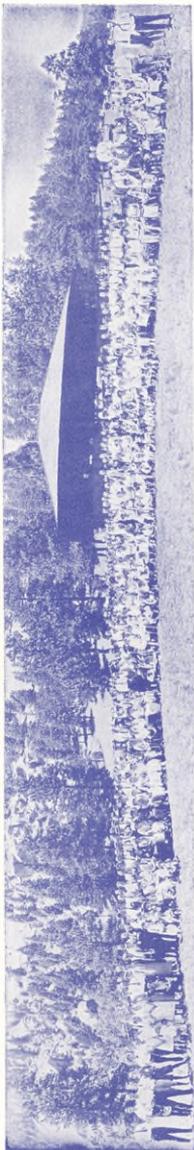
H. W. Dodge	W. F. Devermann
A. B. Patterson	W. E. Bradford
A. R. Wilson	F. M. Sykes
J. T. Rankin	J. W. Huff
R. T. Herndon	S. R. Knox
G. W. Schwert	J. H. C. Youngkin

Alternate Directors: B. A. Lagarde, H. D. Byrd, A. D. King, W. W. Moore, Mrs. M. E. Fitzmaurice.



Jain Temple—
Calcutta

See page
twenty-two



Texaco Club, Denver,
Picnic at Dome Rock,
Colorado, July 23, 1924.

SUGGESTIVE INDEX—CURRENT ARTICLES

Journals cited are gladly loaned, if in our library, to persons connected with the Company. The journal or journals called for will be sent by return mail, unless in the hands of some one who has made a previous request—and in the latter case, as promptly as possible. Please give full and exact mailing address.

EXECUTIVE. The Most Important Thing I Ever Learned about Management. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President General Motors Corporation.—System, August 1924.

"Anticipate," Says Luther Burbank. B. C. Bean.—System, August 1924.

LABORATORIES. Viscosity of Oils at High Temperatures. A. R. Fortsch. Robert E. Wilson.—Ind. & Eng. Chem., August 1924, p. 789.

SALES. Paving the Way for a Successful Sales Conference. Herbert M. Maxwell.—System, August 1924.

Reverses the Usual Process in Selling a Family of Products.—Sales Management, July 1924.

How We Teach Our Salesmen that Customers Buy from a Certain House—Not from a Certain Salesman. J. F. Miller, General Manager, Chope-Stevens Paper Company.—Sales Management, July 1924.

How the Wheels Go Around in Industrial Purchasing Departments.—Sales Management, August 1924.

Helping versus Hammering Salesmen Who Hit the Bottom.—Sales Management, August 1924.

LUBRICATION. Crankcase Oil Dilution Causes Increased Wear, Carbon Formation, and Corrosion.—Automotive Industries, August 7, 1924.

EXPORT. Adventures in Overseas Selling. Bevan Lawson.—Sales Management, August 1924.

GENERAL. When Government Keeps the Books. J. L. Payne.—The Nation's Business, August 1924.

Why Not Speak Out? John Jay Chapman.—The Independent, August 16, 1924.

The Island of Too Many People. George Cary.—The Nation's Business, August 1924.

BOOK. The Story of the Amoy. Alfred Nilson. (Author of article First Chinese Junk to Sail the Atlantic Ocean in the July issue of The Texaco Star).—Story Book, 945 East 17th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.25 by Parcel Post C. O. D.

SELL



See
Departmental News
Atlanta District

And Sell It Quick!

TO REESTABLISH THE
CONSTITUTION OF
THE UNITED STATES
AND THE PRINCIPLES
AND IDEALS OF OUR
GOVERNMENT IN THE
MINDS AND HEARTS
OF THE PEOPLE