

# The **TEXACO STAR**



CHARLES  
ROSNET

**JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1932**

## Petroleum Takes An Ocean Voyage

**P**ROBABLY the first vessel fitted with iron tanks for the transportation of petroleum was the *Charles*, of Belgian registry, which on May 4, 1870, was loading in New York. This grandfather of the modern oil tanker had a capacity of from 5,000 to 7,000 barrels of bulk oil in 59 iron tanks which she carried in the "tween decks."

The pumps with which the *Charles* was equipped to load and unload her cargo of oil, freed seamen and stevedores from the arduous labor of hauling the crude in barrels from dock to deck and stowing it carefully in the hold for ballast during the long voyage.

Undoubtedly there were many experiments in the field of bulk oil transportation which antedated the *Charles*. After one of the first consignments of American crude oil to reach Europe was shipped in barrels from Philadelphia to London on the brig *Elizabeth Watts* in 1861, a British iron sailing ship, the *Atlantic*, was said to have carried a bulk cargo of oil. On December 29, 1864, the iron tank ship *Juno*, built for carrying petroleum between New York and Liverpool, was called a success. The compartment system used in the *Charles* followed the method of shipping water and wine in tanks of animal skins 20 years before the first bulk oil carrier went to sea.

The *Charles* continued in the oil transport trade until 1872 and every year until 1878 wooden sailing ships were adapted to carry crude in bulk. In spite of these earlier instances, both John W. Marshall, an American, and W. A. Riedemann, a German who in 1884 shipped a cargo of oil across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel's water tank, have claimed to be the inventor of the oil tanker.

Undoubtedly many inventors and shippers of oil, impelled by a desire to market their products abroad, helped to establish the first of the great fleets of oil tankers that sail the seas today.



THE COVER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS ISSUE OF THE TEXACO STAR, SHOWING THE CHARLES LOADING CRUDE OIL IN NEW YORK, IS THE NINTH OF A SERIES OF ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, BASED ON AUTHENTIC DATA, DRAMATIZING OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN PETROLEUM INDUSTRY.



# The TEXACO STAR



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★  
**IN THIS ISSUE**  
★

Bootleg Gasoline . . . . .	2
Behind the Scenes—XII . . . . .	3
Ships That Sail Under the Star . . . . .	12
Texaco at Home—Charleston . . . . .	14
The Wild Stallion of the Guadalupe . . . . .	17
Globe-Trotting—Canary Islands . . . . .	19
Crude Oil Production and Gasoline Stocks . . . . .	23
Our Who's Who . . . . .	24

*Cover by Charles Rosner*

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as are shown to have been separately copyrighted by others) provided due credit is given to The Texaco Star or The Texas Co.

## BRIEF

★ The Sioux tribe of Indians, of whom Captain Frank M. Hawks, The Texas Company's Aeronautical Advisor, is an honorary member, are facing a difficult Winter. Many of them are almost destitute. Captain Hawks has asked that gifts of old clothing suitable for distribution to the Indians be sent to him at his office, 135 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

## AND

★ A United States Forestry Service crew recently found a tree carved with the words "Kit Carson, 1846," near Mud Lakes in the Eldorado National Forest of California. Six inches of new wood had grown around the original "blaze."

## TO

★ All the Texaco Asphalt pavement in either Buffalo, New York; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Dallas, Texas; or El Paso, Texas, if laid end to end to form a thoroughfare 30 feet wide, would make a highway so long that an automobile traveling a mile a minute would require two hours to pass over it. These four cities have used nearly ten million square yards of Texaco Asphalt on their streets.

## THE

★ The astounding growth of the aviation industry in the past five years is vividly illustrated by the fact that while in 1926 airplane engines consumed 3,300,000 gallons of gasoline, in 1930 they consumed 35,000,000 gallons.

## POINT

★ A new use for old covers of THE TEXACO STAR and *Texaco Topics* has been discovered by Sidney E. Aston, Chief Steward of *M. S. Australia*, one of the largest tankers in the Texaco fleet. Mr. Aston finds that they make an ideal surface for writing out the bill of fare for the day's meals.

★  
★ A great need for Diesel engine motive power in motor cars has not yet developed. J. C. Vincent, vice president of the Packard Motor Car Company, said recently, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

# BOOTLEG GASOLINE\*

By JOHN T. FLYNN

AS YOU leave New York City to start on your trip to the Pacific Coast in your automobile you will be stopped at the Holland Tunnel and asked to pay 50 cents. This is a toll, the money being used to pay for the building and upkeep of the tunnel. This is a modern survival of the old-fashioned toll-gate system which was fashionable in the old days when the roads were owned by private persons and they charged you for the privilege of riding on them. As you pay your 50 cents at the Holland Tunnel you say to yourself, "That's the last I have to pay in road tolls. Thank Heaven, the days of the old toll-gate and toll collector are gone. Now I can ride the rest of the way free."

But do not deceive yourself. You still have 3,000 miles to travel before you reach San Francisco. What would you say if I were to tell you that there are scores of tollgates to be passed and that as you travel you will be stopped by a tax collector at least every 100 miles and compelled to hand over from 30 to 50 cents and more as a toll or tax for the privilege of using the roads? Well, if I were to tell you that you wouldn't believe it. In order to go to the coast from New York you must pass through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. You must drive distances up to 450 miles through each of these states.

You will have to pay tolls for the privilege of driving across each state. To drive across New Jersey will cost 20 cents. To drive 400 miles across Pennsylvania will cost you a dollar. You will have to pay a dollar in Ohio, 60 cents in Indiana, 40 cents in Illinois, 40 cents in Missouri, a dollar in Kansas, \$1.35 in Colorado, a dollar in Utah, 70 cents in Nevada and 50 cents in California. The toll collectors after you have left the Holland Tunnel will get \$8.15 in

*All our bootleggers don't deal in liquor. Varying state taxes have set up some of the easy-money boys in the gasoline business. And now that the sales tax is receiving official consideration here's a chance to see how one works*

all. And assuming that there is one every 100 miles, you will be stopped 30 times between here and the coast.

## A WINDFALL FOR TAX-MAKERS

But, says the much-traveled motorist, I have been back and forth between here and the Pacific Coast many times and I have never seen these tollgates you speak of and do not recall paying these various sums you list. Ah, that is the very point! The tollgates are there, but you do not see them. You pay the money but you do not notice it. As a matter of fact, instead of 30 tollgates there are perhaps 20,000. For every gasoline station is a tollgate where the state collects from every motorist who buys gasoline a tax for riding on the roads.

Back in 1919 the states of Oregon, Colorado and North Dakota imposed a tax of one cent a gallon on every gallon of gasoline sold in those states. Immediately tax-hungry legislators all over the country sat up, rubbed their eyes and said: "Well! Well! Well! What do you know about that? We certainly have been asleep. Just look at this nice juicy melon patch we have been overlooking all these years. My! My! We must get busy."

And they did. Kentucky adopted the tax next year and in 1921 Oregon made it two cents for good measure. In 1921 13 states had gasoline taxes and were collecting \$5,332,111 in that year. Two years later eight states had raised the rate to three cents. Florida, Arkansas, Nevada and North Carolina saw Oregon's three cents and raised her one, while South Carolina made it five in 1925. South Carolina, Florida and Georgia raised the rate to six cents in 1929. Meantime all the states were gathering around and getting into the game.

There is perhaps no record in history of a tax rising in yield at so rapid a rate. In 1921 the collections amount-

*NOTE: Reputable oil companies, thoroughly aroused over the alarming spread and present proportions of the gasoline tax evasion racket, have pledged themselves to the common cause of stamping out this stupendous graft. As a stockholder or employe of this company you can help by refusing to buy gasoline at "bargain" prices, by reporting to this company or to state tax officials any station which is selling gasoline at such low prices as to raise a reasonable doubt in your mind whether the gasoline tax is being paid, and by bearing in mind that every time the state loses a dollar through tax evasions, you, as a law-abiding tax payer, are forced to pay that dollar out of increased taxes on other commodities and activities.—EDITOR*

\*Reprinted, by special permission, from *Collier's* weekly.

## The TEXACO STAR

ed to \$5,382,000. Two years later they were \$38,566,000. Two years later still they were \$148,353,000. In another three years they were \$305,000,000. Last year they were \$495,000,000. So you see it's getting to be a pretty big game. Now every state in the Union has a gasoline tax. There are no more one-cent taxes. Only five are as low as two cents. Only 11 are as low as three cents. Four and five cents seem to be the popular rates. As a matter of fact, the average rate for all the states during 1931 was a little over four cents. But there are at least five states with six-cent taxes and one with seven.

The tendency is upward everywhere as you move south and west, particularly south. The motorist traveling south to Florida for the Winter drives along a rising curve of gasoline taxes. In New York the tax is two cents. When he gets over to Jersey it is three. In Pennsylvania he finds it three but runs into a four-cent tax as soon as he enters Maryland. In Virginia the rate soars to five. When the motorist gets to North Carolina the rate is six and remains at that level through South Carolina and Georgia. When he finally arrives in Florida he is rewarded with a seven-cent tax for his pains.

Of course the inevitable result of this tax in this land of the racketeer and home of the grafter is the tax evasion racket—the greatest perhaps since prohibition. Who knows but what the bootleg liquor racket may yet have to take second place to the bootleg gasoline racket!

For instance, take Mr. Samuel Lavin of Chicago. Mr. Lavin was a business man, nothing less than president of the Consumers' Oil and Gas Company of Chicago, Illinois. Then one bright July day Mr. Lavin, the oil magnate, disappeared from the Windy City. He was, in fact, taken for a ride—undoubtedly in a car driven by bootleg gasoline. But he was not put on the spot. It was just a little kidnapping party all carried out in the best of spirit, such as any group of gentlemen bootleggers might employ in this intense competitive era of ours. Mr. Sammy Lavin's kidnapers merely wanted \$25,000. Evidently the sum was quickly forthcoming, for in a few days Sammy reappeared, reassured everybody everything was "Oke" and refused to disclose any of the particulars of the little business transaction. The police—those innocent fellows—seemed quite helpless to make head or tail of the matter. But a Chicago newspaper got busy and soon revealed that the whole comedy was part of the bootleg gasoline business of Chicago.

### A RICH FIELD FOR RACKETEERING

Then the newspaper proceeded to reveal that, a

long time before, 38 firms were indicted for heavy tax evasions—which is the most important tool in the kit of the bootlegger—and that these 38 firms had caused a loss in taxes to the state of over two million dollars; that only two of the indicted men had been tried and they were acquitted while most of the others were still moving merrily along in the old gas racket, collecting three cents on every gallon sold and salting it away for themselves.

Now then, of course, you ask how this racket is worked. After all, the tax on gasoline in Illinois is only three cents a gallon and a man will never get very rich evading that. You will soon see that the sums which can be made make this a singularly attractive business for an up-and-racketeering young man.

The gasoline tax is imposed by the states, though some cities also try their hand at it and this tendency is growing. The tax is of course paid by the man who uses gasoline in his automobile. He pays it to the gasoline filling station. Sometimes the filling station advertises its gasoline at the price of the gas and specifically names the tax. Thus in Oklahoma it is not uncommon to see signs reading, "Gasoline 5 cents and we must have another 5 cents for Governor Bill"—Bill being no less a personage than the famous "Alfalfa William," who stopped oil production in his state with the militia. Most gasoline stations merely add the tax to the price which they charge for gas. In any case every time you buy a gallon of gasoline you hand over from two to seven cents for the state.

### SHORT HAULS AND LONG PROFITS

Now then, how does the government get this tax? In some states the retail gasoline filling station pays it over directly to the tax collector. Every month or every three or four months he must make a report to the tax gatherer of the number of gallons he has sold and send his check along for this amount. This was the universal way formerly. Now, however, most states collect the tax from the distributor or the refiner or whoever makes the first sale in the state. The distributor adds the tax to the price charged the filling station and the filling-station man collects it from the consumer. With this explanation we are prepared to have a look at the racket in motion.

Now let us take the states of Illinois and Indiana, which adjoin each other. There are plenty of refineries in Indiana. A distributor with a tank truck goes into Indiana and buys a tank load of gasoline—say 1,500 gallons. When he buys this, ordinarily he would have to pay four cents tax to the distributor. But he makes a declaration that the gasoline is for export—that is, for sale in another state—which



CARTOONS BY HERB ROTH

automatically relieves it of the tax. He then drives the gasoline into Illinois. There he sells it to a gasoline station. In Illinois the tax is three cents on each gallon. He takes the filling-station man into his confidence and explains that the gas has been bought without paying taxes; that the filling-station man can sell it and collect the tax from his customers and put it into his pocket.

As a rule, however, the two—filling-station man and bootlegger—can split the tax between them on some basis considered to be fair between gentlemen. Neither Indiana nor Illinois gets the tax. And, what is more serious, the filling station handling the gas, because it has an advantage of three cents over its competitors, can undersell them and thus commit a crime against the honest gas dealer.

This practice goes on to a greater or lesser degree in almost every state in the Union. Down in Louisiana, for instance, Mr. J. T. O'Sullivan, executive secretary of the Louisiana Code Committee, says: "At almost any hour of the night tank trucks and trailers may be seen moving along the dark roads which run into Shreveport from East Texas. Some of these trucks haul as much as 2,500 gallons of gasoline. Is it not peculiar that most of the gasoline should enter Shreveport after dark between 9 P.M. and 4 A.M.? The reason given for this is that traffic is lighter during the night and because the trucks are needed for local distribution during the daytime. But it is a very strange thing that these same trucks which enter Shreveport under cover of the darkness full of gasoline go out again the next day back to Texas through the heavy day traffic and when they are supposed to be needed in local distribution. The truth about the matter is that these trucks move at night to escape the inspectors and this gas coming into Shreveport, without paying tax in either Texas

or Louisiana, has demoralized the honest gasoline industry of the state."

#### RIVER PIRATES—1931 STYLE

In Pennsylvania the racket is carried on in places by water. The Delaware River runs between Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The racketeer buys a boatload of gasoline in Pennsylvania "for export to New Jersey." Thus no tax is paid. His boat—minus the warning flag which it should fly—floats up or down the Delaware ostensibly bound for some New Jersey port. But Pennsylvania is on one side of that same river and there is nothing to stop the vessel from putting into a Pennsylvania port at night and unloading its gasoline and thus escaping a three-cent tax on each of 10,000 gallons—a tidy sum of \$300.

The bootlegger does not always buy his gasoline "for export." There is in this a certain risk of detection by the tax inspectors who in some places patrol the roads. And so in some places they buy the gasoline in states where the tax is low and sell it in states where the tax is high. For instance, the tax in Missouri is two cents. But the state is surrounded by states with higher rates—Iowa with three cents, Illinois with three cents, Nebraska with four cents, Kansas with three, Oklahoma with five, Kentucky with five, Tennessee with six and Arkansas with six.

The bootlegger can buy a wagonful of gasoline in Missouri, pay the two-cent tax on it and then cart it unobserved into Arkansas where he sells it to the retailer without reporting to the state authorities. Thus he makes four cents on each gallon in taxes. And, of course, he may pocket it all or split it with the retailer.

In some states the retailer still pays the gasoline tax directly to the government. This opens the way



for another neat little racket. Thus Mr. Stanislas Yoroski operates a filling station. He sells an average of 500 gallons of gasoline a day. That makes 2,500 gallons a week. He makes a gross profit of three cents on each gallon which is \$105 for the week. From this he must pay his rent, light, help and take his losses. At the end of the week the best he can do by working about 14 hours a day is \$35 clear profit for himself. He is required under the law to pay quarterly the gasoline taxes which he collects. And he is allowed 60 days after the end of the quarter to make a settlement. Now at the end of the quarter he finds he has sold 45,500 gallons of gasoline, on which he has collected four cents tax per gallon, or \$1,820. This is due the state government. For himself he made \$35 a week, or \$455 for the 13 weeks.

#### MR. YOROSKI SEES THE LIGHT

Being human, Mr. Yoroski can hardly be expected not to sit down in the quiet hours of the evening beside his pumps and ponder this fact—that out of his three months' hard work he has made \$455 for himself and \$1,820 for the government. It doesn't look fair to him. Now, however, he has to pay the tax. But he won't have to settle for another eight weeks. In that time he will make another \$280 for himself and will collect another \$1,120 in taxes—\$2,940 in taxes altogether.

So just before the expiration of the time for making settlement Mr. Stanislas Yoroski closes up his gasoline station, disappears from the highway and is heard of no more. By doing this he pockets a profit of \$3,675 instead of \$735; \$175 a week instead of \$35 a week. Then in a few weeks or so Mr. Yoroski appears under another name as the owner of a gasoline station upon another highway.

Now to end this sort of thing the states are aban-

doning the collection of taxes from the retailers. Pennsylvania, for instance, changed over last year and thus finds she can watch 800 distributors better than she can 28,000 retail stations. But that doesn't end the racketeering. For the distributor can do the same thing as the retailer. He has learned that he can just simply get away with the failure to pay his taxes.

It must be remembered that this is not like ordinary tax-dodging. In this case the taxes are paid by the consumers and the dealers actually collect them. If they do not pay them they are just that much ahead in actual cash. And in the case of distributors the tax runs into large figures. In Ohio an oil company collected \$39,979 in taxes. The tax official simply failed to certify this little item. It was found out and now the governor is asking the tax official's removal. In Indiana a single company was found owing the state \$125,000. In California the state is trying to get about \$2,500,000 in taxes due it by some 28 oil companies.

#### AN INCENTIVE TO DISHONESTY

California distributors were allowed two and a half months after the quarter to settle for taxes. That gave them five and a half months in all to collect taxes. Running down the list of companies and the taxes they failed to pay, one sees a number of concerns which collected and pocketed sums well over \$100,000 and at least one over \$200,000. Now California has changed her law to require monthly settlements. What else are we to expect when we make it possible for unscrupulous men to make more money—two or three times more—by evading taxes than from the ordinary profits of their business?

Another method of evasion is to dilute gasoline with various distillates which are tax-free and thus

cut the tax in half. The possibilities of this, where taxes are as high as four or five or six cents, can easily be seen.

Thus one great sales tax—for the gasoline tax is a sales tax—works. And the proposals for sales taxes on all sorts of merchandise are growing in popularity all over the country. If they succeed we may prepare to see the country flooded not merely with bootleg gasoline and bootleg liquor but also with bootleg bologna and bootleg spaghetti, bootleg bananas and bootleg boots. For every article that is sold in a store and is subject to taxes a special department of racketeering will spring up. And this nation, already a little dazed and bewildered by the extent of racketeering which has overwhelmed it, will witness an orgy of tax graft and bootleg merchandising which will make our present era seem tame and angelic.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the tax evasion comes from professional racketeers. A law like this opens the way for profits and savings to all users of gasoline. And, of course, in many cases these evasions can be practiced without doing anything wrong. The state, however, loses the tax just the same and the honest dealer who obeys the laws is the sufferer. One of the profound weaknesses in our present methods of regulating things is the penalties which we keep piling on the honest. Is it to be wondered that there are those who believe that the fundamental honesty of our people is being undermined?

#### FARM RELIEF BEGINS AT HOME

Have a look on your map at the state of Wisconsin. There the tax is four cents. The state is surrounded by states which impose three-cent taxes—Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. Why should any large user of gasoline in Wisconsin buy gas in that state when he can drive a few miles across the line and fill his tank for a cent less per gallon? Out in the State of Washington there is a four-cent tax. Oregon, next door, imposes a three-cent tax.

The farmers are perhaps putting as big a hole in the tax as anyone. Under most laws gasoline used for agricultural purposes is exempt from the tax and so farmers can get back from the state the taxes they pay on gasoline used in their tractors and farm machines. Now there is a good deal of gloom about the farmer's business. But if you will look at the claims made for refunds on farm gasoline you will think the farm is booming.

In dear old Kansas the refunds in one year were \$2,000,000, or one fourth of all the gasoline taxes paid. In North Dakota it is said the refunds use up from 23 to 43 per cent of all the gas taxes levied.

In Kansas, now, a farmer buying for agricultural purposes merely makes a declaration to that effect and escapes the tax. And so the farmers in Nebraska go into Kansas and buy gasoline by the barrel, making the necessary declaration, then cart it back to Nebraska where they use it tax-free and sell it to their filling-station friends as well.

And the higher the tax goes, of course, the bigger the refunds get, proportionately. Oklahoma raised her gas tax a cent last year. In the first six months of 1930 about 5,265,000 gallons of gas were exempted for farm purposes.

In the same six months of 1931, although the farms were not doing so well, the amount of gasoline going into farm machines was almost doubled—9,661,000 gallons. This, was enough gasoline to operate on a 24-hour basis twice as many tractors as there are in the whole state. The story is pretty much the same everywhere.

The extent of this gasoline tax evasion racket may well make legislators pause and consider whether the whole game of gasoline taxation is worth the candle. Certainly it seems to be demonstrated that excessive gasoline taxes actually defeat their own purposes.

The losses in Pennsylvania have been enormous, estimates running all the way from \$15,000,000 up. But this expresses only a part of the loss. That much tax loss represents the sale of 50,000,000 gallons of gasoline, the trade of which was diverted from the state's honest oil dealers to her racketeers. It doesn't mean just \$15,000,000 of taxes not paid. It means that the people paid that much taxes, but the money went to racketeers.

Wisconsin raised her tax from two to four cents. This should have resulted in doubling the taxes collected. What actually happened? In the first month the taxes collected increased less than 45 per cent instead of 100 per cent. Was Wisconsin using less gasoline? Every month preceding the raise showed an increase in the use of gasoline. In the last month under the two-cent rate, tax was reported on over 23,000,000 gallons. In the first month under the new rate, tax was reported on less than 13,000,000.

Of course, in some places the technique of racketeering is more highly developed. Take, as an instance, Philadelphia and Allegheny City, a part of Pittsburgh. Philadelphia has a population of nearly 2,000,000; Allegheny City has a population of 132,000. Philadelphia ought to use at least 20,000,000 gallons a year more than Allegheny City. But does she? Not according to the tax returns. From June 1 to December 31, 1930, Allegheny City actually reported the use of more gas than Philadelphia. This record looked suspicious to the tax department

and it got busy. In the next five months Philadelphia reported 3,232,871 more gallons than Allegheny City—still a little bit shy, I should think. Anyhow it looks as if the state had been losing not less than \$600,000 a year in gas taxes in Philadelphia alone, taxes that the people were paying to racketeers and which they in turn were pocketing.

In Oklahoma in 1930 the tax was four cents a gallon. Then Oklahoma raised the tax to five cents. This, of course, was expected to bring in more money. Here's what happened: In August, 1930, under the four-cent tax the state collected \$1,097,050. In August, 1931, under the five-cent tax, the state collected \$629,108.

#### LOWER TAXES—LARGER COLLECTIONS

Pennsylvania has had precisely the opposite experience, in spite of all the racketeering and bootlegging there. She reduced her tax from four cents to three. In May, 1930, Pennsylvania collected \$2,681,448 under the four-cent tax. Under a three-cent tax in May, 1931, she collected \$3,880,815. Tax one cent less; collections \$1,200,000 more. May, 1930, taxes were reported on 67,183,000 gallons. May, 1931, taxes were reported on 126,556,949 gallons. Thus this tax becomes a kind of barometer on the honesty of the people. Each cent you put on in tax acts as a strain on the honesty of a new layer of persons. People who will be dishonest for five cents will be converted at the four-cent tax level. Sinners who racket at the four-cent level come back to repentance at the three-cent level.

It is quite useless now to war against the existence of the gasoline tax. Apparently it is here to stay for some time. But it is important to carry on war continually against the extortionate rates which are charged. After all, the tax is the heaviest that has ever been im-

posed on any article except those, like tobacco and liquor, which the government has sought to discourage or suppress. When a man pays five cents for a gallon of gasoline and another five cents tax he is paying 100 per cent. The average throughout the country in August, 1931, was a little over four cents with gasoline averaging a little over 16 cents in price. This means a tax of 25 per cent. Apply that to any other business. If you bought an automobile for \$1,000 you would have to pay \$250 tax. So extortionate a tax is an invitation to dishonesty and evasion.

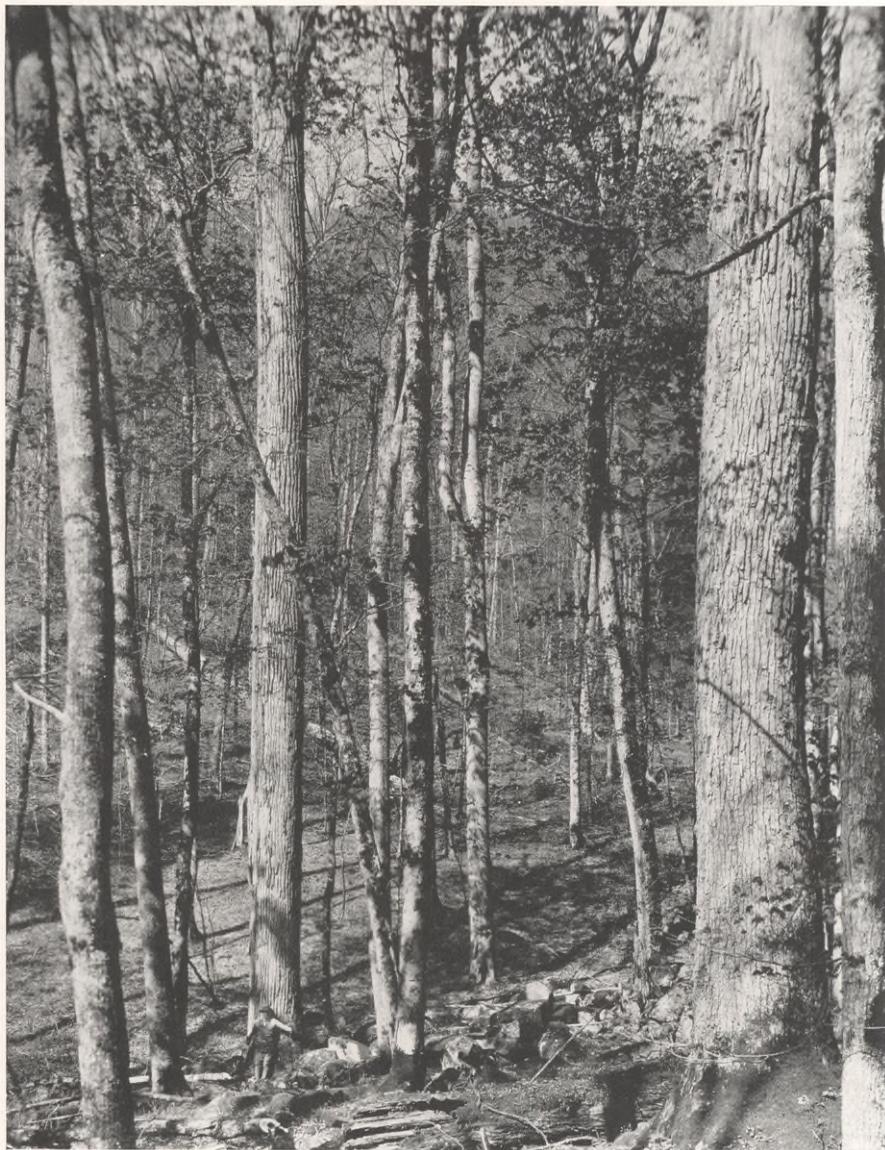
#### A LESSON FOR MOTORISTS

Of course, some defense can be made for the principle of the tax. It is said to be an equitable way in which to collect the cost of the roads from those who use them, in proportion to their use. On this basis it would seem that the three-cent tax is quite enough. The taxes collected on motor vehicles in other ways, added to the gasoline tax, amounted to \$1,000,000,000 in 1930. The costs of roads that year were \$1,650,000,000. Thus the motorists paid over 60 per cent of the costs of the roads. They paid another large percentage through their other property and income taxes. That is enough. It is more than enough. The motorist is not the only beneficiary of the roads. The real estate which adjoins the roads is benefited in an enhancement in value many times the whole cost of the roads. Cities, businesses of all sorts, hundreds of thousands of restaurants, hotels, hot-doggeries and sandwich-and-pop emporiums along the roads derive a vast income from them. The motorist is already paying more than his share.

The wise course would seem to be to resist vigorously any further increases in the tax. They will not produce more revenue but will merely shift the burden to the  
(Cont'd on Last Page)

*Extortionate taxes lead to dishonesty and evasion*





## TALL TIMBER



A stand of virgin pine on one of the properties of the Champion Fibre Company near Canton, North Carolina

# Behind the Scenes with Texaco Users

By J. NORMAN SPAWN

Educational Director, The Champion Fibre Company

## XII—CHAMPION FIBRE COMPANY

TRAVELING southwest from Asheville, North Carolina, through the "land of the sky," one is impressed with the splendid highway twining around the hills and through the mountains. To the left, in the distance, is Mount Pisgah, with its famous "rat" crawling up its wooded side, and beyond is Cold Mountain with its six thousand feet of altitude lost in the Balsam Range. To the right of the highway are the Hominy Mountains.

These mountains are covered with wonderful hardwood and softwood forests containing many different species of trees. In fact there are more varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers to be found in western North Carolina than in any other part of the country. On the mountain tops are the plants of the North, while in the valleys is the vegetation of the South.

Tucked away here and there in the coves on the hill and mountain sides are seen the log cabins of the mountaineers. These people love the freedom of independent life which the semi-seclusion of the mountains gives. In their veins flows the purest Anglo-American blood, as comparatively few of foreign birth have as yet attempted to settle in this part of the country.

Some 18 miles from Asheville the highway wends its way through the Hominy Gap, then up a steep hill from which the traveler drops suddenly into Canton, a thriving industrial town of about ten thousand inhabitants, the home of the Champion Fibre Company. The change from farm land and mountain scenery is so sudden that the traveler is surprised to find one of the largest pulp and paper mills in the country located here.

If business has been poor, if there is unemployment, and if there are bread lines in some cities in the country, the people of Canton do not know of it except by reading the newspapers. For the Champion Fibre Company has not laid off for the lack of work a single man during the last two years, even though some modern, labor-saving machinery and equipment and more efficient production methods have been installed.

Whenever changes have eliminated a man, other profitable jobs have been developed and the man has been transferred to them. This policy has a stimulating effect upon the employees' morale. The

management of the Champion Fibre Company has always been interested in the human side of its work, and this, no doubt, has been a great factor in the company's growth and influence upon the community and the lives of the people in western North Carolina.

About 30 years ago the late Peter G. Thomson, a paper manufacturer of Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio, was on a hunting and fishing trip in the mountains of western North Carolina, and was much impressed with the possibilities of developing a pulp and paper mill at the source of the raw material supply.

After due consideration Canton, then a small village where several mountain roads join to cross the Pigeon River, was selected. It is said that when those in charge of the town government were approached as to the possibility of the industry's being located there they informed Mr. Thomson that they would like to assist in its establishment but due to a debt the town would not be able to contribute much. When asked the amount of the debt, they replied, "About a hundred dollars."

Construction of the mill was started almost immediately and building operations have continued ever since. Six years ago the company organized its own construction department, employing from 40 to 100 men continuously on new construction work as well as more than 200 men in the repair and alteration department.

At the present time the company is in the midst of a \$1,500,000 expansion program. This will include the erection of three new buildings, the purchase and installation of the largest book paper machine in the world, and the erection of a 300,000,000-gallon impounding dam on the Pigeon River, 10 miles above Canton.

As this section of the state was a purely agricultural community, one of the greatest problems confronting the company when it started operations was the lack of experienced and trained workers. The industry, situated hundreds of miles away from any other pulp and paper mill, was compelled to import from other pulp and paper making communities men skilled and trained in those trades and operations.

The importation of this outside help, with its



*Champion Planned Its Educational Program to Give Theoretical and Practical Training to the Workers*

consequent labor turn-over, made it necessary for the company to consider the advisability of training the native help for the various skilled trades in the manufacture of pulp and paper. This was especially true some 10 years ago with the installation of a modern, high-speed paper machine. The natives, who had lived agricultural and out-of-door lives for generations, were keen and alert, but at times found it difficult to develop industrial habits and skill. To assist them in this development the company started its first educational and training program. This program has gradually grown year by year. At the present time the following subjects are covered: accounting, apprentice training, arithmetic, blue print reading, cylinder machine operation, electrical mathematics, electricity, foremanship and production, millwright practice, paper chemistry, paper making, sheet metal drawing, steam plant practice, soda and sulphate mathematics, and teacher training.

The educational and training program is planned to give the workers theoretical and practical training. Every effort is made to keep this instruction coordinated with its practical application on the job.

In the development of this industrial training pro-

gram one of the principal difficulties was the lack of suitable texts. There were, and still are for that matter, comparatively few texts written specifically for the purpose of training workers for the many different jobs in the pulp and paper industry. Therefore the instructors, who were picked from among the superintendents, foremen and technical workers, were compelled to write their own texts and lesson materials for nearly all the classes.

At times, in the case of special subjects, outside help is sought. The Texas Company, with whom the Champion Fibre Company has had a contract for a number of years for all of its lubricants, was asked to assist in the preparation of suitable text on lubrication. The Texas Company assigned one of its employes to the work and a series of lessons, written in simple language which all the workers could readily understand and aimed to give them the fundamental principles of lubrication, was prepared.

Practical instruction of this type is very beneficial not only to the workers but also to the company. It stimulates the worker's interest in his job and at the same time it trains his thinking ability along industrial lines. It also proves to the worker that the company is really interested in his improvement and is willing to help him secure the right kind of

## The TEXACO STAR

training. It has naturally resulted in a much higher degree of efficiency.

The company has found that the mountain folk are whole-hearted, sturdy, reliable and ambitious. They are willing and apparently anxious to learn all they can about their jobs.

Nearly 70 per cent of the employes have taken one or more of the courses during the last 10 years and for three years more than half were enrolled and attending the various classes. This in itself proves the effectiveness of this type of personnel work in an industry.

In the manufacture of pulp and paper the Champion Fibre Company consumes about six hundred cords of pulpwood each day. To cut and haul this wood gives employment to many hundreds of people throughout the southern portion of the Appalachian range.

The company owns many thousands of acres of mountain forest which it has placed under such management as will provide for continuous production of pulpwood. A large part of the wood supply is obtained from farmers' woodlots and from the offal of saw mills and other wood-using industries.

During the last few months the company has sold to the States of North Carolina and Tennessee more than 90,000 acres of its finest spruce timber lands in the Great Smoky Mountains for the Smoky Mountain National Park. These lands contain the finest virgin forests in eastern America and due to the care which the Champion Fibre Company took of them they were turned over to the people of the nation in splendid condition.

In these mountains there are more than 60 peaks with an altitude exceeding 6,000 feet, most of which were owned by the company. Mount Le Conte, the most famous of all, has only a trail leading to its summit. It requires from three to five hours to climb to the top.

On the summit of Le Conte and at Indian Gap the Champion Fibre Company has maintained cabins for the entertainment of visitors. From the top of Mount Le Conte a wonderful view of almost all the peaks which comprise the Great Smoky Mountains can be seen.

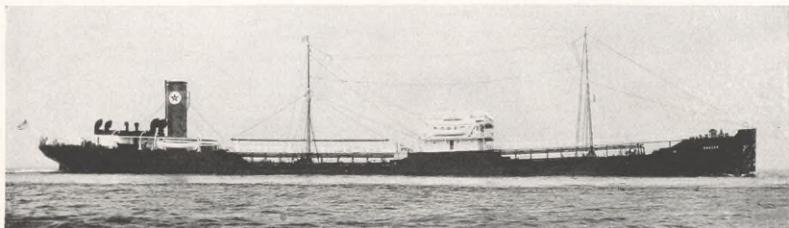
*NOTE: This is the twelfth of a series of articles concerning important customers of The Texas Company—EDITOR.*



*Cutting and Hauling Champion's Six Hundred Cords  
Per Day Gives Employment to Hundreds of Neighbors*



# SHIPS THAT SAIL

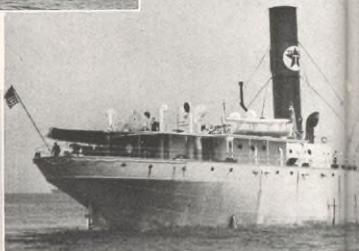


*The S. S. Oregon (above) joined the Texaco Fleet when the California Petroleum Corporation became The Texas Company (California)*

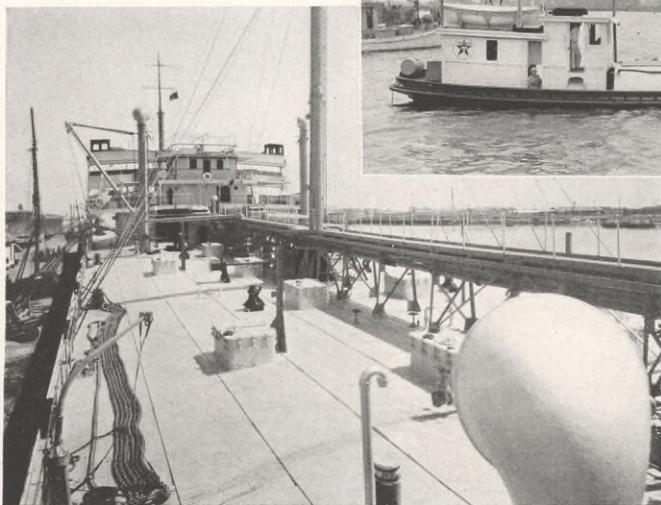
*Some Typical En-  
gine Facilities Under  
Distribution of*



*Tugs such as this are used to tow barges and dock larger vessels*



*Built at The Texaco  
Yards at Bath, Maine  
this ship has 13 Sister*



*Power Lighter Sylvia,  
Local Distributor Out  
of Norfolk Terminal*



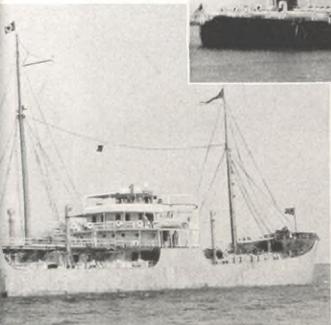
*What a Master Means by  
"Shipshape": View Along  
the Deck of M. S. Aus-  
tralia Looking Forward*

# UNDER THE STAR

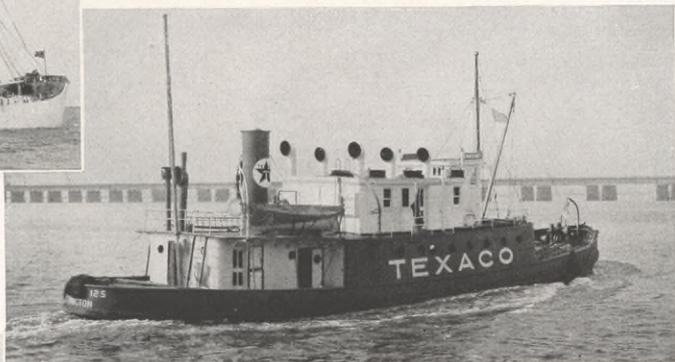
les of Our Ma-  
n World-Wide  
aco Products



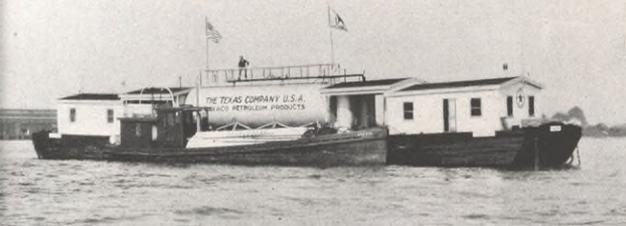
One of the Largest of the Fleet, M. S. Australia, 25,611 Tons Displacement, Has a Capacity of Six and One-Quarter Million Gallons



Ship Company's  
the S. S. Illinois  
s in the Fleet



Harbor Deliveries of Gasoline Are Made by Power Barges Such as This



Barge Houston, One of Our Up-to-date Floating Service Stations



"Just a Barge." But Also Another Important Link in the Chain of World-wide Distribution





*The Modern World Rushes on its Noisy Way But Charleston Still Dreams of the Days of Chivalry*

EWING GALLOWAY

## Texaco at Home—VIII

By R. M. REID

Laboratory Tester, Charleston Terminal

## CHARLESTON

THE history of the Carolinas under the proprietors began with the founding of Charleston in April, 1670, by a group of English colonists under grant by Charles II, in whose honor the settlement was named. Other settlers came from the Bahamas and the Barbadoes, and later French Huguenots and Palatinate Germans, fleeing from the wrath of Louis XIV. Baron Von Griffenfield's Swiss colony to the north also contributed its quota.

Historic landmarks have been a proud part of Charleston through the years and are of extreme interest to the many who annually visit the old city. Almost everywhere you turn, you come upon some enchanting old house with its grandeur of days long gone. Walking through the quiet, shady streets one

glimpses restful gardens through gates fancifully and intricately traced in wrought iron, for Charleston was built by a race of poets.

The modern world rushes on its noisy way, but Charleston still dreams of the days of chivalry behind its high-walled gardens. Pride of ancestry here is almost as active as in China, and the love of the old country, England, is still deep in the hearts of many of the older generation. In fact, above the chancel in Goose Creek Church one can still see the British coat of arms. Goose Creek Church is located in Otranto, about 20 miles north of Charleston.

Centrally located both as to hinterland and markets, Charleston, for more than two and one-



Lower Meeting Street, Charleston, Showing the Old Presbyterian Church at the left

half centuries, has served in its capacity as seaport, and over its wharves has moved a wealth of ever-changing commodities. It has handled rice, indigo, tobacco, lumber, beef, cotton, phosphate rock, and fertilizers.

Possessing the finest natural harbor between Hampton Roads and South America, a shorter average ocean haul to the key points of the world than other Atlantic or Gulf ports, a seaward location, an advantageous rail rate with modern and ample port facilities, Charleston has a diversity of service by ship and rail and stands as the leading port of the South Atlantic.

Charleston's area is a little more than five square miles with a population of about seventy thousand in the city proper. It has 158 manufacturing plants whose annual output is valued at six million dollars. The only first-class naval yard between Hampton Roads and San Francisco is located here. This city is also the world's second largest shipping point for commercial fertilizer materials.

In 1910 The Texas Company erected a terminal at North Charleston, about nine miles from the city of Charleston proper. The original facilities

have been increased and improved as necessity demanded and are now fully adequate to handle the complete line of Texaco products.

Charleston has had only an average of six freezing days per year for 26 years. It has an average mean temperature of 67 degrees, tempered by ocean breezes, and is said to be second only to Los Angeles in the actual number of hours of sunshine.

Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island played a prominent part in the Revolution. Colonel William Moultrie was in command of the fort, which mounted 62 guns, and twelve hundred men defended the island.

Early in 1776, the British fleet of 50 vessels arrived off Charleston. They landed three thousand troops on Johns Island under Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, and on June 23 a fleet of 11 vessels with 270 guns attacked the fort. Moultrie's cannon did great damage to the *Bristol* and *Experiment*, and both their captains were killed. That night when the British fleet withdrew, the flagship alone had lost 104 men. Only 12 men were killed in the fort.

An incident of the battle was the heroic act of

## The TEXACO STAR

Sergeant Jasper. The flagstaff at Fort Moultrie was shot away. He leaped from the wall, recovered the flag and, fastening it to a sponge rod, raised it aloft again. He was later killed when he attempted to retrieve the regimental flag at Savannah.

The Pringle or Brewton House is probably the most interesting and historic house in Charleston. It was built by Ezra Waite between the years 1765 and 1769. Mr. Waite had been engaged for a quarter of a century as architect, builder and carver. The house was built for Miles Brewton, a merchant of Charleston. Mr. Brewton, his wife and children were lost in a storm on a vessel in which he was part owner while on their way to Philadelphia. His estate was divided between his sisters; Frances, wife of Colonel Charles Pinckney, and Rebecca, wife of Jacob Motte. The house went to Mrs. Motte, and when the British took possession of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton occupied it as his headquarters and successive commanders-in-chief were established there. Washington was entertained at the Brewton House in 1791. One of Mrs. Rebecca Motte's daughters married William Bull Pringle, and the house then became known as the Pringle House.

About 15 miles from the city are the wonderful Magnolia Gardens, at one time called Magnolia on the Ashley. John Galsworthy, the British novelist, says of them: "I specialize in gardens, and fully assert that none in the world is so beautiful as this.

Beyond anything I have seen, it is other-worldly."

The gardens are usually open to the public between February 20 and April 20. They have been owned by one of the most noted families of the Carolinas, the Draytons, for about 225 years.

The Middleton Place gardens are the oldest landscape gardens in America. They are open from February 15 to May 15, and reach their height of profusion between April 1 and 15.

The gardens and grounds contain about 40 acres, and run down in a series of terraces from the bluff to the Ashley River. The azaleas form a great mass of color in the center of the garden, and there are walks of camellias and spice bushes leading to the lakes, which mirror the clumps of azaleas, pink and crimson, violet and purple, along their shores.

Some of America's most vivid history centers around Charleston and the surrounding low country, and in it much historic atmosphere yet remains. Tucked away in our homes and country places are many cherished things to tell the story of our past. Whether in the City Council Chamber, where the portraits of Washington, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, and Beauregard tell in tableau form the great chapters of our history, or carved on the bronze tablet of the Exchange Building, it is told in a few words from the days of the Indians, pirates, and through the martyrdom of Isaac Hayne to the reception of Washington.

*Entrance to The Texas Company's Charleston Terminal, North Charleston*



★  
The  
Wild Stallion  
of the  
Guadalupes

★  
By SAM ASHBURN  
and L. C. SLOAN



**T**HE granite sides of the Guadalupe Mountains had cracked in labor and brought forth a mighty outlaw. Land of bitter waters, country of gray desolation, its few residents tell stirring tales of Indian battles and whisper stories of hidden treasure. Mother of legends, parent of drought, this land has pressed to its stony breast the skeletons of many starved men lost in its jealous basin of silence.

The Guadalupes had done nothing in many years to make the cow punchers talk until they brought forth the outlaw, a wild horse, a quarter of a century ago. El Capitan, highest mountain in Texas, with its nose a thousand feet of sheer rock and its body reaching 50 miles into New Mexico from Texas, looked down as a little colt was born amid the howling of the coyotes one April evening a few years after the Twentieth Century had opened its eyes.

J. A. Ursher, veteran horseman of Sierra Blanca, Texas, looked at the long-legged, brown-skinned little fellow and at the nervous little mustang mother who licked her new offspring with the pride of a gentlewoman. The little colt was in part a blue-blood as well as a son of the mountains. His sire, a steel-dust stallion, had been imported by Ursher from the North to breed polo ponies.

The colt was destined for the land where horses eat oats, ride in special cars and where pretty women in silks rub them with perfumed gloves. Ursher saw him at intervals during his three years of growth to maturity and each time remarked on his flash of speed and spirit.

The horse roundup was in progress shortly after the third birthday of the once little fellow, now grown into strong masculinity. None of the horses submitted to the process without a protest; flying hoofs chiseled the air and cowhands leaped here and there like aerialists. The young fellows of the

horse range were to be domesticated and turned from gay young blades into army horses, polo ponies, and cowponies, while a few would go to the cotton plantations of the South to do farm work.

The stallion milled around with his playmates in the choking dust of the high corral. Several loops thrown at his head and feet failed to hit the mark. Frightened and angered, he pawed down the thick planking of the corral and loped out into 25 years of freedom and word-of-mouth publicity.

A cowboy picked up a rifle and started to shoot as the retreating figure looked back at the huddle in the corral. Ursher gave a warning cry and seized the cowboy's hand.

"Don't shoot that horse!" he cried. "There's a spirit there, boys, that we used to have in the old days. There ain't none like him in the country now."

As time went on the horse became the most famous range animal in the history of the West. Ursher kept account of him, but never again tried to capture him. He saw the horse at times and always spoke of him with pride.

The wild stallion of the Guadalupes, as he came to be known, met with mingled feelings of welcome and repulse when he visited the giant ranches, some of them 100 miles from a telephone. The welcome was demonstrated by the number of mares that horse-loving ranchmen turned in with him; from these matings came some of the finest horses that ever served man.

The distaste to his visits was occasioned by his efforts to secure a harem from the tame mares and retain it. Once he was in a pasture with mares he taught them the lessons of wildness, found apt pupils and soon had a following of 10 or 12 who followed their leader everywhere.

Then came the attempts to wean away the mares and their colts. The stallion would fight to keep the

family intact, but would finally surrender and be off to new pastures and new wooing.

Two years ago Polly Hollebeke, college man, surveyor, and oil company employe, reared on a ranch near the range of the wild horse, decided to walk the stallion down. This most desperate attempt to capture this famous horse without injury was almost like a pageant of history.

The wild stallion was walking down the old Butterfield Trail, a trail made in the days before the Civil War, when lone stage coaches drove from San Antonio to El Paso through aisles of hostile Indians. It was Spring and the old fellow with his big hoofs covering the ground like sandbags, was walking lightly, eating a bit of grass here, a flower there, glancing at the coyotes and keeping out of the way of an occasional mountain lion.

Suddenly his raised foot struck the ground with a stroke he once used in killing a snake. His nose sniffed the air and his eyes took in the distance. Slowly, a mile away, came three men, riding horses at a slow pace. The walking hunt was on. Five times before he had experienced it. Using his battle cry, a ringing snort that almost clipped a rock from a nearby hill, he swung out into a long lope and disappeared around a hill where he had found a spring of cooling water.

It was the famous Delaware Springs, near which flow the poisonous sulphur springs he had learned to avoid as a rambling colt. He lay down and rested, but before long the slow caravan came into view and soon he was hidden in the socotone grass, higher than a horse's head. Then he wandered to Wild Horse creek, named for his ancestors who 50 years ago covered the country as cattle do today.

The three men came on, and the veteran of the range hurried to new places of safety. The first night came; he slid down the sides of a steep canyon and the riders moved on relentlessly.

He looked and saw that they had changed horses; only one man was riding now. The others were asleep, and the lone rider was on a fresh mount. It was six against one, for each of the three men had two horses, but they bore the weight of a saddle and a man, while the stallion bore nothing but the unfelt weight of the stars.

The second day came and another man was riding still another horse, while the first, not quite so energetic as the day before, still kept a mile's distance between them. The day wore on. He stopped for a few nibbles of grass, more water, saw ropes dangling from the saddles of the riders and raced again to another hiding place.

Hollebeke knew the habits of the horse and before long the pursuers were again in view. The old

battler moved on, this time to another canyon. He did not enter it, however, in spite of its stream of water, its pine trees and overhanging rocks, for the canyon was closed at one end and escape would have been impossible. He climbed the Delaware Mountains.

On and on came the group and on came the night. The moon was full and through the night the pace continued. As morning came Hollebeke and his associates said, "We'll get him now, for no horse can last longer than two days and nights without sleep." But when the sun rose the third morning the horse was still going, apparently a bit refreshed.

"Must have snoozed on us last night while we lost him," mused Hollebeke. The distance was closer now, but the old horse looked back, saw the approaching men, got new energy and strode on. His legs were weary but his game heart was beating and his head was high.

The moon blazed full the third night as the walking continued; all three were after him now. Some of the men slept as they rode. The old horse edged on. This last night was one of torture for him and how he lived through it was a mystery to his pursuers. In the morning as the sun rose the weary riders saw him on the cap rock, head drooping, but three days and nights had been too much for them and they turned back. The horse moved down from his perch and went to sleep. Hollebeke and the other two men slept in a canyon for several hours and crept back to camp on exhausted horses. A rifle hung at the side of Hollebeke's saddle.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" asked one of the boys.

"Shoot a king? That's treason," was the reply.

Droughts came and went in the mountains but the old veteran knew the waterholes that never lost their water. He spent most of his time in the high places, nearer the clouds that loaf along in a basin of blue, for the Guadalupes are a land of sunshine.

Of course everything must die and the long streak of fortune that enabled him to live in a small area of land while he was hunted for more than 20 years must break at last.

He died by accident, like most outlaws, falling victim to an inferior attack that caught him unawares and left the land of open spaces vacant of its most distinguished citizen.

A group of cowboys one lonely Sunday afternoon were riding pasture when on a hill about 150 yards away the horse appeared. A gale was blowing toward the men and he could neither hear, see, nor smell them.

A cowboy who was not considered a good shot pulled the trigger of *(Continued on Last Page)*



The Lovely Harbor  
of Santa Cruz de  
Tenerife in the  
Canary Islands



## Globe-Trotting with Texaco—XXVI

## CANARY ISLANDS

By L. F. SCHRECK

SNOW-CAPPED for about half the year and topped with a conical crater 12,180 feet above sea level towers Teide of Teneriffe, clearly visible on passing steamers for 150 miles. This giant among the peaks of the islands of the Atlantic, as it leisurely puffs its sulphur pipe, presents an awe-inspiring spectacle. Gazing upon its majestic height for the first time, one cannot resist the feeling that it really was the temple of the gods of Plato's legendary Atlanteans, and now stands as the watchful and silent sentinel over the watery grave of the lost continent of Atlantis.

We may find some consolation for our viewpoint in the fact that either a continent or a very great island actually did exist in these parts in prehistoric times. There is ample geological proof that the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde Islands form a group that was once part of a sunken land.

There is no necessity, however, for us to rely solely on ancient phenomena in the earth's formation or to turn to legend and mythology for traces of adventure and romance on the Canary Islands. Both written history and present-day life are replete with traditions, customs and thrilling incidents which afford material for fascinating study.

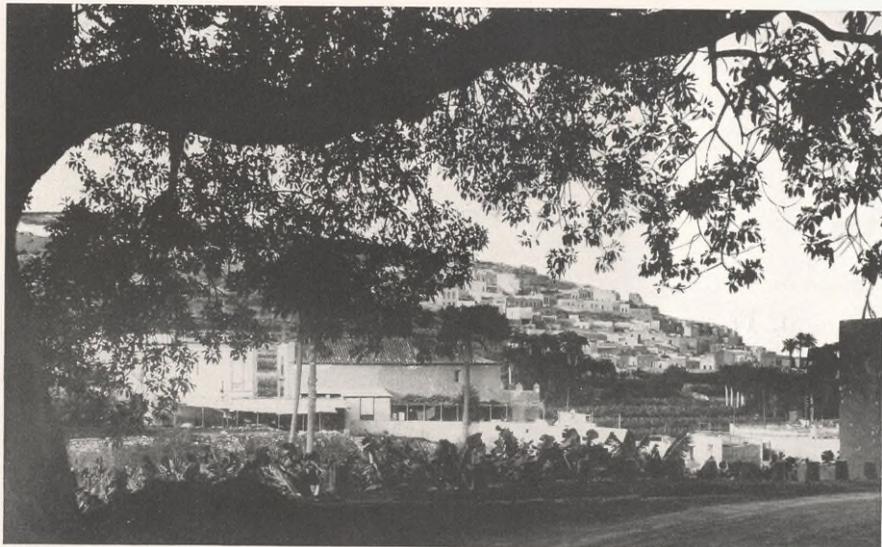
Within the period of authentic records seething volcanoes have poured their glowing lava flows over vast areas; a cultured and picturesque race of abo-

rigines has totally disappeared; the tides of renowned land and sea battles have ebbed and flowed; thriving cities have sprung into existence as if by magic; the vessels of great naval and commercial fleets ply in and out of modern harbors with up-to-date facilities, and at nightfall romantic Latin youths still strum their guitars under ladies' windows in *Las Islas Canarias*.

The islands are not named after the canary bird which is so familiar to all of us. They derive their name from the Latin "canis," meaning dog. Pliny mentions them in his historical tracts, stating that the designation was chosen by King Juba of the Mauretanians, because he found so many huge, wild dogs here.

The Canaries are Spanish national territory, and are divided into two separate provinces of the Republic of Spain. The Spanish acquired them by conquest begun in the year 1402 by the Norman, Don Juan de Bethencourt, then at the service of the King of Castilla, Henry III, commonly known as *El Doliente*. The first islands captured were Lanzarote, Fuerteventura and Teneriffe. Due to severe reverses at the hands of the valiant natives, the Guanches, Grand Canary was not conquered at that time. This, however, was later accomplished by the Spanish captain, Pedro de Hera.

The climate is semi-tropical, and in its consistency in the matter of temperature and barometric



*A Section of Las Palmas Showing the Hillside Residences*

conditions, is perhaps without a superior in the whole world. This may appear a broad statement, but careful readings on the thermometer over a period of four months, from about March 15 to the middle of July, between 1 and 2 p. m., have revealed the astonishing information that during those hours the temperature readings have never been less than 70 degrees Fahrenheit, nor more than 75 degrees. This consistency of temperature is maintained with some slight variations throughout the whole year, with the exception of two or three weeks in September when a sort of trade wind produces a somewhat higher temperature.

The temperate waters of the Atlantic in this latitude afford all-year bathing, wherever the rugged coastline is broken by sandy beaches. The city of Las Palmas is well favored in this respect, and this is one of the attractions to British and Continental tourists which has contributed toward making the Canaries famous as a pleasure resort.

The Canary archipelago comprises seven principal islands lying in the Atlantic Ocean, 28 degrees north of the Equator, approximately 100 miles off the northwest coast of Africa, and 700 miles from the City of Cadiz. They are directly in the path of the main shipping lines between Europe and South-west and South Africa and Central and South America.

The two principal islands in point of population and commercial importance are Grand Canary and

Teneriffe, and following these are La Palma, Gomera, Fuerteventura, Lanzarote and Hierro.

The population of the island of Teneriffe, the largest in the group, is about 200,000. Santa Cruz is its principal city and the capital of this province, which embraces Teneriffe, La Palma, Gomera, and Hierro. Santa Cruz has approximately 80,000 inhabitants. La Laguna ranks next with 20,000. Then come the smaller towns of Orotava, Guimar, Arafo, and Icod.

In 1929 Teneriffe exported 2,163,741 crates of bananas, 1,519,663 boxes of tomatoes, and 215,007 boxes of potatoes, weighing in all 166,840 metric tons. Automotive equipment is used exclusively for hauling these exports from the numerous packing depots to the port of Santa Cruz, which is the only available port in the island. The motor trucks used in this service are put to a very severe test on account of the rugged nature of the country over which the roads run. Intermediate and low gear must be used over practically one-fourth of the distance of the average run. On the down grade and around the many short curves the drivers of these heavily loaded banana trucks would make the hair of even a New York taxi driver stand on end.

This island presents some almost inconceivable topographical conditions. It, like all the other islands, is volcanic in origin, and centuries of activity have pushed it up to great heights, producing some of the most rugged land in the world. *El Pico*



*Rugged Lava Mountain Range on the Island of Gran Canaria*

*de Teide* forms the hump on the back of what looks like a great buffalo, the spine being a range of mountains running off to the north and ending at the city of Santa Cruz de Teneriffe. From this spine the land slopes off on each side from an average height of some eight thousand feet in one graceful sweep until it loses itself in the sea. There are several transverse mountain ranges with deep valleys lying between. From the road, perhaps two thousand feet above the sea, one may look down into the deep gorges. Numerous small villages, thousands of acres of banana trees yielding a rich harvest throughout the year, and hundreds of irrigation reservoirs can be seen as one lets his gaze wander from the rolling sea up the mountain sides to where the slopes lose themselves in the heavy banks of clouds which hang perpetually over the crests of the ranges.

The island of Grand Canary has a population of about 190,000. Las Palmas is the capital of the province to which this island belongs, with about 90,000 inhabitants. A number of smaller cities and numerous villages are scattered through the valleys and along the mountain sides.

The country is extremely broken on the borders, with an abrupt rise toward the central plateau. The highest mountain peak is Los Pechos, with an altitude of 6,401 feet. The lava flows are not so pronounced as on Teneriffe. Large areas in the interior are well adapted to cultivation where water is avail-

able in sufficient amounts to make it practicable.

In 1929 the exports from the port of Las Palmas included 2,175,506 crates of bananas, 620,919 boxes of tomatoes, and 136,157 boxes of potatoes.

The port of Las Palmas is literally buzzing with activity. Tremendous stacks of banana crates and tomato and potato boxes may be seen continuously on the docks awaiting their turn for shipment to European markets. Many of the large ocean liners in the European, South African, and South American trade also fuel here. The crowded condition of this port will be materially relieved within the next few years by the completion of an additional quay now in course of construction, work on which is being vigorously carried forward 24 hours a day. This ambitious project, when finished, will cost somewhere near 33,000,000 pesetas (about \$1,140,000 at par), and will rank Las Palmas among the world's most modern harbors.

The soil of both Teneriffe and Grand Canary is so fertile, where water is available, that indigenous flowers of the most exotic nature and strange trees grow in profusion. These islands are noted for the "dragon tree."

It is said that the natives, prior to the Spanish occupation, used the sap of these trees to prepare a balsam with which they mummified and shrunk the bodies of their dead. These mummies, which are now preserved in large numbers in the Santa Cruz de Teneriffe and Las Palmas museums bear a close

## The TEXACO STAR

resemblance to those of the ancient Egyptians.

The culture of the cochinitilla has assumed considerable importance in the Canaries. This insect thrives on the lowly cactus, and is used (horrors!) in making stainproof lipstick.

Owing to the extreme importance of motor transport in the economic life of the two islands of Tenerife and Grand Canary, a splendid system of hard-surfaced roads has been built at great cost over some of the most rugged country in the world. Owing to the low cost of labor practically all the road work is done by hand. Huge tunnels are driven through the lava cliffs without the use of blasting powder or other explosives, the work being executed entirely with picks and shovels.

These highways are noted for their steep grades and many hairpin curves. Within half an hour after leaving Las Palmas or Santa Cruz de Tenerife by automobile an elevation of from four to five thousand feet may be reached. During the course of such a journey one encounters an abrupt change in temperature and atmospheric conditions, necessitating a careful selection of motor fuel to obviate the danger of carburetor trouble. Texaco products have always proved equal to this severe test, which fact has contributed materially to their popularity in this market.

About 7,500 motor vehicles, exclusive of motorcycles, are in service in the Canaries. A large percentage of the cars and trucks are of American manufacture. There being no import duty, an auto-

mobile may be bought at only slightly more than the price prevailing in the United States.

Of the lesser islands, La Palma is the most interesting and productive, being similiar to Tenerife in contour and soil conditions, although considerably smaller. Like Tenerife it is covered in parts with forests of pines and tropical trees and carpeted along its mountain slopes with verdant vegetation.

Lanzarote and Fuerteventura are the nearest of the group to the African coast. Sand storms blowing across the 60 or 70 miles of water from the Sahara Desert, and the scarcity of water have rendered these islands in most parts arid and barren. Lanzarote has 23,064 and Fuerteventura 11,995 inhabitants. The remaining islands are Gomera and Hierro, neither of which is of great commercial importance.

The Canaries, although Spanish in language, are far enough away from the mainland of Spain to develop many localisms. The accent is said to resemble Andalusian, although centuries of practical isolation have made it extremely individualistic.

One misses the familiar Spanish architecture, except in a few churches and cathedrals, and in its place finds a pronounced but localized touch of the Moorish. The people are now coming under a great foreign influence, owing to the large amount of shipping and the Winter tourists who flock from England and the Continent by the thousands to enjoy the mild climate.

But the influence of *(Continued on Last Page)*

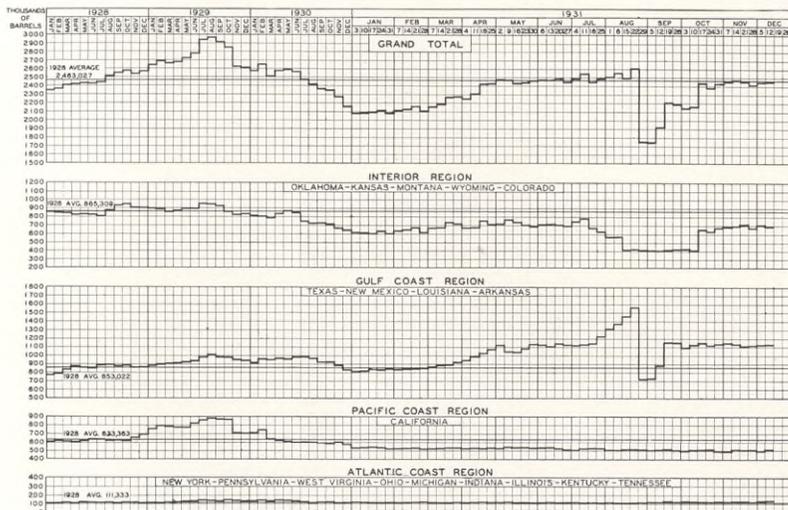
*Culturing the Cactus with the "Cochinitilla": Gran Canaria*





## DAILY AVERAGE CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION TOTAL UNITED STATES

Up to and including December 12



## OUR WHO'S WHO

**R**OBERT M. REID makes his bow to readers of THE TEXACO STAR with his article "Texaco at Home—Charleston." Born in 1909 in Choctaw County, Alabama, he entered the service of The Texas Company in 1928 as an assistant on the loading rack at Charleston Terminal, was transferred to the Laboratory in 1929, spent two months in training at the Company's Bayonne Laboratory and at present is Laboratory Tester at Charleston.



## WILD STALLION

(Continued from page 18)

a 25-20 gun and the dude of the range fell to rise no more. Ferocious in life, he fought death in the same manner; he snorted, kicked and bit as another cowboy stood by him ready to give the *coup de grâce*. A pull of the trigger, the sound of a gun, a final snort and the last wild horse in Texas was dead. The first had come with the Spanish conquistadores.

Half a mile distant six mares and a son of the old stallion waited in vain for their leader. That night the coyotes sang his death watch and the next day black ravens hovered over the body whose first scar was a death wound. The son of the old stallion led the mares to a new pasture.

## BOOK REVIEW

**A**PAPER-BOUND book that catches the spirit of the oil fields in verse and essay has been published by S. A. Reed of Warren, Pennsylvania. *The Glory That Was Grease*, by "Ole Wells," pictures the oil man as he is, and was written by an oil man himself—one who has spent much of his life working in the shadow of a derrick.

The verses show the touch of a hand that possesses considerably more than an amateur standing, although the author says in his introduction that they were written with no thought of publication. The essays drip with the romance of the driller, the field superintendent, the pipe liner, and the inhabitant of the oil field boom town.

"Only the men remain true to type," reads an essay on an outworn oil field of the East. "Sturdy, resourceful, self-sufficient, ready to tackle the job at hand; and able to do, with a knife, an axe, a wrench—whatever he can lay his hands on, the job that a city dweller would feel constrained to leave to the 'specialist.'"

## BOOTLEG GASOLINE

(Continued from page 7)

shoulders of the honest car owners and gasoline dealer. Where taxes are up as high as five and six and seven cents every effort should be made to bring them down. History teaches us that the tax gatherer will always bear down on the uncomplaining taxpayer. This is a lesson for the motorist.

Next he should resist with all possible force the diversion of gasoline-tax revenues to any other purposes than roads. There is a tendency now, as states look around for something to tax, to raise special funds for unemployment relief, to saddle the cost on the motorist. There is no reason why the motor-car owner should be selected as a class in the community to support unemployment relief or any other special purpose. That is the business of the whole community. And, in taxing automobiles and gasoline, governments would do well to pause lest they add seriously to the unemployment situation by discouraging the purchase and use of automobiles.

Finally the taxes should be laid on the distributors only and the states should organize an interstate system of checks upon gasoline sold for export purposes. A great deal would be accomplished by uniform tax rates, thus taking away the temptation to go outside of one's own state for cheap gas. The refund evil on agriculture and commercial gas is so difficult to deal with that, apparently, the only way to end it is to abolish the refund privileges.

Taken altogether the whole subject opens up the spectacle of another racket, already grown to alarming proportions and growing faster than any other in the land.

## GLOBE-TROTTING

(Continued from page 22)

Old Spain is still visible in some respects, and particularly in the relations between young men and women. One walking along the main street of any of the principal cities will see a *novio* standing patiently under about every second window carrying on his love affair, while the mother of the girl sits dutifully by to see that the courtship progresses with traditional decorum.

The people are very musical and some of the Canary music is enchantingly beautiful. A series of songs or lyrics called *folias*, which are mostly romantic love melodies, have been handed down from generation to generation. These are generally sung with the accompaniment of a guitar, and at night time one may hear the sweet strains from hillside huts, echoing across deep *barrancos*, from groves of

## MEETING THE TEST

**I**N 1908, according to the *Weekly News Letter* of The Texas Company's Asphalt Sales Department, the New York State Highway Department constructed a trial section of penetration asphalt macadam on the road between Oswego and Mexico in Oswego County. It was in the nature of an experiment and was to exercise an important influence on the policy of the state toward this type of highway surface,—for the State Highway System, at any rate. The contractor chose to use Texaco Asphalt for this critical job.

The outcome of the Oswego County test is to be seen in the mileage of penetration bituminous macadam to be found on the State Highway System of New York at the present time. At the beginning of 1931, there were either completed or under construction 3,293 miles of bituminous macadam surfaces. This is the giant oak, which has sprung from the acorn represented by the now 23-year-old Texaco Asphalt Macadam road in Oswego County.

This Texaco veteran is still in good condition; the only necessary repairs were made as a result of faulty drainage or sharp curves.

This is probably the oldest Texaco Asphalt Macadam highway in existence at this time.

**A** STUDY has been made of the petroleum fly, *Psilopa petrolii*, which appears to be confined to the oil fields of southern California. The larvae go through their entire development in shallow pools of waste oil, breathing by means of spiracles which they can project above the oil surface.

stately palms where young folk have gathered to make merry, or waiting through the streets of villages and cities.

The islands are world famous for the so-called "flower festivals." At the feast of Corpus Christi the streets of cities and villages are literally carpeted with different-colored petals, the designs being worked out and executed with artistic perfection entirely by local talent.

In 1492 Columbus, with his three *caravales*, the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa María*, put in the bay of Las Palmas for repairs on his famous voyage of discovery. The little church where he attended religious services and supplicated Divine guidance before launching out into the unknown Atlantic is still preserved in this city.

Texaco products are well known in the Canary Islands, having been distributed there for some years by Mr. E. Fuentes, a prominent and influential citizen of Las Palmas.



THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE  
HAVE BEEN SKILLFULLY COMBINED WITH THE MORE  
PROSAIC FACTORS OF PRACTICAL UTILITY IN THIS  
ATTRACTIVE NEW TEXACO SUPER-SERVICE STATION  
IN THE CITY OF DALLAS, TEXAS



**A hidden repair bill  
in every fill of oil  
that thickens with cold**



**Inferior oils, frequently offered  
at bargain prices, are dangerous**

They thicken like molasses at the first touch of frost. They may be filled with paraffin wax, gums, tars or carbon-forming impurities. Such oils are the cause of many an unexpected repair bill. The simplest way to prevent uncalled for winter wear and unnecessary layups is to protect your engine with Texaco.

Texaco Motor Oil is internationally famous for its low cold test. It flows at the first turn of the starter—even at zero. Free from all harmful traces of paraffin wax and other impurities, it does not thicken with cold.

You cannot get better winter protection anywhere than a crankcaseful of free-flowing Texaco. It's as important as anti-freeze solution for your radiator. And at highest engine temperatures, Texaco is crack-proof. Cold or hot, Texaco protects every moving part.

The Texaco sign invites you. Stop at any of the convenient Texaco Stations throughout the United States for assured cold-weather driving ease and economy.

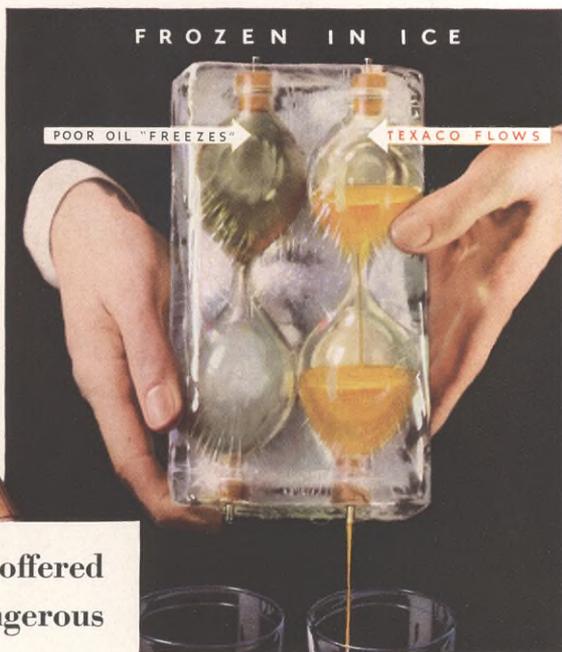
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**TEXACO MOTOR OIL**

**FOLLOW CAR MANUFACTURER'S DRAINING RECOMMENDATIONS**

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**TEXACO FLOWS**

**The "HOUR-GLASS" TEST**

This simple, yet dramatic test, can be made in any home refrigerator. Two "hour-glasses", one filled with Texaco and one with a poorly adapted motor oil, were frozen in a cake of ice. Texaco flowed freely at this low temperature. The other oil thickened like molasses.

In the average engine there are twenty or more fine channels no thicker than the waist of the "hour-glasses" shown here. Through these narrow channels oil must flow quickly. Many oils hesitate until they are thoroughly warmed up by engine action. Then it is too late. More wear has occurred than during miles of warmed-up driving.

