

TEXACO STAR

CHRISTMAS -- 1920



Vol. VII

DECEMBER 1920

No. 13



Festive bells—everywhere the
Feast of the Babe;
Joy upon earth, peace and
good will to man.

J—*The Ring and the Book*

Now hearts are
warm though
winds blow cold
So say good-bye to
sadness 
For Christmas turns
life's grey to gold
And fills the world
with gladness 

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

Since ancient Bethlehem beheld
The Christmas star arise,
Astronomers have vainly sought
Its splendor in the skies,
But when the bells of Christmas Eve
Repeat the glad refrain
Of "Peace on earth goodwill to men,"
Behold! it shines again.

In every home where little feet
Go pattering to and fro,
And little voices merrily
Ring out across the snow,
And scarlet-berried holly makes
The glittering windows bright,
The holy star of Bethlehem
Reveals its dazzling light.

It sparkles from the Christmas tree
In gold and silver sheen,
And tiny tapers strung along
The branches darkly green.
It shimmers on the angel perched
Upon the topmost spray,
And o'er the tinsel cards that tie
The gifts of Christmas Day.

O! may no little one awake
Upon a Christmas morn
To find his stocking hanging up
All empty and forlorn.
For lo! the glory that aroused
The shepherd in the fold,
Is shining still in childish eyes
And curls of baby gold.

—Minna Irving.



THE TEXAS COMPANY EMPLOYEES BAND OF HOUSTON ON A VISIT TO THE DALLAS STATE FAIR
Photographed in front of the Dallas District Office. See page 6 for an account of the Band's visit in Dallas.

TEXACO STAR

Vol. VII

DECEMBER 1920

No. 13

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION TO EMPLOYEES OF
THE TEXAS COMPANY

"ALL FOR EACH—EACH FOR ALL"

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Address: Texaco Star, 320 The Texas Company Building Annex, Houston, Texas

TO EMPLOYEES: This Company has tried to keep pace with the conditions which for several years have diminished the purchasing power of salaries, and the pay of employes has been increased from time to time without reference to promotions.

But now the high cost of living has started down. With the exception of housing the change is perceptible in many sections. Before the end of another year it will doubtless be general and very decided. And there is but little doubt that in 1921 a given salary will be worth more than it was in 1920.

The Company of course cannot be expected to increase salaries as it did when the price of everything was going up. Such increases as may be made at the first of the year will be based upon the idea of promotion. In individual cases increases may be made for the purpose of bringing the compensation up to the work.

Employes who may be entitled to stock allotments under the plan will receive them soon after the first of the year. The rate or percentage will correspond to the last allotment, and will be based upon salary or wages earned in 1920.

To all, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

AMOS L. BEATTY,
President.

★ ★

The Annual Meeting of Stockholders of The Texas Company, in Houston on November 18, was the largest in personal attendance ever held. An unusual number of prominent stockholders were present.

The date of the regular annual meeting for the future was changed to the third Tuesday in March, to fit the new fiscal year which now ends with the calendar year.

A 10% stock dividend was authorized and directed, which will increase the capital stock from \$130,000,000 to \$143,000,000. The advantages of this action are clearly explained in the preamble to the resolution unanimously adopted:

This company has from time to time expended large sums of money out of its net earnings in the purchase of properties and the construction and improvements of its plants, and extensions and enlargements thereof, which earnings would otherwise have been available for and paid out in dividends to its stockholders, the surplus and undivided profits for this company, which have been invested as aforesaid, far exceeds \$13,000,000.00.

It is to the interest of this company that to the extent of \$13,000,000.00, said surplus and undivided profits be capitalized that it may be permanently used in this company's business rather than be distributed as a cash dividend.

The resignation of Judge R. E. Brooks from the Board of Directors and other official connection with the Company was regretfully accepted. Mr. J. J. Mitchell, after an eloquent extemporaneous tribute to Judge Brooks, offered the following resolution:

Whereas, Judge R. E. Brooks, after years of association with this company, during all of which time he has whole-heartedly given of his great constructive ability and experience to its upbuilding and prosperity, has expressed his desire to retire from its Board of Directors and from active participation in the management of its affairs;

Now, Therefore, Be It Resolved by the stockholders of The Texas Company that Judge Brooks has abundantly earned not only their confidence and esteem as an officer of the company, but their real affection and admiration as a man, which will follow him throughout the many years which it is hoped and confidently believed will be his to enjoy.

Directors for the ensuing year are:

L. H. Lapham
T. J. Donoghue
C. P. Dodge
R. C. Holmes
E. C. Lufkin
G. L. Noble

J. J. Mitchell
A. B. Hepburn
J. N. Hill
Amos L. Beatty
W. A. Thompson, Jr.
Edwin B. Parker

TEXACO STAR

Following the stockholders' meeting, the new Board of Directors met.

E. C. Lufkin was elected Chairman of the Board, and officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Amos L. Beatty	President	New York
T. J. Donoghue	1st Vice President	Houston
R. C. Holmes	Vice President	New York
G. L. Noble	Vice President	Houston
W. A. Thompson, Jr.	Vice President	New York
C. N. Scott	Vice President	Houston
W. M. Capen	Vice President	New York
Ernest Carroll	Asst. to 1st V.P.	Houston
John P. Cook	Asst. to W. A.	
Edwin B. Parker	Thompson, Jr., V. P.	New York
	General Counsel,	Houston &
		New York
Guy Stevens	Asst Gen. Counsel	New York
C. P. Dodge	Secretary	Houston
Ira McFarland	Comptroller	Houston
W. W. Bruce	Treasurer and	
	Asst. Secretary	New York
A. C. Miglietta	Asst. Secty. and	
	Asst. Treas.	New York
Guy Carroll	Asst. Secty. and	
	Asst. Treas.	Houston
S. J. Payne	Asst. Secretary	Houston
W. G. McConkey	Asst. Secretary	New York
A. M. Donoghue	Asst. Treasurer	Houston
G. W. Foster	Asst. Treasurer	Houston
T. A. Spencer	Asst. Treasurer	Houston
D. B. Tobey	Asst. Treasurer	New York
H. G. Symms	Asst. Treasurer	Houston

A cash dividend of 3% on par of outstanding stock was declared payable December 31, 1920, to stockholders of record at the close of business on December 10, 1920.

The proper officers were directed to make allotment of stock to employes, under the Company Plan, at par, the percentage on compensation received during 1920 to correspond with the last allotment.

★ ★

The vacillating man is as disgusting as the egotistical one. When you make a stand on a question, know where you stand, and then stand still.—*Speed-Up.*

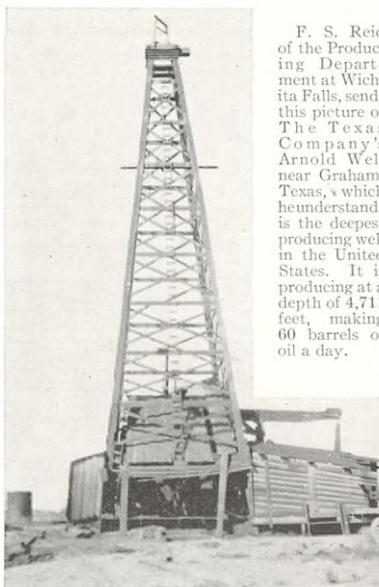
A man who works hard often gets credit for being a genius. The reason more people do not actually get credit for bright ideas is because so many are unwilling to study and think out a proposition; they shy away from the mental-labor pains with which great ideas are born.

—*Henry L. Doherty.*

It is well to teach children the meaning of thrift, and to see that they practice it, too. Such lessons learned in childhood are invaluable. Take them while their minds are plastic—open to receive impressions for good or ill, and nine times out of ten you will have laid the foundation for their permanent success in life.

Thrift Stamps in Every Christmas Stocking!

Page four



"The deepest producing well in the United States"

Many contradictory claims appear from time to time as to the "deepest holes" and "deepest producing wells." The editor is not competent to judge the reliability of published data. It may be of interest, however, to state that our petroleum journals reported in the summer of 1918 that the deepest hole ever drilled in the earth had been abandoned at a depth of 7,321 feet. This hole is located in Washington County, Pa., and was drilled by the Peoples Gas Company, a Standard Oil natural gas subsidiary. In this connection it was reported that the deepest previous hole was near Luchow, Germany, which had been abandoned at a depth of 7,239 feet. As far as the editor knows, it is generally accepted that the deepest producing wells are in Galicia. The Petroleum Magazine a couple of years ago stated that the deepest producing oil well in the world was Henryk No. 1 in Tuscanowice Field, Boryslaw District, Galicia, completed in 1913 at depth of 5,961 feet and was producing up to the beginning of the world war.

HIS OWN DUNGEON

He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' the center, and enjoy bright day;
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the midday sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

—*Milton.*

One malcontent in your organization is a rotten apple in a basket of fresh fruit.—*F. A. Vanderlip.*

TEXACO STAR

PART-TIME PEOPLE

Taking the crowd in the street as we find them, one by one, we see on every side people who are partly useful and partly useless. They start something with enthusiasm, and do not put it through. They are great at beginning. . . . They may be satisfactory performers when all conditions favor and they have things their own way. But you cannot be sure of them. They may fail you in a pinch. When it comes down to sober, humdrum day-after-day production they disappoint. They cannot keep office hours. They cannot energize consecutively. Do not look to them for regularity in action or a definite and punctual delivery.

The able and the justly distinguished among the sons of men are those whose productive labor is not fitful and casual but incessant. They do not wait to go to their work until they feel like it. If those who carry the burden of the world's toil consulted their moods things would be at a standstill. The engineer may not feel like climbing into his cab; the good wife may not feel like cooking a meal; a man may feel too ill to write books or paint pictures or build bridges or set type or sail a ship. A thousand disinclinations spring up in us to pull us away from exercise that is not fun. But the real man says to them all: "This is something I have to do. Duty is the overlord of inclination. I cannot quell my conscience as if it were a troublesome insect. Some unsubduable voice within me will not let me rest. I must be about my business."

This is a time when honest labor in some quarters is not in vogue, and pretexes for sloth are sought and offered unashamedly. The work is still to be done, and if some refuse to do it the rest must be all the busier. The places of trust will not go to the demoralized; they will go to those who have shown themselves fit to be trusted. They will go to the ones whose minds and bodies, disciplined to steady industry, overcome obstacles with a minimum of waste and friction. . . . Such a one is worth several of those who give but one lobe of the brain to what they are doing; who bestow two fingers where they should take hold with all the hand. Their wits and their affections are afar off. They cannot hold their own against those valiant souls who give all of themselves all of the time (with reasonable spaces left for play) to the serious occupation to which they are set.—*Public Ledger*.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Mother.—Why, Willie, what are you doing—teaching that parrot to swear?

Willie.—No, mother, I'm just telling him what he must not say.

Father.—I'm ashamed to see you crying because a bee stung you. Act like a man.

Bobbie.—Y'yes, and th-then you-you'd gim-me a li-lickin', ike you s-said y-you would i-if you ever h-heard m-me usin' that-kind of l-language.—*Til-Bits*.

"Have you said your prayers?" asked Willie's mother.

"Of course," replied the child.

"And did you ask to be made a better little boy?"

"Yes, and I put in a word for you and father, too."—*Til-Bits*

Betty had been very trying, and her mother had to correct her many times. At last she lost patience, and exclaimed:

"Betty, I should think you would get tired hearing me talk to you so much!" In decided tones the child answered:

"Yes, mother, I do!"—*London Answers*.

Johannie Jones was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud: "I can't help it if I am not perfect," he sighed. "I have only heard of one perfect boy in my whole life."

"Who was that?" his father asked.

"You," came the reply plaintively, "when you were little."

HOME

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

—Robert Burns.

LIFE WISDOM

The wisdom of the wise and the experience
of ages may be preserved by quotation.

—Benjamin Disraeli.

It is not things, but false opinions about things, that trouble mankind.—*Epictetus*.

The lesson of life is to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars; to penetrate to their catholic sense.

—Emerson.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday.—*Emerson*.

Nature has granted to all to be happy, if we did but know how to use her benefits.—*Claudian*.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.—*Stevenson*.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy, so if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—*Sydney Smith*.

There is a certain sweetness and elegance in "little deeds of kindness," and in letting our best impulses have free play on common occasions.—*Joseph May*.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

—J. W. Barrie.

Power dwells with cheerfulness.

—Emerson.

When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone, for you are not alone; but God is within, and your genius is within—and what need have you of light to see what you are doing!—*Epictetus*.

TEXACO STAR

The correspondent for the Dallas District contributed the following account of the visit to Dallas by the Texaco Band from Houston:

The Texaco Company Employees Band of 49 pieces from Houston arrived in Dallas at 8 a. m. Friday, October 22, in a special car. The Band is under the management of L. J. LaRue and is directed by J. A. Gediest. They were met by two trucks of The Texaco Company, escorted by W. H. Noble to the Adolphus Hotel for breakfast.

From the Hotel they drove to the Dallas District Office and played several selections, which opened the doors of all our hearts to the Texaco Band. How the Band did play! After the Band left Superintendent McVerner proclaimed a holiday in honor of the occasion.

The band serenaded our customers: Armstrong Packing Company, Dallas Cotton Mills, Sears & Roebuck, Times Herald Office, Dallas News Office, Texas Portland Cement Plant, Trinity Portland Cement Plant. They played also at the Company's West Dallas Refinery, where luncheon was served.

After lunch the band was driven to the Texas State Fair Grounds where they rendered concerts at the Automobile Exhibit and The Texaco Company Exhibit. They then returned to their Pullman car to clean up for the big banquet of the Automobile Dealers Association of Texas, at the Adolphus Hotel, where they played from 6 to 8 p. m. The 500 members of the Association who attended the Banquet were unanimous in praise of the Band.

At 9 p. m. the Band caught the Interurban car for Westmoreland Country Club, where they played, a few at a time, at a dance given in their honor by the Dallas District Employees. The dance broke up at midnight and the Band returned to their car, cheerful but tired players, having earned a good night's repose and a high compliment of "A Day's Work Well Done" from the officials of The Texaco Company.

Saturday morning, after breakfast at the Hotel at 7.30, the Band led the Traveling Men's Parade; then serenaded our Filling Station No. 1, the Edwards Auto Service Station, and two music houses that were friends of the Band; then to the State Fair Grounds where they rendered several choice selections in the Fair Ground's Shellery. The applause that followed each piece was well earned. After this concert the Band was dismissed and set at liberty to enjoy the rest of the day at the State Fair in their own way.

★ ★ ★

The Texaco Club of Houston started its second year with the election of officers and directors:

President: G. L. Noble Secretary: Mrs. M. G. Jones
Vice Pres.: L. J. LaRue Treasurer: Lee Dawson
Directors: W. H. Noble Otto Hartung Miss Queenie Caverly
Fred Carroll D. L. Lindsay R. B. McLaughlin C. K. Longaker

Committees were appointed by the President:

Entertainment Committee: W. A. Green, Chairman
J. J. Shaw, Traffic Dept. W. B. Ferguson, Producing
J. A. Gediest, Texaco Band G. S. Warner, General Office
R. D. Cottingham, Refining R. C. Cathcart, Sales Dep't
P. A. Angemend, Jr., Pipe L. J. A. Brownell, Ry. Sales

Membership Committee: W. H. Noble, Chairman
Miss John Moore, 8th floor
Fred Carroll, Vice Chair'm J. H. Gieckler, 9th floor
F. G. Beeler, 1st floor T. A. Spencer, 10th floor
J. T. Rankin, 2nd floor Y. A. Land, 11th floor
P. E. Hastings, 3rd floor S. J. Payne, 12th floor
J. E. Herndon, 4th floor Wm. Sullivan, 13th floor
R. L. Hutchison, 5th floor W. B. Williams, Annex
Mrs. H. Hawley, 6th floor
J. T. Scott, 7th floor

Finance Committee: C. K. Longaker, Chairman
D. L. Lindsay

Reception Committee: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carroll
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Donoghue Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Guion
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Dodge Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Boisset
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McLaughlin Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Worthington
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lynne Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lynne
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McMahon Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McCue
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Donoghue Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Hull
Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Monroe Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Manley
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Redman Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Megarity
Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Dawson Mr. and Mrs. Gentry Worley
Sergeant at Arms: W. H. Banker

The first entertainment and dance was held in Rice Hotel Ballroom, evening of Nov. 17, complimentary to visiting directors and stockholders.

Plans are completed for a dramatic entertainment on Dec. 3, and Christmas Dance on Dec. 23.

The Membership Committee has on a campaign to make every employe a member of the Club.

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F. W. Cocks of the Asphalt Sales Department gives account of New York Tennis Tournament:

One of the most successful athletic events ever conducted by The Texas Company in New York was the Tennis Tournament during August and September, the finals of which were played on the championship courts of the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., October 2, between C. M. Schubert and J. G. Medley. Mr. Schubert won.

There were 53 entries in the tournament and some splendid matches were played. The final was witnessed by a large gallery. The match went the full limit of five sets before a decision was reached and the score was close all the way. The first set went to Schubert, score 6-3. Medley tied it up in the second set by score 8-6, also took the third set 6-3 and went into the lead. The fourth set went to Schubert at 7-5 and again tied the match, leaving the decision to the fifth set which Schubert won 6-3.

A ten-inch silver cup was presented to the winner and an eight-inch cup to the runner-up. One of the most enjoyable features of the tournament was the enthusiasm displayed by the entrants and the good spirit that prevailed throughout.

C. E. Murphy, Chairman, Robert E. Donohue, Treasurer and F. W. Cocks, Secretary, were the committee in charge.

The entrants in the tournament were:

Albrecht, J. P., Marine	Lieder, K. M., Advertising
Alexander, J. R., N. Term.	Lindgren, J. A., Executive
Barrett, R. R., Asphalt	MacCrodden, L., Marine
Birdseye, L. H., Export	MacGillivray, A. J., Marine
Brecht, W. J., N. Term.	Medley, J. G., Marine
Bruch, W. W., Executive	Murphy, C. E., Asphalt
Butternut, J. R., Export	Nesbit, J. L., Legal
Carlaw, R. F., Genl. Acct.	Osborne, W. F., Lub. Sales
Carlton, J. E., Gov't Sales	Philibert, P. A., Asphalt
Carpenter, R. S., Export	Porter, J. T., Export
Cocks, F. W., Asphalt	Plate, B. C., Export
Cox, A. B., N. Term.	Ray, J. S., Export
Donohue, R. E., Asphalt	Reed, E. C., Marine
Dubaqu, W. E., Export	Riley, F. C., Marine
Ehrnstrom, G. Jr., Mgr's Off.	Rose, A. M., Marine
Elicker, W. G., Marine	Schubert, C. M., Land
Gillesman, P. Jr., N. Term.	Shi, M. J., Exp. Acct.
Hallagher, S., N. Term.	Smith, A. J., Exp. Fuel
Hanks, F. L., Marine	Sparks, P. B., Jr., Insurance
Hansell, E. H., Marine	Sweeney, J. M., Insurance
Haviland, A. J., Insurance	Taft, L. A., N. Term.
Heldman, W. A., Executive	Thayer, A. E., Executive
Herron, W., N. Term.	Vossler, L. S., Marine
Hersey, A. U., Land Dept.	Ward, J. L., Gov't Sales
Higgins, I. S., Insurance	Watson, N. R., Marine
Jantzen, A. H., Lub. Sales	Winslow, W. V., N. Term.
Jest, J. J., Insurance	

W. S. S. FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

	Prices in December	
\$5 Government Savings Stamp	\$	4.22
\$100 Treasury Savings Certificate	\$	84.60
\$1000 Treasury Savings Certificate	\$	846.00

CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELLS

December 1, 1920

Pennsylvania . . . \$6.10	De Soto . . . \$3.40
Mercer Black . . . 2.73	Bull Bayou . . . 3.15
Corning . . . 4.25	Crichton . . . 3.00
Cabell, W. Va. . . 4.46	Caddo Light . . . 3.50
Newcastle . . . 2.23	Caddo Heavy . . . 2.50
North Lima . . . 3.73	Vinton . . . 2.50
South Lima . . . 3.63	Jennings . . . 2.50
Indiana . . . 3.83	Spindletop . . . 2.50
Princeton, Ill. . . 3.77	Sour Lake . . . 2.50
Illinois . . . 3.77	Batson . . . 2.50
Canada . . . 4.13	Saratoga . . . 2.50
Somerset, Ky. . . 4.25	Humble . . . 2.50
Ragland, Ky. . . 2.60	Goose Creek . . . 2.50
California Light . 2.95	Markham . . . 2.50
California Heavy 1.60	West Columbia . 2.50
Wyoming . . . 2.75	Corsicana Light . 3.00
Kansas and Okla. 3.50	Corsicana Heavy 1.75
Cushing . . . 3.50	Electra-Petrolia . 3.50
Hewitt . . . 3.50	Ranger . . . 3.50
Headton . . . 2.75	Burkburnett . . . 3.50

Prices for November 1 were the same as for October 1, except Cabell, \$4.46.

TEXACO STAR



Incorporation at Copenhagen, Denmark, to have charge of The Texas Company's business

L. V. Lloyd H. Svanholm Hansen C. A. Severin A.O.T. Christensen
H. A. Thomas Chr. Tiemroth N. C. Bruun Mrs. C. A. Severin E. A. Damm C. Nelson

Aktieselskabet Texaco-Petroleum og dets Produkter was incorporated at Copenhagen, Denmark, some time ago to take care of The Texas Company's interests in that section.

After the formal meeting the founders and members of the Copenhagen staff drank to the health of the new company at a function in which Mrs. Severin, wife of the manager, was hostess. Note (but without unconstitutional envy) that the best grape juice of France was used for the occasion.

Mr. William Maygu of Wise and Company, Distributors for The Texas Company in the Philippine Islands, writes from Manila on September 2, 1920:

I recently found the attached poem on Success in a monthly publication called "Balagtas," published at Cebu, P. I. The theme seems to me to be very well expressed and so stated that it applies to us all. I thought it might appeal to other "Star" readers and therefore send it to you:

SUCCESS

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow-man;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance,
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat;
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean, and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

Clerk.—Now see here, little boy, I can't spend a whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the world with a fence around it for 1 cent?
Little Boy.—Let me see it.



Made of Texaco Tins

W. P. Gillies, assistant general manager of The Texas Company (South Africa) Ltd. at Capetown, writes: "We enclose a snapshot of a motor pontoon which was constructed by Mr. Dutton of Yeoville (a suburb of Johannesburg) entirely out of Zenith Petrol tins. The young boy who is shown taking a spin in this craft is sitting on one of our Paraffin boxes. The Petrol tank (supported by two posts) is made of one of our one-gallon Motor Spirits tins. This pontoon was exhibited at Bloenhof on the Vaal River and was the subject of much discussion. It is propelled by a motor of 1½ h. p. and has a speed of about 8 miles per hour, costing the owner, we understand, about 30 shillings. If this is of sufficient interest it might be inserted in the "Texaco Star" to show what ingenuity can make out of Texaco containers."

"If we have not quiet in our own minds, outward comforts will do no more for us than a golden slipper on a gouty foot."

TEXACO STAR



One of the "Rings" where competitions are held—Buenos Aires Exposition
 "By laying these three pictures together an idea will be given of the way they build stands and do things here."



Booth in Buenos Aires Exposition

The Rural Society Exposition was held during September. Our exhibit was prepared by Mr. T. C. Vella, our representative in Buenos Aires, and by Messrs. Mignagu & Company, The Texas Company's distributors for the Argentine Republic. The booth attracted large crowds of visitors, many of whom became customers for Texaco Petroleum Products.

Buenos Aires, 15th September, 1920.

Dear Editor:
 If I could put into words how welcome the "Star" is to the representatives of The Texas Company here, I would quit the oil business and go to writing.

We are having now the International Rural Exposition, and The Texas Company has an exhibit in the machinery section. I have just written the Export Department that I have succeeded in lubricating 90 per cent of the machinery on the Fair Grounds, and also furnished the oils to the tractors taking first and second mention in the ploughing and cultivating competition.

This fair is very well attended, considering that on the first few days the price of admission was \$5. It has since, of course, been reduced to \$2. The President of the Republic was present at the opening day, and the big lights, diplomatic and commercial, were all there to see and pass upon the exhibits made by the various commercial interests. The Texaco exhibit received a "mention," but what interested me more was the sales we made to our visitors from outside of Buenos Aires.

The buildings of this Exposition are permanent, being built of brick and stone, and the grounds are considered equal to anything in the line of exposition grounds ever attempted.

This being a "wet" country, they devote quite large buildings to the dispensing of liquid refreshments. In photo No. 1 you will notice a handsome building, which is the Cafe, where anything from American "red-eye" to French champagne can be purchased at a very reasonable price, and our friends the Argentinos seem to be very fond of the cup that cheers—much more so than we are

at home. The meals served in this Cafe are about the best that it has been my pleasure to indulge in in the seventeen years I have been following the foreign trade business, and the prices are very reasonable.

I anticipate before long I shall have to take a trip into the interior, and I will be glad to send you some bows and arrows from the forest country.

Texaco products are becoming well known here, although little was done in the lubricating oil line previous to my arrival. We are now trying to get the big fellows, and I hope it will not be long before I will be in a position to send you some photos of our own plants and elements, both in Argentine and Uruguay.

As you must remember, this is a country with only 10 million population, and they have room here for 100 million, with a land that is fertile and a wonderful climate. But when winter comes you have to furnish your own heat, and firewood costs \$30 gold a ton. A suit of clothes will cost \$80 gold, so you see there are advantages and disadvantages in living in the Argentina.

With my earnest desire for the continuous success of Texaco Star, and assuring you of its welcome when it reaches us here, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Ted. C. Vella.



The Fat Man's Friend

F. A. Morris, our Agent of the Twin Cities, at St. Paul, Minn., trying to imitate our well-known "Easy Pour" Window Display. When this photograph from Chicago District was received at New York, somebody said: "This ought to give us a new name for the Easy Pour Can—"The Fat Man's Friend."

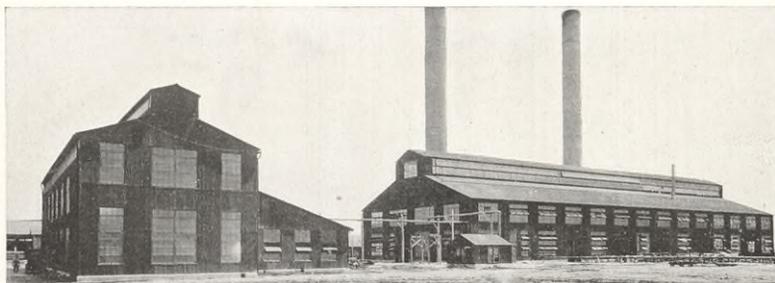
Mr. Morris was in charge of our exhibit at the Minnesota State Fair, as usual, and he is to be highly complimented on the fine display.

"My husband is going to give me a lot of things for Christmas."

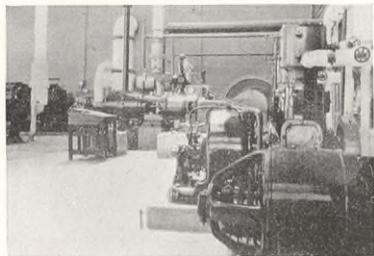
"How do you know?"

"I've bought most of them already."

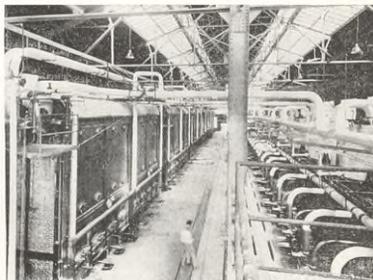
TEXACO STAR



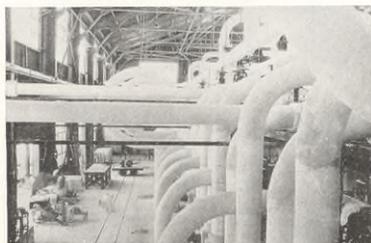
The Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, Gulf, Texas
The greatest individual producer of sulphur in the world. Uses Texaco Products exclusively—supplied out of Bay City Station.



Engine Room
Showing Excitors for G. E. Turbines.



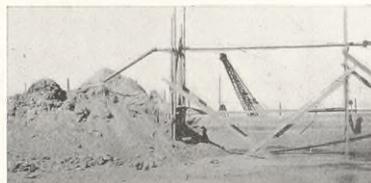
Boiler and Pump Room
Battery of pumps and beautiful pipe fitting.



Pump Room
Showing wonderful pipe fitting.



Machine Room
In plant of The Texas Gulf Sulphur Company.

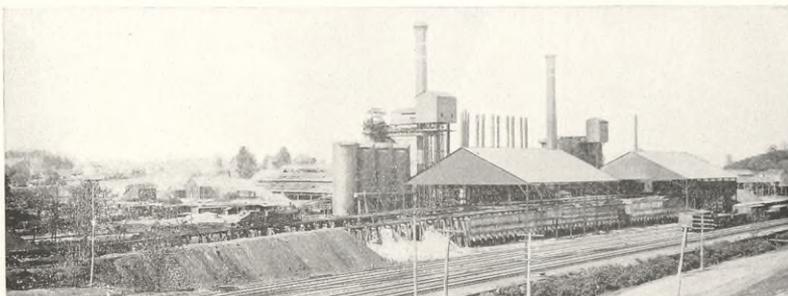


Sulphur Mound

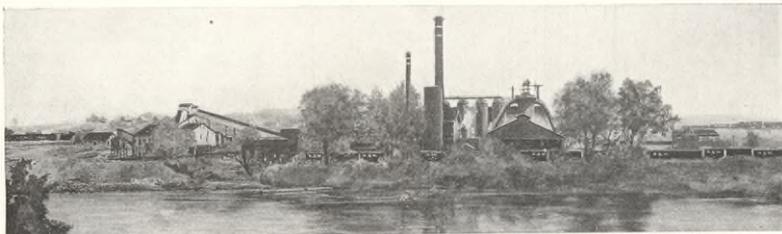


Mound 30 feet high—Still pouring more sulphur

TEXACO STAR



Crozer Furnace of the Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company
Located at Roanoke, Va., on the Norfolk & Western Railway.



Radford Furnace of the Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company
Located at Radford, Va., on the Norfolk & Western Railway.

The Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company is one of the largest concerns of its kind south of the Pittsburg District. It makes pig iron from ore mined in its own mines and produces its own lime and coal. This great company uses Texaco Products exclusively in all of their operations. We show three celebrated plants of the Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company:

1. The Dora Furnace at Pulaski, Va., is shown on the inside page of the back cover, in a colored picture of a Night Cast. The Dora Furnace, daily capacity 175 tons, produces the celebrated Dora Foundry Iron known over the Eastern part of the United States as one of the most reliable and best irons made in Virginia. Summit Valve, Veteran Engine Oil, and Crater Compound are lubricants used by the Dora Furnace Plant.

2. The Crozer Furnace, daily capacity 150 tons, was built in 1890 and has been in blast continuously. It produces the famous Crozer Foundry Iron. In the Eastern market no foundry iron is more highly regarded, and no other Virginia iron commands as ready a sale as Crozer. Cetus Oil, Draco Cylinder Oil, Nabob Oil, and Crater Compound are in use here.

3. The Radford Furnace, daily capacity 200 tons, stack built in 1896, produces foundry iron similar to Dora and Crozer. Summit Valve, Leader Cylinder, Nabob Oil, and Crater Compound are used.



Corn Belt Oil Company, Bloomington, Ill.—Distributors of Texaco Products for a number of years

The Official Program of the Olympic Games (Seventh Olympiad) held at Antwerp this summer has been called to our attention from two sources. A copy of this "Programme Officiel" was kindly sent to the editor by W. H. Hogue, of the Magnus Company, Houston, Texas, who

had received it from his brother Herbert C. Hogue, Representative of Morris and Company in Antwerp. Mr. W. H. Hogue, writing on Oct. 25, said:

On account of personal friendships with a number of your official family, and other reasons, I am

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Dan River and Riverside Cotton Mills, Danville, Va.

The Dan River and Riverside Mills is a \$12,000,000 corporation. They have 372,336 spindles and 11,052 looms. The mills are so arranged that they can be driven by steam, water, and electricity. They operate spinning, dyeing, bleaching, and finishing plants and manufacture colored goods, sheeting, and chambrays. They are now using Texaco lubricants.



Texaco Motor Oil for Aeroplane Use

Agent J. A. Sloop of Billings, Mont. Station sends this picture and a good letter received by him from Mr. W. C. Brooks, head pilot from the Lincoln Standard factory:

LINCOLN STANDARD AEROPLANE FACTORY
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mr. J. A. Sloop, Agent,
The Texas Company, Billings, Mont.

Dear Sir: You have asked my opinion on your Texaco Motor Oil Extra Heavy and in reply will say that I am in a position to highly recommend it for aeroplane use, as I have tried this oil in my three-passenger Tourabout plane equipped with a 150 horsepower Hispano Suiza engine, and it has given excellent satisfaction under all conditions; therefore, I can highly recommend this oil for high speed motors.

Billings, Mont.,
Sept. 23, 1920.

Yours very truly,
W. C. Brooks,
Pilot.

interested in anything concerning The Texas Company, and you can imagine my surprise and delight in running across the full page ad so prominently displayed on the outside back cover page.

The Texas Company's advertisement occupied the entire outside page of the back cover. It was printed in colors, displaying our trademark eight times, advertising Texaco Gasoline, Motor Oil, Lubricants, Illuminants, and Fuel Oil, and listing our General and New York Offices and distributing companies in Europe.

The second account was received from Denver District, transmitting a description of his trip to Europe by John Herbert Sanders, son of one of our tank wagon drivers, and member of the Innes Boy Scout Band of Denver which

won first prize against twenty other nations represented in the International Meet:

I will try to tell about the finest trip that was ever made possible for a group of boys to take. There were 50 of us from Denver, members of the Innes Boy Scout Band. Our band was chosen above all other Scout bands in this country.

To begin—300 boy scouts were encamped at Ft. Hamilton, N. Y., for nearly a week, being equipped and outfitted for our journey, taking in the sights of New York City. July 5th the band led the parade up Fifth Avenue, and on the 6th embarked for England on the U. S. Transport "Pocahontas" under leadership of Col. L. R. Gimiliat, U. S. A., and several scoutmasters, two doctors, and one dentist. The trip on board ship was very interesting and very pleasant.

We landed at Southampton July 16, and from there went to London and encamped one week at Mildmay Park, where the Declaration of Inde-

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A FAREWELL RESPONSE

By FRANK NESTER, lately Superintendent of Delaware River Terminal
On his departure to new duties for The Texas Company in Europe. See *Departmental News*, page 33.

After nine years with The Texas Company at Delaware River Terminal, to some of you who are here today and who were here before me, and to some who have been here during the whole nine years, and to many of you who have come at different periods during that time, I can only say that were I to leave now without coming to say farewell, I would be guilty of the blackest ingratitude.

I am going on an extended trip to Europe, probably visiting several nations on the continent before returning to the United States. Perhaps a year or more will elapse before I see you again; but I assure you that no matter where I am, I shall always have a kindly feeling deep in my heart for the employes of Delaware River Terminal.

This opportunity affords me a great pleasure in saying a few words to you, and I honestly hope they will have the desired effect. Many of you men, particularly the young men who have high aspirations, will do well to spend as much of your leisure time as possible trying to find out how you can give The Texas Company the very best that there is in you. Always remember that you have not reached the end of this task. If you have accomplished any particular thing that you know is good, do not stop there, but try to improve it.

If we see some other fellow who is beating us to the goal, let us not indulge in that old time-worn remark of "Pull," but let us wish him "Godspeed"; for I say to you, my friends, with all sincerity, that if the Knocker ever did have any place in the commercial world, that time has long since passed.

Let us not envy our fellowman. Of all the evils in this world, Envy is the greatest. It is a cancer which not only destroys our body but eats deep into the soul, until it impregnates the mind so much that it obstructs concentration of good thought.

Do away, also, with the suspicion or distrust of another's motives, which form the basis of jealousy.

"It has often been said that Life is a Battle, Life has its cares and sorrows, its pressures and its pains; as along the rugged road we go oft strike narrow

lanes." I have no objection to offer to any part of that quotation. I have passed the three score mark and all my life has been a battle. During that time I have witnessed the rise and fall of many men, some of whom have reached high points of distinction, while some never got beyond the starting point.

Out of the sixty-one years I have been on this earth, I have been earning my own living for fifty-three years; and I have been forty-five years of that time in the Oil Business. I received my education in the largest college in the World, the roof of which covers all of North America—The University of Hard Knocks. Many of my old comrades have passed over the great divide, some few are still here on this very ground who were classmates with me many years ago. Some are still alive who have been successful business men, and while it is possible that such was not my vocation, it is a great consolation to know at this late time of my life that I am working for a Company who have confidence enough in me to trust me with their business in foreign lands more than 3,000 miles away.

A word more to you young men. My greatest asset has always been to listen to men who knew more than I did. I am still learning, and I expect to learn more before I return from Europe.

Between now and the time that I hope to return again, I will see you every day. No, not with my eyes, which are only windows, but with my mind. I will see the hardy sons of toil in the different operations of Delaware River Terminal, and I will see the busy boys at their desks in the Office, asking and answering questions of their superiors. I will see the Ladies, "Heaven bless them," looking up from their desks with that familiar smile which nature has endowed them with, in the midst of some perplexing trouble that shadows the office work occasionally.

My last request of you is that you respect your Foreman. Give my successor the very best that is in you, and I promise you that The Texas Company will fully recompense you.

pendence was first read to the English people. While there we attended St. Paul's Cathedral, and visited Windsor Castle, Warwick Castle, Stratford-on-Avon (Shakespeare's home), and Westminster Abbey. We were invited by Lady Astor to be her guests but our time was limited and we could not accept.

The Scout Jamboree, the object of our trip, opened July 30 at Olympia near London. Twenty-one nations were represented by selected scouts who gave scenic displays, demonstrations in scout craft, contests in athletics, and pageants. The American Boy Scouts won first place in the pageant display by their production of Indian Pageant—a pageant from the early Indians through stage coach days and early Western life to the present time. In the band contest first place was awarded the Innes Boy Scout Band of Denver.

After the close of the meet in London we went to Paris as guests of the French Government. We were entertained in four boys' schools. Here we saw Eiffel Tower and visited the battlefields of Belleau Woods and Chateau Thierry. We were not allowed to enter the Argonne Forest, as many underground mines, hand grenades, and loaded shells were still unexploded. I brought home one German and one French helmet and a German gas mask which I found on battlefield. Some of the boys brought home rifles which they found. We camped one night at Soissons. We say where the Armistice was signed and were the first band to

play there. We passed through several villages which had been destroyed—just a few people living in the rear of shattered buildings. These people are tilling the soil and raising their crops before they build up the houses.

From France we went to Belgium as guests of the Belgium Government. Here we saw the gate the Germans passed through when they marched in Belgium. At the Olympic Games, at Antwerp, we acted as body guard to King Albert.

While watching the Olympic Games I secured an Official Program and was surprised to see The Texas Company's advertisement on the back cover. It sure looked good to me.

The return trip was begun from Antwerp on the "Princess Matoka"; and everyone was glad when we got a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. We arrived in New York Sept. 4, where we were royally entertained at the Commodore Hotel as guests of a Mr. Bowman. We arrived in Denver, via Niagara Falls, Sept. 6,—and Denver looks good to us.



John H. Sanders

Christmas by Zona Gale

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"There is no hope, no way
"No truth, no life, but leads
through Christmas Day."



Jenny Wing stood and stared at the notice.

THE placard was tacked to the Old Trail Town postoffice wall, between a summons to join the Army and the Navy of the United States, and the reward offered for an escaped convict:

NOTICE.—Owing to the local business depression and to private decisions to get up very few home Christmas celebrations this year, and also to the vote of lodges, churches, Sunday schools, to forego the usual Christmas tree observances, the merchants of this town have united with most of the folks to petition the rest to omit all Christmas presents, believing that the Christmas spirit will be kept up best by all agreeing to act alike. All willing may announce it by signing below.—**THE COMMITTEE.**

There were only three hundred folks in Old Trail Town. Two-thirds of their signatures were scrawled on sheets tacked beneath the notice.

On the day of her return home, Jenny Wing stood and stared at the notice. Her mother had written of the town's talk, but the placard made it seem worse.

"I'll go in on the way home and see what Mary says," she thought, and asked for the letter that lay in Mary Chavah's box. All Old Trail Town asks for its neighbour's mail and reads its neighbour's postmarks.

As she closed Mary's gate Jenny was startled to see both parlour windows open. Turning to the path that led to the kitchen, she was hailed by Mary, who came out the front door with a rug in her hands: "Step right in this way."

"Forevermore! Mary Chavah! What you got your house all open for?"

"See," Mary said, "don't it look grand and empty?"

The white-papered walls of the two rooms were bare of pictures; the floor had been laid with rugs. Walnut sofa and chairs, table for the lamp, and long shelves of her grandfather's books were all that the room held. A white arch divided the two chambers, like a benign brow. It was all clean and icy cold.

Mary Chavah stood in the archway, the satisfaction on her face not veiling its pure austerity. She was not much past thirty-three, but she looked older. In



"I feel like a thing in a new shell," she said.

her broad forehead and deep eyes and in her silent mouth, you read the woman—the rest of her was obscured in her gentle reticence. She had a gray shawl, folded about her head and pinned under her chin, and it wrapped her to her feet.

"I feel like a thing in a new shell," she said. "Come on in where it's warm." Instead of moving her dining-room table to her kitchen, as most of the town did in winter, Mary had moved her cooking stove into the dining room, had improvised a curtained cupboard for utensils, and there she lived and sewed . . .

"Don't you tell folks I've been house cleaning," she warned Jenny. "I simply got sick of all the truck piled up in this house. And this morning it looked so clean and white and smooth outdoors that I felt so cluttered up I couldn't sew. I begun on this room—and then kept on. I've took out the lambrequins and 'leven pictures and the what-not and four moth-catching rugs and four sofa pillows, and I've packed the whole lot into the attic. I've done the same to my bedroom. I've emptied my house of all the stuff. And I guess now I've got some room to live in."

Jenny looked at her admiringly. "How did you ever do it? I can't bear to throw things away."

"I didn't use to want to," said Mary, "but lately—I do. What's the news?"

"Here's a letter," Jenny said. Mary glanced at it and laid the letter on the shelf. "It's from Lily's boy, out West. I meant, what's the news about you?"

Jenny's eyes widened. "News about me? Who said there was any news about me?"

"Nobody," Mary said evenly, "but you've been gone a year, ain't you?"

Really, when Old Trail Town stopped to think of it, Jenny Wing was Mrs. Bruce Rule, and had been so for a year. It always takes Old Trail Town several years to adopt its marriages. They would graduate first to "Jenny Wing that was," then to "Jenny Wing What's-name," then to "Mis' Rule that was Jenny Wing."

"I come home to spend Christmas, and there's that notice in the post office. Mother wrote nobody was going to do for Christmas, but she never wrote me that."

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"Oh—Christmas! Yes, they all concluded best not have any. You know, since the failure—" Mary hesitated—Ebenezer Rule was Bruce Rule's uncle.

"I know," said Jenny, "it's Uncle Ebenezer. To think it's in our family, the reason they can't have any Christmas."

"Nonsense," said Mary, "no Christmas presents is sensible. Ain't that so?"

"No," said Jenny, "it ain't. It seems awful not to have Christmas."

"Nobody has the money, this year," answered Mary. "Unless they go ahead and buy things anyway, like the City."

Jenny shook her head. "I have seven Christmas-present relatives and ten Christmas-present friends, and I've only spent \$2.80 on all, for material. But I've made little things for every one of 'em." Jenny looked out the window. "There's something else, it ain't all present giving."

"Nonsense," said Mary Chavah, "take the present-trading away from Christmas and see how long it'd last. I was in the City once for Christmas. The streets was Bedlam. The stores was worse. 'What'll I get him?' 'I've just got to get something for her.' 'It don't seem as if this is nice enough after what she give me last year.' I can hear 'em yet. They spent money wicked. And I said to myself I was glad I was done with Christmas."

"It ain't the way I feel. It seems kind of like going back on the way things are. It don't seem as if I could bear it not to have Christmas—not *this* year."

"You mean your and Bruce's first Christmas," said Mary. "He'll be glad to be rid of the fuss. Men always are."

As Jenny passed the parlour door she looked in again at the bare room.

"Don't you *like* pictures?" she asked abruptly.

"I like 'em when I like 'em," Mary answered. "I didn't like them I had up here—a shot stag and a fruit piece and an eagle with a child in its claws. I've loathed 'em for years, but I ain't ever had the heart to throw 'em out till now. They're behind the coal bin."

Jenny thought. "There's a picture over to mother's that she ain't put up because she ain't had the money to frame it. I'll bring it over after supper and see if you don't want it up here—frame or no frame." She looked at Mary and laughed. "If I bring it to you to-night it ain't a Christmas present. But if I want to call it a Christmas present inside me, the town can't help that."

MARY closed the parlour windows . . . Then she went back to the warm room and saw the letter on the shelf. She meant to go in a moment to the stable, but she sat by the stove and read the letter.

" . . . because she wasn't sick but two days and we never thought of her dying till she was dead. Otherwise we'd have telegraphed. She was buried yesterday, and we'll get some kind of stone. You say how you think it'd ought to be marked. That's about all there is to tell except about *Yes*. He's six years old now and, Aunt Mary, this ain't a place for him. He's a nice little fellow and I hate for him to get rough and he will if he stays here. I'll do the best I can and earn money to help keep him but I want he should come and live with you. . . . He could come alone with a tag all right. . . . You couldn't help but like him and I hate for him to get rough."

Her sister Lily's boy and Adam Blood's—the man whose son she had thought would be her son. It was twenty years ago that he had been coming to the house—this same house—and she had thought that he was coming to see her, had never thought of Lily at all till Lily had told her of her own betrothal to him. It hurt yet. It had hurt when he had died, seven years ago. Now Lily was dead, and Adam's eldest son, John, wanted to send this little brother to her, to have. . . .

She sat in the darkening room with all her past crowding it. . . .

Mary remembered that those were the days when she was happy in *things*—in the house, the look of the rooms, the little garden from the porch, red-cushioned rocking-chairs. She had loved her clothes and her little routines, and all these things had seemed desirable and ultimate. Then one day Mary had joined Lily and Adam there on the porch, and Lily had been looking up with new eyes, and Mary had searched her face, and then Adam's face; and Mary had known that a great place was closed against her. . . . She had always been shut outside

something, and always she had borne burdens. The death of her parents, gadflies of need, worst of all a curious feeling that the place closed against her was somehow herself. She used to say to herself sometimes, "There's two of me, and we don't meet—we don't meet."

"And now he wants me to take her boy and Adam's. I'll never do such a thing—never."

She had never seen them after their marriage, and so she had never seen the children. Lily had sent her a picture of John, but had never sent one of this other little boy. She could not remember his baptismal name, but she knew they had called him "Yes" because it was the first word he had learned to say. She tried to think who else could take him. They had no one.

"What ails me?" she said aloud, and got up to kindle a light.

It was seven o'clock, long past her supper hour. As she took from the clock shelf the key to the barn, some one rapped at the back door and came through the old kitchen with friendly familiarity.

It was Jenny, a shawl over her head, and in her hands a flat parcel. "My hand's most froze. I didn't want to roll this thing, so I carried it flat out."

"Get yourself warm, I'll undo it. Who is it of?"

"That's what I don't know," said Jenny, "but I've always liked it."

It was a picture which had not before come to Old Trail Town. The figure was that of a youth, done by a master,—the head and shoulders of a youth who seemed to be looking passionately at something outside the picture.

"If you like it, hang it up. It's a Christmas present!" Jenny laughed elfishly. Mary Chavah held the picture out before her. "I do. I could take a real fancy to it. I'll have it up on the wall. Much obliged. Sit down a minute."

But Jenny could not, and Mary, the key to the barn in her hand, followed her out.

"Mary!" said Jenny, there in the dark. "Yes," Mary answered.

"I couldn't bear not to have Christmas—*this* Christmas? Do you know why?"

"I thought because it's your and Bruce's first—"

"No," Jenny said, "that isn't all why. It's something else."

She slipped her arm within Mary's and stood silent. And, Mary still not understanding,—*"It's somebody else,"* Jenny said faintly.

Mary turned to her in the dimness. "Why, Jenny!" she said.



The smell of the clover in the hay as if something of summer were there in the cold.

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"It'll be late in December," Jenny finished. "That seems so wonderful to me—so wonderful. Late in December, like—"

"It's funny you should tell me that. I haven't told you what's in my letter."

"What was?" asked Jenny. Mary told her.

"Oh! Mary! How wonderful for you! Why, it's almost as wonderful as mine!"

Mary was profoundly stirred by what Jenny had told her—the first time news like this had ever come to her directly, as a secret and a marvel. News of the village births usually came in gossip, in commiseration, in suspicion.

"We can plan together," Jenny was saying. "Ain't it wonderful?"

"Ain't it?" Mary said, and kissed Jenny, when Jenny kissed her. . . .

Mary went on to the barn, and opened the door. The hay smell from the loft and the mangers, the even breath of the cows, the quiet safety of the place, met her. She was struggling not at all. It was as if something had decided in a rush of feeling not her own. She had committed herself to Jenny almost without will.

"I couldn't do anything else but take him, I s'pose," she thought. "I wonder what'll come on me next."

All the while, she was conscious of the smell of the clover in the hay of the mangers, as if something of Summer were there in the cold.

MARY CHAVAH sent her letter of directions concerning her sister's headstone and the few belongings her sister had wished her to have. The last lines were about the boy:

"Send the little one. I am not the one, but I don't know what else to tell you to do with him. Let me know when to expect him. Put his name on his tag—I can't remember his right name."

When the answer came, John Blood said that a young fellow was starting back home to spend Christmas and would take charge of the child as far as the City and there put him on his train for Old Trail Town. John knew how glad his mother would have been and his father too, and he was her grateful Nephew. P. S. He would send some money every month "toward him."

The night after she received this letter Mary lay long awake. She recalled what she had heard women say about it,—stray utterances, made with the burdened look that hid a secret complacency, a kind of pleased freemasonry in a universal lot: "The children bring so much sand into the house. You'd think it was horses." "Never would have another house without a coat closet; the children's cloaks and caps litter up everything." "Every one of their knees out, and their underclothes outgrown, and their waists soiled. And I do try so hard." Now with all these bewilderments she was to have to do . . .

She had his room in order; her picture of his father was by the mirror, the young face of his father. Something faded written below the picture she had painstakingly rubbed away. . . .

On the afternoon of the day the letter came telling what day the child would start she went to the Amos Ames Emporium to buy a washbasin and pitcher for the room she meant the little boy to have. She stood looking at a basin with a row of dogs around the rim, when over her shoulder Mis' Abby Winslow spoke. "You ain't buying a Christmas present for anybody, are you?" Mary denied it.

"Well, what in time do you want with dogs on the basin?" Mis' Winslow demanded. Almost against her own wish Mary told her. "Forever and ever more. When's he going to get here?"

"Week after next," Mary said listlessly. "It's an awful responsibility, ain't it—taking a child so?"

Mis' Winslow's face rejected its anxious lines and let the eyes speak for it.

"I always think children is like air," she said; "you never realize how hard they're pressing down on you—but you do know you can't live without them."

Mary looked at her, her own face not lighting. "I'd rather go along like I am."

"Mary Chavah" said Mis' Winslow, sharply, "a vegetable sprouts. Can't you? Is these stocking caps made so's they won't ravel?" she inquired capably of Abel Ames. "These are real good value, Mary, better surprise him with one of

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these—a red one." Mary bought the red cap and the basin with the puppies.

"I could," she thought, "telegraph not to send him. But Jenny—she can't." The thought may have been why she went to see Jenny.

"Don't you want to come upstairs?" Jenny said. "I can show you the things." She had put them in the bottom drawer, as women always do; and, as women always do, had laid them so that all the lace and embroidery and pink ribbons possible showed in a flutter when the drawer was opened. Jenny took the things out, unfolded, discussed, compared, with all the tireless zeal of a robin with a straw in its mouth or of a tree blossoming. "Smell of them," Jenny bade her. "Honestly, wouldn't you know by the smell who they are for?" "I donno but you would," Mary admitted awkwardly, and marveled at the newness Jenny was feeling in that which, after all, was not new!

A tissue-paper parcel was left lying in the drawer. "There's one more," Mary said. Jenny flushed, lifted it.

"Before I came I made some little things for its Christmas. But it won't be fair to do it now, with the whole town so set against having any Christmas."

"Oh, well, the baby'll be your Christmas. The town can't help that."

"I know," Jenny flashed back brightly. "You and I have got the best of them, haven't we? We've each got one present coming, anyway."

EBENEZER RULE had meant to go to the City before cold weather. But he found himself staying on in Old Trail Town, with this excuse and that. As, for example, in the factory were old account books that he must go through. He set out one morning for the building down in that part of the village where his business was conducted when it was conducted.

Before the North American Dry Goods Exchange, Simeon Buck himself had just finished shoveling his walk and stood wiping his snow shovel with an end of his muffler. When he saw Ebenezer, he shook the muffler at him over his shoulder. "Look at here," he said, "look what I done this morning."

In the show window a hodgepodge of canned goods, kitchen utensils, and bird cages had been ranged round a center table. On the table stood a figure that was familiar to Old Trail Town. It was a *papier-mache* Santa Claus, three feet high, white bearded, with tall pointed cap. For years he had graced the window of the Exchange, bearing over his shoulder a bough of green for a Christmas tree; this season he bore a United States flag. On a placard below him Simeon had lettered:

**High Cost of Living and too much Fuss
Makes Folks want a Sane Christmas. Me too.—S. C.**

Ebenezer looked. "What's the flag for?" he inquired dryly.

"Well," said Simeon, "he had to carry something. I thought of a toy gun—but that didn't seem appropriate. A flag is always kind of tasty, don't you think?"

"Oh, it's harmless," Ebenezer said, "harmless."

In the Emporium window there was nothing save the usual display. Ebenezer opened the door and put in his head. "Hey," he shouted, "can't you keep up with Simeon's window?"

The fire had just been kindled in the stove and the air in the store was still frosty. Abel Ames in his overcoat was blowing on his fingers.

"I ain't much heart to. Night before Christmas I'll do about right for mine."

"Night before Christmas'll be too late to advertise anything," said Ebenezer.

"If I was in trade I'd fill my window up with useful articles.—And I'd say: 'Might as well afford these on what you saved out of Christmas.'"

Abel shook his head. "I ain't much on such," he said lightly—and then looked intently at Ebenezer: "Jenny's been buying quite a lot here for her Christmas."

Ebenezer was blank. "Jenny?" he said. "Jenny Wing? I heard she was here. Is she bound to keep Christmas anyhow?"

"Just white goods, it was," said Abel, briefly.

Ebenezer frowned his lack of understanding. "I shouldn't think they had much to buy anything with," he said. "I s'pose you know," he added, "that Bruce



Remembrance waited for him on the threshold.

For thirty years he had been accustomed to enter the little house that was the factory office with his mind ready to receive its interior of desks and safes and files. To-day as he opened the door, the thing that was in his mind was a hall stair with a red carpet. Thirty-five years ago it had been that way, when he and his wife and child lived in the little house where his business was then just starting at a machine set up in the woodshed. As his project had grown and his factory had arisen in the neighbouring lots, the family had moved farther up in the town. Remembrance had been divorced from this place for decades. Today, without warning, it waited for him on the threshold.

He had asked his bookkeeper to meet him, but the man had not arrived. So he kindled a fire in the office stove, in the room where the figured curtains had been. The old account books that he wanted were not here on the shelves. They dated so far back that they had been filed away upstairs. He went up the stairs. There was the shelf he had put up in their room, the burned place on the floor where he had tipped over a lamp. . . . When he had gone through the books in the closet and those he sought were not found among them, he remembered the trunkful up in the loft. He let down from the ceiling the ladder he had once hung there, and climbed to the roof recess. Ebenezer put his hands out, groping. They touched something that swayed. He laid hold of it and drew it out and set down a small

quit working for me in the City after the—the failure? Threw up his job with me, and took God knows what to do.”

Abel nodded gravely. Old Trail Town knew that, and honoured Bruce for it.

“Headstrong couple,” said Ebenezer. “So Jenny’s bent on having Christmas?”

“I don’t think it was planned that way,” Abel said simply; “she’s only buying white goods.” And, Ebenezer still staring, “Surely you know what Jenny’s come home for?”

A moment later Ebenezer was out on the street. Bruce’s baby! It would be a Rule too—the third generation. It seemed only yesterday that Bruce had been a boy, in a blue necktie to match his eyes. Bruce’s baby! This meant that if Malcolm had lived, Malcolm might have had a child now.

Ebenezer had not meant to think of that. He never allowed himself to think of that other life of his, when his wife, Letty, and his son Malcolm had been living. Nobody ever heard him speak of them. A high white shaft in the cemetery marked the two graves. . . .

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wooden hobbyhorse. He stood staring at it, remembering it clearly. It was Malcolm's hobbyhorse. Something else stirred in his memory—the name by which he had called his hobbyhorse, some ringing name,—but he had forgotten. He thrust the thing back, and went on with his search for the books.

By the time he had found them and had got down again in the office, the book-keeper was there. "Get to work on this book," Ebenezer bade him; "it's the one that began the business." The man opened the book, put it to his near-sighted eyes, frowned, and glanced up.

"I don't think it seems," he began doubtfully. "Well, don't think," said Ebenezer. "Read the first entries." The bookkeeper read:

<i>Received:</i>	<i>Disbursed:</i>
Picking Hops (4 days) \$1.00	Kitchen roller \$.12
Sewing (Mrs. Shackell)60	Coffee Mill65
Egg money (3¼ dozen)78	Shoes for M. 1.25
Winning puzzle 2.50	Water colors for M.25
\$4 88	Suit for M. 2.00
	Gloves—me50
	\$4.77

Cash on hand: 11 cents.

The bookkeeper paused. Ebenezer, reached for the book. In his wife's fine faded writing were her accounts—after the eleven cents was a funny little face with which she had been wont to illustrate her letters. He stared, turned to the last page of the book. There, the other way of the leaf, was his own accounting. He remembered he had kept his first books in the back of the book she had used for the house

At noon Ebenezer walked home through the snow: "Winning a puzzle—two dollars and a half. She never told me she tried to earn a little something that way."

THE little boy was coming week after next, Mary had said, and Mis' Winslow had heard no word about it from anybody else. When "the biggest of the work" of the forenoon was finished, Mis' Winslow ran down the road to Ellen Bourne's. In Old Trail Town they always speak of it as running down, or in, or over in the morning.

Ellen was cleaning her silver—"six of each." The silver was cleaned often, though it was never on the table save for company, and there never had been any company since Ellen had lost her little boy from fever. Having no articulateness and no other outlet for emotion, she fed her grief by small abstentions: no guests, no diversions, no snatches of song about her work.

"Mercy," observed Mis' Winslow, warming her hands, "you got more energy." "—than family, I guess you mean," Ellen Bourne finished. Ellen was little and fair, with slightly drooping head, and eye-brows curved to a childlike reflectiveness.

"Well, I got consider'ble more family than I got energy," said Mis' Winslow, "so I guess we even it up. Seven-under-fifteen eats up energy."

"Hey, king and country," said Ellen's old father, whittling by the fire, "you got family enough, Ellen. You got your hands full of us." He rubbed his hands through his thin silver hair and his fine pink face took on the look of father which rarely intruded, now, on his settled look of old man.

"I dono what she'd do," said Ellen's mother, "with any more to pick up after. We're cluttered up enough, as it is." It was to be seen that she did not mean what she said and was looking anxiously at Ellen in hope of having deceived her daughter. Ellen smiled at her brightly, and was not deceived. "I keep pretty busy," she said. Mis' Winslow, who was not deceived either, hastened to the subject of Mary.

"I should think Mary Chavah had enough to do, too, but she's going to take Lily's little boy. Had you heard?"

"No," Ellen said. "He's coming in two weeks," Mis' Winslow imparted.

"If you see her," Ellen said, "you ask her if I can't do anything to help."

Later in the day, happening in at Mis' Mortimer Bates's, Mis' Winslow found Mis' Moran there before her, and asked what they had heard "about Mary Chavah."

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Something in that word "about" pricks curiosity. "Have you heard about Mary Chavah?" "It's too bad about Mary Chavah." "Isn't it queer about Mary Chavah?"—each of these is like setting flame to an edge of tissue. Omit "about" from the language, and you abate most gossip. At Mis' Winslow's phrase, both women's eyebrows curved to another arc. Mis' Winslow told them.

"Ain't that nice?" said Mis' Moran, wholeheartedly. "I couldn't bring up another, not with my back. But I'm glad Mary's going to know what it is."

Mis' Mortimer Bates was glad, too, but being by nature a nonconformist, she took exception: "It's an awful undertaking for a single-handed woman."

"It's no worse starting single-handed than being left single-handed," offered Mis' Winslow somewhat ambiguously.

"Seems we could do something to help her get ready," Mis' Moran suggested.

"Maybe I'd best slip over now and ask her," Mis' Winslow said, "and come back and tell you what she says."

Mis' Winslow found Mary Chavah cutting out a pattern. Mary's face was flushed and her eyes were bright, as she went on with her pattern, thrilled by it as by any other creating. "I just thought of this," Mary explained. "It come to me like a flash when I was working on Mis' Bates' basque. Will you wait just a minute, and then I'll explain it out to you."

Mary was cutting and folding and pinning her tissue paper, oblivious of any presence. Alarm, suspense, doubt, solution, triumph, came and went, and neither woman was conscious that the flame of creation burned and breathed in the room as truly as if the product were to be acknowledged.

"There!" Mary cried at last. "See it—can't you see it?—in gray wool?"

It was the pattern for a boy's topcoat, cunningly cut in new lines of seam and revers, with a pocket, a bit of braid, a line of buttons laid in as delicately as the factors in any other good composition. Mis' Winslow exclaimed and wondered.

"Mary Chavah! How did you know how to do things for children?"

"How did you know how?" Mary inquired coolly.

"Why, I've had 'em," Mis' Winslow offered simply.

"Do you honestly think that makes any difference?" Mary asked.

Mis' Winslow gasped, in the immemorial belief that the physical basis of motherhood is the guarantee of both spiritual and physical equipment.

"Could you have cut out that?" Mary asked. Mis' Winslow shook her head.

"Well," said Mary, "I could. It ain't having 'em that teaches you to do for 'em. You either know how, or you don't know how. That's all."

Mis' Winslow reflected that she could never make Mary understand—though any mother, she thought complacently, would know in a minute.

"I didn't know," Mis' Winslow said then, "but what I could help you some about the little boy's coming. Seven-under-fifteen does teach you something, you've got to allow. Mebbe I could tell you something, now and then. Or if we could do anything to help you get ready for him."

"Oh," said Mary, in swift penitence, "thank you, Mis' Winslow. After he comes, maybe. But these things now I don't mind doing. The real nuisance'll come afterwards, I s'pose."

Mis' Winslow smiled. "Nuisance! That's what I meant come to you by having 'em. You don't think so much of the nuisance part as you did before."

"Then you don't look the thing in the face," said Mary, calmly.

"Well," Mis' Winslow said pacifically, "when's he coming?"

"A week from Tuesday. A week from tomorrow," Mary told her.

Mis' Winslow looked at her intently, with narrowed eyes.

"A week from Tuesday," she said. "A week from Tuesday!" she exclaimed.

"Why, Mary Chavah. That's Christmas Eve."

"Ladies," said Mis' Winslow when she breathlessly returned to them, "what do you think? Mary Chavah's little boy is coming from Idaho with a tag on, and when do you s'pose he's going to get here? Christmas Eve."

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"Christmas Eve," repeated Mis' Bates. "Likely catch the croup and be down sick on Mary's hands the first thing," said Mis' Moran.

Mis' Winslow looked at them searchingly to see if her thought too far outdistanced theirs. "What struck me all of a heap is his getting here then. *That* night. Getting here Christmas Eve, and no Christmas. And him with no mother."

"Well," said Mis' Bates, "it's too bad it's happened so. But it has happened so. You have to say that to your life quite often, I notice."

"And like enough he'll bring a little something for Mary for a present," Mis' Winslow went on. "How'll she feel *then*?"

"Well," said Mis' Bates, "Mary ain't the one to see it so. I donno, if it was any other year, as she'd be planning any different."

"No," said Mis' Winslow, "Mary won't do anything. But we could."

Mis' Bates's forehead took alarm. "*Do?*" she repeated. "You can't go back on the paper at this late day."

Mis' Winslow's eyes were shining as they shone sometimes when one of her seven-under-fifteen had given its first sign of consciousness of more than self: "I believe there's something we can do about this little orphan boy's Christmas, if we nip our brains to it."

"Oh, dear," said Mis' Moran, "when I think about Christmas I almost wish we almost hadn't done the way we're going to do."

Mis' Bates stiffened: "Jane Moran, do you think it's right to go in debt to celebrate the birth of our Lord?"

"No," said Mis' Moran, "I don't. But—"

"And you know nobody can afford any extravagance this year?"

"Yes," said Mis' Moran, "I do. Still—"

"Well, then," said Mis' Bates, "we've done the only way there is to do."

"Money," Mis' Winslow said, "money. That's like setting up one day of peace on earth, good will to men, and asking admission to it."

"Mis' Winslow," said Mis' Moran, sadly, "what's the use of saying anything? You know as well as I do that Christmas is abused all up and down the land, and made a day of expense and extravagance and folks over-spending. And now you're trying to make us feel bad."

"I ain't," said Mis' Winslow, "we felt bad about it already, and you know it. But mebbe there's more to Christmas than it knows about—or than we know about. Mebbe we can do something that won't interfere with the paper we've all signed, and yet that'll be something. Oh, I donno. But let's find out!" . . .

CHRISTMAS Week came. Cities made preparation. Great shops took on vast cargoes and seemed ready to sail about, distributing gifts to the town, and thought better of it, and let the folk come to them to pay for what they took. Flower stalls drew tribute from a million pots of earth where miracles had been done. Pastry counters, those mock commissariats, made ready their pretty pretences to nutrition. The woods came moving in—acres of living green. . . . Hither and yonder in every city the townfolk ran. The most had lists of names, as: Grace, bracelet; Margaret, scarf; Laura, chafing dish; Philip, smoking set; Father, ask mother what he'd like. And every name stood for some bestowal of property, mostly luxurious and chiefly luxuries of decoration.

Also from the shops came other voices, mostly answers. And when one, understanding Christmas, listened to hear what part in it these behind the counter played, he heard: "Two a yard and double width. Jewelry is in the Annex. Did you want three pairs of each? Veils and neckwear three aisles over. Leather, glassware, baskets, down beyond the notions. Toys and dolls in the basement—toys and dolls are in the basement. Jewelry is in the Annex."

So a great part of the town seemed some chorus of invocation to new possessions.

There were other voices. . . . For whole areas of every town the calendar was like another thing, . . . but in those ill-smelling stairways, wherever some echo of Christmas Week had crept, the wistfulness or the lust was for possession

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also. Here the voices said: "I wish—I wish;" and "I choose this," at windows; "If I had back my nickel;" "Don't you go expecting nothink!"

Of them all not many stood silent and looked Christmas Week in the face. Yet it is a human experience that none is meant to die without sharing. For the season is the symbol of what happens to folk if they claim it.

Christmas is the time of withdrawal of material life. It is the time when nature subtracts the externals, hides from man the phenomena of her processes. Left alone, his thought turns inward and outward—it lays hold upon the flowing force so slightly externalized in himself. If he finds in his own being a thousand obstructions, a thousand persons,—dogs, sorcerers, whoremongers,—he will try to escape from them all, back to the externals. But if he finds a channel which the substance of being is using, he will be no stranger, but a familiar, with himself. Only when the channel has been long cleared, when there has left it all consciousness of striving, of self in any form, only when he finds himself ready, will he have the divine adventure. For it is then that in him the spirit of God will have its birth, then that he will first understand his own nature—the nature of being.

Sometime, away back in beginnings, they knew this. They knew that the time of the Winter solstice is in some strange fashion the high moment of the year. They solemnized the return of the sun wheel; they traced in solstice days the operations on earth of Odin and Berchta. They knew in themselves a thing they could not name. And when the supreme experience took place in Christ, they made the one experience typify the other, and became conscious of the divine nature of this nativity. So, by the illuminati, the prophets, the adepts, the time that followed was yearly set aside—forty days of dwelling within the temple of self; forty days of reverence for being, of consciousness of new birth. Then the emergence, typifying and typified by Spring—the time when pressing life almost breaks bounds, when birth and the impulse to birth are in every form of life. These festivals are not arbitrary in date. They grow out of the universal experience.

Is it not then cause for stupefaction that this time of "divine bestowal" should have become so physical a thing? From the ancient perception, to have slipped into a sense of annual social comradeship and good will was natural and fine. From this to have plunged down into a time of frantic physical bestowals, of "present trading," of teeming shops with hunting and hunted creatures within,—how can that have come about, how can the great festival have been so dishonoured?

Not all dishonoured, for within it is its own vitality which nothing can dishonour. Through all the curious variations which it receives at our hands, something shines and sings: self-giving, joy giving, a vast dim upflickering of what this thing really is that seeks to observe, this thing that grips men so that no matter what they are about they will drop it and turn to some expression, however crooked and thwarted, of the spirit of the time. If in war, then bayonets are stacked and holly-wreathed and candles stuck on each point! If at sea, some sailor climbs out on the bow-sprit with a wreath of green. . . . If at home, some extravagance or some humble gift will point the day. If at church, then mass and carol; in certain hearts, reverence. Everywhere the time takes hold of folk and receives whatever of greatness or grotesqueness they choose to give it. . . .

When the time of the worship of *things* shall be past, when that time comes, they will look back with wonder at our uncouth gropings to note and honour something whose import we so obscurely discern; but perhaps, too, with wonder that so much of human love and divining should shine for us through the mists we make.

TWO days before Christmas Ellen Bourne went through the new-fallen snow of their wood lot. She came to a little evergreen tree, not four feet tall, and she stood looking at it until her husband overtook her.

"Matthew," she said, "will you cut me that?"

Matthew Bourne stood with his ax and looked a question.

"I just want it," she said; "I've—took a notion."

When supper had been cleared away and the red cotton spread covered the table,

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Ellen asked her husband to bring in the little tree. She found a box, cut a hole with a cooking knife, and set up the little tree by the kitchen window. She went to the cupboard drawer and drew out certain things: walnuts, wrapped in tinsel and dangling from red yarn; wishbones tied with bright cloth; eggshells pencilled as faces; a handful of peanut owls; a long necklace of spools; a blue paper soldier doll.

Her husband smoked and uneasily watched her. "If the boy had lived and had been up-chamber asleep, it'd be something like. But *this* way."

"What you leaving the whole front of the tree bare for?" her mother asked.

"The paper soldier goes there, I want it should see the paper soldier first thing."

"You talk like you was trimming the tree for somebody."

"Maybe something might look in the window—going by," Ellen said. . . .

On that morning of the day before Christmas, Mary Chavah woke early to a sense of oppression, as of physical faintness. "I feel as if something was going to happen," she said.

She was wholly ignorant that in that week just passed the word had run in the happiest open secrecy: "Coming from Idaho with a tag on, Christmas Eve. We thought if everybody could call that night—just run into Mary's like it was any other night, and take in a little something to eat—no presents, you know. It won't be any Christmas celebration, of course—not with the paper signed, and all. But just for us to be there." . . .

Mary alone was not told. . . . So she alone woke that morning before Christmas with no knowledge of what was afoot.

She leaned toward the window at her bed's head and looked toward Jenny's. Her heart throbbed when she saw a light there. Of late she had always looked, but until now the house had been in darkness. She could not sleep again, and so rose, and in the sharp chill bathed and dressed. While she was at breakfast Mis' Winslow came in.

"Mercy, is it breakfast-early? I've been up hours, frosting the cakes."

"What cakes?" asked Mary idly. Mis' Winslow flushed. "I ain't baked much in weeks," and hurried from the subject. "The little fellow's coming in on the Local is he? You ain't heard anything different?"

"Nothing different," Mary replied. "Yes, of course he's coming."

"Going to meet him, of course, ain't you?" "Why, yes," said Mary.

"Well, I was thinking it would be kind of dark for you to bring him in here all alone. Don't you want I should come over and keep up the lights and be here when you get here?"

She watched Mary in anxiety. If she were to refuse, it would go awkwardly.

"I'd be ever so much obliged," she said; "I thought of asking somebody. I'll have a little supper set out for him."

"Yes, of course," Mis' Winslow said. "I'll be over about seven. If the train's on time, you'll be back around half past." . . .

WHEN Mis' Winslow came back toward seven o'clock there was news of Jenny. "Jenny's got a little girl," she said.

Mary stood staring at her. It was like seeing the hands of time move, like becoming momentarily conscious of the swing and rush of the earth, like perceiving the sweep of the stars. She was abashed that the news so seized upon her. . . . There are times when this gift is laid on swiftly, as with hands, instead of coming when none knows. Rather than with the child whom she was to meet, her thought was with Jenny as she went down the street.

Mary turned into the cathedral aisle that was Old Trail Street, arched and whitened, spectral in the starlight. . . . The night before Christmas. Tonight they were all sharing the aloofness from the time which she herself had known for years. All save Jenny. To Jenny's house, in defiance of that paper in the post office, Christmas had come. Not a Christmas of "present trading," not a Christmas of things as all; but *Christmas*. Unto them a child was born.

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"Jenny's the only one in this town that's got a real Christmas," thought Mary, on her way to meet her own little guest.

The Simeon Buck North American Dry Goods Exchange was dark, and from its windows the Saint Nicholas looked out, bearing his flag. The Abel Ames General Merchandise Emporium was closed, but in its window a single candle burned. "Why, that's what they do, some places, to let the Christ-child in," Mary thought. "I wonder if Abel knows. How funny—for a store!"

At the station, no one was yet about. The telegraph instrument was clicking; a light showed in the office; the wind swept the little platform. Across the fields came flashing the point of flame from the headlight of the train. The light shone like a signal flashed to the star standing above the town.

TEN minutes after Mary Chavah had left her house, neighbours fell to work at the baskets they had brought. The dining-room table was various with yellow and red of fruit and salads, the golden brown of cake and rolls, the mosaic of dishes. Everywhere was that stir and lift which informs a time as music will strike its key.

"We'd ought to had my big coffee-pot," Mis' Moran grieved.

"When the men get here," said Mis' Bates, "we'll send one of 'em for it."

"I wish Ellen Bourne was here," Mis' Bates observed. "She sent her salad dressing and lent her silver and her Christmas rose for the table. I wonder if she couldn't come over now if we sent after her, last minute?"

Simeon Buck, appearing a minute later, was dispatched for Ellen Bourne, a warming oven, and the coffee-pot. He took with him Abel Ames. The men found the family in the presence of the little tree.

"Hello," said Simeon, aghast, "Christmassing all by yourselves, like so many thieves. I rec'lect not seeing your names on the paper."

"No, I didn't sign," Ellen said. "I voted against it at the town meeting."

"Ain't you coming to Mary Chavah's?" Abel broke in. "All of you?"

"I meant to go over later," Ellen said. "We can go now, all of us."

Abel Ames stood looking at the tree. He guessed she might have dressed it for no one who would see it. "Ellen, if you ain't going to do anything more with that tree why not bring it over to Mary's for the boy that's coming?"



The headlight flashed like a signal to the star standing above the town.

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"Would they like it?" Ellen asked. "Would folks?"

Abel smiled. "I'll take the blame," he said, "you take the tree." And seeing Simeon hesitate, "Now let's hustle up. The Local must be in."

So the tree was carried through the streets to the other house,—like some forbidden thing that still would be expressed. . . .

Near the corner that turned to the Factory, they saw Ebenezer Rule. "Hello," called Abel, "ain't you coming to Mary Chavah's to-night?"

"I think not," Ebenezer answered. As they met, Abel spoke hesitatingly.

"Ebenezer, I was just figuring on proposing to Simeon that we stop in to your house,—I was thinking how would it be for you and him and me, that sort of stand for the merchandise end of this town, to show up at Mary's house to-night—it's the women have done all the work so far—and I was wondering how it would be for us three to get there with some little thing for that kid that's coming to her."

"My heavens, man!" said Simeon, "it's Christmas! You can't go giving—"

"I don't mean give it *for* Christmas," protested Abel. "We'd take him something if it wasn't Christmas? Why not take him a little thing if it is Christmas?"

"Oh, well," said Simeon. "If you make it plain it ain't *for* Christmas." Ebenezer was moving away.

"We'll call in for you in half an hour," Abel's voice followed him. "We'll slip out after the boy gets there. There won't be time before. Well—congratulations anyhow?" Ebenezer stopped. "What for?" he asked.

"Man alive," said Abel, "don't you know Bruce has got a little girl?"

"No," said Ebenezer, "I—didn't know. I'm obliged to you."

He had walked past Jenny's that evening, but without being able to force himself to inquire. He knew that Bruce had come, but Bruce had sent him no word.

. . . . They had cut themselves off from him. . . .

Outside the factory office, he stood looking at it. . . . He wanted to do something. At the end of the street he could see them, crossing under the light, on their way to Mary Chavah's. Abel and Simeon would come for him. But how could he go there, among the folk whom he had virtually denied their Christmas? Perhaps he would hear something about Bruce and Jenny. Still, he had nothing to take. What had he that a boy would want to have? Unless.—He crossed the street to what had been his home. He went in, found and lighted an end of candle, made his way up the stairs, and lowered the ladder that led to the loft. . . . He groped to where the roof met the floor and drew out that for which he had come—Malcolm's hobbyhorse. Downstairs he set it on the floor, examined it, slipped something in its saddle pocket. Then he lifted and settled the thing under his arm. "I might as well walk by Mary Chavah's house," he thought.

At his gate in the street wall lined with snow-bowed lilacs and mulberries, Ebenezer Rule waited in the dark for his two friends to come back. Gradually he let himself face what it was that he was wanting to do. When he faced that, he set the hobbyhorse under the wall and moved along the street toward Jenny's house.

If he went to Jenny's, if he signified so that he wished not to be cut off from her and Bruce and the baby, if he asked Bruce to come back to the business, these meant modification to the ideals for that business, and modification to the lives of the "hands" there in Mary Chavah's house—and to something else. . . .

He looked up and saw the heavens crowded with bright watchers. The night lay in a sovereign consciousness of being more than just itself. "Do you think that you are all just you and nothing else?" it was compassionately asking. . . . He kept on to Jenny's house.

AT Mary Chavah's house the two parlours, the hall, the stairs, the dining room, were filled with folk come to welcome the little boy. . . . At quarter to eight the gate clicked. But instead of the door opening to admit Mary and her little boy, a hesitating knock sounded. On the threshold stood Asher, the telegraph operator, who thrust in a yellow envelope: "We don't deliver nights, but I thought she'd ought to have this one. I'm going home to wash up, and then I'll be back."

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"Oh!" she said, "you done this a-purpose for him."

Before they could go out to find Mary, she was at the threshold. She seemed to understand without wonder why they were there, and with perfect naturalness she turned to them to share her trouble. "He hasn't come," she said simply.

Her face was quite white, and because they usually saw her with a scarf or shawl over her head, she looked strange to them, for she wore a hat. Also she had on an unfamiliar soft-coloured wrap that had been her mother's and was kept in tissues. She had dressed carefully to go to meet the child.

They put in her hands the telegram. They were pressing toward her, dreading, speechless. She stepped to the light of the candles on the little tree, read, and reread. When she looked up her face was so illumined that she was strange to them once more.

"Oh," she said, "it's his train. It was late for the Local. They've put him on the Express, and it'll drop him at the draw."

The tense air crumpled into breathings, a soft clamour filled the rooms.

"It did give me a turn," she confessed, "I thought he'd been—he'd got—"

She went into the dining room, still without great wonder that they were there; but when she saw the women in white aprons, and the table arrayed, and on it Ellen Bourne's Christmas rose blooming, she broke into a little laugh.

"Oh," she said, "you done this a-purpose for *him*."

"I hope, Mary, you won't mind," Mis' Mortimer Bates said formally, "it being Christmas. We'd have done just the same on any other day."

"Oh," Mary said, "*mind!*"

They hardly knew her, she moved among them so flushed and laughing and comfortable, praising, admiring, thanking them.

The Express would be due at the "draw" at eight-thirty-three. After told her when he came back. Mary watched the clock. . . .

Half an hour away he was coming. She was glad, no matter what it brought her; glad as she had never known how to be glad before. He was coming—already he

TEXACO STAR



The children ran singing and closed about Mary and the child.

was born into her life. In the seat where her will had been was no will. But somewhere in there, she felt *herself* to be. Beyond a thousand mists, volitions, little seekings, rebellions at toil, cryings of personality, she stood herself within herself. And that which, through the slow process of her life, and of life and being immeasurably before her, had been seeking its expression, building up its own vehicle of incarnation, suddenly and simply flowered. It was as if the weight and the striving within her had been the pangs of some birth.

Mary took the road to meet him alone, for she would have no one go with her. . . . The mighty Express, which seldom stopped at Old Trail Town, slowed down for her sake and the little boy's. Several coaches' length from where she stood she saw a lantern shine where they were lifting him down. She ran ankle deep through the snow. "That's it!" said the conductor, and swung his lantern from the step. "Merry Christmas!" he called.

The little thing clasping Mary's hand, leaped up and down beside her.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" he shouted with all his might.

Mary Chavah held out her hand for the boy to take. He looked up. "Are you her?" he asked. "Yes," she cried joyously, "I'm her!"

At a bend in the road voices burst about them, and Buff Miles and the children ran, singing, and closed about Mary and the child, and went on with them, slipping into the "church choir Christmas carols," and more, that Buff had been fain to teach them. The music rose, in the children's voices, like an invocation to all time:

*One for the way it all begun,
Two for the way it all has run,
What three'll be for I do forget,
But what will be has not been yet.*

*So holly and mistletoe,
So holly and mistletoe,
So holly and mistletoe
O'er and o'er and o'er, oh!*

They all entered Mary's gate. Those within, hearing the singing, had opened the door, and they brought them through that deep arch of warmth and light.

TEXACO STAR FEALTIES

By SAMUEL B. DABNEY—Contributed to the Texaco Star

Affectionately inscribed to the memory of W. Gordon McCabe, late of Petersburg and Richmond, Virginia,
—an "Old Captain" who did "shine at books."

CHRISTMAS 1919—EASTERN VIRGINIA

Interlocutors: The Old Captain, the Professor, the Young Captain, Carol Singers

The dinner over, sleepy children led,
Cajoled or bribed away to prayers and bed,
While sweethearts and their soldiers, back from
France,

All golden youths, entangled in love's trance,
Were whispering in broad stairways of Old Hall,
Danced to the piano, or sang, with rise and fall
Of loud winds mingling. Up the chimneys wide
Roared fires of hickory and of oak. Beside
His amplest hearth, Old Captain, wife, and their
guests sat,
In circle ranged, and gently talked of this and
that;

How poor Bill had been slain in the Argonne,
But Tom, his brother, had a boy to carry on;
That Bob would marry Mary, wild oats sown,
She'd soon tame him, if once he was her own.
'Gainst death the elders plotted marriage and new
girls and boys,
And loved and lived again in gentler joys
Than those of headlong youth. Recalled old times
and wars,

And sufferings, and all their wounds and scars,
So bitter once and hardly borne,
But overcome, or else submitted to and quite
outworn;
Rejoiced that now the land was not sown up and
down with hate

Against itself—but happier times, a better fate,
To spend blood not in civil war but 'gainst a
foreign foe,
And the Lord's peace—a gentle dew—settling on
us below,
So talked the Old Captain, blessed God, rejoiced in
heart,
Took dear wife's hand, and loving them who on
their part

Turning to him with kindly smiles to silence fall
Thinking of creeping age that would end all
Of this. But soon again to cheerful converse fell,
Until the clock struck out the knell
Of their bright day. The ladies, bidding all good-
night, withdrew.

The young men took their room to drink the
Captain's brew,
As custom fixed, ready for men's talk, young and old,
A goodly company. Pipes filled, smoke rolled
To ceiling. The Old Captain rang his bell and
called "Hi, Cicero!"

A negro entering, his wool all white as snow,
And swaying gently from premonitory taste
Of his good cheer, with dignity and solemn haste
Of one well drunk charger on charger brought,
Each with tall glasses fraught,
Gently clinking with the ice he bore them to the
board,

While from their tops mint grew and grateful
perfume spread abroad.

Then the Old Captain rose, and to each guest
Bowling said: "Welcome to this good cheer, 'tis of
the best."

"Made for my father sixty years ago and more,
'Caught from the still after first heat, before
the poison fumes which in their greedy way
'They have mixed in. We fall upon another day;
'Soon all of this we must forego; so say the laws.
'I've kept enough to welcome home my youngest
from the wars,

"And these his gallant comrades; also for his
marriage and the birth
"Of his first boy to carry on the name, when you
must all again make mirth

"With us, and so enjoy the last. I pray to see
"His little children playing round my knee,
"Take glasses all, while I propose two toasts,
"But, first, we thank the God of Battles and the
Lord of Hosts,

"Who brought these home again, safe and sound...
"I give my first: To those who lie in graves
abroad,

"Dying for us after the example of our Lord." . . .
"My second: To Mars Robert and Old Jack and
all their men,
"Who, too, went underground their own States to
defend."

They drank, and glass in hand by hearth sat down
Well primed for talk. Of college days and wars it
went around,
And dogs and horses, poetry, old friends, and
politics—

As always, damning politicians and their tricks,
All seasoned with their stories flavored of the land,
Talking as men do by themselves—listening as
one held up his hand
For silence and spoke forth his mind, then in
groups apart
As the good liquor loosed their tongues, and
talking from the heart,

One spoke of the black sheep, finding themselves
in war,
Who made up forlorn hopes, took machine guns,
and far
Outdared the average man; and having least to win,
Cast lives away as holding not the value of a pin.

Professor took the floor, said such were cankers,
burdens on their friends,
Imposers lapsing into crime. In the new order,
fitted to new ends,
They'd regulated be and set to serve the State.
Relicts of individualism and lack of spirit
incorporate
Left these to drift the victims of their bent.
Hard words he used, preached the intent society to
regiment.

Talked big of Economics, bourgeoisie,
Pedagogics, and mandates from above,
Communist Theory,
Wastes competitive, individualistic vice, the
Proletariat.

Expounded the great service of the bureaucrat;
Primed with his stirrup cups, got on his hobby
horse and pranced away,
Damned all the Past, and prophesied New Day.

Until Old Captain, in a daze, at last broke in and
said,
Emboldened by his juleps and with their aid:
"Professor, save that you condemn those who work
not,

"I miss your argument. I have forgot
"My little learning, nor did ever shine at books.
Latin! Euclid!

"Old Parson, how he flogged them in! But God
forbid
"I should not due thanks give for what he did for
me,

"I rub myself behind at thought of it. You see
"The times were different. Soon after I was
horsed by him

"I stood in battle. We grow old, but youth does
not grow dim,
"But fresh once more. I had one session at the
Institute again

"I see our Major Jackson as of yesterday. But then
"We foolish boys, we did not understand as he
went to and fro

"There, absent minded, terse, severe; we did not
know
"What time would show. But I have strayed. At
Spotsylvania, in the counter-attack,

"My leg was there blown off below the knee. I lack
"Learning to argue with a learned man like you,
"For after that I had no time except to see it
through

TEXACO STAR

"As cards were dealt to me, to toil and to win free
 "From mortgages paternal acres, and a little more.
 "My brothers were all slain, my family struck
 sore,
 "And it was then for me to carry on the name,
 "Get, and pay, preserve it—our old decent fame.
 "Yet, unlearn'd as I am, in war and peace I've
 something learnt of men.
 "The Good Lord works in His own ways, and
 better shapes the end,
 "Which must crown all, than could the State. Thus
 in His Providence
 "Many strange things I've seen, and, beyond our
 poor sense,
 "The crooked all pulled straight. From bitter
 bringeth He the sweet,
 "From weakness strength. But 'tis not meet
 For such as I to explain the ways of God to man.
 "Only, I think we ignorant are, and can
 But tangle up the lives of other men
 "When we presumptuous domineer. For it is then
 We cease by good example, loyalty, and faith, to
 further His decree
 "That would bring all to the end we can not see.
 "As now, so in my youth, many were there
 Who would not work at work, but wear
 Their lives away at other things. Philosophers
 were they,
 "Not thinking it the candle worth to spend their
 day
 "To heap up money, marry, beget children, settle
 down
 "To the domestic grind and the dull round
 "Of duties. These in the old days were not cast
 out, but had their place.
 "Ah! pardon me—for now again I see his face.
 "I would not be here but for him. My mother's
 cousin he,
 "And so, of right, settled with us. He left the
 University
 "By the back door. Away, he'd have his spree,
 "Nor could withstand the cards. At times he had
 enough to make him free
 "To back a horse. At home he taught the boys to
 shoot and swim,
 "To fish and camp, to handle dogs and hunt and
 ride. Ah! we loved him;
 "He knew his classics too; he would not teach, but
 did our Horace at a stroke.
 "At church he led the choir, and his clear tenor
 broke
 "Upon our waiting ears and roused us at the
 sermon's end.
 "He played when young folks danced; and all the
 men,
 "When sick, for miles around, were nursed by him.
 "He was the ladies' handy man, and served their
 every whim;
 "We, the whole countryside, all called him Cousin
 Jim.
 "I was his pet, nursed in my diapers, 'twas said,
 "A little chap I'd run into his room to hide under
 his bed
 "Dodging paternal rod 'til he begged off for me;
 "Was taught 'bim to tell the truth, manners,
 propriety,
 "By 'sixty-one his liquor had a grip, but the great
 sport of
 "Took him, nor did he after touch a drop, or run
 the
 cards. By far
 "The best officer of his regiment; though growing
 old
 "He rose to captain, and, had not his tale been told,
 Would have gone further. At Antietam, when I
 caught
 "It through the thigh; cut artery, the end I'
 thought;
 "But under shower of balls he dragged me 'neath a
 ledge, bound up the wound,
 "Twisted the turmeric, and marked the spot that
 I
 might so he found;
 "Though famishing himself from loss of blood,
 "Poured all his canteen down my throat—when we
 were
 driven through the wood.
 "And then, you know, Old Jack hurried in the
 counter-
 attack.
 "He picked me up, when our turn came, and
 brought
 me back.
 "In January of eighteen hundred sixty-four
 "Our regiment far in the mountains bore
 "The brunt of a guerilla war. Wheel! How we froze

"On picket! Streams icebound; the north wind rose
 "And cut us to the bone, for we were thinly clad
 and poorly fed.
 "I was lieutenant, first of company, he led
 "In outpost work, major's command on a long line.
 "In front was what you called in France a No
 Man's Land; behind,
 "Our winter quarters. Both sides skirmished to
 and fro,
 "Twenty miles deep over the ice and snow,
 "Once orders came to take twelve men and go out
 in
 disguise,
 "In enemy clothes. The country full of spies,
 "'Twas touch and go; and we were trapped. We
 stuck to our drilled tale
 "And showed forged orders; then saw the plan
 must fail.
 "Spies in their hands, each felt the halter draw;
 "Caught in the act—be promptly hung by martial
 law.
 "With guard of twenty men put on the road,
 disarmed, suspect,
 "The jig was up if they should bring us in! In his
 neck
 "Each felt the death choke. But Captain hid his
 pistol up his sleeve;
 "Feigned sickness and delayed the march, until on
 Sunday's eve
 "We struck their pickets—and they did not have
 the
 pass word of the day!
 "Too late to send in for a guard to take us on our
 way,
 "They turned back to a house. In one large room
 for
 all the men,
 "We prisoners herded by a fire at the far end,
 "Guns stacked, guard stationed,—they asleep,
 "We feigned. At last the Captain rose, and
 groaning deep
 "With shaking chill stood by the sentry; kicking
 wood into the flame,
 "He pointed with his boot to the stacked guns. We
 knew we came
 "To life or death. He fired and shot the sentry
 down;
 "We rushed for guns. They, blasted from their
 sleep, around
 "Us crowd; of rifles we gained some and some
 seized they.
 "There was no time to load; at bay,
 "'Twas butt and bayonet, and stab, knock out his
 brains,
 "Mid curses, screams of men in mortal pains,
 "Our Captain's shots were spent; they had us, but
 drew
 back a space,
 "All panting deep. Then two commenced to load;
 one with a trace
 "Of fumbling rammed the cartridge down and lost
 their
 chance.
 "For Captain with a steadier hand had capped and
 loaded. Not a glance
 "Between, they fired; he to the other's heart;
 "The other, from the hip, through upper part
 "Of leg; and his bones cracked as Captain fell to
 floor.
 "But shouting out: 'Rush in! to hold them back,
 and
 guard the door!'
 "We rushed; while he, on elbow raised, loaded and
 shot them down
 "Until they begged for mercy. And we bound
 "Them all with cords from off a bed.
 "It was a shambles. Then, we tended wounded,
 and laid out the dead—
 "Four of our own. Then Captain said: 'Lieutenant,
 leave me here;
 "Rope prisoners round their necks, put them in
 front to
 break the way; you steer
 "Straight ten degrees east of North Star; you've
 all that you can do
 "To help the wounded in. God take you though.'
 "But I turned to my men: 'We can not leave our
 Captain to a shameful death.'
 "He, seeing we would not obey, quick shot himself.
 At his last breath
 "I caught his eye with love's intensity.
 "As he gasped and died, still fixed on me,
 "Him with the rest we hurriedly laid out and
 covered with a sheet;
 "Stole forth, and marched for life through snow
 and sleet,
 "Steering by glimpses of the steel cold stars,—and
 so escaped.

TEXACO STAR

"Much have I seen. They burst upon our flank and hurled us back
 "At Slaughter's Mountain; well do I recall Old Jack,
 "As sword in hand he rode into the rout, without a word
 "Of hot reproach. I was close by and heard
 "Him shout: 'Stand. Form your line. Rally, brave men!
 "And we obeyed, striving who first should die for him. Again,
 "At Chancellorsville, when he was shot and Stuart took command;
 "Next day our line drew out for last assault. The land
 "Sloped up ahead, then dipped: 'Load; fix bayonets; right shoulder, shift!
 "I hear stern orders, rattle of the steel, and my old heart does lift
 "As young once more. Right off the flag, my regiment,
 "He wheeled his horse, spread out his arms and to us bent,
 "In loud voice said: 'Remember Jackson—who fell 'Yesterday.' He waited while this ran the line; then: 'Forward March!' Our yell
 "Responsive, shrill and fierce, rose far to left and right;
 "Then silent we advanced. He rode ahead, first into sight
 "Of enemy, singing, as Taillefer at Hastings. Bolt upright he sat.
 "The rattle of the fire commenced; waving his hat
 "He galloped here and there and led us on, death swarming in the air.
 "God! they were men. But still we lesser ones were there,
 "And did our part. Those had glory and renown;
 "My Cousin Jim for duty and for love alone,
 "Unknown, and by his sins dragged down,
 "As gallantly as they,
 "Flung life away.
 "No, *not* the State, but the wise God best useth all,
 "Both saints and sinners—and mayhap the last the most. Lest he fall,
 "Let each watch, pray, and boast not; for the end
 "Cometh. The book is not writ up, nor judgment entered until then."
 They rose, and gathered round, and took his hands; some brushed a tear.
 "God bless us all," he said, "and keep us pure of heart, and free of greed and of the fear
 "Of poverty or death or smaller things,—that come what may we dare to keep our honor bright.
 "As Old Jack said: 'The duty ours, the consequences His.' These fealties are of Right."
 The Professor impatient grew at this long argument,
 As used to speak not listen, his town's orator, and eminent
 At chautauquas where to foreign born and women-men he would hold forth,
 And preach his gospel, books had written full of froth.
 A light high placed and Doctor of a German University.
 "Captain," he cried, "you reason not at all. In your simplicity
 "You wander here and there, still swayed
 "By mouldy anecdotes,—the larger duties unobeyed.
 "We would extend all powers of the State;
 "Abolish waste; and wisely regulate,
 "Constrain, direct, combine;
 "Men's passions and their ignorance confine;
 "And use the force of all for ends the best.
 "You have no social conscience, only little loyalties to this or that chance man
 "Of times long past. The present reigns! And our grand plan
 "Of a strong State is all unknown to you. I will expound it to these youths, not to the old."
 But the Young Captain rose, with drill ground voice, and peremptory, bold,

All dominating, said: "Professor, all that you propose to say would be a bore.
 "A string of phrases heard by us often before
 "On the hard benches of the University, where we could not answer you
 "Forever dragging in your plea. Now, we are through
 "With all that patter. Pardon me, but I am not your host,
 "And take leave here to say that you've no right to dominate, or boast
 "And prophesy, and ram it down our throats. Old Captain with his talk,
 "And juleps, too, has warmed our hearts. He's answered you. We balk
 "At further discourse. Even as he, we soldiers are,
 "Agree with him; will marry now our sweethearts, work and get, and let none dare
 "To interfere too much. What we shall rightly gain,
 "Our wives and children, they shall be our own. There's nothing to explain.
 "None could our wills persuade to put your Prussian State
 "On high, our lives and fortunes thus to dominate. So, in good fellowship, I drink your health, but, too, confusion to your prate.
 "We fought that beast in France, and did not shed our blood
 "That babblers, here, should ruin and deceive,—not understanding, as not understood."
 Old Captain spoke: "No angry words, dear friends. See there,
 "The ladies and awakened children on the stair
 "To sing their carol. Then, we'll all to bed and peaceful sleep."

LADIES' VOICES

See! oh, see! Merry Gentlemen,
 Look you up on high,
 At the band of angels,
 Flying in the Eastern sky.
 Hark! oh, hark! you Merry Gentlemen,
 And you will hear
 The divinest music
 Ever struck on ear.
 With celestial voices,
 How the angels sing,
 Year by year fly closer,
 As they lower bring
 Their hymn of peace and good will
 Of Christ our Lord and King.

CHILDREN'S VOICES

He is born, O Merry Gentlemen!
 On this very day
 A little child came to lead you
 Up the heavenly way.
 Lo! what did He when
 He had grown in knowledge,
 And favor of God and men?
 He called the little children,
 The weak, ahungered, and athirst,
 The erring and the sinful
 Even to the very worst.
 The sick and sore and sorrowful,
 And wiped their tears away,
 Sent them at last to Heaven,
 There in bliss to stay.

LADIES AND CHILDREN TOGETHER

Much He has forgiven, much He does forbear,
 Built great and wide His kingdom,
 But no cruel hypocrites dwell there.
 Be ye gentle, kind, and loving,
 Merciful and brave.
 Always leaning on Him—
 He alone can save.
 All the proud and haughty
 Must be humbled in the dust,
 For all the true and upright
 In Him alone should trust.
 Repent you, Merry Gentlemen,
 But be you not afraid,
 He can save you from your sinfulness,
 He is risen from the dead!

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The Managers of the respective Departments have assigned to the gentlemen 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.	C. K. Longaker, Houston
Natural Gas Dept.	D. P. Harrington, Fort Worth
Fuel Oil Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston
Railway Sales Dept.	J. A. Brownell, Houston
Marine Dept.	{ A. L. Jimenez, Port Arthur
Legal Dept.	{ H. Norris, New York
Treasury Dept.	{ H. Tomfohrde, Houston
Comptroller's Dept.	{ Lee Dawson, Houston
Insurance Dept.	{ B. E. Emerson, Houston
Sales Dept. S. Territory	{ P. A. Masterson, New York
Asphalt Sales Dept.	{ Roy B. Wright, New York
Export Dept.	{ R. C. Galbraith, Houston
Purchasing Dept.	{ Personnel Committee, N. Y.
Railway Traffic Dept.	{ C. E. Murphy, New York
Producing Dept.	{ J. B. Neilsen, New York
Pipe Lines	{ J. A. Wall, New York
The Texas Steamship Co.	{ J. T. Rankin, Houston
	{ J. M. Fleming, Houston
	{ Otto Hartung, Houston
	{ A. M. Donoghue, Houston
	{ A. R. Weber, Bath, Me.

Wright Chenault has been taken from Port Arthur Works to Houston, to assume responsibilities in Mr. Manley's office. When Houston needs a good man she always knows where to find him.

Port Arthur Works has had its share of sorrow, and to its already heavy list we have to add the name of John Mallin, who died November 14 from exposure, due to being lost in a marsh on a hunting trip. Our deepest sympathy is offered to his family.



Timothy Mullin

Superintendent T. Mullin of Lockport Works met his death in an automobile accident on November 13. He was returning home alone from Joliet about 8.30 p. m. when his machine left the road and plunged over an embankment 12 feet in height, turning upside down on him and breaking his neck. He died almost instantly. The funeral took place from the house of his brother-in-law, W. B. Ritchie, in Washington, Pa. Representatives of

REFINING
DEPT.

Port Arthur Works has just concluded a Safety First Campaign which included everyone in the plant—water boy to superintendent.

The Works was divided into three areas, each supervised by a captain. A contest was inaugurated for reducing the number of hours lost on account of accidents. All made splendid showings. Among the important features of the campaign were short talks by employees delivered at noon. Perhaps the most enthusiastic feature was the Safety Show, which was repeated five nights, the last for Spanish-speaking employees. The good influence of this campaign is being felt in the farthest corners of the Works.

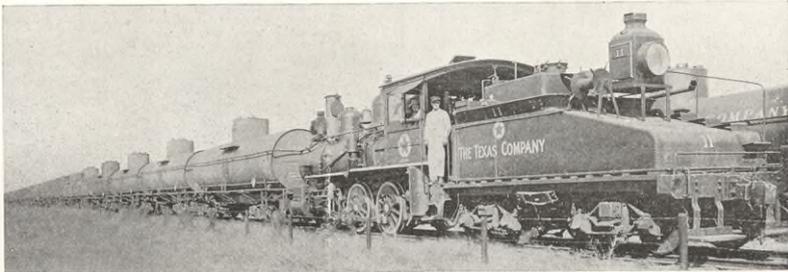
Miss Grace Hamilton on November 24 became the bride of Mr. R. R. Moorhead of this city. We wish them all happiness.

W. H. Latham, in charge of Testing Laboratory, and Miss Leta Young were married on November 22 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Young of this city. Our heartiest good wishes.

The Texas Company from New York and Houston, as well as from nearer points, attended, and various offices sent floral offerings. The eight pall bearers were all Tim's comrades in the Spanish-American War, and fifteen other comrades attended, also the solo sung in the Church was sung by an old comrade. Three volleys were fired over the grave by a squad of ex-service men and "Taps" was sounded.

Tim Mullin entered the employment of The Texas Company in April 1902. He rose from laborer to fireman, engineer, supervisor of boiler and pumphouse construction at several terminals, Ass't Sup't West Dallas Works (1909), Superintendent West Tulsa Works (1911), Superintendent Lockport Works (1915).

His friends in all divisions of the Refining Department mourn his loss, and heartfelt sympathy is extended to his wife, mother, sisters, and brother in their sad bereavement.



Insulated Tank Cars

Thirty insulated tank cars loaded with Compression Gasoline moving out from West Tulsa Works, Oct. 14, 1920, to one of our Northern Terminals. Superintendent W. K. Holmes says: "I believe this is the first solid train of insulated tank cars to move from West Tulsa Works."

TEXACO STAR

WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF OCTOBER 1920

Refined—Coastwise.....	731,007 bbls.
Refined—Foreign.....	762,100 bbls.
Total.....	1,493,107 bbls.

Providence Terminal has not often more than one band out to welcome our brothers from other terminals, but on the arrival of C. N. Cameron and family from Port Arthur on Columbus Day we had eleven bands out to greet them.

On the departure of Assistant Engineer Goodwin, to assume new duties at Delaware River Terminal, his co-workers, from whom he has enjoyed the greatest respect, presented him with a handsome traveling bag. H. C. McAnall made a very suitable presentation speech, and Mr. Goodwin in reply showed his grateful appreciation.

Delaware River Terminal has lost a good man and Superintendent in Mr. Nester's departure. We called him "Pop" for short, and he was a Father to many of us.

Mr. Nester sailed for Antwerp, Belgium on October 23 to take up new duties for The Texas Company. Before leaving he returned to the Terminal Oct. 18 to say goodbye. He was invited to view some part of the Asphalt Plant, and there found all of the employes gathered to give him a fond farewell. When he appeared they gave three mighty cheers ending with "Pop Nester." Chief Clerk Esthimer in an earnest speech expressed the sentiments of all, and made fitting presentation of many gifts of remembrance, 100% contributed by the employes, in token of fellowship and good wishes.

Mr. Nester's response is given on page 12.—Ed.

On J. E. Blake's departure to take up course in Operating at Bayonne Terminal, the employes presented "Jimmie" with a gold Hamilton watch, the presentation being made by Asst. Supt. Mercer.

C. P. Stevens of the Laboratory on being transferred to Bayonne was presented with a fine traveling bag in token of the good wishes of all.

Another has "gone and done it." Albert J. Herrick, Asst. Stock Clerk, was married September 14 to Miss Margaret Wells. The employes presented them a beautiful mahogany clock.



Charles Ingram

Son of Pierce H. and Mary E. Ingram. The difference in the ages of father, mother and son is interesting. Mr. Ingram was born May 2, 1868; Mrs. Ingram, Sept. 16, 1881; and Charles first saw light Aug. 3, 1919. Mr. Ingram, who is foreman of Case and Package department at Delaware River Terminal, will no doubt before long be bringing Charlie in to give him a job.

Richard Doherty was born at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Hallman on July 28, 1920.

C. E. Emmons was among our recent visitors. He surely can throw a quoit. Come again, Emmons, and teach us more. We also want to thank you for taking the pictures for Mr. Nester's farewell party.

Pop Says: The high cost of loafing has a strange on this part of the country.

The tug *Latin-American* paid Norfolk Terminal an unexpected visit, after long absence, having in tow the barge *Dallas*.

Howard L. Scott, employed in the Lub. Filling House, and Miss Edna Olsen of Newport News, Va., were married at Elizabeth City, N. C., on Oct. 1. General Dock Foreman Chester A. Neal was best man. The young couple are now at home at 45 Franklin Ave., South Norfolk. We all wish "Scotty" much happiness.

W. H. Shriver had to go home to take a rest on account of illness. We hope he will soon return.

Sympathy is offered to C. E. Hollowell who lost his father on October 18.

We congratulate F. N. Liverman upon a new arrival at his home. Yes, it is a girl.

Our former first-baseman, W. K. Gregory, sends word of the arrival of a young lady on Oct. 13.

Fairmount White is playing wonderful football for William and Mary College. A recent article stated that he was one of the most brilliant half-backs ever seen in Virginia. "Mond," until he returned to school, pounded an Underwood at Norfolk Terminal and played on the Texaco baseball team. We are all rooting for him.

RAILWAY SALES DEPT.

The Railway Sales extends heartiest Christmas Greetings to the other departments of Texaco. The year 1920 has been our greatest year in selling Texaco products to the railroads, and a great deal of credit is due the other departments for their close cooperation in making deliveries, especially to Sales Department agents at various places.

Married on November 5 at Houston, Texas, Miss Ruth Joyner and Mr. C. B. Hopson. Miss Joyner is the daughter of E. B. Joyner. Our congratulations.



Frank Dewitt Richmond, Jr.
Son of F. D. Richmond, born Mar. 27, 1920.

TEXACO STAR



Mary Louise
Daughter of L. R. Dallam, born Mar. 26, 1920.

S. TERRITORY SALES DEPT.

HOUSTON DISTRICT.—
Superintendent S. E. Monroe recently had a visit from his old friends, H. T. Wood, Assistant Superintendent, and George Sewell, General Salesman, of Atlanta District.

Salesman B. L. Kowalski, Brownsville Territory, was the leading Salesman in the Open Order Campaign, points 4,856. Salesman M. E. Hannon,

Beaumont Territory, ran him a close second, making 4,516 points.

W. A. Rittner, Yoakum, was the winner in the Agents Contest, with 366 points. Agent E. A. Manford, Laredo, ran a close second, 269 points.

We are glad to report Marine Salesman G. W. Horton back on the "job" at Galveston after a serious illness.

Miss Nannie Bennett, the fifteen years old daughter of Agent C. S. Bennett, of Angleton, Texas, Station, can beat her Dad talking Texaco Products.



Nannie Bennett

DALLAS DISTRICT.—The report of the Dallas District Office on the visit of the Texaco Band of Houston to the Dallas State Fair is given on page 6.



Dallas, Texas State Fair

Oiling race cars on Racing Track, Oct. 12, 1920. Texaco Lubricants were used on all racing cars at the Fair Grounds. All pictures show our Tank Truck and Salesman Winters' car on the job.



Advance-Rumley Truck Endurance Test

Truckmaster Frank Coslet on tool box; next to him the four drivers.

The Advance Rumley Thresher Company assembled ten 1½-ton trucks at their Clearing, Ill. plant, and after the shop test four trucks were equipped for an Across Country Endurance Test carrying 600 lbs. overload. Two trucks were equipped with solid tires, and two with pneumatic tires. They were routed via Indianapolis, La Port, Des Moines, Kansas City, to Dallas, a total of 2,920 miles. Motors had been lubricated with competitive oils until they arrived in Dallas. Here inspection of motors showed most exhaust valves pitted, and all valves had to be ground. Excessive carbon was on piston heads and in combustion chambers. Truckmaster Coslet decided to change lubricating oils for their trip to Fargo, S. D. One of his drivers, Mr. Lovell, had handled Texaco Oils and he recommended that they be used. After a visit from Engineer G. M. Shanks and Salesman J. F. Winters, Mr. Coslet ordered Texaco Lubricants for the return trip.

An 8-lb. boy arrived on Oct. 17 at the home of Harry H. Powell of the D. O. Accounting Department. Congratulations, Harry.

On Monday Oct. 18 Mrs. W. B. Stallcup presented her hubby with an 8-lb. boy. Congratulations, Bill. We notice your chest has expanded three inches, but we don't blame you.



Mr. & Mrs. V. H. Mahan
Announce the birth

Of a 9 lb. girl
On Oct. 8, 1920
Name Dortha

Mr. Mahan represents the Purchasing Department in the Dallas Office.

OKLAHOMA DISTRICT.—We have 101% on Verification of Accounts. We announce the extra 1% by reason of the fact that two accounts were paid twice and several accounts verified twice. This makes the Oklahoma District the leading district in the Company and maintains its usual lead on Verification as well as all other matters. (Denver District please note.)

We wish to express to D. O. Auditors Davis and Moncure our appreciation of their assistance in keeping us posted on the accounts still to be verified, which aided our District to reach the 100% mark.

Oklahoma District sent H. H. Wood, Agent at Tulsa, and R. T. Herndon, Salesman, Tulsa, as their representatives in the Agents and Salesmen's contest recently ended. From postals received from

TEXACO STAR

our boys, we gather that they were royally entertained and that the trip was well worth all the hard work it took to win the prize.



A "Hurry Up" Shipment

Warehouman Guy C. Satterlee of Oklahoma City Station making a rush shipment at railway station in absence of truck driver. Mr. Satterlee is an old employe of The Texas Company and believes in Service.

DENVER DISTRICT.—Representatives of practically every oil company in the United States attended the Convention of Independent Oil Men in Denver Sept. 28 to Oct. 2. The Municipal Auditorium was thrown open for the display of oils and appliances of all kinds used in the production and distribution of oil. The Texas Company had an attractive booth featuring Texaco Products and Service. The Convention was a decided success.

Salesman B. E. Donaldson and Agent Geo. W. Holland, winners in the Open Order Contest, left Oct. 16 for their visit to Houston and the Port Arthur refinery.

Mary, 7-years old daughter of Jack Walsh, stock clerk, died of diphtheria on Nov. 8. His co-workers sympathize deeply with the family.

Ed. Smith, bookkeeper, has gone to Chicago to complete his training in Automotive Electricity. Mr. Smith had been with the Company since 1913, coming to Denver Office from El Paso when the two districts were consolidated last winter. We wish him all success.

G. Arthur Livesey, of accounting department, has returned



Filling Station of F. W. Miles, Haxton, Colo.

One of the best and most exclusive Texaco Stations in this territory. Lamp shades, price signs, big advertisements on show window, flower bed, all bear our emblem. Mr. Miles is considering an electric sign to extend between the posts of the driveway, to bear the Texaco Trademark in colors and to be illuminated with colored lights.

to his home in Providence, R. I. where he contemplates re-entering the employ of the Company at Providence Terminal. City Salesman E. D. Nixon, Denver, has been obliged on account of his wife's health to sever his connection with the Company. He has gone to California. Our good wishes go with him, we shall all miss his affable and congenial presence.



Stockwell Auto Service Station, Carlsbad, New Mexico

An up-to-the-minute station with motto "Quality and Service." It's a credit to Carlsbad and to the progressive owners. They push Texaco Products exclusively.



Flashlight of the Stockwell Station Window Display

The Easy Pour Motor Oil Can display looks like real life. They are consistent Texaco boosters, as anything that sticks with the Stockwells long must show signs of life—no dead numbers around them. Texaco Quality and Stockwell Service make a winning combination.

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT.—The campaign on Open Order Sales is over and the dust raised by field representatives is settling once more over the land. Splendid efforts were put forth, evidenced by the high average.

Of course, only two men could win: Agent J. W. Knight, Hattiesburg, Miss., and Agent M. E. Trowbridge, Shreveport, La. They were closely pursued by R. H. Martin, of Houma, La., and by Jones, Seddon, and Hansen, of Meridian, Monroe, and Baton Rouge respectively.

Every agent and salesman in the district is to be commended for the conscientious efforts put forth. Only two could win, but the rest have good consolation in the fact that although they did not roll up enough sales to get to Port Arthur, they did sell so much that the gallonage and earnings of each will be materially increased and their stations much benefited. So they come out on the right side after all. The trip to our refinery is a well-defined step in learning the oil game, and Knight and Trowbridge will make the knowledge gained pay dividends.

TEXACO STAR

Agent W. J. Bouferie, Morgan City, La., "closed the biggest contract of his life" the other week in being married. Mr. and Mrs. Bouferie called on us while in the city and their visit was much appreciated.

Cashier Louis Develle, Arabi, La., was married last month, and Mr. and Mrs. Develle are now at home to their friends. "Britt" Rogers, promoted from Cashier at Vicksburg,



Arabi, La. Station

Agent J. P. McCormack is the "dude" with collar and tie and straw hat; Cashier L. Develle, looking business-like, shows ability to wrestle with pencil as well as with barrels and cases.



An Initial Order

First delivery on a contract closed by Agent McCormack; the customer's initial order was so large that it was necessary to call on New Orleans Station for a 5-ton truck for delivery. The men shown are part of the New Orleans Station force of men-with-a-push.



Mrs. Reynolds: "My dear, ever since May to the end of September you have been in bad humor."

Wm. Reynolds: "Look at the cause! Weatherlow, Ives, and Levy go to Port Arthur, all from Alabama, not one from Georgia."

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Miss., to Ass't Agent at Monroe, La., "stepped off" also, and there is now another vacant chair at the Misogynists Club.

These three members of the Texaco family are to be congratulated on the step they have taken, and we all wish them happiness and prosperity.

Agent Jones, Cashier Bovard, Tank Motorman McLenore, and Stake Motorman Butler of Meridian, Miss., are still working as one man. Mr. Butler during last month sold 40,000 gallons of oil, all delivered by 10-gallon delivery cans.

Chief Clerk Phillips is still on the sick list; he has recovered wonderfully, but it has been necessary twice to re-set his jaw. It is this member that seems most persistent in refusing to heal.

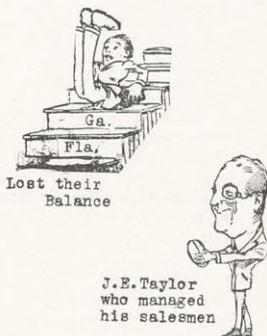
ATLANTA DISTRICT.—The much-talked-about Contest is now history, and the winners have been to Port Arthur and come back. Salesman C. J. Weatherlow, Birmingham, Ala., and Agent E. O. Griswold, Columbia, S. C., are still talking about the time they had.

The two winners finished with tremendous leads, the others were more closely bunched. Traveling Agent J. R. Ives, Sheffield, Ala., finished second in Salesmen's Class, with C. W. Levy, ("C. L. L.—50") of cartoonist fame, Birmingham, a close third. In Agents' Class, A. N. White, Bessemer, Ala., finished second, with G. L. Jackson, Sumter, S. C., third. Another point in South Carolina's favor was the record of T. W. Driver B. L. Styles, Greenville, who finished 7th out of 29 in Salesmen's Class, not a great deal behind the second man. We claim Mr. Styles' performance a record for Southern Territory. Are there other claimants?

We have to give the honors to Alabama, with one first place, two second, and one third; and to South Carolina, with one first and one third place. We're sure that the enthusiasm of Lub. Ass't J. E. Taylor in Alabama and Ass't Sup't H. J. Dougherty in South Carolina had a lot to do with this. But, oh, what was the matter with Georgia and Florida?

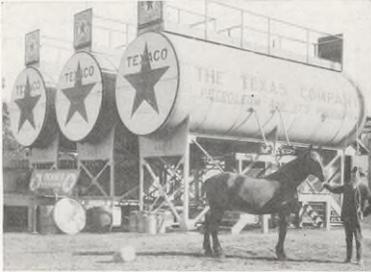
We wished to compare our winners with those in other Districts. So far as we can learn, only one ran up more points than our winners—a man in Dallas District. But we have not received figures from Oklahoma, and, as you all know, Superintendent Will Dodge has an uncanny habit of breaking records; so we had better not claim too much.

SALES DEPT. No notes from New York, N. TERRITORY Boston or Chicago have arrived before this last form is made up (Nov. 29). Photographs received some weeks ago are shown.—Ed.



J. E. Taylor
who managed
his salesmen

TEXACO STAR



Introducing "Monk"

The faithful animal here shown is in regular service at Clifton, N. J. He is a bay with black points and white spot in face. Monk's especial claim to notice is the number on his hoof—10. All his numerical predecessors and many of his numerical successors are off the record, but he pursues his high headed way like a colt. He was purchased October 9, 1909, when he was six years old. He has been used at Boston, Providence, Bayonne, Elizabeth, Newark, and Clifton. For a horse that has done as much hard work as he has done he is a wonder. His pose in the photograph is natural—high-headed as we have stated.



"Want some good Engine Oil, Mister?"

Ralph, 5-year-old son of Engineer Salesman Walter B. Gordon of the Boston Office. Mr. Gordon writes: "He is one of your most interested readers. He enjoys the 'Star' very much and is the first to see it when it arrives. He can tell where all of the Texaco Signs are hereabouts, and he knows that Dad's Hudson will not run well with anything but Texaco oil."

PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT.—The opening of the new Pittsburgh District on September 1, eliminated from our list of agents and salesmen, Messrs. Colby, Cunningham, Heinz, Killian, Mullins, McGuire, McKibbin, Prosser, and L. L. Scott. They all have our best wishes, and we feel sure that under the new District Office the same hearty cooperation between office and field force will exist as in the past.

The Eastern Shore Bunch finished September with \$4.63% collected on the outstanding balance of Sept. 1, closely pressed by the Pennsylvania-Philadelphia group with \$4.33%. Pennsylvania-Philadelphia Outside placed third with \$1.47%, followed by the New Jersey, Washington-Alexandria, All Maryland, and Maryland-Baltimore-City groups. What's the matter with Hunt of Washington-Alexandria, Representative Levins of New Jersey, and Representative Poole of Maryland out-

stripping that Eastern Shore of Maryland bunch? Go to work for 95% or 100%. Let's have competition. There's lots of room at the top. All accounts are due the 15th of each month, why wait? Let's go, before the real winter sets in and roads become bad! Get in the habit, watch your batting average, cut down those past due accounts. And the Station Stocks Read the leakage problem in Texaco Medium. Keep everyone interested, and the rest is easy.



S. Blasenstein

Salesman Blasenstein is far in the lead in this District for the sale of Two-Quart Easy Pour Cans. Mr. Blasenstein made a wager of a suit of clothes with Ass't Sup't Nielsen that he would sell 250 cases of these cans during August, and Sam won the bet with a record of 293 cases and is proudly wearing his new outfit. He made another bet that he would sell 200 cases of Thuban in September and will win this wager also, as to 8th of the month he had disposed of 134 cases.

HONOR MEN—100%—SEPTEMBER 1920

W. C. Mariner	Agent	Pocomoke, Md.
S. Blasenstein	Salesman	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. H. Quarles	Salesman	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. F. Dunkle	Agent	Chambersburg, Pa.
J. L. Cook	Agent	Cambridge, Md.
F. H. Higgins	Agent	Rockville, Md.

Quakerisms.—Well, well, well if he didn't go and do it—fact—in the cost of living is making people "fuzzy". Nerve? Well, he had nerve. Until the last minute—he couldn't find the ring! He was "dizzy". (No—No, you're wrong. Forgot the "18th" did you?) It took him three days to get back to his desk. Why, of course John Campbell, Jr. came back—he may have put the noose around his neck, but it is still loose. Is \$5,000 all the money in the world? Bill Andrews bet that the Indians would win the world series, and when they did—he heard the news in one of Keith's "toy dispensaries"—right out in meeting he let go a yell that put old Sitting Bull to shame. When he won those five "life savers" he acted as if the U. S. Mint were on a strike.

Did any of you go to a "Texaco Dance"? All right, all right, Ah—R-i-s-h-t! But did you ever attend to a "Philly Jazzfest"? Ah! that's different? When you say "Texaco Dance" in Philly—you have them hypnotized. This D. O. is running them every month—for the winter, and expects to wind up the season with one grand old shindy, free, gratis for nothing. All profits from monthly dances pay for the one grand slam. Any old Texaco jazzer can come and bring his storm and strife with him—the only limit we draw is 3,000 miles either way. Miss G. Leon is "Chairman," backed up by one of the cleverest set of scapers this side of heaven. Here's their play: "Please buy a ticket,"—one look you are slipping—for one ticket. "Perhaps the girl will enjoy our dance,"—a smile, a look—two tickets. "I wonder if it would be too much to ask you to try and dispose of a few,"—another smile, a shy look with eyes that are melting—Good-bye boys you're gone—ten tickets, please.

All the girls are out to make this dance so pleasing that everyone who attends will fight to get in on the next.



The head of the Parade

TEXACO STAR



Bolt of New York quoting Superintendent Snell of Chicago the odds on the Fat Men's Race.



Superintendent Clifton of Pittsburg, the out-of-towners' hustling shortstop.



Battery of the out-of-towners: Bret, Cope, and their brilliant first baseman F. D. Gatchell.

The outing for the Philadelphia District on Saturday, September 25, was a grand success. About 350 attended the picnic at Menlo Park, Perkaskie, Pa. A train chartered for the day left at 8 a. m. A band met us at the station at Perkaskie and we formed quite a parade going through the town to the picnic grounds. Field events in the forenoon, chicken dinner at 1 p. m., music and dancing in the afternoon. It was a beneficial recreation. A general spirit of good fellowship prevailed and it really was a reunion of the Texaco Family.



"Billie" Hughes
Winner of ball throwing contest

NORFOLK DISTRICT.—Watch our Economy Campaign develop. In the last five months our total operating expenses have remained practically stationary, while our gallonage has increased eighteen per cent.

The Railway Traffic Department is cutting the delay out of the movement of tank cars. Out of over 60 stations in this District only 8 showed slight increases in time consumed in the movement of loaded tank cars from Norfolk Terminal to the station as compared with previous month, while all other stations gained materially.

During August Driver N. B. Beal, Raleigh, N. C., put out 79,775 gallons of gasoline with his motor truck, earning for himself the title of Solicitor, Bulk Delivery Service. Mr. Beal is the sixth member of Norfolk District to win this title.

"Big" George Himmelman, of New Bern, N. C. Station, with his 330-gallon tank truck, put out in July 40,925 gallons of

product, with a truck efficiency of 230 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that our plant at New Bern is over a mile from the business center of the town and he has many small deliveries to make.



James Wesley Parker

This little son of C. W. Parker, Cashier of Norfolk District Office, uses Texaco Products exclusively in his Cole Eight and is never annoyed with improper lubrication—as is evidenced by his Texaco Smile while operating his car.

He is the first one to look through the "Star" every month to see what is going on in the Texaco World.

As Charlie says, he is the greatest boy ever.



Bill Tate and his Mother

This explains why Salesman Arthur L. Tate is so hard to get into Norfolk for any lengthy visit. It also exonerates him from all blame.

TEXACO STAR



Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wilkes and son

And the team with which Agent Wilkes of Bedford City, Va., put out over 17,000 gallons of products, as compared with 4,596 gallons in the same month of 1919.



"Pop" Krause and little Budley Krause

The Agent of Henderson, N. C. Station demonstrating the Easy Pour Can to a young Texaco Salesman receiving his first lesson.



O. L. Wilson and daughters, Asheville, N. C.

Warehouseman Wilson's three daughters are: Vernell, 6 years; Eleanor, 4 years; Virginia, 1 year.

The Norfolk Industrial Fair, held Sept. 6 to 11, attracted thousands of visitors daily. The many industrial and agricultural exhibits made a fine showing, and one of the most attractive and interesting was The Texas Company's. The booth was decorated especially to display the Easy Pour Can. A constant flow of Motor Oil was arranged by means of empty Easy Pour Cans, glass tubes, and a barrel of Motor Oil, the flow being brought about by gravity. This was easily one of the most interest-attracting booths at the Fair. All arrangements were in charge of Salesman Breeden, assisted by W. F. Guy and R. E. L. Dongan of the D. O. In the automobile races Texaco Motor Oils and gasoline were used exclusively and gave perfect satisfaction. One of our 1,800-gallon gasoline motor trucks was stationed on the grounds to keep a plentiful supply on hand, and made a fine picture in itself. It can truly be said that Texaco reigned supreme at the Industrial Fair.

ASPHALT SALES DEPT.

The word classic conveys a distinct meaning. It signifies a master stroke of whatever we refer to. Hence we announce that we recently had the privilege of listening to the first reading of an Asphalt Classic. The progenitors of that which we term an Asphalt Classic are the members of the Engineering Committee of the Asphalt Sales Department: A. R. Young, W. L. Hempelmann, R. R. Barrett. When this committee submitted the completed "Salesman's Hand Book" and "Salesman's Course" to the Superintendents' Committee in the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis on October 16, to our minds they little realized that they had compiled and composed one of the most thorough and instructive works on asphalt and its marketing that has ever been accomplished. Our imagination fails to compass a work on the subject that could excel the finished "Salesman's Hand Book" and "Salesman's Course." Those who are responsible for this work, we know, are too modest to admit it, but the finished work of the Engineering Committee may rightfully be called a classic in its field.

Everyone came to the St. Louis meeting with well thought out suggestions. Many subjects of vital importance were discussed. Those present:

W. H. Kershaw	D. A. Kennedy	W. L. Hempelmann
A. R. Young	P. A. Philibert	A. R. Chisolm
J. J. Garland, Jr.	A. Holland	J. F. Gallagher
F. V. Widger	R. M. Elder	C. E. Murphy
T. H. Reed	E. D. Sherrick	
L. W. Kemp	R. R. Barrett	

H. P. Phillips, Chief Accountant of the Western Division, at Kansas City, has entered the Baby Contest of the Asphalt Sales Department. He announces the arrival of a splendid 8-lb. girl, whose first birthday was October 28. "Ed" Sherrick states that rumor has it Mr. Phillips may name the little cutey Texaco, but we have our doubts, we have, we have!

In the October 1920 issue of Municipal and County *Engineering* there is an article entitled "The Largest Asphalt Refinery in the World". It describes the Port Neches Refinery of The Texas Company, and is illustrated by photographs of laboratory scenes and employees' quarters, and by a panorama view of the entire refinery which occupies a double page. Copies of this article may be obtained by writing to the New York Office of the Asphalt Sales Department.

EXPORT DEPT.

J. C. de Medeiros, Superintendent of Pernambuco District, Brazil, is spending his vacation in New York.

It's a pleasure to have with us J. J. Simon, Lubricating Engineer from Shanghai, China.

Among recent visitors to the New York office was Senor Jose M. Espin, genial Roofing Specialty Salesman, Havana Office.

C. H. Hobart arrived Oct. 12 at Sydney where he is to be connected with The Texas Company (Australia) Ltd.

I. W. Husher arrived Oct. 26 in Copenhagen.

C. N. Eubank sailed Oct. 12 on the *Empress of*

TEXACO STAR

Japan for Shanghai, China, accompanied by W. H. Pinkard who is returning to the Philippines after several months' vacation in the States.

F. L. Reynolds sailed Oct. 25 for Bombay, India, where he will take up duties as Lubricating Oil Engineer.

L. D. Ricci sailed Oct. 30 for Rio de Janeiro. R. Cullinan and H. A. Thomas left New York on Nov. 12 for the Far East.

W. H. Cantwell left Nov. 16 for Shanghai to be attached to our staff in North China.



Keeping the dust from flying in Porto Rico

Texaco Road Oil is best for the purpose as evidenced by the preference given it by the Insular Government.

PRODUCING DEPT. We are getting the final touches upon our nifty Wichita Falls offices, which now occupy the entire 5th floor of the First National Bank Building.

We have had some changes in our office force of late, several of the boys having left the service of the company and new ones coming in, but we claim we have one big family of fine fellows in our office.

We note from cards received that our old friend Charlie Kramer (the dear boy) is back in old New York, having left the service of the Company. Charlie doesn't say what he is doing, but our good wishes go out to him.

John R. Mason, of Engineering department, was recently transferred to Cisco. He is working with our good friend R. J. Topliffe taking general inventory.

General Superintendent J. L. McMahon has returned from a pleasant visit in the East.

W. B. Corlett, of Land Department, and other Wichitawans have returned from an interesting trip of inspection of the Elephant Butte Dam.

Our boys put up some stiff ball games towards the end of the season. We hope to have a rip roarin' team next season.

Hunting is now in full sway, and several have bagged a few. Clayton came in one day with 12 ducks. (Not so bad.)



Parks Camp

Home (bachelor quarters) of F. F. Chesnutt, who has been Construction Foreman with our Company for 14 years. Photo by F. S. Reid.



The George Power, N. W. Burkburnett Field

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Spencer and children. Mr. Spencer is in charge of our George Lease Power, and Mrs. Spencer is responsible for a profusion of flowers—garden plots and climbing vines—which beautify the grounds and buildings of their station. Her success shows what could be done under seemingly hard conditions at other holdings of The Texas Company. Photo by F. S. Reid.

PIPE LINES

Happy Hodges

This jolly youngster is learning the "oil game" in a pipe line station. Evidently he likes it. He is the son of Engineer W. A. Hodges, Arnold, Texas Pipe Line Station.



THE TEXAS STEAMSHIP CO.

The death of Howard T. Evans on September 21, 1920, came as a shock to his many friends and acquaintances.

He had been at his home in South Hampton, N. H., for some time and had submitted to an operation for a cerebral difficulty, but the operation failed to prolong his life.



Howard T. Evans

Mr. Evans commenced work with The Texas Steamship Company at Bath, Maine, on April 28, 1919, as a payroll clerk, and was gradually advanced until at the time of his death he held the position of cashier in the payroll department. Of a genial disposition and a pleasing manner, he made friends wherever he was. To his family we extend our sincere sympathy.

SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

THE MAIN INTEREST IS INDICATED BY CLASSIFICATION OR BRIEF COMMENT

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** Industrial Depression Does Not Solve Labor Problem, by Harry Tipper.—*Automotive Industries*, Oct. 21, 1920.
- REFINING** The Chemistry of Petroleum—XI, by C. J. Frankforter.—*Oil News*, Oct. 20, 1920.
Every Refinery Accident a Fire Hazard—Preventive Inspection, by A. D. Smith.—*National Petroleum News*, Oct. 13, 1920.
- PRODUCING** What a Petroleum Geologist Does, by Charles T. Kirk.—*Oil News*, Oct. 20, 1920.
The Handling and Storage of Crude Oil, and Evaporation Losses, by J. H. Wiggins.—*National Petroleum News*, Oct. 27, 1920.
- SALES** What Is the Best Way to Pay Salesmen?—*System*, November 1920.
Burglary Precautions Among Features of Denver Filling Stations.—*National Petroleum News*, Oct. 20, 1920.
- PIPE LINES** Pipe Lines a Fundamental Part of the Oil Industry, by C. P. Bowie (Bureau of Mines).—*Oil Trade Journal*, October 1920.
- SHIP YARD** Production Methods in Shipbuilding—IV, by Wm. B. Ferguson.—*Industrial Management*, October 1920.
- GENERAL** Our Future Supplies of Petroleum Products, by J. O. Lewis.—*Oil Trade Journal*, November 1920.
Refined Products Up, or Crude Down.—*National Petroleum News*, Oct. 27, 1920.
How to Develop Executive Ability, by John H. Van Deventer.—*Industrial Management*, October 1920.
Division, Not Multiplication, Is Red's Theory of Winning Wealth, by R. L. Welch.—*National Petroleum News*, Oct. 13, 1920.
Getting the Office Work Done—IV, by Wallace Clark.—*Industrial Management*, Oct. 1920.
- BOOK**—History of the I. W. W., by Paul Frederick Brissenden (1920), Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$4.00.



Night Cast, Dora Furnace, Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company, Pulaski, Va.
See page 10 for other plants of this Company, all using Texaco Products exclusively.



LORD GOD, IN THY NEW YEAR
HEED THOU OUR SONG AND PRAYER:

Thy world, O Lord, is sweet
With flowery prints of feet
Of children, who for rest
Climb to the mother's breast.
But oft the mother weeps
Where in the rose-strewn deeps
Love with the children sleeps.

Spare them life's little while
Ere they make heaven smile.

LORD GOD, IN THY NEW YEAR
HEED THOU OUR SONG AND PRAYER:

As fledged birds leave the nest,
So from the mother's breast
Wander the children sweet;
Sharp thorns are at their feet.
Shed from life's starless skies
Blindness falls on their eyes.
Lead them through darkest night,
Lord, to Thy light—Thy light.

Shield them life's little while
Ere they make heaven smile.

LORD GOD, IN THY NEW YEAR
HEED THOU OUR SONG AND PRAYER:

Which is the way to tread
Heavenward above our dead?
Which the true way that leads
Starward from stormy creeds?
Lo! we are wrapped in night;
Unbind more stars of light!
Arch in Thy heaven again
Rainbows of hope to men!

Lead us through darkest night,
Lord, to Thy light—Thy light!

THIS IS OUR SONG AND PRAYER,
LORD, IN THINE OWN NEW YEAR.

—Frank L. Stanton.