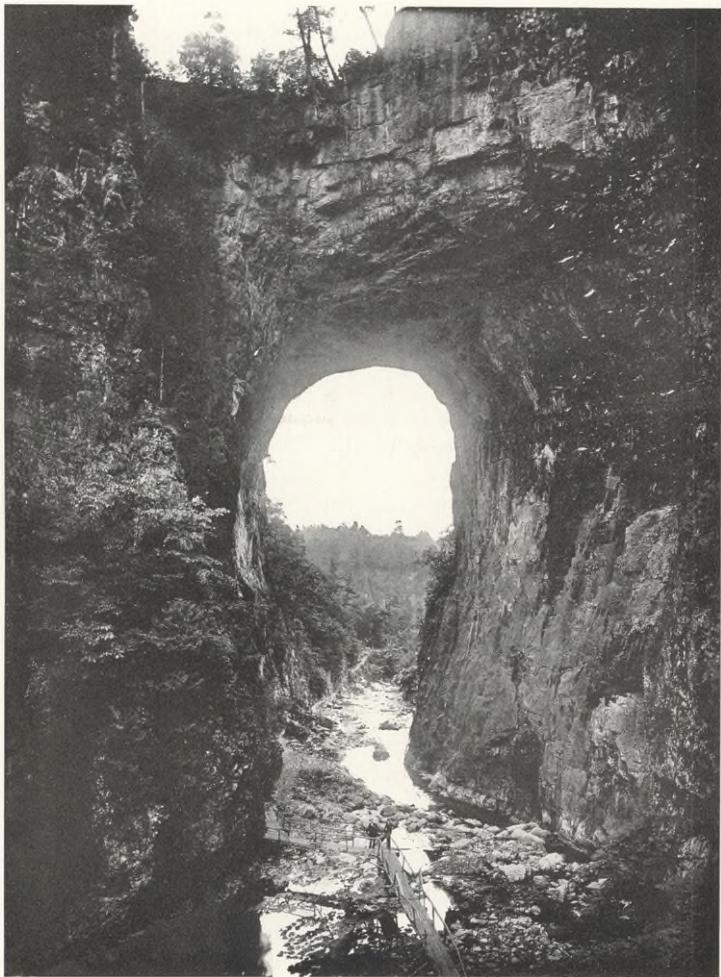


# *The* TEXACO STAR

*For Employes of The Texas Company*



NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XII

OCTOBER 1925

No. 10



Again the American National Red Cross asks you to join. Its annual Roll Call is your opportunity to help in a great work which has developed, through wise management, into an indispensable service in peace as well as in war. The instant the telegraph or radio flashes report of a disaster the Red Cross is 'on the job' with supplies and nurses.

Since it was organized the American Red Cross has expended \$48,000,000 for disaster relief in the United States. Since the Armistice it has expended \$53,000,000 for disabled men of the army and navy.

The Roll Call comes in November; but as it will open before our November issue comes out, a reminder is submitted to you in this October issue.

The Call will last from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving Day—November 11 to 26. But if one procrastinates in such a matter the opportunity is likely to be missed. The best day to attend to it will be the first day.

# The TEXACO STAR

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION  
TO EMPLOYES OF THE TEXAS COMPANY

Vol. XII

October 1925

No. 10

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*"All for Each—Each for All"*

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## The Installment Plan

The National Association of Credit Men at their convention in Atlantic City deemed it incumbent upon them to give public warning against a reckless expansion of the installment plan of sales.

By an encouraging coincidence, the opinion of the professional experts, who are in the best position to observe the results of indiscriminate extension of credit, was corroborated from an unexpected source; as it is a new and hopeful departure for labor leaders to advise their unions on such a topic.

The president and secretary of the International Typographical Union, after extended investigation, issued a warning to the members of the union against getting too deeply into debt, and particularly against allowing salesmen to load them up with more things than they can pay for. They deal with the question looking to the moral and economic effects upon the workman buyer.

It is well to consider the matter from every angle. There are three parties in interest: the sellers, the buyers, and the general public.

The interest of the public—that is of everybody—lies in the fact that if selling on credit is carried to excess, the merchants' losses force high prices. The prudent and honest pay for

the losses caused by the foolish and the dishonest.

Buying on credit is one of the corner stones of business. The merchant buys his goods with credit gained at his bank predicated on the payment of their accounts by his customers. The manufacturer buys materials with money borrowed against bills receivable. And so on, to the wage-earner who builds a house by borrowing against his capacity to earn.

But for the very reason that credit in general, or the "partial payment plan" in particular, may be so helpful if not abused, it is of prime importance that it be used conservatively. The credit men render a good service when they advise both business and the public to act conservatively in the extension and the acceptance of credit.

The merchants who extend credit could do much to diminish extravagance and dishonesty. They should consider the law of diminishing returns. If by artifices of salesmanship they induce too many to buy what they do not need or can not pay for, the consequent losses may force prices to a point that will so reduce the sales of merchandise to prudent and solvent buyers that the profit on the high prices becomes much less than would accrue from conservative crediting and lower prices.

President Lynch and Secretary Hayes of the International Typographical Union declare: "Thrift and the pay envelope are closely related; very often a demand for wage increase may be traced to unwise expenditures, mostly on credit, which have unduly and unreasonably increased the cost of living." Of course, they do not advocate lower wages, but "the better use of wages that are being received by the printers."

They place a major part of the blame for

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bad conditions on present abuses of salesmanship. In these days almost anyone can 'buy' almost anything for a petty cash payment. "That the worker," they say, "is entitled to some of life's luxuries as well as its necessities is a fundamental tenet of trade unionism, but that he should be haggled into mortgaging his future earnings, deprived of independence, and worried into an early grave is decidedly unsound from any viewpoint."

They think that the workman has but little chance of resisting the army of smart professionals who figure out scientific ways to break down his 'sales resistance.' They assert that salesmen "trained in selling psychology and in 'credit desire', abetted by wives jealous of their neighbors' displays, are constantly waiting to take the bread-winner in a weak moment and unload something on him."

This union's investigators found one man who had obligated himself to meet monthly payments which amounted to more than his monthly pay.

Their report is summed up as follows: "Good wages and healthful working conditions can not add greatly to the wage-earner's happiness if he persists in getting into debt. The root of the evil is the tremendous growth of credit business, which in the last decade has raised a need for defense of the workers against the high-pressure type of salesman. Bankers and business men realize the gravity of this condition, but find it difficult to check the trend away from thrift."

I do not know any forthright way of defending men when what they need protection against is their own weakness. The only help that can be given directly to the immediate individual victims of abused crediting is through the little-by-little and slow way of enlightenment—moral and economic. To do that, there should, of course, be constant endeavor.

To lay the blame on the salesmen gets you nowhere, unless it may serve to shame some of the victims out of allowing themselves to be persuaded against their will. Salesmen sell on the terms laid down for them by the concerns they represent.

Those who understand both the effects and the causes of the evil can mitigate it: (1) By inculcating and diffusing as widely as possible sound moral principles, the absolutely essential foundation for which is individual responsibility. (2) By disseminating as widely as possible primary knowledge of sound econom-

ics, and of the proper inducements to thrift. (3) By convincing managers of marketing houses—through steadfast efforts in trade associations and expert discussions in trade journals—that their own permanent interests forbid such extension of credit as involves losses which must be covered by excessive prices.

Every intelligent wholesaler understands that it would hurt his own business to sell a retailer more goods than he in turn could sell. This is plain to all, because the 'come-back' is quick and direct. The same principle is really in force between the retailer and his customers; but because the effects are diffused in time and place of incidence, they are commonly unrecognized or not identified.

A sale must be profitable to both parties, or, in the long run, it will be injurious to *both*. This, over any large field, is an economic fact. If marketing distributors in every legitimate business would take the long view they would see how the consequences come back upon themselves when they induce ultimate consumers into extravagances which they cannot afford.

One consequence I have already mentioned: Prices go too high with diminishing returns. This is evident because it is direct. Other consequences are diffused through the entire commonwealth, falling on the innocent bystander as well as upon the guilty parties; but the latter bear their full share.

The union leaders quoted tell of men being "worried into early graves" by foolish debts incurred under the partial payment plan. Did the employers of those men lose nothing during the period of the worrying? How much would embezzlement and other misdemeanors and crimes be diminished, if excessive and indiscriminate credit had not been extended? The direct loss of such depredations falls here and there, on the just and the unjust; but all pay heavy taxes for police and courts and prisons, and for the asylums for deserted children and penniless old age.

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Political patriotism never makes up for economic treason.—*Henry Ford*.

I wonder how long it will be before the people of this country realize that they are being put under martial law.—*Joseph Pennell*.

Hold-ups have become a custom, not an incident, of civic life.—*Judge E. Crane (N.Y.)*

## The TEXACO STAR

### EUTHANASIA

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime  
Bid me "Good morning."

—Mrs. Rochemont Barbauld.

(These verses so great a poet as Wordsworth  
envied her.)

To what purpose this circle which perpetually returns into itself; this game forever recommencing, after the same manner in which everything is born but to perish, and perishes but to be born again as it was? This monster which forever devours itself, that it may produce itself again, and which produces itself that it may again devour itself?

Never can this be the destination of my being and of all being. There must be something which exists because it has been brought forth, and which now remains and can never be brought forth again, after it has been brought forth once. And this, that is permanent, must beget itself amid the mutations of the perishing, and continue amid those mutations, and be borne along unhurt upon the waves of time.—*Fichte*.

The true tree which moves some to tears of joy is, in the eyes of others, only a green thing standing in the way. Some see Nature all ridicule and deformity and some scarce see Nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees.—*William Blake*.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions are steady, deep, perpetual and vivifying to the soul as is the natural pulse to the body.—*Ruskin*.

### SECRET

I watched my dearest  
With his last breath,  
Surprised, laugh softly,  
Recognizing death.  
If too soon one knew it,  
Who under sun  
Would ever stay upon the earth  
Till his time was done?

—Isabel Fiske Conant.

### THAT I MUST DIE

I see no tragedy that I must die,  
Fulfilling then the course for me designed.  
Having from far beginning struggled, I  
Fear naught, though then the struggle be resigned.  
Knowing no fear to pass into the grave,  
My spirit will not falter at the brink.  
When I began, the Eternal Spirit gave  
Me something more than body; and I think  
Although heart stops, although the flesh returns  
Into its elements, I still shall be  
Linked to that Power, which forever turns  
To vital forms, yet sets the spirit free.

—J. C. Tolman.

### LIFE WISDOM

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

—Benjamin Disraeli.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little  
spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.

—George Washington.

Belief consists in accepting the affirmations  
of the soul; unbelief, in denying them.

—Emerson.

A little mind often sees the unbelief without  
seeing the belief of large ones.—*Holmes*.

Where belief is painful we are slow to believe.  
—Ovid.

It is always right that a man should be able  
to render a reason for the faith that is in him.

—Sydney Smith.

There is no future pang can deal that justice  
on the self-condemned he deals on his own  
soul. No tongue can tell the tortures of that  
inward hell.—*Byron*.

Now conscience wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.  
—Milton.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a  
conscience in everything.—*Sterne*.

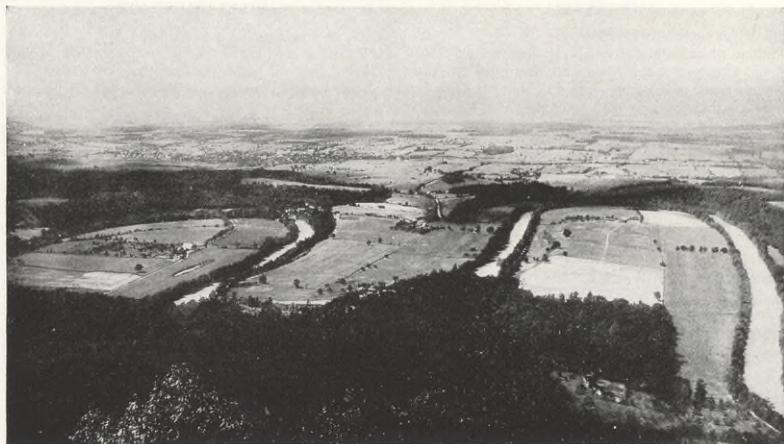
He only judges right who weighs, compares,  
and in the sternest sentence which his voice  
pronounces ne'er abandons charity.

—Wordsworth.

Taught by that power that pities me, I  
learn to pity them.—*Goldsmith*.

There is no alleviation for the sufferings of  
mankind except veracity of thought and of  
action, and the resolute facing of the world as  
it is.—*Huxley*.

## *The TEXACO STAR*



The Shenandoah River and Valley seen from Forester's Tower in the Massanutton Range.  
Across the Valley can be seen the Blue Ridge Mountains.

For most of the photographs and data for this article we are indebted to the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce, Richmond, Va.

## The Shenandoah National Park

The Southern Appalachian National Park Committee reported to the Secretary of the Interior, on December 12, 1924, that the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia were "the outstanding and logical place for the creation of the first national park in the Southern Appalachians." In this report, which is now under consideration by the Congress, the Committee says:

It will surprise the American people to learn that a national park site with fine scenic and recreational qualities can be found within a three-hour ride of our National Capital, and within a day's ride of forty million of our inhabitants. It has many canyons and gorges with beautiful cascading streams. It has some splendid primeval forests and the opportunity is there to develop an animal refuge of national importance. Along with the whole Southern Appalachians, this area is full of historic interest; the mountains looking down on valleys with their many battlefields of Revolutionary and Civil War periods, and the birthplace of many of the presidents of the United States. Within easy access are the famous caverns of the Shenandoah Valley.

The greatest single feature is a possible skyline

drive along the mountain top following a continuous ridge and looking down westerly on the Shenandoah Valley from 2,500 to 3,500 feet below, and also commanding a view of the Piedmont Plain stretching easterly to the Washington Monument, which landmark of our National Capital may be seen on a clear day. Few scenic drives in the world could surpass it.

The Virginia State Chamber of Commerce directs attention to a surprising number of points of historical interest within 100 miles of the center of the Park area.

Within 100 miles of Stony Man mountain and Hawk's Bill peak, which rise majestically in the heart of the proposed Park, are the birthplaces of George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, of the Revolutionary Lees and of Robert E. Lee, of George Rogers Clark, the 'Hannibal of the Northwest', of John Sevier, founder of Tennessee, of John Randolph, ancestor of the two Harrisons who were Presidents of the United States, of Sam Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, of President Tyler, and Henry Clay. Within this circle lie the homes of John Marshall, James

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Looking across Blue Ridge Mountains from Park area.



The Piedmont Valley.

Madison, Winfield Scott, and Zachary Taylor.

Encircled by this magic line are more than 200 famous battlefields of the Revolutionary War and the War between the States, and a few miles beyond it were enacted the two greatest military scenes in American history, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Near Charlottesville are remains of the camp where Burgoyne's army was imprisoned when captured by the Continental army. On the road from Lexington to Goshen is Fort Dickinson famous in the Indian warfare of colonial days. From Haydensville to Keswick lies today a stretch of road on which Virginia's Paul Revere, Jack Jouette, galloped to Charlottesville to warn the Legislature that Tarleton's men were swooping down upon Thomas Jefferson and his companions in the name of the King. The road cut by Lafayette in pursuit of the British still connects Montpelier and Waldrop. At Culpeper was the home of the first Virginia minute men who used the Rattlesnake Flag.

Skirting the Park area, we find, not far beyond its northern limit, Harper's Ferry, where was enacted the central scene of John Brown's raid.

Winchester, just above the northern limit of the Park area, was taken and retaken upwards of 72 times by United States or Confederate forces; there Sheridan made his Ride down the old Warrior's Trail, now the Shenandoah Pike. Winchester was the headquarters of the Shawnees before the time of the white man. There we find old Fort Loudoun, and the home of Lord Fairfax. From Winchester begins a chain of famous battlefields.

Continuing down the Valley pike, the tourist passes in quick succession Middletown, Cedar Creek, Mount Jackson, Woodstock, Fisher's

Hill, Forest Hill, and Newmarket—where Virginia Military Institute cadets, boys in their teens, assisted by other Confederate units, defeated the forces of a Union army. Here is Fort Republic, and the scene of the death of General Ashby Turner. On the other side of the range lie the battlefields of Snicker's Gap, Middleburg, Paris, White Post, Linden, Manasas Gap, Front Royal, Flint Hill, Milford, Madison Courthouse, Cedar Mountain, Gordonsville, Chancellorville, Bloody Angle, Stafford Courthouse, Dumfries, Occoquan, Wolf Run Shoals, and First and Second Bull Run.

At Staunton lies a deed signed with the Indians for territory which today forms seven States. The settlers of early colonial days parleyed with the Indians for all of this territory and finally, for a miscellaneous assortment of goods, including 1,000 hatchets, the Indians traded what is now Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and a part of Michigan.

In the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountain Park site stands today a monument on the spot where Governor Spotswood and his "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" first gazed across at the great valley of the Shenandoah, which they discovered and claimed for Virginia. The name Shenandoah is Agonquin Indian for "Daughter of the Stars," but Spotswood in his enthusiasm called the river the Euphrates. This first trip into the Valley of Virginia was made in an exploration led by Governor Sir Alexander Spotswood, his Transmontane Expedition of 1716. He probably entered the Valley by Swift Run Gap, southeast of Harrisonburg. He carried back a glowing account of the country, and instituted an order known as the Knights of the Horseshoe—because the horses were shod for this moun-

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View from Fork Mountain.

South from Mt. Marshall.

tain travel, which was not customary in Tidewater Virginia.

In the very shadow of this mighty range lies the birthplace of the McCormick reaper, in Rockbridge County near Fairfield, where Sam Houston first saw the light of day. And five miles across country on the road from Lexington to Goshen is where Gibbs first invented the sewing machine. It may be added that at the opposite end of a diameter of the circle, near Hagerstown, Maryland, James Runsey made a successful steamboat in 1787.

Describing the area selected for the establishment of the first Appalachian national park, Bulletin 42 of the National Parks Association, Washington, D. C., says:

The proposed Shenandoah National Park consists of an irregular strip of virgin forest 66 miles long and from 8 to 18 miles wide, stretched along the summit of the main range of the Blue Ridge where it parallels the Shenandoah Valley of which it forms the southeastern wall.

Its northern point is Front Royal, 20 miles south of Winchester, where the mountains rise

with greater abruptness to altitudes over 3,000 feet. This is historic ground.

Southwesterly to its end at Jarman Gap near Waynesboro, 30 miles due west of Charlottesville, seat of the University of Virginia, and 10 miles east of Staunton, Woodrow Wilson's birthplace, the range increases in altitude to above 4,000 feet, gaining in steepness of slope and roughness of contour; here summits crowd summits, fretted ridges drop hundreds and often, in consecutive precipices, thousands of feet, and innumerable little rivers cascade from both sides of the divide into innumerable pools which shelter speckled trout.

Though crossed by several roads, two of them famous in American history, the precipitousness of the range, forbidding profitable exploitation, has saved for us through centuries of civilization more than 600 square miles of almost untouched native forest within 90 miles of the nation's capital and 300 miles of its metropolis. Even Virginians have not realized their possession of a natural treasure so extraordinary.

The Bulletin continues its description of the area as follows:

Near Skyland, 25 miles south of the area's northern point and 5 miles below the crossing of the Lee Highway at Thornton Gap, there is a narrow saddle from which the larger soft woods have been lumbered during the last quarter century; and there are several lesser areas similarly lumbered along old highways farther south. But these forest spots remain, nevertheless, beautiful, and all together the partly cut areas are trifling compared with the great body of the untouched forest, which constitutes an invaluable exhibit of the wilderness that covered eastern North America from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf when our forefathers settled at Jamestown and Plymouth.

Within 50 miles of the southern end of the Park area is the famous Natural Bridge, 90 feet long and 220 feet high. The equally famous caverns and grottoes of the Shenandoah Valley extend along the Park site within 10 or 12 miles of it—the Endless Caverns, the Grottoes of the Shenandoah, the Luray Caves,



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Windswept pines on Crescent Rock.



Frost at Skyland.



Hawk's Bill in the fog.

For these photographs we are indebted to Judge H. W. Holt of Staunton, Virginia.

erns, and others less famous. All have great halls, chambers, and passageways, magnificently decorated with stalactites and stalagmites of all sizes and every imaginable form. The wonder of the caverns is a Fairy Lake, which, it is believed, was formed by the action of water escaping from the valley through the hills; for the Shenandoah Valley must once have been a great lake. Many feet below the known regions of the caves extend other caverns and passageways which are continually being opened up.

The Shenandoah Valley has been for a hundred years one of the garden spots of America. Here a great number of Virginia's celebrated apple orchards are to be seen, and great agricultural areas famed throughout the world. During the War between the States the Shenandoah Valley was known as the Granary of the Confederacy. It supplied the South with much of its food.

This proposed National Park is best seen, in silhouette, from the Shenandoah Valley, whose walls of parallel ranges culminate toward the north in the Alleghanies of West Virginia.

It extends more than 300 miles from the Maryland boundary on the north to the Tennessee line on the south, averaging 12 to 20 miles in width and 1200 to 1500 feet in altitude. Riding along the Valley Pike, the first important macadamized road in America, the traveler sees on the east the knobby crests of the Blue Ridge towering 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the valley, and on the west the more evenly crested Alleghanies—their true dimensions softened in the distance.

The Valley is divided, in part, by what may be called a freak of nature—the range-like Massanutten Mountain, rising abruptly from the center of the Valley near Harrisonburg to an altitude of 2,500 feet and continuing for 30 miles. It divides the North Fork and the South Fork of the Shenandoah River, until it sinks with the same abruptness near Strasburg, and lets the forks of the river join. From the good highways, and from the railroad which follows the South Fork but short cuts its innumerable bends, the view is imposing and lovely.

Too much is made of absolute altitude in



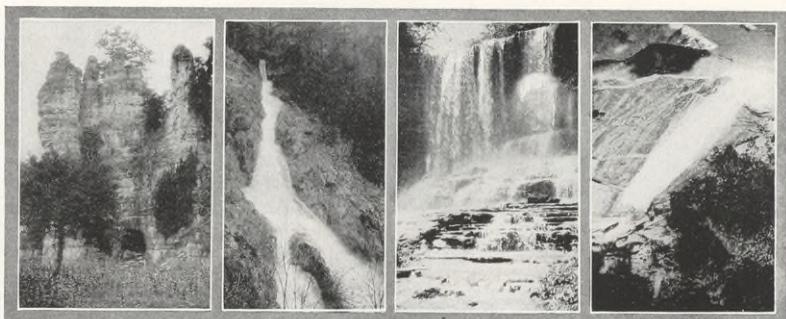
1. Lower Falls on Neck Creek.  
in Shenandoah National Park.



2. Upper Falls in White Oak Canyon. 3. The Rappidan. 4. Virgin timber  
For these photographs we thank Judge H. W. Holt of Staunton.



## The TEXACO STAR



1. Natural Chimney near Harrisburg. The hole at the foot of the Chimney is used by the proprietor as a stable for cows, and a similar cavity at the foot of another of these remarkable rocks is used by the farmer as a storage place for his corn planter. 2. Dry Run Falls, 4 miles east of Elkton. The tips of branches seen in the foreground are tops of tall trees growing at the foot of the falls. 3. Chief Benge Falls near Bristol. 4. Lace Falls, Natural Bridge, Va.

comparing our Eastern and Western mountains. The Rockies rise to 12,000 feet above valleys 9,000 feet in altitude, and the Blue Ridge Mountains rise to 4,000 feet from valleys less than 1,000 feet in altitude. What is the difference to the spectator? Stony Man towers above the Shenandoah as high as El Capitan above Yosemite.

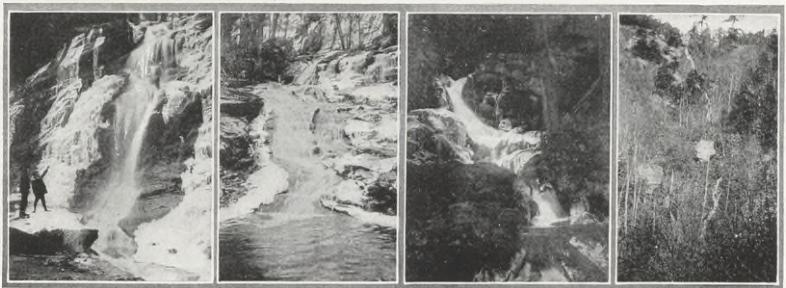
When mountains rising from high bases are pushed above the timber line, erosion causes bald splintered summits; whereas summits rising with equal loftiness from lower levels are protected by blankets of forest. The National Parks Association says: "If to our Eastern eyes the bare crags and snowfields of the higher Western mountains provoke the greater thrill, this advantage will be more than offset by the richness in form and color in the Eastern

forests. More than a hundred tree species glorify the Appalachians; few more than a dozen the Sierras."

Let us glimpse the desired Virginia national park from within; as it is at present, before the construction of the intended highway over its skyline:

Its northern third, less in altitude and less varied in configuration, is more heavily forested. From the Lee Highway crossing, the surface southward becomes increasingly rugged, the summit groupings bolder, the streams larger, the canyons more deeply cut, the falls and cascades more numerous and wilder, the precipices deeper and more picturesque.

Entering by the Lee Highway, 90 miles from Washington, the comfortable public camp at Skyland is a convenient point of departure. It is a camp of the popular Western type, its many



1-2. Falls in Park area.

3. Doyles Run.

4. Hundreds of tiny streams trickle down mountainsides

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Walls of White Oak Canyon. Lower falls in Canyon. Trout brook near Staunton. Falls near Waynesboro.

cabins roughly bark-covered but concealing such luxuries within as electric lights and modern bath rooms. Its proprietor, G. Freeman Pollock, needed twenty years to develop it from its original canvas tent. From here our journey southward is on horseback along the divide, with many side excursions afoot into extravagantly beautiful cascaded canyons slanting sharply for several miles through heavy forests of virgin spruce, hemlock, and balsam; up the edges of precipices overlooking the enormous Shenandoah valleys and range after range of distant mountains; to the craggy summits of peaks overlooking oceans of tumbled wilderness.

At Skyland, before we start, we encounter Stony Man, one of the most striking mountain personalities of the range, a pyramid 4,031 feet in altitude. From the rough lookout on its summit we gaze steeply down 3,000 feet, much of it appearing perpendicular. We overlook the broad valley of the South Fork of the Shenandoah, the river winding in snake-like curves. Luray is seen threaded on the railroad. Beyond rises the wild range-like Massanutten Mountain 2,500 feet in altitude and 30 miles in length, concealing behind it the still broader valley of the North Fork. And beyond Massanutten rises another elongated complicated towering ridge, North Mountain, and beyond that still others till the Alleghanies of West Virginia merge with the sky.

One of the most inspiring views in America, this from the summit of Stony Man. And, as we journey southward, we have it again from the Crescent Rock Cliffs, which drop nearly 3,000 feet, and again and again for many miles from innumerable cliffs, for the steep side of the Blue Ridge is the Shenandoah Valley side.

White Oak Canyon, a sample of scores of canyons, is itself one of the most exquisite in America. The lusty stream, a continuous succession of rushes leaps and falls, dropping 2,500 feet in four miles. Its gorge is hollowed in green epidote schist streaked with white quartz, a setting of striking beauty. On its right Ragged Mountain, Old Rag, for short, towers above slopes of virgin forest,

On its left is a high abrupt escarpment of gray limestone hung from top to bottom with ferns and vines, and shaded from far above with white oak, dogwood, ash, maples, chestnut, beech, pines, birches, azalea, and scores of tangled shrubs.

At any point in White Oak Canyon, standing on some rock jutting above the stream, one glances upstream at a dozen gleaming bits of foaming water, one balanced above the other in sharp perspective; and far downward at many successive brink of little falls, till all is lost in foliage. Looking downstream, above the descending forest and between converging mountain slopes, one sees tumbled foothills, far distant farms, and the roofs and steeples of a valley town.

Hawk's Bill, 4,066 feet in altitude, is the next outstanding peak, rampart among dense forests. Its summit, like most of the summits, is clothed heavily with stunted twisted oaks, poplars, and chestnuts interspersed with gnarled pines, cedars, and others, and these persist in more stalwart stature down its eastward slopes; its westward slopes glow with sweeping groves of silver fir.

Here we see the mountain meadows of blue-grass, not the carefully cultivated blue-grass of



In White Oak Canyon

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Hawk's Bill from Fisher's Gap

the central south, but its ancestor, the wild blue-grass that the settlers of Kentucky prized so highly and developed to the prosperity of their State. These rich forest-bordered wild-flowered little meadows occur again and again on the summits and steep western slopes of the region, becoming larger and more plentiful as we journey south, distinguishing the landscape west of the divide from the close forests and rock formations east of it.

In the rich meadows of these mountain fastnesses the horses of the Confederacy were hidden in periods of danger.

Through Fisher's Gap, south of Hawk's Bill, crosses the old military road built for the passage of armies and used by both sides in turn. It has been impassable for many years but may be made a scenic road of rare beauty. In this isolated, lonesome neighborhood, commanding a gorgeous view of mountains and distant valleys, a shrewd landowner has built a charming cottage for exclusive rental to newly-weds. It is known as Honeymoon Bungalow.

At intervals, on the western slopes, but especially among the splendid forests of the eastern heart of the range, occur heavy groves of hemlock, trees of magnificent girth and massed feathery foliage. In the higher altitudes are occasional groves of spruce whose intertwined tops shut the sunlight from thick brown carpets of needles, in which, for lack of light, no shrubs nor wild flowers grow.

The glory of this diversified forest, tilted at all angles, ascending peaks to ragged crests, dropping into countless ravines, and watered by a thousand streams, can only be suggested.

We must mention one other of the numerous mountain personalities, Great Fork Mountain,



Falls near Peaks of Otter  
Honeymoon Bungalow in heart of Blue Ridge Mts.

about midway of the park. It is the commanding elevation of the range, rising probably to 4,500 feet. On its slope are thousands of fine hemlocks, and ancient white pines grow plentifully on all sides to its summit of gray elongated crags which stand upright together like giant organ pipes.

Great Fork Mountain is a spectacle from every summit for miles around, and its higher slopes command an extraordinary range of views. Westward, over the crest of the divide and across the broad intervening hidden abyss, are seen ranges many miles away. Eastward, across the deep forested gorges of the young Rapidan River, emerge the ramparts and crags of Double Top Mountain, while down the Rapidan Valley is disclosed an unforgettable vista of the distant Piedmont Valley with Criglersville among the foothills. And southward down the range are innumerable peaks.

The southern half of the proposed park is rich in rugged scenery. From Elkton in the Shenandoah Valley crosses the ancient Spottsylvania Trail, built through Swift Run Gap to open the western wilderness which Governor Spottsylvania first discovered by crossing the Blue Ridge. It is now an excellent motor road, and a monument to him and his Knights of the Horseshoe stands on the crest.

The wilderness reaches its climax at Black Rock, near its southern end.

To tour the Shenandoah National Park and visit historic places, within and beyond the 100 miles radius, would fill a two weeks vacation with exhilarating and instructive experiences for the 40,000,000 people within easy range of this beautiful territory.

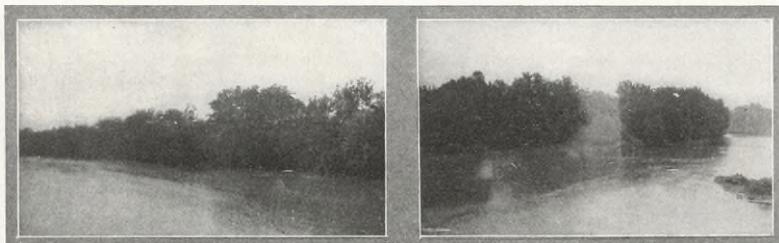
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Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it; but likely enough it is gone the moment we say to ourselves, "Here it is!"

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

We overvalue knowledge against wisdom, speed against sureness, standardization against originality, phrases against truth, democracy against individualism, the State against the individual soul. We are living in the age of the cinematograph mind, and no man remembers in the evening what he read in the morning.—James M. Beck.

## The TEXACO STAR



The Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry

Snapshots from the tall bridge which, with approaches to cover high stages of the river, now spans the Shenandoah at a point where it was never bridged before this day of automobile highways. The little photographs were taken as the writer passed over the bridge on August 24, 1925, when the river was at an extraordinarily low stage following the long drought which had extended for months from central Pennsylvania to South Texas. The little bar, the point of which is seen at the right, is usually under water.

### An Adventure of Youth

ARTHUR LEFEVRE, Editor of The Texaco Star

After a chance visit to the scene of an adventure of my youth (which, off from ordinary lines of travel, I did not expect ever to see again) I happened to tell the experience here recorded to several friends. They so insisted that it would be interesting to readers of the *Star*, that, overborne, I give it for what it may be worth. I do not see any general interest in it unless it illustrates the risks of life that very young men will take, which maturer judgment would not deem justified. Some vital differences between horses and automobiles are also illustrated.

It was during the summer vacation of 1881, when I was 18 years old, a student in Baltimore City College, from which I graduated in June 1882 and went to the University of Virginia the following September. A few weeks before the vacation I had met a charming young lady with whom I was impelled to cultivate further acquaintance. Having diligently improved all opportunities of the interval, when the vacation season came I was invited to visit the family at a mountain farm owned by them at Berry's Ferry in Fauquier County, Virginia.

Early in July, I set out on my accustomed summer "ride." The horse I rode my father had bought for \$200, but he was worth \$2,000. We had no pedigree for him, but the Arabian blood was there—certainly his "mother stole him" from a prince. These facts are mentioned because this story belongs more to him than to me. The feat was his.

The first day I rode from Baltimore to Frederick City, 48 miles. The second day I

rode to Millwood in Clarke County, Virginia, crossing the Potomac and the Shenandoah over the forked bridge at Harper's Ferry; this was 75 miles, but my horse came in with arched neck and outstanding rat-tail. At times I rode him 75 to 100 miles a day, but never a wind-gall. Always I "rustled" up some negro "boy" to wash his legs and rub him all over and bed him well. For myself, I never suffered soreness of skin or muscles because I took a towel bath before sleeping—bath-tubs being unknown in country hostelries in those days.

Millwood, at that time, was a very small village. There was no inn; but a country doctor, whose house was on the south side of the road from Winchester to Berry's Ferry, accepted money from the occasional traveler, and I put up at his house for the night.

In the morning the doctor told me that the river was in flood and that I must not attempt to ford but must cross on the ferry—about a mile further on the road. Of course I crossed on the ferry boat. I spent a happy day at an old place just beyond the ferry, with its blue-grass meadows up in the mountains. It happened that only ladies were at home; and after supper, though invited to spend the night, I said I had put up at Millwood and must make an early start for Luray in the morning. About eight o'clock I rode to the ferry.

There was a slight drizzle of mist and it was very dark. The ferry boat was on the other side. It seemed hardly possible that my voice could carry over the surging river, but I called to the ferryman until I was hoarse.

## The TEXACO STAR

At last, being unwilling to go back and wake up ladies to tell that I could not get across the river, I put my horse in to swim over.

The next year I learned that the river was never forded at the place of the ferry, the ford being half a mile down stream.

Having gone into the black torrent, I acted intelligently enough. I did not resist the current but guided the swimmer diagonally across it—being steadily swept to the right. He swam deep, only his outstretched head above the water. The danger in such a case is that the horse may lose his will to continue an exhausting struggle, heave a sigh, and go under. All the way I talked to my horse quietly but firmly, and he put forth the best and last that was in him—for the sake, I believe, of a loved rider. Such is the noble discipline of which a well bred horse is capable.

Often we had to tread water for a moment to let some tree or fence debris or outhouse pass in the blackness. Once some sort of raft went by loaded with squealing pigs.

When about half-way across, hearing how he labored, as a precaution, I took my feet out of the stirrups—in case he should elect to sink. It would have been a poor chance for me, able to swim only 'dog-fashion,' and with coat and boots on; but I might possibly have kept afloat until washed to some island or bank. I had some rather small Havana cigars, one of which I lit when I began to ponder whether I should go back to the house or try to swim the river, and was smoking that when I put the horse into the water. From it I lit another when I took my feet out of the stirrups, and threw its stump away when the opposite bank loomed up. One of my friends, an ex-Attorney-General of the United States who should be a good judge of such matters, opined that this item of the account discredited the whole story; but it is the simple truth.

At last a deeper blackness rose before us which I knew must be the opposite bank. When we reached it, I made the horse rear against it and found that, as he stood on a shallow and fortunately firm bottom, his fore legs went well above the top of the bank—which was here the primeval wilderness. It seemed hopeless to search up or down for an easier way out. The footing was good here, and there might be treacherous holes on either side.

So I put him to the heavy task of digging his way up and out. In the process I suppose he pulled down tons of soil matted with the roots of grass and bushes. Here the danger was that he might exert himself to desperation

and throw himself backward. Whenever I felt him trembling from exhaustion I made him stand still until he got wind again. Finally he dug a slanting way upon which he could get a hind foot, and scrambled on top of the bank.

Here we stood in a jungle of rank undergrowth. I knew we had been washed down to the right and that the road lay off to the left. When he had thoroughly recovered his breath, I put my head at the base of his neck and started him to fight his way through that dense growth. At times his feet became tangled in creeping vines and he had to stand and kick loose. This seemed to be beyond his patience, and several times he squealed with what seemed to be uncontrollable vexation. I had never before, nor have I since, seen a horse act in that way.

All things come to an end—if you can keep going—and finally we broke out into the road.

When I reached the doctor's house in Millwood it was midnight. He could hardly believe that we had swum the river in its flood at Berry's Ferry.

I have heard Moseby's men tell of the drowning of many "Yankee" troopers at Berry's Ferry. Up and down all roads through Winchester there was almost incessant skirmishing. Word might come to some cavalry troop, who had wandered, say, to Boyce, unfamiliar with the ground, that Moseby's men were pelting down the road from Winchester. Perhaps they knew of reinforcements across the river in Fauquier and galloped that way—past Millwood to the ferrying place to which the road squarely leads. Not knowing that the ford was half a mile down stream, they would put their horses in, and many a one, it was said, never got out.

Last August I rode up the Valley of Virginia, in a car driven by my son, from Staunton to Winchester, D. C. The "Blue Book" gave the route through Berryville and Leesburg; but, knowing this country in my youth, it occurred to me that we could just as well take the road from Winchester to Washington through Boyce, Middleburg, and Fairfax Courthouse—which crosses the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry. This we did. And my son, to whom this story had been told in his boyhood, had an opportunity to see with his own eyes that his father had not exaggerated the formidability of the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, with the river on rampage, for a midnight swim across. There was a certain satisfaction in this to me; for boys may be somewhat skeptical of the recollections of their seniors.

## The TEXACO STAR



Completed Texaco Sheet Asphalt on a section of the Lincoln Highway

### Sheet Asphalt Paving on Lincoln Highway

CHARLES E. MURPHY, Assistant Superintendent Advertising Division

The Lincoln Highway, our greatest trans-continental route, extends from coast to coast through twelve states. It has its gateway in New Jersey, and its length through New Jersey is 57.6 miles, beginning at the ferry slips on the Hudson River and ending in Trenton, where it crosses the Delaware River into Pennsylvania. Much has been written on the improvement of the Lincoln Highway by various states. This paper will deal particularly with the final link of modern hard-surfaced pavement which New Jersey has recently completed between Princeton and Trenton. The design of this pavement was adopted after much research, because of the nature of the soil and the character of the traffic it must bear.

So great has been the increased use of the Lincoln Highway in New Jersey that what was once considered heavy truck traffic has developed into convoys and caravans of high-speed trucks lasting through day and night during the entire year. This route is kept clear of snow throughout the winter.

On April 13, 1924, in a period of 16 hours 4,789 vehicles passed a given point. On April 11, 1924, when the number of vehicles passing in 16 hours was 1,946, there were 366 trucks, 180 of which were of the heavy high-speed type. On the day of the Princeton-Harvard football game, November 10, 1923, the traffic check showed 13,074 vehicles passing a given point on this route, 1,029 of these being motor trucks of which 484 were of the heavy type.

On the day of the Princeton-Yale football game, November 15, 1924, the traffic was at the rate of one car every 3 seconds.

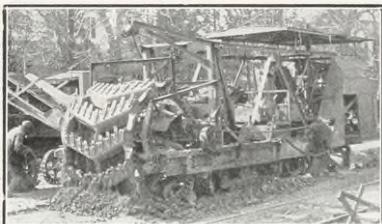
The usual traffic which this road carries might be termed "terminal traffic," for it is the main highway between New York City and Philadelphia and over it must go these great highway transports which ply between these terminal cities. Further, between New York and Philadelphia lie such important industrial communities as Jersey City, Newark, New Brunswick, Trenton, and Camden, and travel from and to these points is far from small.

When plans were made for the reconstruction of this road it was decided not only to



Railroad type of asphalt plant on New Jersey Lincoln Highway paving job

## The TEXACO STAR



Rotary excavator ripping up surface of old road preparatory to grading and resurfacing

build a high type of pavement, but also to improve all alignments where necessary so as to eliminate every dangerous curve. Accordingly, several sections of the route were widened and dangerous curves were wiped out at Lawrenceville, Shipetauk Creek, Brewer's Hill, and at Russell's curve near Princeton.

Detailed attention was paid to drainage, and 10,000 lineal feet of storm-drains and 13,400 feet of underdrain were installed. Two old bridges along the route were torn down and wide stone and concrete bridges built in their stead. At several points along the route there were spongy places in the subgrade. These were eliminated by the addition of 700 cubic yards of cinders as subbase, carefully rolled and consolidated. The work also required the relocation and paving of about one mile of trolley tracks. The maximum grade before construction, which was 7 per cent, has been reduced to 5.5 per cent. The maximum curvature was reduced from 15 degrees to 8 degrees.

The new surface of this roadway is mostly sheet asphalt laid on a plain concrete base 8 inches in thickness. There is a 1½ inch asphalt binder course between the concrete base and the 1½ inch wearing surface. Granite block with asphalt filler on a 6 inch concrete base was laid between trolley tracks for 4,482 square yards, and a concrete surface 10 inches thick covers 19,230 square yards. The width of the sheet asphalt is 20 to 30 feet, and that of the concrete 30 feet.

The machinery and equipment used in constructing this final link of the Lincoln Highway in New Jersey represented a vast investment. Large excavators worked during the greater part of the summer of 1924 digging, ripping, and tearing away earth, rocks, and tree stumps, in order to eliminate the dangerous curves and



Laying, spreading, and tamping Texaco Sheet Asphalt wearing surface on New Jersey section of Lincoln Highway.

to provide adequate drainage. A large asphalt plant of the railroad type and various models of concrete mixers were among the other features of the equipment.

Precision marked the prosecution of the work, and each step followed in scientific sequence. Even the concrete curbing was carefully boomed to clean it before the roller consolidated the asphalt surface. This was done to insure absolute evenness in rolling. As the surface was gradually completed, a scoop roller attached to a tractor followed up shortly, replacing all excavated material on the sides of the roadway, from which substantial shoulders were built to insure safety in driving.

The roadway was left open for local and necessary traffic during most of the construction. As one-half of the old highway was being excavated, graded, and rolled, the other half remained open to traffic. When the first half of the new pavement was constructed, most of it being asphalt, it was ready for use immediately, and traffic was allowed to pass over it while the other half was being constructed.

With the opening of Holland Vehicular Tunnel between New York City and Jersey City, in about a year, and the completion of the great viaduct and state highway passing through the heart of Jersey City, this eastern section of the Lincoln Highway will receive even heavier and more intensive traffic.

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The gardener trims back the rose trees to improve the blooms; do you suppose we are given our trimmings for a similar reason?

—*The Kodak Magazine*,

Some people grow old gracefully; others attempt the new dances.—*Life*.

# The TEXACO STAR

## Of Thrift

L. C. OAKLEY, Governmental Reports Department

OF THE WISDOM OF THRIFT

Some day you will stop working—voluntarily or otherwise. It seems the part of wisdom to provide against that day. Consider the bees and the squirrels. Can you afford to be less prudent? The time to begin was when you took your first salary—and, if you did not so act, the safest time left is on receipt of your next pay. If you retire before you die, you may be supported from your income, or by your family, or by the County where you then reside. The first way looks the best: there is no fun, I am told, in dependent old age. Isn't it wiser to forego non-essentials today than to trust charity for essentials hereafter?

OF ONE REASON FOR THRIFT

Let us say you are paid \$150 a month. You are then, in a sense, proprietor of a \$30,000 plant—your body and your brain—netting 6% per annum. Shouldn't you start a sinking fund, while a going concern? Your plant will deteriorate. You can't repair it.

OF ONE METHOD OF THRIFT

Your employing Company gives you one fine opportunity in stock subscription rights. At current market, old employees could (if so misguided as to do so) realize over 100% on actual cash payments for stock they now hold. On original basis, such employees paid less than 2.5% of annual salary into this wonderfully profitable savings fund. But 2.5%, while a good start, seems not an adequate provision.

OF FURTHER METHODS OF THRIFT

Endowment life insurance is a fine provision for the future, with protection for dependents pending maturity. And the *younger the cheaper*. Savings bank deposits I do not recommend. The fund is too available for emergencies, real or fancied, that lie around every corner, which ought to be met by other methods than tapping capital. But savings deposited in some inconveniently distant bank work nights, Sundays, and holidays, and compound interest amounts to overtime for you. I wouldn't put savings in a home bank.

OF THE TIME FOR THRIFT

Many a would-be saver has resolved sincerely enough to save all he could, after current expenses. My experience has been

that he who plans to save that remainder never finds any remainder when his next pay comes. The wisest plan is to abstract a little more than you think you can afford to save, put it out of reach, and make yourself live on the rest. If you are over thirty, and breaking even, you are on a greased plank.

OF DEBT—  
A POSSIBLE BLESSING

Debt has passed into proverb as an evil thing. But all debt is not evil. Debt for chattels that perish in the using, as food or clothing, is a curse, and ordinarily indicates extreme improvidence. Debt for investment has been the saving of many a man; for what he had to pay he found means to pay, to his eventual profit. Debt for a home, in the case of a family man, is most commendable. Debt for sound investment is proper. Your banker can tell you what is sound investment, and will help swing it. Ask him, not the man who lets you in on the ground floor. There is a cellar below the ground—and the cellar is a hole in which investors are often left when stock salesmen walk away with their loot. In buying securities be sure they are not insecurities.

OF MATRIMONY

Rarely can a conscientious man sit down, before his wedding, with pencil and paper, and prove, mathematically, that marriage is a safe step. My view is that it is a proper step when one can *almost* see his way clear to it. But it is never a safe thing for a salaried man if the lady called and chosen plans to live, as so many wives do, for the envy of her neighbors instead of the welfare of her household. Nowadays, too often the test is not "What do we need?" but "What has Mrs. Jones got?"

OF ANOTHER BLESSING

Health is a blessing. A good name is another. But it seems to me one blessing often forgotten by the ordinary man, and especially the young man, is a *reasonable hope* with facilities to make it come true. This is yours, while you have a job.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER

Remember: The first hundred is the hardest; and you can't work well when worrying. The worry that grows with the years is concerned with what lies toward the end of them. Play safe, while you may. You get one or two chances every month.

## *The TEXACO STAR*

# What Price Life?

ARTHUR LEFEVRE, Editor of The Texaco Star

In his felicity, Croesus sat on the throne in Sardis, after he had "added to the Lydians" a long list of subject nations, deeming himself the happiest and most fortunate of men. How Solon showed that his opinion was presumptuous—premature for any man before a worthy ending of his life—Herodotus tells:

Croesus asked him this question: "My Athenian guest, who is the most happy man you have seen?" He asked this because he thought himself the most happy of men. But Solon, speaking the truth freely, without any flattery, answered, "Tellus, the Athenian." Croesus, astonished, eagerly asked, "On what account do you deem Tellus the happiest?" Solon replied: "Tellus, in the first place, lived in a well-governed commonwealth; had sons who were virtuous and good; and he saw children born to them all, and all surviving; in the next place, when he had lived as happily as human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a glorious manner; for, coming to the assistance of the Athenians in a battle, he put the enemy to flight, and died nobly; the Athenians buried him at the public charge and honored him greatly."

Croesus, expecting at least to obtain the second place, asked whom he had seen next to him.

Solon gave other examples, some of whom died very young. Croesus, enraged, said, "Is my happiness, then, so slighted by you as nothing worth?" Solon, with various illustrative observations, answered to the point:

"You appear to me to be master of immense treasures, and king of many nations; but as relates to what you inquire of me, I can not say till I hear you have ended your life happily. We ought to consider in what way it will terminate; for the Deity having shown a glimpse of happiness to many, has afterwards utterly overthrown them."

When he spoke thus to Croesus, Croesus did not confer any favor on him, and holding him in no account dismissed him.

But soon afterwards Croesus thought of Solon again. Through his own mistakes and vanities his empire and all that was dear to him had been destroyed by the Persians. As he stood on the funeral pyre, built by Cyrus to burn him alive, or, as Herodotus suggests, to test him, he called thrice on the name of Solon. And this—through the curiosity of Cyrus to know whom it was he called upon—did, indeed, save his skin, but not his happiness nor his good fortune.

The experience of King Croesus is but a re-

minder of a universal canon of life-wisdom that had become established among thoughtful men ages before the "father of history" pointed to it. It presents one of the basic thoughts for the proper consideration of a question to which I hope the readers of this journal will give earnest attention. A second basis of thought for the consideration is: It is apportioned to all men once to die.

If these two truths—indisputable, howsoever ignored in the vain conceits of unmanly degenerate emotionalists—are held steadily in mind, right judgments will follow.

Since every man must die sooner or later, the dignity of his dissolution from this sphere is of immensely greater importance than its date. Every man ought to try to live a life that would be a valiant and profitable one though terminated at any stage; but the strength of life lies not in length of days: "Wisdom is gray hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age."

To prolong a life when it ought to be given up is to pay too heavy a price for the postponement of its end. In a very bad case the cost may be terrible—in the consuming shame of the years filched from fate.

In the weakness of our human nature, from the beginning some good men have played the coward when put to a test. These are to be pitied, not despised, since they punish themselves in their own shame and remorse; and no man should hold himself perfectly armed against such a fall. (Also, there have always been botched creatures, degenerated below manhood, who, if they have the brute nerve to do it, will murder ruthlessly to get anything they want. These are outside of the present discussion.) In the past, however, there has never been any disposition to justify such lapses from courage and duty.

It has remained for the most modern smartness to argue that since "self-preservation is the first law of nature," a man is under no moral obligation to resign his life to save, or to die with, others toward whom he stands in a relation implying the strictest faithfulness. I suppose these new-fashioned arbiters of points of honor would require exceptions for soldiers and sailors; it would be a stupidity characteristic of the modern sentimental "in-

## The TEXACO STAR

telelectuals." If their teachings prevail, they as passengers would soon have a poor chance of getting into the life boats of a sinking ship: that "first law" would be invoked by the crew. Or their children would soon be in greater danger than now of being trampled upon by stronger cowards when a theater catches fire.

Last April Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn in one of his Sunday afternoon "Question and Answer Periods," conducted by radio, propounded this truly pregnant question:

Four young men, tied together, were ascending the Alps. They slipped on the ice. Three went over the precipice. The first, slowly pulled to the edge, cut the rope. Did he do right?

The conditions of the question, as presented and discussed in the press, I give as fully as I can from the *New York Herald*:

All were roped together, the strong cord stoutly tied about their waists. If one slipped, the other three held him from starting down the mountain. Walking like flies on the almost perpendicular wall, the men started to pull themselves on to a protruding ledge. The first man caught a jagged rock with his Alpine stick and pulled himself over the edge. The second man grasped the rock and started to follow. The third man slipped. There was a scramble and sound of spikes grating on the ice. In falling back the third man bumped into the fourth and knocked him from his feet. Both dangled over the cliff. The second man held to his stick, but it slipped and he too went over the edge. The leader had secured a good footing and had braced his stick in a crevice. Leaning back, his muscles tense, he waited for the yank on the rope as he saw his comrades slipping. He met the shock. But the weight of three men was gradually pulling the strength out of him. He started slipping toward the brink, his stick nearly useless. He thought of a knife in his pocket; he could cut the rope and save his life. He thought of his wife and his children. .... There was frantic slashing — the last strand parted—a swirling sound below.

Dr. Cadman gave his opinion:

I suppose his motto was "Safety First." There have been men by the thousands who died for their comrades and shared a common fate. If that man had gone over with his comrades, he would have presented a far greater example. A man sometimes saves his life to lose it. Our Lord told us that, "He that loseth his life shall save it."

The answer of Dr. Cadman is right as a verdict, but is amiss in a part of its suggested argument. The "example" has nothing to do with the question. In the first place, no one would have known of the act. A true man acts for himself, subject to God and no other. If his "example" is helpful, well and good;

but in this case the man's duty, whatever it was, was absolute and his responsibility was to himself and his comrades and had no dependence upon popular cognizance or reaction.

As far as noted by me, the answers from Englishmen were all on the right side; but, as is characteristic of many Englishmen, more sure of what is the right thing to do than able to tell why it is right.

The majority of American respondents lacked the moral courage, or mental integrity, to face the question, and contented themselves with excuses for the young man, all citing that much abused aphorism, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." The sentimentality of one carried him to the pitch of calling self-preservation the "first, second, and third" law of nature. Such weaklings appear to be obsessed by a notion that men who think justly have no mercy, whereas in fact the true men who judge the fault rightly recognize with both pity and sympathy the fearful force of the impulses which broke the manhood of the actor.

Some Americans answered squarely to the effect that if the man believed he could not save the others, he did "the perfectly right thing," or that he would "not be justified in sacrificing his life needlessly." Much was said of his "obligations to family and society" to save his own life when he decided that he could not save the others. As put by one: "It is better that three good and active men lose their lives than four. He is young, ambitious, and capable, and will be of great service to the world. I feel that his decision was right."

Only one American answer seen by me (I hope there were more) was adequate:

When a group of men climb a mountain tied together with ropes, they must rely on the integrity of their fellows—they must have faith that, come what may, each will stick with his fellows to the end. It is pretty hard for a man to say that his efforts to save his fellows would be of no avail. Sometimes it is possible to turn the rope around a point of rock and hold the others, at least until his strength gives out. Meanwhile there is always a possibility that help may come. I should say that under all circumstances the man ought to stick with his fellows. That is the implied promise he makes when he ties the rope around his waist.

A few words should be said about the dictum "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." The fact it bunglingly points to, is that the natural instincts and desires to continue to live are necessary for the perpetuation of any species. Without such impulses there could not be sufficient effort to overcome difficulties,

## The TEXACO STAR

and all life would sink to extinction. In the sense given to it by the base or thoughtless the saying is not true at all. The main or first "law," or apparent aim, of nature is not the preservation of "self" but of the species. The nuptial flight of bees is the male's funeral, and a similar self-sacrifice of the male is his destiny in many other species. For the issues of rational human life the maxim is wholly unsuitable, and it is a libel on many of the higher animals. In the Rocky Mountain sheep, for example, the great ram knows what his massive sharp-edged horns are for—and he knows it is not self-preservation. The wolves would not dare to trouble him. When the pack make a dash against his ewes and lambs, he does not think of self-preservation. He charges and slashes, breaking legs and skulls. They may be too many for him and by attacking on all sides at once they may pull him down; but he will have saved the flock and soon a yearling will grow up to take his place. Seize her cub, if you want to find out whether self-preservation is the she-bear's first law.

The particular question we are considering was obscured for many because they regarded the man's companions merely as any other human beings—which is the way of the collectivists who "start by loving their neighbor and end by loving his wife." Both the nature and the weight of duty depend upon the relations in which moral beings stand. If passengers struggle with each other for places in life boats, it is a very different matter from a struggle for the boats between crew and passengers. When the men tied themselves together with that rope it was signed and sealed that they would stand or fall together. It was not for the man on top to guess that the rope would not hold. It held while he hacked at it with his pocket knife. If instead of exerting himself in that way he had tried to give his steel-shod stick a firmer hold in the cleft of the rock, his comrades might have been able to climb up. If the survivor dreams dreams, he is to be pitied for what they must be. What price to pay for a little more of life!

Though love repine, and reason chafe,  
There comes a voice without reply:  
"Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the right he ought to die."

One of Melville Davisson Post's short stories, entitled *The Stolen Life*, raises (without answering) a different question, and a far more difficult one because what a sinner in a given case ought to do after his fault has been com-

mitted may be very hard to tell. The story, however, includes such a vivid picture of what must be suffered by a man of innate nobility who in a moment of cowardice has "stolen" his life, and so well sets down some fundamental principles that I give an extract.

An eminent London solicitor, whose reputation for integrity and the most scrupulous honor was unequaled, received a letter asking him to come at once to Ostend in Belgium. He did not know the name, but the writer referred him to Blackwell's Bank. He sent the letter to the bank with a note of inquiry. Reply came by special messenger, saying that his correspondent was one of the bank's depositors and had arranged with it to advance the solicitor's fee. A draft for five hundred guineas was inclosed. At the bottom of the sheet in the cramped hand of the old Scotch manager of the bank were added the words: "For God's sake go!"

Sir Rufus put the letter into his pocket, and took a hansom to the bank. He went into the manager's office and laid the letter on the table. "Mackenzie," he said, putting his finger on the written line, "what does this comment mean?"

The old manager was visibly embarrassed.

"I ask you to overlook that, Sir Rufus," he said. "It was an impulse. I was moved by the urgency of our depositor's directions to us. They were pressing. I may venture to say, unusually pressing! We did not presume to fix your fee, Sir Rufus. We were directed to send five hundred guineas—but if you thought that insufficient, to increase it, to meet the sum you named."

"The fee," replied the solicitor, "is enough; but what does this man want?"

"Now, that," cried the old manager, "I cannot tell you, for I do not know it. He has connections—I may venture to say, the best connections. The man is in some mortal need of you, Sir Rufus. I cannot say more, for I know nothing more."

The solicitor took the afternoon boat from Dover. . . .

The door opened and an old woman let him in. At the first landing she opened a door and Sir Rufus entered. . . . Two things impressed themselves—that he had seen this man before tonight; and that he belonged to an elevated class.

The man placed a chair for his guest, closed the door and turned up the lamp. He offered an apology for the discomforts and the journey he had forced on the solicitor. The bearing of the man, his manner and his words, established his social status. There was about him, even in this equivocal position, a certain insolence that presumed to command the attendance of any one in a profession upon the payment of his fee; but it was the insolence of habit and not of intention.

## The TEXACO STAR

The man was beyond every sham and pretense. He was in some mortal extremity and he came to it with the directness of those who face that way.

"Sir Rufus," he said, "I have sent for you to ask your opinion."

"Upon the law," replied the solicitor, "my opinion is to be commanded."

"But it is not on the law," returned the man, "that I would have it. I am sick of the law! I am sick unto death of every artificial standard in this world. I want to know what to do!"

"I do not presume to advise upon matters outside my profession," replied the solicitor.

"You will not refuse me on that account!" cried the man. "You are the one person whose opinion I must have—whose opinion will be sure. I put you before any man in England." He made an annoyed and exasperated gesture. "I know what a lawyer would say, what a clergyman would say, what all the ruck of professional advisers would advise me; but I want the opinion of a man of honor. I want the opinion of a gentleman!"

Sir Rufus thought he had never seen a living creature in such anxiety of insistence.

"I want you to give me your opinion," the man continued. "I want you to give it to me fully, with no reservations. I want the reasons for it. I want the whole thing put before me as in your mind it is before you. When I have asked you, go on and tell me, and I will listen."

Sir Rufus looked closely at the man. He was astonished and profoundly puzzled; and the need—the common primitive human need—of the man laid hold on him.

"I will do anything I can to help you," he said finally.

"Then," cried the man, "tell me: Can any one—no matter who, no matter what his training and instincts may be—can any man say how he will conduct himself in the sudden presence of an awful and unimaginable peril?"

Sir Rufus looked at the man in astonishment, but he answered at once.

"Ah, sir," he said, "it is indeed the living truth that no one of us can answer that question. Caught on the moment, to face the King of Terrors, in spite of every hope, one may prove to be no better than a coward. But there is this distinction, I think, between a gentleman and that one who is not; when he has a little time to compose himself, the gentleman will begin to act like a man of honor."

"If it were not for this," he continued, "the distinctions of class would be an abominable pretense. If one man is better than another it is because he will act better in a given case; it is because he maintains what we call principles at some peril to his life and fortune.

"One cannot precisely say what this standard is, but the presence of it is the distinguishing mark of a man of honor. We think he would not send one under his authority into a thing that he

feared to face himself; we think he would not advance himself upon the ignorance or incapacity of another; and we think he would not go out of danger before the weak and helpless."

The solicitor went on with an appalling frankness.

"All men, however, do not estimate these principles at so great a value. To very many this value is excessive. And so it happens that there is a certain peril in pretending to be what one is not. One can not take the distinctions of a gentleman and leave behind him the obligations that go with it. He may be called upon to meet the standard he pretends. And he must then disclose the sham he is or he must sacrifice himself for an ideal he does not believe in; and his vain end becomes, beyond that of all other creatures, miserable, for he will reflect that, but for these false principles of honor, he would have won a way out of this disaster with his life."

Here the stranger interrupted: "Might not a man's life be worth so much—so much to some great enterprise—that he ought to save it?"

"I think such a consideration would never occur to a man of honor," replied the solicitor.

The man got on his feet at that, and faced Sir Rufus.

"Tell me, then," he cried; "if one were with an expedition in which there were a great many people, and this expedition were threatened with disaster, and one should escape from it, using the means upon which the others depended for their safety, what ought he to do?"

The solicitor answered:

"If you ask me for my opinion on such a case," he said, "I would say that one who came away, under such conditions, from other men in peril would be bound as a man of honor to go back to them."

The man, who had been standing motionless, stumbled as though struck violently across the knees.

"Good God!" he whispered. "Go back to them! Good God!"

He reached for a chair and sat down. His eyes dilated. His jaw slackened and dropped. He put his hand up and fingered about his face. The face had a kind of dreadful inanity; and yet the thing was vital, for it worked and sweated. The solicitor thought he saw before him a man looking into hell.

The creature in the chair before Sir Rufus suddenly got up. The man's lips parted, but he did not speak; there came from his throat, instead, a hurried sort of stuttering; and turning slowly he went out of the room.

The man did not return. Finally Sir Rufus got up and went to the window. Day was beginning to appear and far down the narrow street a figure of a man hurried, stumbling, stooped over.

He determined to go out on the Digue de Mer

*Concluded on page thirty-two*

# The TEXACO STAR

## LAW CURRENT

Rob't A. John

**INJUNCTION—ENFORCEMENT OF CRIMINAL LAW.**—A private citizen applied for an injunction to restrain a competitor from keeping his place of business open on Sunday in violation of the Sunday law. Both were engaged in the sale of automobiles. The Supreme Court, of the State of Washington, held that the same is an effort to enforce criminal statutes by an injunction proceeding, and denied the application.—*Motor Car Dealers' Ass'n v. Fred S. Haines Co.*, 222 Pac. 611.

**LIABILITY OF MASTER FOR ACT OF SERVANT.**—In an action for damages for false imprisonment against the master, it was held that he was not responsible for the act of the servant in causing the arrest of a person charged with robbing the master's cash register, unless it was shown that he previously authorized the servant, or subsequently ratified his act, in causing the arrest.—*Bushardt v. United Investment Co.*, 113 S. E. (S. C.) 637.

**DIVERSITY OF CITIZENSHIP—REMOVAL OF CASES TO FEDERAL COURT.**—An action against the master and servant for damages, by way of personal injury based upon the negligence of the servant, is not a joint action but separable, and, under such circumstances, the master, upon diversity of citizenship, has the right, where the same exists between him and plaintiff, to remove the case to federal court.—*Scherer v. Foster*, 5 Fed. (2d) 236.

**IMPLIED COVENANT TO DEVELOP.**—The Supreme Court of Oklahoma, in the case of *Farmers' Mutual Oil Leasing Co. v. Bonneau*, 237 Pac. 83, has held that an action to forfeit a lease, upon an implied covenant for the drilling of a well, will not be entertained, unless plaintiff has formally demanded the fulfillment of said covenant.

**CO-TENANTS—PARTITION.**—One co-tenant owned the entire surface and an undivided one-half interest in the minerals. The other co-tenant owned an undivided one-half interest in the minerals only.

The Court of Civil Appeals of Texas holds that the two co-tenants are joint owners within Vernon's statute authorizing partition. In partition, where the land has not been developed, it is proper to assume that each acre contains an equal amount of the minerals, and the law favors partition in kind. The owner of the one-half interest in the minerals only is entitled to partition.—*Henderson et al. v. Chesley et al.*, 273 S. W. 299.

**ROYALTY—STATUTE OF FRAUDS.**—The Supreme Court of Arkansas has declined to enforce an oral contract for the sale of royalties in an oil and gas lease, holding that it was a conveyance of real estate and was contrary to the statute of frauds, being void unless in writing.—*Allen v. Thompson*, 273 S. W. 396.

**RECEIVERSHIPS—POWER OF RECEIVER.**—The Supreme Court of Texas has held that a trial court is not authorized to command, nor the receiver to take possession of property belonging to the estate in receivership, where there is a conflict as to claim for title and possession. The general rule is announced as follows:

"The general rule is well established that a receiver cannot ordinarily, through summary proceedings, take into custody property found in the possession of strangers to the record claiming adversely. The principle upon which the cases announcing this rule generally rest is that the receiver merely stands in the place of and has no greater rights than the party over whose property he has been appointed receiver; that every one is entitled to his day in court, and that summary proceedings are not suitable to try conflicting claims of title. The ordinary course to pursue in such cases where a receiver desires to obtain possession of property in the hands of a stranger to the receivership suit, claiming adversely, is either for the receiver to bring an action against the third party, or for the plaintiff to make him a party to the suit and have the receivership extended to him. Contempt proceedings are not appropriate."—*Ex parte Renfro*, 273 S. W. 813.

**NUISANCES—GASOLINE FILLING STATIONS.**—In the case of *Powell et al. v. Craig et al.*, 148 N. E. 607, the Supreme Court of Ohio holds that a gasoline filling station is not a nuisance *per se*, and that the erection of a filling station on the defendant's own property in a residential district does not constitute it a nuisance because the locality is exclusively a residential district. The court further holds that damages resulting from this reasonable use of the defendant's own property was *damnum absque injuria*.

**OIL AND GAS LEASE—CASINGHEAD GAS.**—In a contract where the royalty provisions grant a one-eighth royalty on "oil produced," there being no express clause covering casinghead gas, the Court of Civil Appeals of Texas, at Amarillo, has held that the provision for a one-eighth royalty of the oil produced includes casinghead gas, citing, among other authorities, *Gilbreath v. States Oil Corporation*, U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans, published in 4 Fed. (2d) 232, and *Livington Oil Corporation v. Waggoner*, 273 S. W. 903.

### WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1925

Refined—Coastwise	1,382,419 bbls.
Refined—Foreign	379,438 bbls.
	1,761,857 bbls.
Crude—Coastwise	255,181 bbls.
Crude—Foreign	21,805 bbls.
	277,076 bbls.
Total	1,988,933 bbls.

## The TEXACO STAR

### DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

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

Refining Dept.  
Natural Gas Dept.

C. K. Longaker, Houston  
W. H. McMorries, Jr.,  
Fort Worth

Ry. Traffic & Sales Dept.  
Marine Dept.

J. A. Brownell, New York  
H. Hassell, Port Arthur

Legal Dept.  
Treasury Dept.

H. Norris, New York  
H. T. Tolofolide, Houston

Comptroller's Dept.

H. H. Sibley, Houston

Insurance Dept.  
Governmental Reports

C. M. Hayward, New York  
Miss M. Marshall, N. Y.

Sales Dept. S. Territory

R. C. Galbraith, Houston

Asphalt Sales Dept.

Geo. S. Vos, New York

Export Dept.

J. B. Nielsen, New York

Purchasing Dept.

J. A. Wall, New York

Producing Dept.

J. E. McHale, Houston

Pipe Lines

J. T. Rankin, Denver

T. T. Co. of Mexico S. A.

Otto Hartung, Houston

C. W. Pardo, Tampico

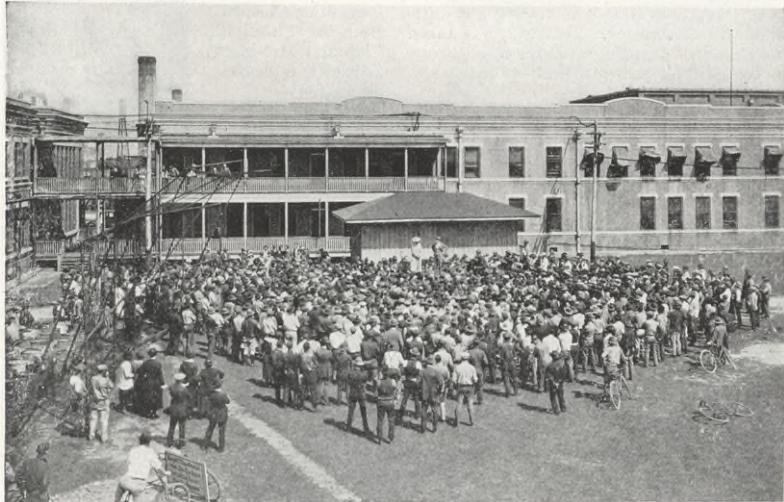
**REFINING DEPT.** During the week August 31-September 5 there was conducted at the plants of The Texas Company in Jefferson County—the Port Arthur Works and Terminal, the Case & Pack-



"Gassy Gus"

Safety character of the Refining Department

age Division, and the Port Neches Works—a safety drive which should make history in the realm of industrial activities. This drive touched approximately 25,000 people, including employes and their families. It was conducted along constructive lines and its prime objective was to get employes and their families to thinking about safety and its offerings. The various special features included motion



One of the noon meetings at Port Arthur Works. General Superintendent F. P. Dodge standing on truck.

## *The TEXACO STAR*



#### Noonday rally at Port Neches Works

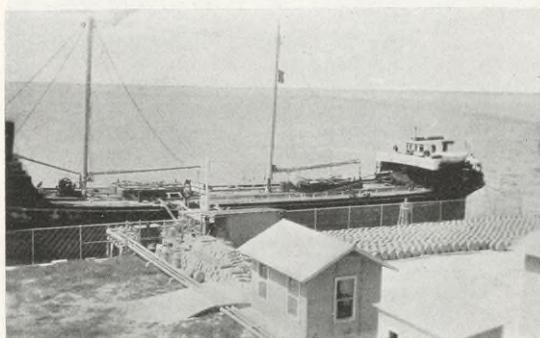
pictures, shown at the different plants in the evening. At Port Arthur and Port Neches children's matinees were conducted, at which juvenile safety pictures were exhibited and the children given safety souvenirs.

The reaction already felt at the plants indicates that carefulness is increasing and carelessness is decreasing. This gauge is taken from the fact that the accidents in all plants concerned have shown a healthy decrease.

A good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said.

The Chemists Club in New York at its last annual meeting elected for its President Kenneth G. Mackenzie, our Consulting Chemist. Both the Chemists Club and Mr. Mackenzie are to be congratulated.

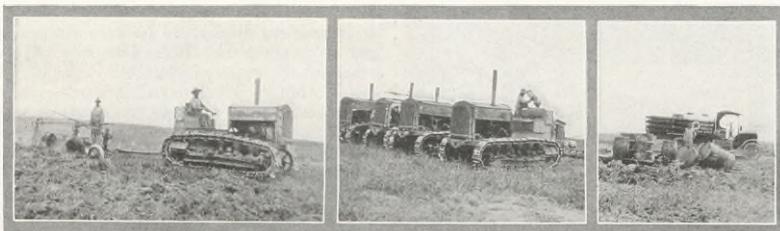
K. G. Mackenzie



Barge "Tulsa" discharging at Miami, Florida, Sales Station Terminal  
Note the drums of Texaco lubricating oils and rolls of Texaco roofing on the wharf

**MARINE DEPT.** Texaco products are demanded and must be moved in spite of railroad embargoes or other small difficulties. The tank barge *Tulsa*, built for carrying oil in bulk and ordinarily used for this purpose only, now has her bulk oil tanks fitted with lumber and Dunnage wood for carrying full cargoes of Texaco products in packages to the Sales Department Terminal at Miami, Florida, to meet the demand of the thriving Sales Station at that port.

## The TEXACO STAR



Tractors on Chapman Ranch near Corpus Christi, Texas—Texaco Truck and Driver J. A. Baird

Something to be proud of. One customer whose requirements are so large that one truck is kept busy supplying them with Texaco gasoline, lubricating oil, and grease.

The Chapman Ranch, in the vicinity of Corpus Christi, is operated by Mr. J. O. Chapman and comprises 46,000 acres with 18,000 acres now under cultivation. Twelve 10-ton caterpillar tractors are in operation, all being lubricated and fueled with wonderful success by The Texas Company. The tractors are lubricated with Texaco Airplane Oil No. 1, Texaco Thuban Compound, and Texaco Grease. With the fueling and lubrication of their motor equipment, this ranch is 100% Texaco.

**SALES DEPT.** **Houston District.**—It was a great pleasure to have with us for a few days F. J. Shipman, of New York, Superintendent of Government and Marine Sales. Come again Mr. Shipman.

We welcome R. L. Groce, Jr., back to the Texaco Family as Assistant Agent at San Antonio Station, after an absence of two years. "Bob" is a wide-awake young man and we are glad to have him with us again.

A. R. Hutchins, Jr. has been appointed Assistant Agent at Beaumont Station.

Stations showing 100% on collections for month of August: El Campo, Ganado, Victoria, Pleasanton, D'Hanis, Seguin, Uvalde, Flatonia, Moulton, Bartlett, Elgin, Menard. A number of stations had percentages above 99% but failed to clear the slate. Good luck to them this month for a clean slate.

**Dallas District.**—Agent W. F. Graves, Honey Grove, Texas, passed away on August 31. Mr. Graves was Agent of The Texas Company at Honey Grove Station fourteen years, having taken charge of the station when it was opened November 1, 1900. The entire district extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

We extend sympathy to Agent and Mrs. C. T. Harper, of Anson, for the loss of their little son who passed away on August 27.

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A man respects a good woman, admires the brilliant woman, flatters the beautiful woman, and marries the woman who adroitly flatters him.—*New York Herald-Tribune*.



A trip to Canada

Car belonging to Miss Ruby Dymock, stenographer in Dallas D. O., in which she made a trip to Canada. The picture shows the car being filled at a station just out of Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Ruby says: "Texaco all the way and not a bit of trouble."

**Oklahoma District.**—Many things have been said for and against the Motor Oil Demonstrations. For the benefit of all we quote an enthusiastic letter from Harry B. Greaves of Okmulgee Station to Superintendent Faerer, dated September 29:

After very near an entire week of bad rainy weather we held our first Texaco Motor Oil Demonstration here Saturday, Sept. 26th. The day dawned bright and pretty and your boys Mr. Geo. Ware of Okla. City and D. D. McLennan of Tulsa surely did their part to make our demonstration in keeping with the day. Mr. Ware sold one man a 55-gallon drum of Texaco Motor Oil Heavy for use in his Pierce Arrow and Packard cars, who has never used any oil other than a competitive product. As I recall it, about 35% of our customers were users of a prominent competitive oil and I feel safe in saying that these young men con-

## The TEXACO STAR



L. D. Nall's Filling Station, Oklahoma City  
This station is 100%—including the dog named "Texaco."

verted most of them into the good old "Texaco Faith." I am thoroughly sold on the Motor Oil Demonstration plan and appreciate the good work your boys did while here.

At last the "Sheik" of Hot Springs, Arkansas, has been captured and the matrimonial shackles put on him. Miss Roma Louise Harris on September 10 was united in wedlock to Mr. E. H. King, our popular young Agent. Earl, as we all know him, is highly respected in Hot Springs and we know with his happy disposition and the right kind of a girl, his success and happiness will be assured. We understand the "right" girl has been picked out, hence we feel sure that the many good things we wish for them will be theirs from the start.

**El Paso District.**—We are glad to announce the employment of T. H. Schroeter as Lubricating Engineer, headquarters El Paso, Texas. Mr. Schroeter has been connected with one of the largest mining companies in the

southwest. His previous sales experience and his engineering ability, we believe, will prove very valuable to The Texas Company. Welcome come into the organization, Ted.

W. H. Boutwell, whose recent marriage was announced in these columns, has been checked in as agent at El Paso A. F. S. No. 3. His bride is so well pleased with her connection with the District Office that she did not rest until Bill connected with the Company. We are looking for some splendid increases at this filling station.

M. O. Simms takes over Douglas, Ariz. Station, succeeding J. F. Imes assigned to other duties. Agent Simms also handles the plant at Clifton, Arizona, and if he does at Douglas what he has done at Clifton, and we believe he will, Texaco will soon be available almost exclusively in Douglas.

### Three Kinds—Which Are You?

There are three kinds of people in all organizations. There are the rowboat people, the sailboat people, and the steamboat people.

The rowboat people always need to be pushed or shoved along.

The sailboat people move along when a favorable wind is blowing.

But the steamboat people move along continuously through calm or storm. They are the masters of themselves and their surroundings.

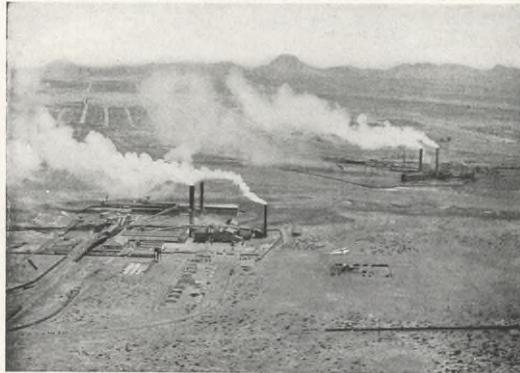
We need more people of the steamboat variety. In what class are you?

You do your own classifying.

—Agent M. O. Simms, Clifton, Arizona.

Unless you are ashamed of yourself now and then you're not honest.

—*Through the Meshes.*



Smelters of the Phelps Dodge Corporation and the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company at Douglas, Arizona.

Both of these enormous plants are lubricated with Texaco lubricants.

The Phelps Dodge Corporation will shortly spend \$1,000,000 for new construction at their smelter.

## The TEXACO STAR

**New Orleans District.**—Preparations are being made to open commission stations at Calhoun City, Miss., and Oakdale, La. H. T. Rogers will discharge the duties of agent at Calhoun and S. D. Marler will act as our representative at Oakdale. Both these gentlemen are progressive business men with excellent qualifications to properly exploit Texaco products, and big things are expected.

After years of faithful service Representative L. R. Jones, Meridian, Miss., and Lubricating Engineer J. C. Green, Sr., Hattiesburg, Miss., have resigned. Mr. Jones has formed a connection with an oil jobbing concern at Meridian and Mr. Green has acquired an interest in The Texas Oil Company's commission agency at Belmont, Miss. While regretting the retirement of these highly esteemed employees, all join in wishing them unbounded success.

General Salesman G. F. Price, formerly Representative, Zone 13, has been appointed Representative, Zone 10, headquarters at Meridian, Miss., to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Jones; and J. G. Davis, erstwhile agent at Greenville, more recently City Salesman at New Orleans, has been named General Salesman to succeed Mr. Price.

A delightful event was the "Shrimp Boil" at which the District Office force were entertained by Agent Zimmer of Harvey Station. The way in which the crowd piled into and made away with the generous quantity of succulent crustaceans that had been provided attested their appreciation of "Nick's" gracious hospitality and constituted a glowing tribute to the excellence of Mrs. Zimmer's cooking.

A dainty bit of femininity in the person of little Miss Maude arrived from Storkland on September 9 to gladden the hearts of Assistant Creditman and Mrs. C. Modinger, whose family circle now includes two fine sons and the same number of lovely girls. With due parental pride Papa Modinger proclaimed to



Gros' Service Station, Lafayette, La.

When he opened his station a few months ago, Mr. Gros cast about for a line of ultra high-grade products and his choice fell on Texaco. His good judgment is attested by the steadily increasing volume of his business.

all and sundry that the tiny newcomer tipped the scales at eight pounds twelve ounces at the time of her arrival on this mundane sphere.

District Manager and Mrs. M. A. Dyer and their daughters, Misses Flora Belle and Catherine Dyer, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morson and little Alexander Morson, of Greenville, Miss., enjoyed a motor trip to Denver and return during the latter half of August. The warm hospitality extended the party all along the line and especially at the point of destination, combined with the superb scenery, pleasant weather and fine roads, made the jaunt a most delightful and interesting one.

**Florida District.**—Welcome Auditors! D. M. Davis and C. R. Willette are now with us conducting the annual audit of the D. O.

Although Florida District showed a slight decrease in collection percentage for August from July, we are still leading the Southern Territory. We took the first place nine months ago and have kept that place every month since. Only twelve stations fell below the required average during August. Representatives Thompson, Fairbanks, Weatherlow, and Jones all show collections above the 90% mark, Representative Thompson having made 97.29% for the month. We set our mark up to 90% the first of September, and from present indications we did not place it high enough.

Congratulations to H. E. Bacon, of the D. O., and Mrs. Bacon, on a 10-lb. boy born August 29. The new heir's name is Daniel B.

Cupid is always active in our D. O. His last completed accomplishment was a consolidation of the interests of George Fagg Wooten, Jr., Chief Clerk to Sales Superintendent, and Miss Jamima Hogan, married on September 17. A host of friends wish them happiness, health, and prosperity for the years to come.



Lafayette, La. Station truck

Decorated for Fourth of July parade. The display of Texaco products and the fine appearance of the truck attracted favorable comment all along the line.

## *The TEXACO STAR*



Clark's Corner four miles south of Titusville, Fla., on Indian River and Dixie Highway

This unique station, catching traffic on both sides of the highway, has a fully equipped garage, a tea-room, and a dance hall; they have their own electric plant, make their own ice, and have all facilities to furnish water. It is an independent unit offering 24-hours service on Dixie Highway where tourist travel is very heavy—at the intersection of Cross-State Highway to Orlando. Note arrow on top of building pointing toward Orlando.



Another view showing Indian River in the background

This customer is 100% Texaco, and has indicated his desire to be so for five years to come. We are to be congratulated on securing this business 100%, for when we started with it we had only a small portion of it. But quality showed the owner that Texaco should be used exclusively to carry out the quality ideas of his buildings and other features. This A-1 station is the hobby of Mr. Clark, who, after having made a fortune in flour, has come to Florida to make his home here.



West Palm Beach Station—Sept. 14, 1922, and Sept. 14, 1925

On Sept. 14, 1922, there were two employees at West Palm Beach Station, 365 gallons of products were distributed, and during that day 42 games of set-back were played.

The second photograph shows the personnel of this Station on Sept. 14, 1925, three years later—with twelve strong Texaco men in view. How the family has grown! But something else has also grown: on this date they put out 20,500 gallons—but they forgot to play set-back.

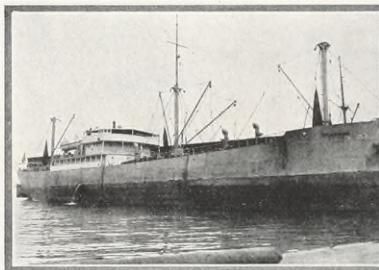
## The TEXACO STAR



### The Texas Company's Sales Department Districts in the United States

The District boundaries are shown by heavy lines; boundaries of States, where they do not coincide with District boundaries, are shown by fine broken lines. Corrected to October 1, 1925.

## The TEXACO STAR



Marine Sales.—M. S. "Kolsnaren" of the Transatlantic Steamship Company, Ltd., Gothenburg Sweden. Motor ships are very particular about the quality of lubricating oils used. This vessel has used Texaco products exclusively since it entered the service as a new boat on May 17, 1933. The main unit is a Burmeister & Wain four-cycle Diesel, developing 1800 h. p. Texaco Diesel Oil H is used for cylinder and base lubrication, and Texaco Ursa Oil on the air compressors. The second photograph shows Chief Engineer Fallstrom (in white) and the engine crew.

Under date of May 3, 1925, the Stockholm Morning Post printed a dispatch stating that the M. S. "Kolsnaren" had established a record for freight ships between New York and Stockholm, the time being 15 days and 2 hours. Chief Engineer Fallstrom says in a testimonial letter to us: "Vessel has covered more than 75,000 miles, so your oils have had a full opportunity to demonstrate their value. I am very much pleased with Texaco Diesel Engine Lubricants and feel that I cannot recommend same too highly." We will be pleased to supply further information to anyone interested in the subject of the record we have made in the lubrication of Diesel engines.

**SALES DEPT.**      **New York District.**—  
**N. TERRITORY**      Now that the New York  
District and the greater  
part of the Philadelphia District have been  
made one, with headquarters at New York,  
we have with us the following:

From Philadelphia: C. R. McCarthy, new District Manager; R. J. Brynes, Superintendent of Operations.

From Denver, Colorado: R. T. Herndon, to take charge of Filling Stations, New York District.

From Philadelphia: C. H. Turner, Creditman; T. L. Matthews, Ass't Creditman; J. E. J. Sheeran, Ass't Creditman; D. A. Killion, Stock Clerk; Miss Lavinia Fairheller, File Clerk.

We of the old New York District extend a most cordial welcome to all of the newcomers, and want them to feel at home.

Mr. McCarthy has taken hold of the wheel. He is making a study of the charts; and then look out, for he is going to step on it.

**Norfolk District.**—The tie-up of a portion of the old Philadelphia District with the Norfolk District should result in a large sales increase in both sections. Prior to this tie-up there always existed considerable rivalry, and now that the same District controls both sections it is up to them to show the way to each other, and this can be done by increasing their sales.

Superintendent of Sales J. W. Thompson recently held a most enthusiastic meeting of Salesmen at the Emerson Hotel, Baltimore, Md. All hands left the meeting instilled with plenty of pep. They all promised a 100% increase in lubricating sales during the six months period beginning September 1, and to



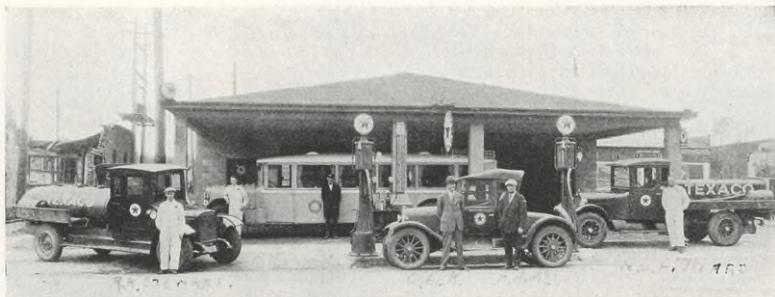
**Rosekrans Filling Station, Crozet, Va.**  
On Jefferson Highway at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This station is 100% Texaco and is a credit to us.



Advertising is a source of revenue.

The display arranged on his truck by Agent H. T. Baldwin, Farmville, Va., is one he should be proud of. A live agent at a small station is worth more than a dead one at a big station.

## The TEXACO STAR



Texaco Filling Station, Watertown, South Dakota

This roomy attractive station is operated by Agent R. A. McComb. We count the name Texaco in twenty places. Can you find them? Mr. McComb has the right idea: there will be no doubt in the minds of the customers that they are getting Texaco products; he has Texaco showing on the white uniforms in two places—the left breast and left sleeve. The bus being served is one of the Jack Rabbitt Transportation buses and the driver is no one else than Fageol Bill and a Texaco booster.

make this campaign more interesting Mr. Thompson obligated himself to give a \$75 suit of clothes to the winner.

The Norfolk District is unfortunate in losing the services of such a good man as Colonel C. D. Hill. He has been with us for a number of years. He had been with our competitor before coming to us, and knows the oil game from A to Z. He is held in high esteem by all who have come in contact with him and always found time to give the young upstarts the benefit of his experience. We extend to Colonel Hill our best wishes in his new undertaking.

**Minneapolis District.**—We regret the loss of Representative J. L. Bero, Zone 1, who has tendered his resignation. Mr. Bero entered the service of The Texas Company as office boy and has been with the Company for eighteen years, having held numerous positions during his long and faithful service. We of the Minneapolis District all learned to like John a great deal, and those we like we cannot help but miss; so to lose him leaves a sore spot in our hearts. However, his true loyalty to our good Company shall never be forgotten. He is still with us, in one respect, inasmuch as he has joined the Northern Oil Company in the capacity of manager, the Northern Oil Company being one of our largest distributors in the Minneapolis District. Mr. Bero is succeeded by L. T. Bass, formerly Superintendent of the old Salt Lake District which was absorbed by the Denver District.

We offer apology to Mr. S. B. Wright, District Manager of the Chicago District, Mr.

William Hughes of the Hughes Oil Company, and Mr. Carl Shapiro of the Northern Oil Company inasmuch as we failed to mention our appreciation of their attendance at the meeting held in our D. O. on August 4 in our report of that meeting in last month's issue of the *Star*. We hope the time is not far off when we shall have the pleasure of seeing them again.

The District offers congratulations to Norman B. Taylor, salesman working out of Milwaukee, on an announcement which leads us to believe that the wedding bells rang for him and Miss Mabel Helen Johnson on September 19, 1925.

**PURCHASING DEPT.** Why all the noise? Who is that big fellow passing out the cigars? Well, well, if it ain't our old friend Johnnie Mac, announcing the arrival of John Edward, Jr., born September 11. Of course, all the Houston Office know Johnnie McHale of the Purchasing Department, at Houston, and all extend congratulations. Johnnie says: "Everybody doing nicely" and "The boy favors his daddy." Well, we don't know; but he is young and—may outgrow it.

"I want some collars for my husband," said the woman, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size." "Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the shop assistant.

"That's it. How did you know?"

"Men who let their wives buy their collars for them are always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant salesman.—*Kentish Observer*.

## The TEXACO STAR

**ASPHALT SALES DEPT.** The following "Office Rules" were prepared by Fred W. Cox of this Department's New York office. Many who have seen them in this office have urged us to send them to the *Star*:

### Office Rules

Employees will be at their desks at 9 a. m. or as early thereafter as may be convenient, subject to the individual preference about getting out of bed.

The office will close at 5 p. m. irrespective of whether important work is still to be done. Pick out your exit now, and *walk*, don't run.

When leaving promptly at 4:55 p. m. always leave the lights on at your desk, or the window open, if you sit near a window, so that the people who work late can take care of these things for you. *That's the reason they stay.* Also when leaving at night always leave your chair so that it blocks the passageway to desks on each side. Waste baskets will be found convenient to assist in this.

If you have occasion to sit at someone's desk and use his pencil, always take the pencil with you. He doesn't use it—that's the reason it's on top of his desk.

When, during a telephone conversation, you have occasion to make a memorandum, have your desk so arranged that your memo pad is in the bottom drawer. The party on the wire likes to wait until you find it.

If people at neighboring desks seem to get a lot of mail they don't show you, make it a point to look over their shoulder, or take it out of the basket. There may be something there that doesn't concern you.

If you have occasion to visit someone in an adjoining room who is busy, always interrupt, to prove that your time is more valuable than theirs. Also if the room is full talk loud so all can hear. It's a waste of time to have to repeat.

If you are asked for information on a subject that you know nothing about, assume command of the conversation and relate a long story that has no bearing on the case. It helps pass time away and makes a big fellow out of you.

**EXPORT DEPT.** M. D. Greer, Superintendent of Foreign Traffic, returned a few weeks ago from a business trip to Houston and Port Arthur.

W. G. Moore is now in Europe.

Most people are under the impression that all Chinese are short. In North China, however, the Chinese are generally big fellows.

This photograph was taken at Haichow, a seaport in Shantung Province, in front of our agent's godown. The men are standing beside stacks of our Yinfu brand of kerosene. The Chinaman is an employee of our Haichow Agent and is 7½ feet tall. Marketing Inspector N. M. Draper, of our Tsingtau District, standing in front of the Chinaman, is 6 feet tall.



The four chauffeurs and the Ford shown in this picture were photographed immediately after completing a trip from Porto Alegre to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, an exceedingly trying journey of about 1,000 miles—part of which has no roads at all. Texaco gasoline and lubricants were used exclusively.



Our new gasoline station at Eslof, Sweden



An airplane of the Latecoere service taking on Texaco Aviation Gasoline at a supply point in Brazil. The planes in this service have covered thousands of miles on our gasoline without accident.

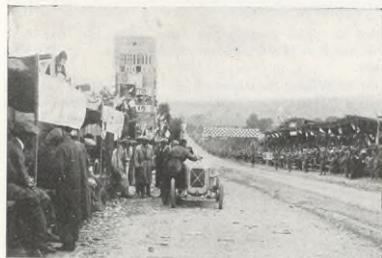
## The TEXACO STAR

The Continental Petroleum Company's station for Liege District, recently completed, is located at Selessia just outside the city of Liege. It consists of warehouse, small office, pump house, one 50-ton vertical kerosene tank, two 50-ton horizontal underground gasoline tanks, and a railroad siding directly into the property. Kerosene and gasoline are received in tank cars from Antwerp and filled into drums, tins, and tank truck from the storage tanks at this plant for delivery to customers and distributing agents in the district.

Industrially, Liege is primarily the center of the steel mills industry of Belgium.



New Station for Liege District, Belgium



Perugia, Italy

In a recent automobile race held at Perugia the winner, as also the second and third, used Texaco Motor Oil. Our Rome representative, Mr. R. Corsi, was thus successful in inspiring enthusiasm and securing much publicity for Texaco motor products.



Texaco exhibit in Taihoku Botanical Gardens, Formosa

This Texaco booth was a part of the exhibit of our Formosa agents, Messrs. Sali & Frazar. They exhibited also some American oil engines and various other products of which they are importers. The Texaco building is covered with Texaco Red Slate Surfaced Roofing.



Motor Show, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

The booth of The Texas Company (Australasia) Ltd. at the recent Motor Show in Melbourne was the finest exhibit of the entire show. It attracted much attention to our motor products and dispensing equipment.

PIPE LINES We extend sympathy to A. E. Mason, of the Dallas telegraph office, and wife, for the loss of their infant daughter who died August 22.

Jas. L. Garvin, of the Houston Office, and wife, announce the birth of a baby girl—Erin Margaret—on September 20.

R. J. Daniel left Houston on September 29 for Tulsa, Okla., to attend the International Petroleum Exposition and Congress.

### CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELL September 30, 1925

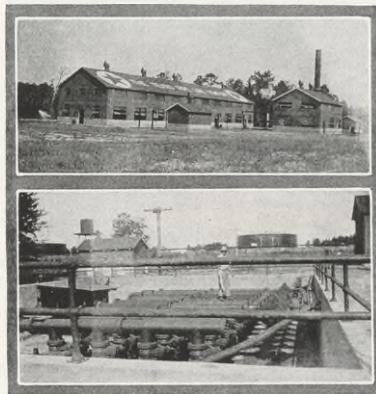
Penna., Bradford...	\$3.15	Gulf Coast	\$1.25 to 1.50
Other Penna.....	3.05	Eldorado...	1.55 to 1.65
Indiana.....	1.88	Smackover...	.85 to 1.30
Canada.....	2.38	Haynesville...	1.55 to 1.65
Ragland, Ky.....	1.10	Homer.....	1.40 to 1.75
California .....	\$1.00 to 2.30	Caddo.....	1.65 to 1.95
Oklahoma .....	1.15 to 2.43	DeSoto.....	1.80
Kas.&N.Tex. 1.35 to 2.31		Bull Bayou..	1.45 to 1.75
N.&N.C.Tex. 1.35 to 2.31		Crichton.....	1.60
Luling.....	1.40	Wyoming.....	1.10 to 1.90

## The TEXACO STAR



Above: 1. Wilson Ranch Pump Station, Holliday District 25. This Station has three units: two 100 h. p. Primums and one 80 h. p. Primum engine. The small house at the rear is the air compressor house. 2. Nichols Station, Holliday District 25. This is a one unit station.

Below: 1. Battery of boilers of the emergency steam plant at Wilson Ranch Station. These boilers are used only in emergency cases. 2. An 18x5x18 Snow steam pump for the emergency steam plant, Wilson Ranch Station. This pump receives its steam from the battery of boilers shown in the preceding photograph. 3. 10,000-bbl. receiving tank at Wilson Ranch Station, Holliday District 25. Photographs by F. S. Reid.



Above: The Texas Pipe Line Company Station at Haynesville, La. Below: The low pressure manifold. Photographs from Arthur Reardon.

If you succeed in putting one truth into circulation, or demolishing one falsehood, you've done a good day's work.—*Nuggets*.

If we do not vindicate our opinions, we seem poor creatures who have no right to them; if we speak out, we are involved in continual brawls and controversy.—*Hazlitt*.

*Continued from page nineteen*

and wait for the day to arrive. He walked up and down on the great empty promenade—turning in his mind this incomprehensible adventure, and laboring to recall this fact that he had somewhere seen; then suddenly he stopped, raised his arms above his head and made a great outward gesture.

"I know him!" he cried. "He is the man who stole away the lifeboat in that awful disaster on the north Atlantic track, abandoning to their death the helpless passengers of a burning ship! And God forgive me! God—forgive—me! I have sent him back to them!"

Melville Post's question—what to do after a horrible misdeed has been committed—has special bearings on the code of a class. But our question is universal. It concerns principles that should live in the breast of every true man, gentle and simple, learned or unlettered. If generations come in whom those principles have died out—to a discerning mind the thought is intollerable. Upon what tenure and under what obligations a man holds his life, it behooves every one to stand firmly on firm ground:

"What care I for caste or creed?  
It is the deed, it is the deed:  
What for class or what for clan?  
It is the man, it is the man."

## SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

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

PRODUCING. Cleaning Oil Wells by Air. A. A. Beard and R. A. Bonnell.—*Petroleum Age*, September 1, 1925.

Application of Electric Power to Oil Field Operations. W. G. Taylor.—*The Oil Trade*, September 1925.

Determination of Pay Strata in Oil Sands by Use of Gas Meters. C. V. Millikan.—*National Petroleum News*, September 23, 1925.

SALES. Be Civil, but Not Servile. Frank H. Williams.—*Petroleum Age*, September 1, 1925.

How I Sell Industrial Lubricants. Willard H. Southern.—*The Oil Trade*, September 1925.

LUBRICATING. The Use of Grease in Modern Lubrication Practice—The Essential Difference between Grease and Oil, and Where the Latter Is to Be Preferred. Allen F. Brewer.—*Industrial Management*, September 1925.

ADVERTISING. Smearing the Forests with Ink. William McFee.—*The Nation's Business*, September 1925.

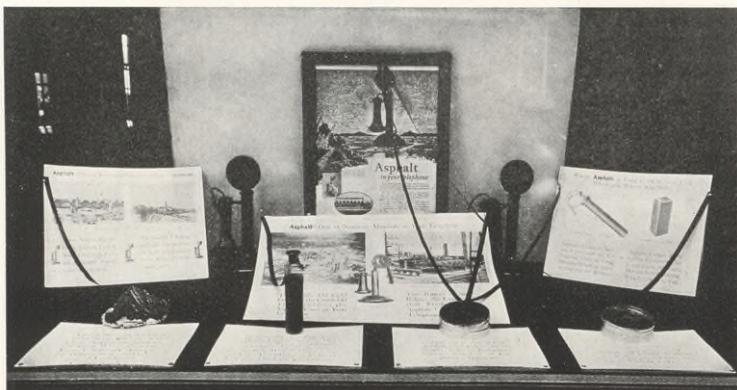
GENERAL. Facing Economic Reality. (From the *Economic Review*, London.)—*The Living Age*, September 12, 1925.

Now Is the Time for the Oil Industry to Fight Meddlers to a Finish.—*National Petroleum News*, August 26, 1925.

Petroleum Institute Stands as Monument to A. C. Bedford. V. B. Guthrie.—*National Petroleum News*, September 23, 1925.

Let's Cost Account Our Fires. Raymond C. Willoughby.—*The Nation's Business*, September 1925.

BOOK. International Economic Policies. By William Smith Culbertson.—D. Appleton and Company New York.



Asphalt in the Telephone

The same asphalt which is used so extensively in pavements, which plays such an important part in the roofing industry, and which figures so prominently as a waterproofing agent in a score of industries, is also an important part of that tremendously important adjunct to modern business—the telephone. The waterproofing and binding qualities of asphalt have won this place for it.

The Western Electric Company has been running a series of advertisements in the magazines, each advertisement devoted to one of the materials, ranging from gold to silk, which form parts of the telephone. And to tie up with the magazine advertising, window displays are being exhibited in all parts of the country.

By means of photographs and samples of asphalt, this exhibit conveys a good idea of what the functions of asphalt in the telephone are. Two of the photographs show an oil field and a battery of stills both belonging to The Texas Company, and samples of crude oil and refined Texaco Asphalt are joined to the photos.

Many of these exhibits are being displayed in the windows of telephone companies throughout the country, and the attention they have attracted has been gratifying to all concerned.



The Roll Call Opens November 11