

TEXACO STAR

CHRISTMAS - 1919



1919 DECEMBER 1919

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
14	15	16	17	18	19
21	22	23	24	25	26
28	29	30	31		

TEXAS COMPANY



Only Two Days More!



*The United States of America
Department of the Navy*

*The thousands of binoculars, telescopes,
spyglasses and navigation instruments furnished
the Navy by individuals, in response to its appeal for
"Eyes for the Navy"*

*have been a vital contribution in the protection of our
warships, transports and supply vessels against the
submarine activities of the enemy during the Great War.*

*The Navy acknowledges, with thanks and
appreciation, your cooperation, and this certificate is
issued to **The Texas Company,***

*in recognition of the sacrifice made for the safety of our
ships and the assurance of final victory.*

Franklin D. Roosevelt
Assistant Secretary of the Navy



See Marine Department in "Departmental News".

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

At Christmas time we deck the hall
With holly branches brave and tall,
With sturdy pine and hemlock bright,
And in the Yule-log's dancing light
We tell old tales of field and fight
At Christmas time.

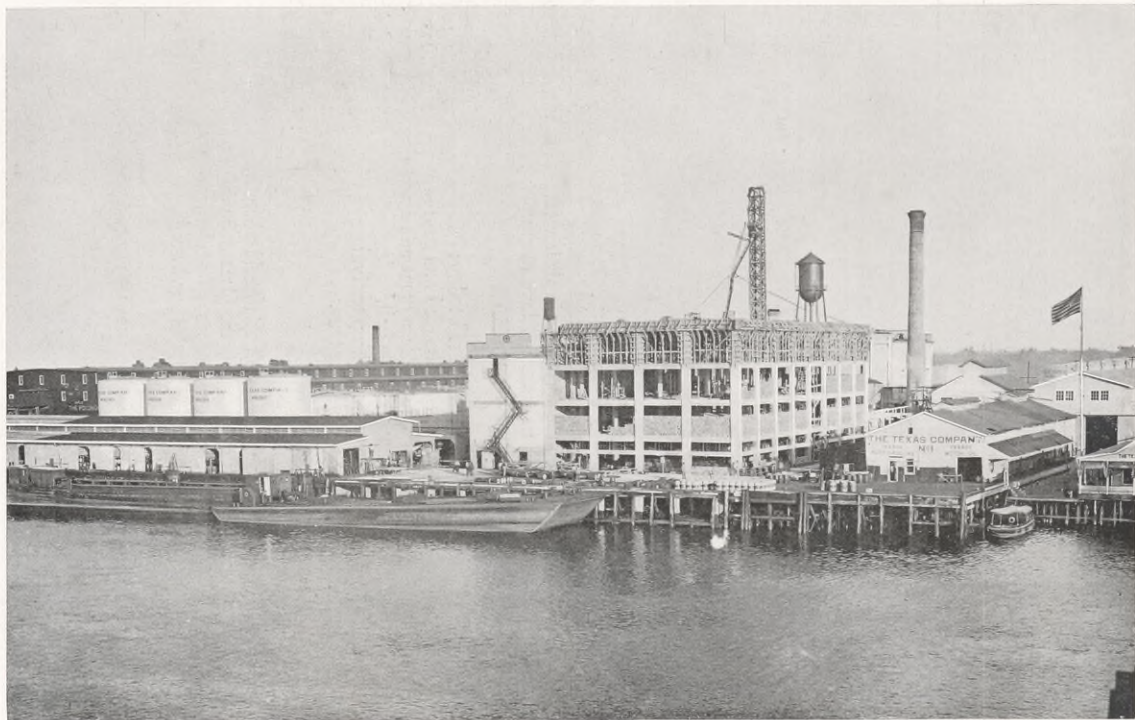
At Christmas time we pile the board
With flesh and fruit and vintage stored,
And mid the laughter and the glow
We tread a measure soft and slow,
And kiss beneath the mistletoe
At Christmas time.

O God and father of us all,
List to Thy lowliest creature's call:
Give of thy joy to high and low,
Comforting the sorrowing in their woe;
Make wars to cease and love to grow
At Christmas time.

Let not one heart be sad today;
May every child be glad and gay:
Bless Thou Thy children great and small,
In lowly hut or castle hall,
And may each soul keep festival
At Christmas time.

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts
are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence.
It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush
out without any sensation of awkwardness and
without any dread of ridicule.

—Frederick William Robertson.



New Compounding and Cooperage Plant under construction at Norfolk Terminal—View from Virginian Railway Bridge.

TEXACO STAR

Vol. VII

DECEMBER 1919

No. 2

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION TO EMPLOYEES OF
THE TEXAS COMPANY

"ALL FOR EACH—EACH FOR ALL"

Copyright, 1919, by The Texas Company

While the contents of this journal are copyrighted other publications are welcome to reprint any article or illustration provided due credit is given to The Texas Company

Address: Texaco Star, 401 The Texas Company Building, Houston, Texas

THE MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS of The Texas Company on November 18 was most important. There was no change in the management, either as to the directors elected by the stockholders or as to the officers elected by the board of directors; but the stockholders voted an increase of capital stock from \$85,000,000 to \$130,000,000. They also voted to reduce the par value of shares from \$100 to \$25. Holders of the outstanding shares will surrender them and receive four shares of new stock for each share of the surren-

dered stock, and future issues will be at the new par value.

It is interesting to know that of the increase of \$45,000,000, shares to the amount of \$2,500,000 will be trusted for allotment and sale to employees from time to time. The allotment for 1920 has been fixed at 10 per cent, the same as in 1919; that is, employees who are eligible will be allowed to purchase stock at par equal to 10 per cent of their salaries or wages for the year 1919.

This meeting of stockholders was ex-



Visiting Directors and Officials in front of the Roofing Plant at Port Neches Works—Nov. 20, 1919

STANDING, Left to Right:

John Morris, New York
Horace A. Creary, Warren, Pa.
F. D. Stout, Chicago
Wilson P. Foss, New York
Judge R. E. Brooks, Houston
Ed. Crone, Jr., New York
Steven Peabody, New York
Henry Stout, New York
Charles H. Schweppe, Chicago
Stanley Field, Chicago
Robert Hunter, Chicago
G. C. Parker, Chicago
W. H. Cooledge, Boston
Lewis H. Lapham, New York
G. L. Noble, Houston
Chas. O. Pfeil, Memphis, Tenn.
Walter H. Wilson, Chicago
Arnold Schlaet, New York
E. R. Spotts, Houston
Simeon Ford, New York
Jos. R. Jewett, Cambridge, Mass.
Henry J. Lapham, Boston

Charles G. Smith, New York
Hugh Hallsell, Dallas
R. C. Holmes, New York
Chauncey Keep, Chicago
Orson C. Wells, Chicago
T. J. Donoghue, Houston
W. A. Thompson, Jr., New York
Claire J. Creary, Warren, Pa.
E. C. Lufkin, New York
A. C. Miglietta, New York
Roger Lapham, New York
W. H. Noble, Houston
T. R. Hoyt, New York
C. G. King, Chicago
F. P. Dodge, Port Arthur
L. F. J. Wilking, Port Arthur
J. F. Wolters, Houston

Charles E. Herrmann and Amos L. Beatty of New York visited Texas with the other stockholders but are not shown in the photograph.

SEATED, Left to Right:

Edward F. Swift, Chicago
Jas. C. Hutchins, Chicago
W. P. Holland, Clarksdale, Miss.
Jas. N. Hill, New York
James Hopkins, St. Louis
John J. Mitchell, Chicago
Royal A. Ferris, Sr., Dallas
John Lambert, Chicago
Mrs. Jack Lapham, San Antonio
Judge E. T. Glennon, Chicago

SEATED ON GROUND

Burt E. Hull, Houston
C. C. Hawkins, Port Neches
F. S. Dengler, Port Neches
F. B. Capen, Port Arthur
F. T. Manley, Houston
J. B. Alleman, Beaumont
R. L. Drake, Port Arthur
Jack Lapham, San Antonio
J. L. Dowling, Houston

TEXACO STAR



Wells 1 to 39 on The Texas Company's Morgan Lease, Burkburnett, Texas

ceptionally well attended. A large party, chiefly from New York and Chicago, left Chicago by chartered train on Nov. 12 and were joined at Burkburnett, Texas, on Nov. 14, by the following gentlemen:

Martin Moran,	T. J. Donoghue,
D. F. Connelly,	G. L. Noble,
C. R. Wilson,	C. N. Scott,
of Tulsa, Okla.	F. T. Manley,
F. W. Freeman,	R. E. Brooks,
H. B. Sincoc,	J. L. Dowling,
of Denver, Colo.	C. P. Dodge,
	J. C. McCue,
	R. A. John,
	W. H. Lyne,
M. W. Bahan,	J. W. Link, Houston.
of Ft. Worth, Tex.	

After inspecting the Company's producing properties in the vicinity of Burkburnett, Cisco, and Ranger, the special arrived in Houston on Nov. 17. It was held in Houston until after the stockholders' meeting, and proceeded to Port Arthur Tuesday night, Nov. 18. Port Arthur Works, Port Arthur Terminal, and Port Neches Works were visited Nov. 19-20. We show a group photograph taken in front of the Roofing Plant at Port Neches Works. The train left Port Neches late in the afternoon of Nov. 20, returning via New Orleans, arriving in Chicago Nov. 22. The train was completely equipped with Club car, dining car, two 12-section, and three 12-compartment sleeping cars.

The weather was ideal during the entire trip and this visit to Texas was thoroughly enjoyed by all, especially, it is believed, by the stockholders from the Northern states.

★ ★

The Advertising Division desires to give credit where credit is due in regard to the matter reported on the inside of the front cover of the November issue. They omitted to state that it originated with J. W. Rapp & Co., distributors of Texaco Products in Toledo, Ohio, and that their good service undoubtedly contributed to their customer's great satisfaction with Texaco Motor Oil and Gasoline.

★ ★

Everybody is demanding shorter hours except the talkers. They are still asking for "just one moment more."—Saturday Evening Post.

Page four

CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELLS

December 1, 1919

Pennsylvania.....	\$4.50	Bull Bayou.....	\$1.90
Mercer Black.....	2.33	Crichton.....	1.75
Corning, O.....	3.10	Caddo Light.....	2.25
Cabell, W. Va.....	3.02	Caddo Heavy.....	.75
Newcastle.....	2.23	Vinton.....	1.00
North Lima.....	2.73	Jennings.....	1.00
South Lima.....	2.73	Spindletop.....	1.05
Indiana.....	2.63	Sour Lake.....	1.00
Princeton, Ill.....	2.77	Batson.....	1.00
Illinois.....	2.77	Saratoga.....	1.00
Canada.....	2.88	Humble.....	1.00
Somerset, Ky.....	2.85	Goose Creek.....	1.00
Ragland, Ky.....	1.35	Markham.....	1.00
California Light.....	1.62	West Columbia.....	.75
California Heavy.....	1.23	Corsicana Light.....	2.50
Wyoming.....	1.75	Corsicana Heavy.....	1.05
Kansas and Okla.....	2.50	Petrolia.....	2.50
Cushing.....	2.50	Electra.....	2.50
Heldton.....	1.35	Ranger.....	2.50
De Soto.....	2.15	Burkburnett.....	2.50

The trouble with democracy is that it has developed into government of the people, at the people, over the people, under the people, around the people, between the people, into the people, with the people, without the people, for the people, beyond the people, after the people, before the people, in front of the people, behind the people, outside the people, inside the people. Why not get back to the original Lincolnian propositions?—*Life*.

★ ★

"It is time for the nation to begin to teach its fools," says a Maryland congressman. That would be better than this monotonous thing of having the fools doing so much of the teaching.

—Geo. M. Bailey.

★ ★

The following article (translated by the Export Department) received from Agent Isodoro Gonzales at Cienfuegos, Cuba, of The Texas Company (So. Am.) Ltd., appeared in "*La Correspondencia*" of Cienfuegos, Cuba, on October 25, 1919:

Cienfuegos will be an important distributing center. The beautiful S. S. "Alabama," about 4,000 tons, which belongs to the important petroleum concern, The Texas Company, has just arrived in the port of Cienfuegos. This vessel carries a complete cargo of fuel oil, consigned to the company and intended for the enormous tank just built here by the company, whence it will be distributed among the sugar centrals, railroads, and other industrial plants of Cuba. Inasmuch as this is the first cargo of fuel oil received at Cienfuegos, its arrival deserves special mention as heralding

TEXACO STAR



Wells 2 to 25 on The Texas Company's Fowler Lease, Burkburnett, Texas



Continuation at the left of the view shown above

new activities which are bound to produce a new source of wealth for this port.

Although the use of fuel oil as a fuel substitute for coal, in connection with steam engines and internal combustion engines, is only a few years old, the results obtained—especially during the war—have practically demonstrated its superiority. The abundance of petroleum obtained in the neighboring countries, Mexico and the United States; the facility with which it is being extracted from its deposits, marketed, and brought to the consumer; its comparatively low price; the saving of waste and labor; and the larger number of calories which it develops as a fuel, have made petroleum the most attractive product for generating motor forces. To our sugar centrals, especially, this innovation means an incalculable saving. Petroleum is bound to be one of the factors which will help our sugar compete with sugar of foreign origin as soon as the feared competition returns.

The fact that Cienfuegos was chosen by such a large firm, as one of the principal petroleum distributing centers in Cuba, is in itself a cause for

rejoicing because this means a new source of life and prosperity. Many sons of this locality will derive their livelihood therefrom and the importance of Cienfuegos as a mercantile port and railroad center is bound to grow.



Our S. S. "Alabama" at Cienfuegos, Cuba
Discharging through two 6-inch connections at the dock of United Havana Railways.



S. S. "Alabama" Discharging at Cienfuegos, Cuba—view from Plant of The Texas Company (So. Am.) Ltd.
1700 feet of 12-inch line connect the tanks with the dock.

TEXACO STAR



A card from Antwerp.

The following report of the formation and objects of a Texaco Club in Antwerp, Belgium, received from Edouard Castiels, First Accountant in the Antwerp Office, is commended to the kind attention of their "American comrades."

Texaco Club.—On Thursday, the 16th of October, 1919, a club was founded by the employes of the Continental Petroleum Company, Antwerp, the aim of which shall be to secure good fellowship between the members. Unanimously, the whole association decided to take as a title "Texaco Club, Antwerp."

A committee has been elected, with Mr. R. Gilson, chief of the office, in the chair, and several projects are under examination, principally; sections for sports, musical evenings in winter; trips in summer time.

Besides, and in order to combine the useful with the agreeable, an English section has been formed to enable the members to perfect themselves in a practical way. This section will hold weekly meetings where English will be the only language allowed. Every member in turn will have to prepare topics to be debated, to hold a reading, or to give a lecture. Later on a library will be placed at their disposal, when the club shall be in possession of sufficient funds, unless there are any American comrades

who would be kind enough to help their Continental brethren.

Who will send us a book? Any kind equally acceptable, business or romance. Every gift will be thankfully accepted, and if the sender will be good enough to put his name and address on the first page a list might be made up of those who showed sympathy with the new organization.

Books should be sent by parcel post, not more than eleven pounds in each package, rate twelve cents per pound. The address is Continental Petroleum Company, 39 Rue des Tanneurs, Antwerp, Belgium. It is suggested that packages be marked "For Texaco Club."—Ed.

★ ★

The Dangerous Four.—The four most dangerous groups of Bolsheviks in this country are: First, a large percentage of our so-called educators. The next most dangerous are the men who are babbling about industrial problems from the pulpits without knowing anything about them. The next are the newspaper men; I mean a large percentage of them, who, for circulation, *etc.*, are willing to appeal to the mob-mind, and who are reckless about printing the truth or moulding public sentiment in the right direction. The fourth most dangerous are the men in public life who do not adhere to the Constitution and are constantly playing to popular fallacies and making a class appeal.

—H. F. Atwood.

TEXACO STAR



Pipe Line Bend at Dock of Pensacola Terminal

R. P. Dorris, John Kuhns, Geo. Howes, C. Holmes—According to Hoyle four of a kind beats a straight but you can't beat these bends.

E. N. Anderson, of Pensacola Terminal, kindly sends this picture and a newspaper clipping which says: "The Texas Company's Terminal has grown so rapidly that it was found necessary to erect another 7,800-bbl. steel tank. Since the destroyer squadron has been in the harbor those vessels alone have taken 35,000 bbls. of bunker oil. Merchant ships are beginning to come to this port in great number for fuel oil, and the storage of the plant must be increased at once to keep up with growing business."



NC4 lying at anchor, Miami, Fla., Oct. 31, 1919.

The NC4 has been ordered to Houston, where it will arrive December 20, landing at the municipal docks on the Ship Channel.



Fuelling the NC4 at Miami, Fla.

Many thanks are due to Rudyard Kipling for permission to print "The Mother Hive." Mr. Kipling's publishers in this country, being without authority to let us purchase the privilege, could only give the name and address of Mr. Kipling's literary agents in London. To them the editor wrote:

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company have kindly referred me to you in a matter which, they explain, they have not the authority to deal with. I had written to them to purchase the privilege of printing in the *Texaco Star*, with proper copyright notice, Mr. Kipling's fable of the bees entitled "The Mother Hive."

Please note that the *Texaco Star*, a monthly magazine, is strictly a company journal for employees of The Texas Company. It is sent only to about 15,000 of our employees who have asked to receive it, and to stockholders. There is no charge whatsoever and there are no advertisements.

I earnestly wish to give this body of men the pleasure and profit of reading this piece of Kipling's which I regard as the most wholesome and effective fable of social organization in literature.

In the event that you should hesitate for any reason about granting the privilege, I beg that my request be not refused without submitting it, if need be, to Mr. Kipling himself. As there is absolutely no wish or possibility of any pecuniary profit or object on our part, but solely a wish to help the minds and characters of the great body of our employees who are diligent readers of the *Texaco Star*, I am confidently hoping that the permission will be granted.

In due time came a welcome answer saying:

I sent your letter to Mr. Kipling and I am now authorized by him to say that under the circumstances he will be glad to give you the right to publish "The Mother Hive" once in the "Texaco Star." It is not usual for Mr. Kipling to give permissions such as this but he is glad to help in any way the object which you have in view.

For the pen drawings set in the margins of the text, the editor of the *Texaco Star* is responsible. They were drawn simply to his descriptions, by Bert Blessington sometime of the *Houston Post*. The captioned drawing was furnished by kind helpers in the office of the Advertising Division, upon telegraphic request for a drawing of scene in Hester Street or some such tenement street in New York.

The pen drawings in the Christmas story are by Thomas Fogarty, the colored illustrations by A. L. Tidden. (All are covered by copyrights.)

★ ★

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come, and is sure.—*T. Fuller*.

HOME

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

—*Robert Burns*.

Christmas greetings to All, and every good wish for the New Year.

TEXACO STAR



This splendid pen drawing by Will Crawford (for the copy we are indebted to our Mr. Vos) appeared originally in the "New York Tribune," illustrating an editorial on the duty of keeping up spirits and good humor in troublous times. Secretary of War Stanton once gave a friend an account of a cabinet meeting suddenly summoned by President Lincoln in the darkest days of the war between the States, which the President opened by asking: "Gentlemen, did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward?" He read them a chapter, laughing heartily. As no member of the cabinet joined with him, heaving a sigh, he said: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is on me day and night, if I did not laugh I should die, and you need this medicine as much as I do." Then, taking a little paper from his tall hat, he said he had called them on very important business, and read them the Emancipation Proclamation.



"This has been a day of pleasant bread."

A DAY OF PLEASANT BREAD

From "Adventures in Friendship" by David Grayson

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.—All rights reserved.

THEY have all gone now, and the house is very still. For the first time this evening I hear the December wind blustering about the house; but here in my room, under the green reading lamp, it is warm and still. Although Harriet has closed the doors, covered the coals in the fireplace, and said good-night, the atmosphere still seems to tingle with the electricity of genial humanity.

The parting voice of the Scotch Preacher still booms in my ears:

"This," said he, as he was going out of our door, wrapped like an Arctic highlander, "has been a day of pleasant bread."

One of the very pleasantest I can remember!

I sometimes think we expect too much of Christmas Day. We try to crowd into it long arrears of kindness and humanity of the whole year. As for me, I like to take my Christmas a little at a time, all through the year. And thus I drift along into the holidays—waking up some morning and suddenly saying to myself:

"Why, this is Christmas Day!"

How the discovery makes one bound out of his bed! What a new sense of life and adventure it imparts! Who knows? I may discover that this is a better and kindlier world than I had ever dreamed it could be.

So I sing out to Harriet as I go down:

"Merry Christmas, Harriet,"—and not waiting for her sleepy reply I go down and build the biggest, warmest, friendliest fire of the year. Then I get into my thick coat and mittens and open the back door. All around the sill, deep on

TEXACO STAR



"Merry Christmas, Harriet."

Upon hearing these riotous sounds the barnyard awakens. I hear my horse whinnying from the barn, the chickens begin to crow and cackle, and such a grunting and squealing as the pigs set up, it would do a man's heart good to hear!

"It's a friendly world," I say to myself, "and full of business."

I plow through the snow to the stable door. I scuff and stamp the snow away and pull it open with difficulty. A cloud of steam rises out of the warmth within. I step inside. My horse raises his head above the stanchion, looks around at me, and strikes his forefoot on the stable floor—the best greeting he has for a fine Christmas morning. My cow, until now silent, begins to bawl. I lay my hand on the horse's flank and he steps over in his stall to let me go by. I slap his neck and he lays back his ears playfully. I give my horse his oats, throw corn to the pigs and grain to Harriet's chickens (it's the only way to stop the cackling!). And presently the barnyard is quiet again except for the sound of contented feeding.

Take my word for it, this is one of the pleasant moments of my life. I stand and look long at my barnyard family. I observe with satisfaction how plump they are and how well they are bearing the winter. Then I look up at my mountainous straw stack with its capping of snow, and my corn crib with the yellow ears visible through the slats, and my barn with its mow full of hay—all the gatherings of the year, now being expended in growth. I cannot at all explain it, but at such moments the circuit of that spiritual battery which each of us conceals within seems to close and the full current of contentment flows through our lives.

All the morning as I went about my chores I had a peculiar sense of expected pleasure. It seemed that something unusual and adventurous was about to happen—and if it did not happen, why I was there to make it happen! When I went in to breakfast (do you know the fragrance of broiling bacon when you have worked for an hour before breakfast on a morning of zero weather!)—when I went in to breakfast, I fancied that Harriet looked preoccupied, but I was too busy just then (hot corn muffins) to make an inquiry, and I knew by experience that the best solvent of secrecy is patience.

"David," said Harriet, presently, "the cousins can't come!"

"Can't come!" I exclaimed.

"Why, you act as if you were delighted."

the step, and all about the yard lies drifted snow: it has transformed my wood pile into a grotesque mound, it frosts the roof of my barn like a wedding cake. I go at it lustily with my wooden shovel, clearing a pathway to the gate. Cold, too; but clear and still. The sun is just coming up. When I reach the gate my blood is racing in my veins. I straighten up, thrust my shovel into the snow pile, and shout at the top of my voice, for I can no longer contain myself: "Merry Christmas, Harriet."

Harriet opens the door—just a crack.

"Merry Christmas yourself, you Arctic explorer! Oo—but it's cold!" And she closes the door.

TEXACO STAR

"No—well, yes," I said. "I knew some adventure was about to happen!"

"Adventure! It's a cruel disappointment—I was all ready for them."

"Harriet," I said, "adventure is just what we make it. And aren't we to have the Scotch Preacher and his wife?"

"But I've got such a *good* dinner."

"Well," I said, "it must be eaten! You may depend upon me to do my duty."

"We'll have to send out into the highways and compel them to come in," said Harriet ruefully

I had several observations I should have liked to make, but Harriet sat with her eyes fixed on the coffeepot. I watched her for a moment, then I remarked: "There aren't any."

"David," she exclaimed, "how did you know what I was thinking about."

"I merely wanted to show you," I said, "that my genius is not properly appreciated in my own household. You thought of highways. Then you thought of the poor; especially on Christmas day; and then I said, 'There aren't any.'"

Harriet laughed. "It has come to a pretty pass," she said, "when there are no poor people to invite to dinner on Christmas day."

"Then," I said, "having no poor to invite to dinner we must necessarily try the rich. That's logical, isn't it?"

"Who?" asked Harriet, which is just like a woman. Whenever you get an argument started with her, she will suddenly short-circuit it, and want to know if you mean Mr. Smith, or Joe Perkins's boys, which I maintain is *not* logical.

"Well, there are the Starkweathers," I said.

"David!"

"They're rich, aren't they!"

"Yes, but you know how they live—what dinners they have—and—"

"Weren't you telling me the other day how many people who were really suffering were too proud to let anyone know about it? Weren't you advising the necessity of getting acquainted with people and finding out—tactfully, of course—you made a point of tact—what the trouble was?"

"But I was talking of *poor* people."

"Why shouldn't a rule that is good for poor people be equally as good for rich people? Aren't they proud?"

"Oh, you can argue," observed Harriet.

"And I can act, too," I said. "I am now going over to invite the Starkweathers. I heard a rumour that their cook has left them and I expect to find them starving."

"What *is* the matter with you this morning?"

"Christmas," I said. I left Harriet in the breeziest of spirits, having quite forgotten her disappointment. "If you *should* get the Starkweathers——"

"'In the bright lexicon of youth,'" I observed, "'there is no such word as fail.'"

So I set off up the road. The sun was now fully up, but the air still tingled with the electricity of zero weather. And the fields! I have seen the fields of June and the fields of October, but I never saw our countryside, hills and valleys, tree spaces and brook bottoms, more enchantingly beautiful. Snow everywhere—the fences half hidden, the trees laden. And the air went to one's head like wine!

At the bridge whom should I meet but the Scotch Preacher, God bless him!

"Well, well, David," he exclaimed heartily, "Merry Christmas."

I drew my face down and said solemnly:

"Dr. McAlway, I am on a most serious errand."

"Why, now, what's the matter!" He was all sympathy at once.

"I am out in the highways trying to compel the poor to come to our feast."

The Scotch Preacher observed me with a twinkle in his eye.

"David," he said, putting his hand to his mouth as if to speak in my ear, "there is a poor man yo will na' have to compel."

"Oh, you don't count," I said. "You're coming anyhow."

Then I told him of the errand with our millionaire friends, into the spirit of

TEXACO STAR



I can't pretend to describe Harriet's dinner.

which he entered with the greatest zest. He was full of advice and much excited lest I fail to do a thoroughly competent job.

"Man, man, it's a lovely thing to do," he exclaimed, "but I ha' me doots—I ha' me doots."

At parting he hesitated a moment, and with a serious face inquired:

"Is it by any chance a goose?"

"It is," I said, "a goose—a big one."

He heaved a sigh of satisfaction. "You have comforted my mind," he said, "with the joys of anticipation—a goose, a big goose."

So I left him and went onward toward the Starkweathers'. At the gate my spirits began to fail me. Though Harriet and I were well enough acquainted with the Starkweathers, yet at this late moment on Christmas morning it did seem a hair-brained scheme to think of inviting them to dinner.

I waited in the reception-room, which was cold. In the parlour beyond I could see the innumerable things of beauty—furniture, pictures, books, so very, very much of everything—with which the room was filled. I saw it now, as I had often seen it before, with a sense of weariness. How all these things, though beautiful enough in themselves, must clutter up a man's life!

The more I look into life, the more things it seems to me I can successfully lack—and continue to grow happier. How many kinds of food I do not need, nor cooks to cook them, how much curious clothing nor tailors to make it, how many books that I never read, and pictures that are not worth while! The farther I run, the more I feel like casting aside all such impedimenta.

Presently Mr. Starkweather appeared in the doorway. He wore a velvet smoking-jacket; and, for a bright morning like this, he seemed worn, and cold.

"Well, well, friend," he said, "I'm glad to see you." He said it as though he meant it. "Come into the library; it's the only room that is comfortably warm.

TEXACO STAR



"None of the new-fangled ones, Clara! Some of the old ones we used to know."

In the library a bright fire was burning. On a little table at one side of the fireplace were the remains of a breakfast. As I came in Mrs. Starkweather rose from her place. She is a robust, rather handsome woman, with many rings on her fingers, and a pair of glasses hanging to a gold hook on her ample bosom; but this morning she, too, looked worried.

"Oh, yes," she said with a rueful laugh, "we're beginning a merry Christmas, as you see. Think of Christmas with no cook in the house!"

I felt as if I had discovered a gold mine. Poor starving millionaires.

"We had a company of friends invited for dinner today," she said, "and our cook was ill—or said she was—and had to go. One of the maids went with her. The man who looks after the furnace disappeared on Friday, and the stableman has been drinking—and so here we are. Merry Christmas!"

Upon this I told them of the trouble in our household and asked them to come down and help us enjoy Dr. McAlway and the goose.

When I left, after much pleasant talk, they both came with me to the door.

"You've given us something to live for, Mr. Grayson," said Mrs. Starkweather.

So I walked home in the highest spirits, and an hour or more later who should we see in the top of our upper field but Mr. Starkweather and his wife floundering in the snow. They reached the lane covered with snow and ruddy with the cold.

"We walked over," said Mrs. Starkweather breathlessly, "and I haven't had so much fun in years."

Mr. Starkweather helped her over the fence. The Scotch Preacher stood on the steps to receive them, and we all went in together.

I can't pretend to describe Harriet's dinner: the gorgeous brown goose, and the apple sauce, and all the other things that best go with it, and the pumpkin pie at the end—the finest, thickest, most delicious pumpkin pie I ever ate in all my life.

TEXACO STAR

And I wish I could have a picture of Harriet presiding. I have never seen her happier, or more in her element. Every time she brought in a dish or took off a cover it was a sort of miracle. And her coffee—but I must not and dare not elaborate.

And what great talk we had afterward!

I've known the Scotch Preacher for a long time, but I never saw him in such a mood of hilarity. He and Mr. Starkweather told stories of their boyhood—and we laughed, and laughed—Mrs. Starkweather the most of all. Seeing her so often in her carriage, or in the dignity of her home, I didn't think she had so much jollity in her. Finally she discovered Harriet's cabinet organ, and nothing would do but she must sing for us.

"None of the new-fangled ones, Clara," cried her husband; "some of the old ones we used to know."

So she sat down at the organ and threw her head back and began to sing:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day——,"

Mr. Starkweather jumped up and ran over to the organ and joined in with his deep voice. Harriet and I followed. The Scotch Preacher's wife nodded in time with the music, and presently I saw the tears in her eyes. As for Dr. McAlway, he sat on the edge of his chair with his hands on his knees and wagged his shaggy head, and before we got through he, too, joined in with his big sonorous voice:

"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art——,"

Oh, I can't tell here—it grows late and there's work tomorrow—all the things we did and said. They stayed until it was dark, and when Mrs. Starkweather was ready to go, she took both of Harriet's hands in hers and said with great earnestness:

"I haven't had such a good time at Christmas since I was a little girl. I shall never forget it."

And the dear old Scotch Preacher, when Harriet and I had wrapped him up, went out, saying:

"This has been a day of pleasant bread."

It has; it has. I shall not soon forget it. What a lot of kindness and common human nature—childlike simplicity, if you will—there is in people once you get them together and persuade them that the things they think serious are not serious at all.



Page fourteen

Dear little downy
gosling says:
I can't get
learning through
my head;
I really
don't see
what's the use,
When I grow up
I'll be
a goose.

No fame, were the best less brittle,
No praise, were it wide as earth,
Is worth so much as a little
Child's love may be worth.

THE AGE OF REASON

The new teacher had chosen the subject of the cat.

"Now, children, tell me what sort of clothes pussy wears." No reply. "Come, come. Does she wear feathers?"

A pained expression crossed the face of a little boy in the front row.

"Please, Ma'am," he asked pityingly, "ain't you never seen a cat?"

A little girl, upon being caught in a fib, was required by her mother to kneel down and ask divine pardon. After telling God she was sorry, she added: "But, dear God, can't you take a joke?"



If the stock had not been over crowded the wax-moth would never have entered.

THE MOTHER HIVE

By Rudyard Kipling

Copyright by Rudyard Kipling—All rights reserved.

IF THE stock had not been overcrowded, the Wax-moth would never have entered; but where bees are too thick on the comb there must be sickness or parasites. The heat of the hive had risen with the June honey-flow, and though the fanners worked, until their wings ached, to keep people cool, everybody suffered.

A young bee crawled up the greasy trampled alighting-board. "Excuse me," she began, "but it's my first honey-flight. Could you kindly tell me if this is my—"
 "—own hive." the Guard snapped. "Yes! Buzz in, and be foul-brooded to you! Next!"

"Shame!" cried half a dozen workers, and there was a scuffle and a hum.

The Wax-moth, pressed close in a crack in the alighting-board, had waited this chance all day. She scuttled in and, knowing the senior bees would turn her out at once, dodged into a brood-frame, where youngsters who had not yet seen the winds blow or the flowers nod discussed life. Young bees will tolerate any sort of stranger. Behind her came the bee who had been slanged by the Guard.

"What is the world like, Melissa?" said a companion.

"Cruel! I brought in a full load, and the Guard told me to be foul-brooded!"

"If you'd only heard," said the wax-moth silkily, "the insolence of the Guard's tone when she cursed our sister. It aroused the entire Community." She laid an egg. She had stolen in for that purpose.

"There was a bit of a fuss," Melissa chuckled. "You were there, Miss—"

"Don't call me 'Miss.' I'm a sister to all in affliction—just a working sister."

The Wax-moth caressed Melissa with her soft feelers and laid another egg.

"You mustn't lay here," cried Melissa. "You aren't a Queen."

"My dear child, I give you my word of honour those aren't eggs. Those are my principles, and I am ready to die for them."

"Don't be unkind, Melissa," said a young bee, impressed by the chaste folds of the Wax-moth's wings, which hid ceaseless egg-dropping.

"I haven't done anything," Melissa answered. "She's doing it all."

Laying at every sob, the Wax-moth backed into a crowd of young bees, and left Melissa be-



She scuttled in.

TEXACO STAR



"I'm just a working sister."

about. Send a gang to the Gate, and tell them to narrow it with scrapwax pillars. It'll make the Hive hot, but we can't have Death's Headers in the middle of our honey-flow."

"My Only Wings! I should think not!" Melissa had all a sound bee's hereditary hatred against the Thief of the Hives. "Tumble out!" she called. "Scrapwax pillars for the Ga-ate!" She chanted the order.

"That's nonsense," a downy day-old bee answered. "If you trust a Death's Head, he will trust you. Pillar-building shows lack of confidence. Our dear sister in grey says so."

"Yes. Pillars are provocative, and a waste of wax that is needed for higher and more practical ends," said the Wax-moth from an empty store-cell.

"The safety of the Hive is the highest thing I've ever heard of. You mustn't teach us to refuse work," Melissa began.

"You misunderstand me, love. Work's the essence of life; but to expend precious vitality and labour against imaginary danger, *that* is heart-breakingly absurd! If I can only teach a— a little toleration—, I shan't have lived in vain."

"She *hasn't* lived in vain, the darling!" cried twenty bees together. "You should see her saintly life! She just devotes herself to spreading her principles."

An old, baldish bee came up the comb.

"Pillar-workers for the Gate! Get out and chew scraps. Buzz off!" she said. The young bees trooped down the frame, whispering.

"What's the matter with them?" said the oldster. "Why do they call each other 'ducky' and 'darling'?" She sniffed suspiciously. "Horrid stuffy smell here. Not Wax-moth, I hope, Melissa."

"Not to my knowledge," said Melissa, who only knew the Wax-moth as a lady with principles. She imagined Wax-moths to be like blood-red dragon-flies.

"You had better fan out this corner for a little," said the old bee and passed on. Melissa dropped her head at once, took firm hold with her fore-feet, and fanned obediently at the regulation strike—three hundred beats to the second. Fanning tries a bee's temper, because she must always keep in the same place where she never seems to be doing any good, and, all the while, she is wearing out her only wings. When a bee cannot fly, a bee must not live; and a bee knows it. The Wax-moth crept forth, and caressed Melissa again.

"I see," she murmured, "that at heart you are one of us."

"I work with the Hive," Melissa answered briefly.

"It's the same thing. We and the Hive are one."

"Then why are your feelers different from ours? Don't cuddle so."

"Don't be provincial, *carissima*. You can't have all the world alike—yet."

"But why do you lay eggs?" Melissa insisted. "You lay 'em like a Queen—only you drop them in patches all over the place. I've watched you."

"Ah, Brighteyes, so you've pierced my little



Laying at every sob.

TEXACO STAR



Ceaseless egg-dropping.

subterfuge. Yes, they are eggs. By and by they'll spread our principles."

"You gave me your word of honour that they were not eggs."

"That was my little subterfuge—for the sake of the Cause. I must reach the young." The Wax-moth tripped towards a brood-frame where the young bees were feeding the babies.

It takes some time for a sound bee to realize a malignant and continuous lie. "She's sweet and feathery," was all that Melissa thought,

"but her talk sounds like ivy honey tastes. I'd better get to field-work again."

She found the Gate in a sulky uproar. The youngsters told off to the pillars had refused to chew scrap-wax because it made their jaws ache, and were clamoring for virgin stuff.

"Anything to finish the job!" said the badgered Guards. "Hang up, some of you, and make wax for these slack-jawed sisters."

Before a bee can make wax she must fill herself with honey. Then she climbs to safe foothold and hangs, while other gorged bees hang on to her in a cluster. There they wait in silence till the wax comes. The scales are either taken out of the maker's pockets by the workers, or tinkle down on the workers while they wait. The workers chew them (they are useless unchewed) into the all-supporting, all embracing Wax of the Hive. But now, no sooner was the wax-cluster in position than the workers below broke out again.

"Come down!" they cried. "Come down and work! Come on, you parasites! Don't think to enjoy yourselves up there while we're sweating down here!"

The cluster shivered, as from hooked fore-foot to hooked hind-foot it telegraphed uneasiness. At last a worker sprang up, grabbed the lowest wax-maker, and swung, kicking above her companions.

"I can make wax too!" she bawled. "Give me a full gorge and I'll make it."

"Make it, then," said the bee she had grappled. The spoken word snapped the current through the cluster. It shook and glistened like a cat's fur in the dark.

"Unhook!" it murmured. "No wax for anyone to-day."

"You lazy thieves! Hang up and produce our wax," said the bees below.

"Impossible! The sweat's gone. To make your wax we must have stillness, warmth, and food. Unhook! Unhook!"

They broke up as they murmured, and disappeared among the other bees.

"Seems as if we'd have to chew scrap wax after all," said a worker.

"Not by a whole comb," cried the young bee who had broken the cluster. "Listen here! I've studied the question more than twenty minutes. It's as simple as falling off a daisy. You've heard of Cheshire, Root, and Langstroth."

They had not, but they shouted "Good old Langstroth!" just the same.

"Those three know all that there is to be known about hives. One of 'em must have made ours, and if they've made it, they're bound to look after it. Ours is a 'Guaranteed Patent Hive.' You can see it on the label, behind."

"Good old guarantee! Hurrah for the label behind!" roared the bees.

"Well, such being the case, I say that when we find they've betrayed us, we can exact from them a terrible vengeance."

"Good old vengeance! 'Nuff said! Chuck it!" The crowd cheered and broke away as Melissa dived through.

"D'you know where Langstroth, Root, and Cheshire live if you happen to want 'em?" she asked of the panting orator.

"Gum me if I know they ever lived at all!"



"Tell them to narrow the Gate."

TEXACO STAR



"You had better fan out that corner."

"I think I'll take this load to the nurseries," she said, when she had finished. "It was always quiet there in my day," and she topped off with two little pats of pollen for the babies.

She was met on the fourth brood-comb by a rush of sisters all buzzing together. "One at a time! Let me put my load down. Now, what is it, Sacharissa?" she said.

"Grey Sister—that fluffy one, I mean—she came and said we ought to be out in the sunshine gathering honey, because life was short. She said any old bee could attend to our babies, and some day old bees would. That isn't true, Melissa, is it? No old bees can take us away from our babies, can they?"

"Of course not. You feed the babies while your heads are soft. When your heads harden, you go on to field-work. Any one knows that."

"We told her so! We told her so; but she only waved her feelers and said we could all lay eggs like Queens if we chose. And I'm afraid lots of the weaker sisters believe her, and are trying to do it. So unsettling!"

Sacharissa sped to a sealed worker-cell whose lid pulsed as the bee within began to cut its way out.

"Come along, precious!" she murmured, and thinned the frail top from the other side. A pale, damp, creased thing hoisted itself feebly on to the comb. Sacharissa's note changed. "Go up the frame and preen yourself! Report in my ward to-morrow. Stop a minute. What's the matter with your third right leg?"

The young bee held it out—a drone leg incapable of packing pollen.

"Thank you. You needn't report till the day after to-morrow." Sacharissa turned to her companion. "That's the fifth oddity hatched in my ward since noon."

"There's always a number of 'em," said Melissa. "You can't stop a few working sisters from laying, when they overfeed. They raise dwarf drones."

"But we're hatching out drones with workers' stomachs; workers with drones' stomachs; and albinos and mixed-leggers who can't pack pollen—like that poor little beast yonder. I don't mind dwarf drones (they all die in July), but this steady hatch of oddities frightens me, Melissa!"

"How narrow of you! They are all so clever and unusual and interesting," piped the Wax-moth from a crack above them. "Come here, you dear downy duck, and tell us all about your feelings."

"I wish she'd go!" Sacharissa lowered her voice. "She meets these—er—oddities as they dry out, and cuddles 'em in corners."

"I suppose the truth is we're over stock-ed and too well fed to swarm," said Melissa.

"That is the truth," said the Queen's voice behind them. They had not heard the heavy royal footfall which sets empty cells vibrating. Sacharissa offered her food at once. She ate and dragged her weary body forward. "Can you suggest a remedy?" she said.

"Suppose we sent out a swarm." Melissa suggested. "It's late, but it might ease us off."

"It would save us, but—I know the Hive! You shall see for yourself." The old Queen



"By and by they'll spread our principles."

TEXACO STAR



One albino proved that if every bee gathered honey for $7\frac{3}{4}$ minutes a day she would have the rest of the time to herself.

good Hive for a rotten old oak out in the open where it may rain any minute! *We're all right! Swarming be gummed!!*"

"You hear?" said the Queen. "I know the Hive!"

"Quite between ourselves, I taught them that," cried the Wax-moth. "Wait till my principles develop, and you'll see the light from a new quarter."

"You speak truth for once," the Queen said suddenly, for she recognized the Wax-moth. "That Light will break into the top of the Hive. A Hot Smoke will follow it, and your children will not be able to hide in any crevice."



"Listen! I've studied the question more than twenty minutes. If you trust a Death's Head he will trust you. Pillar building shows lack of confidence."

"And then?" asked horrified Sacharissa.

"Then, I have heard that a little light will burn in a great darkness, and perhaps the world will begin again."

"Tut! Tut!" the Wax-moth cried. "You good fat people always prophesy ruin if things don't go exactly your way. But I grant you there will be changes."

There were. When her eggs hatched, the wax was riddled with little tunnels, coated with the dirty clothes of the caterpillars. Flannelly lines ran through the honey-stores, the pollen-larders, the foundations, and, worst of all, through the babies in their cradles, till the Sweeper Guards spent half their time tossing out use-



"We have created a New Heaven and a New Earth."

less little corpses. The caterpillars could not stop spinning as they walked, and as they walked everywhere they smarmed and garmed everything. Even where it did not hamper the bees' feet, the sour smell of the stuff put them off their work; though some of the bees who had taken to egg-laying said it encouraged them to be mothers and maintain a vital interest in life.

When the caterpillars became moths, they made friends with the ever-increasing oddities—albinos, mixed-leggers, single-eyed compo-

cried the Swarming Cry, which to a bee of good blood should be what the trumpet was to Job's war-horse. In spite of her immense age (three years), it rang between the canyon-like frames as a pibroch rings in a mountain pass; the fan-

ners changed their note, and repeated it up in every gallery; and the broad-winged drones, burly and eager, ended it on one nerve-thrilling outbreak of bugles: "*La Reine le veult! Swarm! Swar-rm! Swar-r-rm!*"

But the roar which should follow the Call was wanting. They heard a broken grumble.

"Swarm? What for? Catch me leaving a

"Is it possible?" Melissa whispered. "I—we have sometimes heard a legend like that."

"It is no legend," the old Queen answered.

"I had it from my mother, and she had it from hers. After the Wax-moth has grown strong, a Shadow will fall across the Gate; a voice will speak from behind a Veil; there will be Light, and Hot Smoke, and earthquakes, and those who live will see everything that they have done burned up in one great fire." The old Queen was trying to tell what she had been told of the Bee Master's dealings with an infected hive in the apiary, two or three seasons ago; and, of course, from her point of view the affair was as important as the Day of Judgment.

TEXACO STAR



"We and the hive are one."

only gathered honey for seven and three quarter minutes a day, she would have the rest of the time to herself, and could accompany the drones on their mating flights. The drones were not at all pleased.

Another, an eyeless drone with no feelers, said that all brood-cells should be perfect circles, so as not to interfere with the grub or the workers. He proved that the old six-sided cell was solely due to the workers building against each other on opposite sides of the wall, and that if there were no interferences there would be no angles. Some bees tried the new plan and found it cost eight times more wax than the old six-sided specification; and, as they never allowed a cluster to make up and make wax in peace, real wax was scarce.

They eked out their task with varnish stolen from new coffins at funerals, and it made them rather sick. Then they took to cadging around sugar-factories and breweries, because it was easiest to get their material from those places, and the mixture of glucose and beer fermented in store and blew the store-cells out of shape, besides smelling abominably. Some of the sound bees warned them that ill-gotten gains never prosper, but the Oddities at once surrounded them and balled them to death. That was a punishment they were almost as fond of as they were of eating, and they expected the sound bees to feed them. Curiously enough the instinct of loyalty towards the Hive made the sound bees do this, though their reason told them they ought to slip away and unite with some other healthy stock in the apiary.

"What about seven and three-quarters minutes' work now?" said Melissa one day as she came in. "I've been at it for five hours, and I've only half a load."

"The Hive subsists on the Hival Honey which the Hive produces," said a blind Oddity squatting in a store-cell.

"But honey is gathered from flowers outside—miles away," cried Melissa.

"Pardon me," said the blind thing. "But this is the Hive, is it not?"

"It was. Worse luck, it is."

"And the Hival Honey is here, is it not?" It opened a store-cell to prove it.

"Ye-es, but it won't be long at this rate."

"The rates have nothing to do with it. This Hive produces the Hival Honey. You people never seem to grasp the economic simplicity that underlies all life."

"Oh, me!" sighed poor Melissa, "haven't you ever been beyond the Gate?"

"Certainly not. A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth. Mine are in my head." It gorged till it bloated.

Melissa took refuge in her poorly paid field-work and told Sacharissa the story.

"Hut!" said that wise bee, fretting with



"This steady hatch of oddities frightens me."



Oddities.

TEXACO STAR



"I've a magnificent appetite and I don't like working."

"I don't mind that so much as their silly songs, after we've fed 'em, all about 'work among the merry blossoms,'" said Sacharissa from a stale Canterbury bell.

"I do. How's our Queen?" said Melissa.

"Cheerfully hopeless, as usual. But she lays an egg now and then."

"Does she so?" Melissa backed out of the next bell with a jerk. "Suppose now, we sound workers tried to raise a Princess in some clean corner?"

"You'd be put to it to find one. The Hive's all Wax-moth and muckings."

"A Princess might help us in the time of the Voice behind the Veil that the Queen talks of. And anything is better than working for Oddities that chirrup about work that they can't do, and waste what we bring home."

"I'm with you," said Sacharissa, "for the fun of it. The Oddities would ball us to death, if they knew."



The oddities would ball them to death.

There is no room to tell how Melissa found a far-off frame so mishandled by abandoned cell-building experiments that the bees never went there. How in that ruin she blocked out a Royal Cell of sound wax, but disguised by rubbish. How she prevailed upon the hopeless Queen to make one last effort and lay a worthy egg. How the Queen obeyed and died. How her spent carcass was flung out on the rubbish heap, and how a multitude of laying sisters went about dropping drone-eggs, and said there was no more need of Queens. How covered by this confusion, Sacharissa educated certain young bees to educate certain new-born bees in the almost lost art of making Royal Jelly. How the nectar for it was won out of hours in the teeth of chill winds. How the hidden egg hatched true—no drone, but Blood Royal. How it was capped, and how desperately they worked to feed and double-feed the now swarming Oddities, lest any break in the food-supplies should set them to instituting inquiries, which, with songs about work, was their favorite amusement. How in an auspicious hour, the Princess came forth—a Princess indeed, and how Melissa smuggled her into a honey-magazine; and how the drones, knowing she was there, went about singing the deep disreputable love-songs of the old days—to the scandal of the laying sisters, who do not think well of drones.

After a few days the weather became glorious. Even the Oddities would join



They expected the sound bees to feed them.

the crowd that hung on the alighting-board, and would sing of work among the merry, merry blossoms till an untrained ear might have received it for the hum of a working hive. Yet, their store honey had been eaten long ago. They lived from day to day on the efforts of the few sound bees, while the Wax-moth fretted and consumed again their already ruined wax. But the sound bees never mentioned these matters. They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

and would sing of work among the merry, merry blossoms till an untrained ear might have received it for the hum of a working hive. Yet, their store honey had been eaten long ago. They lived from day to day on the efforts of the few sound bees, while the Wax-moth fretted and consumed again their already ruined wax. But the sound bees never mentioned these matters. They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They lived from day to day on the efforts of the few sound bees, while the Wax-moth fretted and consumed again their already ruined wax. But the sound bees never mentioned these matters. They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

TEXACO STAR



The old six-sided brood cell.

cus, and the—er—Ladies' Smock in her season, the Chrysanthemum after her kind, and the Guelder Rose bringing forth abundantly withal."

"Oh, Holy Hymettus!" said Melissa, "I knew they didn't know how honey was made, but they've forgotten the Order of the Flowers!"

A Shadow fell across the alighting-board as the Bee Master and his son came by. The Oddities crawled in and a Voice behind a Veil said: "I've neglected the old Hive too long. Give me the smoker."

Melissa heard and darted through the Gate. "Come, oh come!" she cried. "It is the destruction the Old Queen foretold. Princess, come!"

"Really, you are too archaic," said an Oddity. "A cloud may have crossed the sun; but why hysterics? Above all, why Princesses so late in the day?"

Melissa clawed past him with all six legs. Sacharissa had run to what was left of the brood-comb. "Down and out!" she called. "Nurses, guards, fanners, sweepers—out! Never mind the babies. They're better dead. Out!"

The Princess's first clear fearless call (Melissa had found her) rose and drummed through all the frames. "*La Reine le veult! Swarm! Swar-rm! Swar-r-rm!*"

The Hive shook beneath shattering of a stuck-down quilt being torn back.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Wax-moths. "Look, and see the New Day."

Light broke in the top of the Hive as the Queen had prophesied—naked light on the boiling bewildered bees.

Sacharissa rounded up her rearguard and joined the Princess's detachment thrusting toward the Gate. Panic was in full blast, and each sound bee found herself embraced by at least three Oddities. The first instinct of a frightened bee is to break into the stores and gorge herself with honey; but there were no stores left, so the Oddities fought the sound bees.

"You must feed us, or we shall die!" they cried, holding and clutching and slipping, while the scared earwigs and little spiders twisted between their legs. "Think of the Hive, traitors! The Holy Hive!"

"You should have thought before!" cried the sound bees. They reached the Gate over the soft bodies of many to whom they had ministered.

"On! Out! Up!" roared Melissa in the Princess's ear. "For the Hive's sake! To the Old Oak!"

The Princess left the alighting-board, circled once, flung herself at the lowest branch of the Old Oak, and her little loyal swarm—you could have covered it with a pint mug—followed, hooked, and hung.

"Hold close!" Melissa gasped. "The old legends have come true! Look!"

The Hive was half hidden by smoke and Figures moved through the smoke. They heard a frame crack stickily, saw it heaved high and twirled round between enormous hands.

"Why, this isn't a hive! This is a museum of curiosities," said the Voice behind the Veil. It was the Bee Master talking to his son.

"Can you blame 'em, father?" said a second voice. "It's rotten with Wax-moth!"



"They seem to have lost the instinct of cell building."

TEXACO STAR



The destruction of all that had been well or ill done in their hive for generations past.

their work was useless; but the actual sight of even useless work destroyed disheartens a good worker.

"No, they have some recuperative power left," said the second voice. "Here's a Queen Cell!"

"But it's tucked away among— What on earth has come to the little wretches? They seem to have lost the instinct of cell-building." The Father held up the frame where the bees had experimented in circular cell-work. It looked like the pitted head of a decaying toadstool.

"Not altogether," the son corrected. "There's one line of good cells."

That frame, too, was smashed out and thrown atop of the others.

As frame after frame followed it, the swarm beheld the upheaval, exposure, and destruction of all that had been well or ill done in their hive for generations past. There was black comb so old that they had forgotten where it hung; orange, buff, and ochre-varnished store-comb, built as bees were used to build before the days of artificial foundations; and there was a little frail new work. There were sheets on sheets of level, even brood-comb that had held in its time unnumbered thousands of unnamed workers; patches of obsolete drone-comb, broad and high-shouldered, showing to what marks the male grub was expected to grow; and two-inch deep honey-magazines, empty but still magnificent, the whole gummed and glued into twisted scrap-work awry on the wires; half-cells, beginnings abandoned, or grandiose, weak-walled, composite cells pieced out with rubbish and capped with dirt. Good or bad, every inch of it was so riddled by the tunnels of the Wax-moth that it broke in clouds of dust as it was flung on the heap.

"Oh, see!" cried Sacharissa. "The Great Burning that our Queen foretold."

A flame crawled up the pile of rubbish, and they smelt singeing wax.

The Figures lifted the Hive and shook it upside down. A cascade of Oddities, chips of broken comb, scale, and grubs slid out, crackled, sizzled, popped a little, and then the flames roared up and consumed all that fuel.

"We must disinfect," said a Voice. "Get me a sulphur-candle, please."

The shell of the Hive was returned to its place, a light was set in its emptiness, tier by tier the Figures built it up, closed the entrance, and went away. The swarm watched the light leaking through the cracks all the night long.

At dawn one Wax-moth came by, fluttering impudently:

"There has been a miscalculation about the New Day, my dears," she began; "one can't expect people to be perfect all at once. That was our mistake."

"No, the mistake was entirely ours," said the Princess.

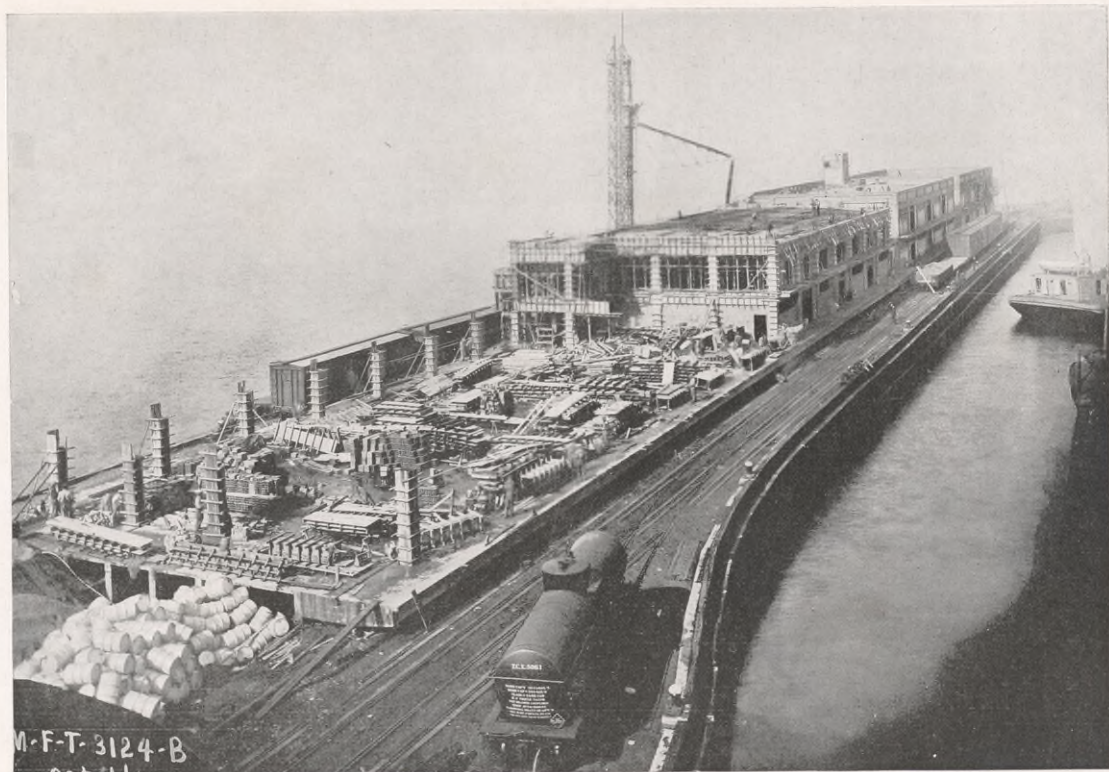
"Pardon me," said the Wax-moth. "When you think of the enormous upheaval our influence brought about, you will admit that we—"

"You?" said the Princess. "Our stock was not strong. So you came—as any other disease might have come. Hang close, all my people."

When the sun rose, Veiled Figures came down, and saw their swarm at the bough's end waiting patiently within sight of the old Hive—a handful, but prepared to go on.



A handful, but prepared to go on.



TEXACO STAR

New Concrete Dock with Warehouses at Bayonne Terminal—Two warehouses finished and two under construction—Oct. 1, 1919.

TEXACO STAR

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

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

Refining Dept.	C. K. Longaker, Houston
Natural Gas Dept.	D. P. Harrington, Fort Worth
Fuel Oil Dept.	E. B. Fryner, Houston
Railway Sales Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston
Marine Dept.	A. V. Cooley, Port Arthur
	H. Norris, New York
Legal Dept.	H. Tomfohrde, Houston
Treasury Dept.	Lee Dawson, Houston
Comptroller's Dept.	B. E. Emerson, Houston
	P. A. Masterson, New York
Insurance Dept.	Roy B. Wright, New York
Sales Dept. S. Territory	R. C. Galbraith, Houston
Sales Dept. N. Territory	S. Slattery, New York
Asphalt Sales Dept.	C. E. Murphy, New York
Export Dept.	J. B. Neissen, New York
Purchasing Dept.	J. E. Byrne, New York
	J. T. Rankin, Houston
Railway Traffic Dept.	J. M. Fleming, Houston
Producing Dept.	R. W. Plummer, Houston
Pipe Lines	A. M. Donoghue, H. uston
The Texas Steamship Co.	A. R. Weber, Bath, Me.

REFINING DEPT. The following account of the first American Legion Post organized in Texas is by P. T. Williams, of The Texas Company, member of the Post's Board of Directors:

The Rudolph Lambert Post, despite its "No. 7," is unquestionably the first Post organized in the State of Texas, preliminary steps to organization having been taken February 9, 1919. Working for a large charter membership, the Post was seventh to apply for a state charter.

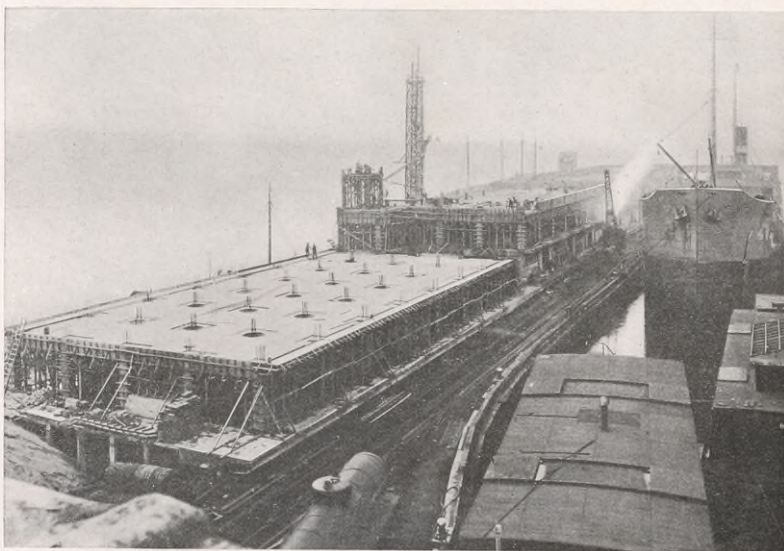
Great credit is due D. M. Phillips, L. A. Darnall, and C. E. Cook, of The Texas Company, and H. J. Kelly, of the Gulf Refining Company, for the success of the organization and its able officials. Its present paid membership is 300, and the objective is to take in every ex-service man in this community.

The Post is taking an active part in all the deliberations of the Legion, having sent delegates to both State and National Convention, and supplying one of the 36 members of the State Executive Committee. The intent of No. 7 is to maintain at all times an unselfish representative attitude toward all policies, local, state, and national, that affect the welfare and interests of first, the American citizen, second, members of the American Legion.

A. A. Nicholson, formerly of Olean, N. Y., has entered the Company's service at Port Arthur. Mr. Nicholson entered the Army as a private and was mustered out as a captain.

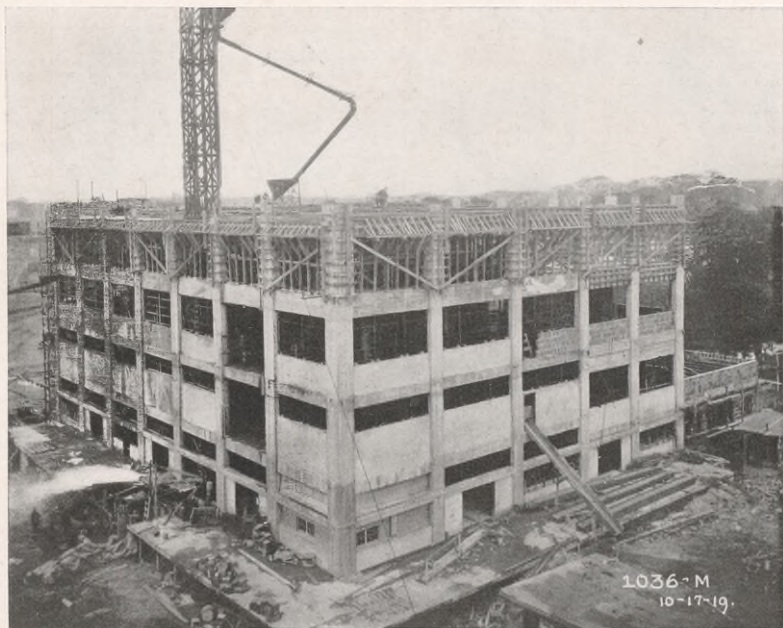
WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF NOVEMBER 1919

Refined—Coastwise.....	1,090,337 bbls.
Refined—Foreign.....	422,629 bbls.
	<hr/>
	1,512,966 bbls.
Crude—Coastwise.....	73,890 bbls.



New Concrete Dock with Warehouses at Bayonne Terminal—Two warehouses completely finished and two under course of construction—Oct. 15, 1919.

TEXACO STAR



New Compound and Cooperage Plant Under Construction at Providence Terminal.

Big Badger Fight at Port Neches.—The badger is owned by W. R. Merriman who has had it for nine years. He captured it when it was very young and trained it until it has a fighting reputation that is unequalled. Mr. Merriman is very fond of it and sees that it is given frequent baths and keeps it in the house especially during the winter months. Although it is ferocious during a fight it is gentle around the house and has never attempted to harm anyone.

The bull dog was owned by our carpenter foreman, H. W. Oakley, who has just returned from New Orleans where the dog had come out victorious in three badger fights.

Messrs. Oakley and Merriman have tried to stage a fight between their dog and badger before, but no terms had ever been decided upon to the satisfaction of both. The question had been to secure someone to pull the badger who would be absolutely fair to both sides. They have so many friends among the men at this plant that it was difficult to find any one who would be fair to both. The visit of the gentlemen from the Asphalt Sales Department gave the opportunity they had been looking for, and R. R. Barrett, engineer, of New York, volunteered to pull the badger out of the box. There was much betting for both sides, Mr. Merriman and Mr. Oakley having up between them over \$400.

Those of us who have witnessed badger fights before wish to compliment Mr. Barrett for the manner in which he pulled this badger. The idea is to pull the badger with a quick jerk so as to get it well cleared from the box and at the same time not pulling it on top of the dog which Mr. Oakley was holding just outside of the ring. The grace and ease with which Mr. Barrett handled this job was marvelous. The excitement was in-

tense as few of the visitors had witnessed a badger fight before. After everything was made ready Mr. Barrett assumed just the proper pose, with his feet braced well apart so that he would not fall to get the badger out of the box. After the fight was over Mr. Barrett was given a shout of applause for the skill which he showed in helping to make this fight a success.

The Northern Terminal Division Office, New York, announces the marriage on Oct. 15, 1919, of Miss Helen Eaton, of this office, and Mr. Wallace Gregory, formerly of this office, now of the Norfolk Terminal. We all wish Mr. and Mrs. Gregory a long and happy married life.

MARINE
DEPT.

When our country entered the Great War the Navy was inadequately equipped with binoculars, spy-glasses, etc., with which to search for the deadly submarine. Owing to the difficulty in securing lenses for these very important glasses, they could not be bought.

The Navy, therefore, called upon patriotic citizens to furnish them with binoc-

TEXACO STAR



Texaco Babies for the Christmas Number—Port Arthur Works

1. Harriet, 18 mos., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Vogelvang. 2. Thelma E., 6 mos., Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark. 3. Enola May, 6 mos., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rodrigue. 4. J. B., 6 mos., son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Bonise. 5. Ava Nell Crane, 9 mos., niece of Tom Crane. 6. Ina Fae and Lela Mae, 6 mos., Oct. 29, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hunter. 7. Evelyn Ruth, 4 mos., Mr. and Mrs. Roy Murphy. 8. Wilton, 16 mos., son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bellot. 9. Felix Woodrow, 6 mos., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Miller. 10. Emma Ellen, 16 mos., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pierce. 11. Grace, 18 mos., Mr. and Mrs. Albert La Calle. 12. Eugene Merrill, 3½ mos., 22½ lbs., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Speights. 13. Richard Henry, 1 yr. 7 mos., Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Albers.

Our Welfare Department announces the following additional little Stars in the Texaco Family who have recently arrived to increase the pay roll here later on:

S. Comeaux, 733 San Antonio Ave., Sept. 1, girl, Mildred, weighing 7 lbs. H. C. McElroy, 605 Fifteenth St., Oct. 3, boy, Earl, 6 lbs. Levi Bonse, 344 W. 16th St., Sept. 29, boy, John Bennett, 8½ lbs. Jack Lewis, 2648 Eighth St., Sept. 27, boy, 7½ lbs. J. I. Lackey, 1920 Tenth St., Sept. 29, girl, June, 19½ lbs. L. Williams, 2600 Eighth St., Sept. 29, twin girls, Ruby and Rubine, each 7 lbs. Richard Young, 1141 Tenth St., Sept. 19, boy, Richard Edward, 9½ lbs. T. Romero, 1315 Houston Ave., Oct. 13, boy, Earnest, 6 lbs. H. Creighton, 1037 Sixth St., Oct. 20, girl, Fay, 7 lbs. E. Romero, 132 W. 17th St., Oct. 29, girl, Mabel, 8 lbs. P. Bonnet, 535 Seventeenth St., girl, Mildred, 6 lbs. A. Colonabo, 536 Twelfth St., boy, 6½ lbs. Joe Harle, 2403 Fourth St., Nov. 5, boy, Joe, Jr., 8 lbs. Charley Peterson, of the Machine Shop, Nov. 15, boy, 9 lbs.

Mr. Peterson kindly requests that some of the readers of the Texaco Star furnish him with a name for his son. Let us have suggestions.

ulars and spy-glasses. In their appeal, which was sent country-wide, they asked for "Eyes for the Navy" and explained what a vital service these glasses would render in the Navy's part in the war.

In answer to that appeal The Texaco

Company shipped to the Navy Department nine Bausch & Lomb binoculars and four Bausch & Lomb monoculars.

In October, 1919, Manager W. A. Thompson, Jr. received from the Navy Department as an expression of apprecia-

TEXACO STAR

tion, a framed certificate signed by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which is reproduced on the inside front cover of this issue.

Recently a pair of the binoculars was returned by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy with the information that this particular pair was used by the Secretary of the Navy on his overseas trip made shortly after the signing of the armistice. The Company feels justly proud of the fact that it was able to answer the call of the U. S. Navy for "eyes" in such a substantial manner that a pair of binoculars should have been used by the Secretary himself, and also of the certificate presented to the Company by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Our General Counsel, LEGAL Amos L. Beatty, was among those coming on the DEPT. company's special train for the annual meeting on Nov. 18. As important company matters required his attention in New York, his stay with us was not as long as usual, and after a few busy days he returned to his office in New York.

Our staff of attorneys has been increased by the addition of Eldon Young, lately of Paris, Texas. Mr. Young comes to us direct from military service, having only recently returned to civilian life from the Judge Advocate's Department of the Army with the rank of Major. We welcome Mr. Young to our organization.

F. C. Pannill, our attorney in Mexico, came up from Tampico on Company business and also to spend a few days with his family. After conferring with executives and remaining over for the annual meeting, he returned to Tampico, going by boat from Galveston.

HOUSTON DISTRICT.—In SALES DEPT. the latter part of October S. TERRITORY a Collection Campaign was conducted in Houston District. The agents of the following stations collected 100%, or better, of the quotas assigned:

Alice	Houston	Poteet
Alvin	Karnes City	Rosenberg
Beeville	Kenedy	Runge
Calvert	Kingsville	San Benito
Cleveland	Kirbyville	San Juan
Cuero	Llano	Seadrift
Del Rio	Louise	Seguin
Eagle Lake	Moulton	Taylor
Fredericksburg	New Braunfels	Ivalde
Galveston	Nixon	Victoria
Georgetown	Orange	Weimar
Giddings	Palacios	Wharton
Gonzales	Pearsall	Woodyville
Haringen	Port Arthur	Yorktown
Harrisburg	Port Lavaca	

E. H. Schroeder, Special Roofing Representative of Houston District, has been transferred to Oklanoma District in the same capacity, and J. H. Staples has been employed to succeed Mr. Schroeder.

The Tractor Demonstration, occurring in Houston Nov. 11-13, although handled by our local representatives, is of great interest to the entire lubricating sales force, on account of the tests run under peculiarly trying conditions. It is very desirable that as many of the views we are supplying be shown as space permits.



Field of Tractor Demonstration—Houston, Texas.

Texaco Tank Truck supplying gasoline and kerosene. We furnished practically all of the gasoline, kerosene, and Solar oil used, which shows excellent work by our salesmen. The condition of the "black gumbo" soil, which had the consistency of a tough asphalt, was the most difficult that could be imagined, and there was a growth of about 24 inches of fine wiry grass and many pools of water.

The editor had fourteen plates made from these views, but they must be postponed to next month's issue, along with half-a-dozen views of Sugarland Industries at Sugarland, Texas, and five views of the machinery and plants of other users of Texaco Products in Houston District. They will all make a continuation of Houston District's contribution that will be very interesting, especially to the lubricating sales force. The editor regrets that space was not available to show the entire contribution at once.



Driver W. E. Chatham of Houston, Texas Station. He puts out 1,000 gallons a day among the grocery stores—good work considering he has no drums on his route.

C. E. McFarland, tankwagon driver at Port

TEXACO STAR



Forty-one miles of streets like this brings Port Arthur out of the mud

Under supervision of Engineer E. R. Thomas employing 150 men and averaging 5 miles a month. The Texas Company furnishes gasoline, solar oil, grease and lubricating oils for all this work.

Arthur, has the following record on a route where his forerunners declared it was impossible to sell any specialties:

Liquid Wax Dressing.....	99 gallons
Motor Oils.....	50 gallons
Home Lubricants.....	4½ gallons
Tex Wax.....	40 pounds
Crater Compound.....	25 pounds
Grease.....	120 pounds
Axle Grease.....	73 pounds
Thuban Compound.....	35 pounds
All sold in small quantities during one month.	

E. R. Chase, son of Auditor Chase, Clerk at Port Arthur, Texas Station, and Miss Clyde Lancaster, of Houston, were married Nov. 8, 1919. They are making their home in Port Arthur.



Store of G. F. Mitchell, Anahuac, Texas

Mr. Mitchell, merchant and rice farmer, has great faith—both as dealer and consumer—in Texaco Products, especially Vanguard Mineral Cylinder Oil, Thuban Compound, and Motor Oils. Salesman C. M. Wiseman is standing in the doorway.



Unloading shell at Pt. Arthur City slip

Saves the city \$150 to \$200 a day over old method of hand loading.



Ag't. J. L. Dunn on Canal Station wharf, Pt. Arthur, Tex.



The force at Gonzales, Texas Station

Agent Clarke W. Clarke, Robert Johnson, and Johnny Walker or "Preacher." "Preacher" knows and is known by everybody in Gonzales County. Agent Clarke writes: "We have exceeded our quota for the year by over 1,500 gallons and have a month and a half left to go on. We have exceeded our quota of grease by 1,000 pounds. We get a new customer nearly every day in spite of bad roads and hard times."

TEXACO STAR



Austin, Texas, A. F. S. No. 2

Left to right: Agent O'Reilly, G. L. Fischer, J. Bedford, J. W. Jones, E. Junkin.
The lamps at the driveways with Texaco Stars on the globes are City lights.

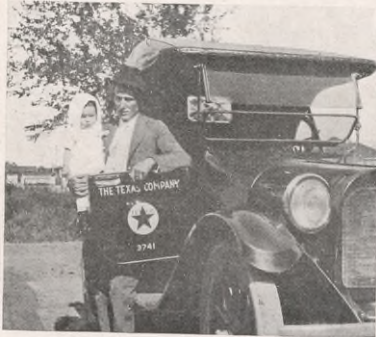


Wilson and Wilma Terry

Twin children (2½ mos.) of Agent L. C. Terry,
Lockhart, Texas.



A. C. Land, Jr., son of Agent Land, Victoria, Texas



Mary Virginia, daughter of Salesman M. H. Langford,
San Antonio, Texas



Ralph, son of Agent W. H. Hilton, of El Campo Station
In his oil jitney ready to make a delivery. He
works after school and during vacation.

TEXACO STAR



On King's Ranch. Front view of Mrs. King's mansion, Kingsville, Texas. Photographs contributed by Engineer-Salesman H. D. Gohlman, Jr.



Commissary on King's Ranch. "Everything from a shoestring to a rattlesnake's rattle."



Southeast side of mansion.



Shop in distance, King Lake in foreground.



Garage on King's Ranch. This garage is equipped with all modern machinery for handling the trucks on the ranch. Texaco motor oils used exclusively.



Texaco is used throughout on King's Ranch. Henry Fordson at right; Agent H. C. Dennett of Kingsville Station standing behind Texaco barrel.



Austin Reer and his fiery steed. Mr. Reer has charge of everything grown on King's Ranch, even to the deer. He caught a small deer a few days ago while riding over a part of the ranch.



The arrow points to C. T. Rawalt, Chief Engineer King's Ranch; all are Texaco boosters. Charles says: "There is no oil like Texaco Motor Extra Heavy." He insisted on having a clean faced barrel to sit on.

TEXACO STAR



Brahma Bulls on A. P. Borden's place at Mackey, Texas

These bulls were raised on Mr. A. P. Borden's farm at Mackey, of which Mr. F. E. Borden is superintendent. Mr. Frank Borden is seen in the picture. These are the bulls that were shown at the Dallas Fair a few weeks ago, and the negro, Sol Donnahue, driving them is the man that trained them and went with them to the Fair.



Brahma calves being gentled



Pumping plant on Pierce Estate, Wharton, Tex.

Boiler Room. L. G. Borden is the Chief Engineer. This pumping plant—an exceedingly large installation—is a user of Texaco Products.

DALLAS DISTRICT.—Received by Mr. and Mrs. Al Guesnard, Dallas, Texas, on November 29, a precious Christmas Gift in the form of a 9 1-2 pound baby girl. Congratulations, Al, may her future be happy and prosperous.

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT.—New Orleans District was recently honored with visits by Assistant Managers W. R. Bradford and W. H. Wagner. Department Agent Worthington also paid us a call, and his visit was particularly gratifying inasmuch as we have been battling 1000 in Accounting ever since May.



IN MEMORY OF EDWARD S. GRAY

A sad accident has robbed New Orleans district of one of its most loyal and efficient salesmen, E. S. Gray. Gray had established a reputation for himself through his skillful applications of Texaco Launching Grease at successful launchings which have taken place at the Foundation Company's Shipyards in New Orleans.

On Wednesday, November 22, the launching of the 4000-ton ship, "La Place," was scheduled to take place at 4:30 in the afternoon at the Foundation Company's Yards. At 4:15 Gray and a Foundation Company employe were under the ship, making a final inspection of the grease. Although it had been agreed that the launching was to take place at 4:30, the blowing of a whistle to be the signal to release the

TEXACO STAR

big ship, for some unaccountable reason the ship began to slide at 4:15, and Gray and the Foundation Company employe were trapped beneath it, beyond hope of escape.

On perceiving the movement of the vessel the lady who acted as sponsor quickly broke the bottle of champagne over the box, and the big ship slid rapidly into the water amid the cheers of those present. In a commercial sense the launching was a success.

But a few moments later the cheers quickly subsided when two mangled bodies were dragged from the water, and it became known that Gray and the Foundation representative had been killed. A sacrifice to duty.

The deceased salesman had been in the service of The Texas Company only about eight months—eight months of constant, conscientious and loyal service. His ability was quickly recognized soon after he started to work for the Company, and his prospects were bright for a brilliant future. Mr. Gray was a technical engineer with many years of practical experience, and during his short service with us his activities produced valuable information concerning lubrication, particularly in ship launching.

Of a quiet, unassuming personality, he was liked by all who knew him. Our sympathy goes out to his family, and though words are but poor consolation at such a time we assure them that we, who associated with him in his daily work, can understand their sorrow and join them in lamenting his loss.

Let us hope that in the life to come he will reap rewards that will far exceed those which he was destined to secure had he survived.

New Orleans district was saddened with yet another death this week, that of Mr. T. C. Porteous, father of two of our agents, T. J. Por-

teous of Plaquemine, La., and A. J. Porteous of Laurel, Miss. We extend our deepest sympathy to the Porteous boys in their sad bereavement.

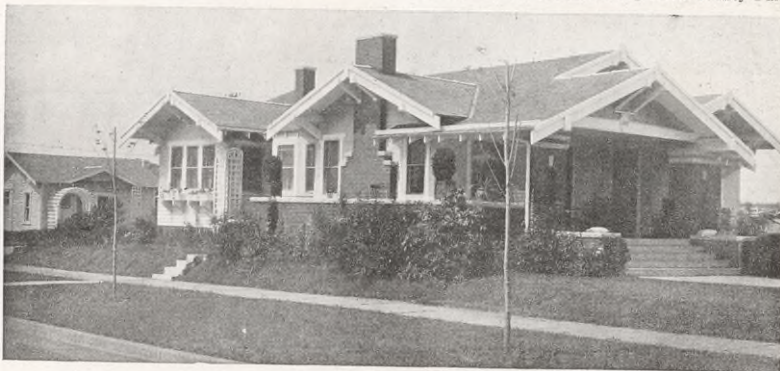
ATLANTA DISTRICT.—For the month of October Atlanta District broke all previous records on sales and collections.

A meeting of South Carolina Agents and Salesmen was held at Columbia, S. C., on Oct. 22. The program of subjects and speakers was:

Introductory, Ass't Manager Bradford; The Meeting and its Purpose, Supt Jones; Accounting—Its Importance and Necessity to the Sales Department's Operation, Chief Accountant Ferguson; Credits and Collections, Creditman Ramey; Equipment—Portable and Stationary, J. O. Woodward; Lubrication, Lubricating Ass't Reynolds; Cotton Mill Lubrication and its Possibilities in South Carolina, Gen'l Lubricating Salesman F. J. Davis; Roofing, F. K. Dorrance; Atlanta District—Past, Present, and Future, Ass't Supt Browder; South Carolina and its Possibilities, Gen'l Salesman Patterson; The Management's View of the Atlantic District, Ass't Manager Bradford; The District Round Up, Supt Jones.



Agent D. H. Johnson and family, Basin, Wyo.
Ready for the parade at Big Horn County Fair.



Residence of Frank E. Stoughton, General Clerk Oklahoma District Office

Mr. Stoughton is the oldest employe in Oklahoma District, having been with our sales force in the Oklahoma City offices ever since we organized in that State. Oklahoma City is notably a city of beautiful residences; miles of streets are adorned by handsome homes, the majority being of the bungalow type. Among the hundreds of attractive homes of this sort none is more pleasing than Mr. Stoughton's on McKinley Avenue and 35th Street. It was specially constructed according to plans worked out by Mr. Stoughton and his wife, the interior being comfortable, convenient and attractive to an unusual degree.

TEXACO STAR

SALES DEPT.
N. TERRITORY

NEW YORK DISTRICT.—
Lightning out of a clear sky could not have surprised us more than the announcement that our affable payroll clerk, Frank P. Morrell, intended to launch himself upon the Sea of Matrimony. An epidemic of this nature seems to have permeated the District Office lately, but in this case the news 'took us off our feet.' It was entirely unexpected, and the boys could not let the opportunity pass without paying back in some measure the 'surprise party' that was handed to them.



Bouquet of exotic flowers
Presented to Frank P. Morrell, of New York District Office, on the occasion of his wedding.

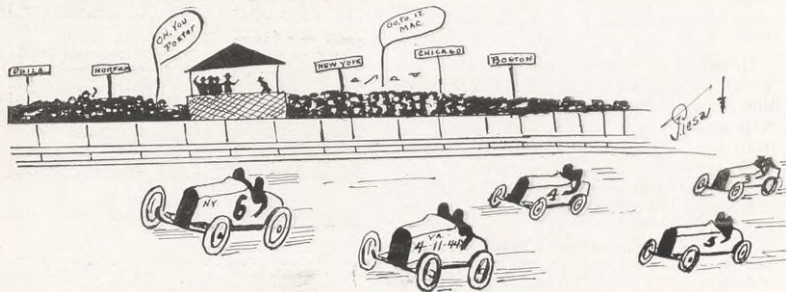
As a preliminary to the main event, the boys in the N. T. D. S., where Frank is well known and popular, decided upon a novel way of demonstrating to the bashful bridegroom-to-be that they were with him to a man in good wishes for him in his new venture. Flowers from time immemorial have been used to symbolize different forms of expression. With this idea in mind they appointed Messrs. Flynn and Allison as a committee to present their compliments in the form of a bouquet. The prospective bridegroom was deeply touched by the expression of goodwill so tendered, and tears came to his eyes. Upon being asked by Mr. Haden what kind of flowers made up the bouquet, Frank, in all sincerity, replied that he believed they were Japanese lilies. As a judge of horticulture, we would say that Frank is a good Pay Roll Clerk. The bouquet was made up of "Italian Orchids," commonly known as onions (genus leek). Bill Gillam, to prove this fact to Frank, proceeded to eat one, and his breath afterward proved that "a rose under any other name would smell as sweet." Not to be outdone by friends in the N. T. D. S., the boys in the New York District Office gathered around him as he was about to leave, and W. Richardson, after a fine presentation speech, handed him a purse of gold, a gift from his friends in the D. O.

Frank's speech of acceptance indicated that his nervousness was not assumed and that it was his first attempt at public speaking. We quote his speech verbatim:

"I never made a speech in my life and it's a goddamned cinch I am not going to make one now. I can't make no speech, no use trying. All I can say is I knew I had a bunch of friends in the Company but I never knew I had so many friends here. All I can say is that I appreciate very much—I appreciate very, very much the kind feelings that go along with this gift. All I can say is that I thank you very much, one and all."

In all sincerity, his many friends in the Company extend to the bride, Miss Mary Fletcher, and to him best wishes that their ship may sail calmly over the Sea of Matrimony, and that Dame Fortune may smile brightly on them. They were married at the home of the bride, Upper Montclair, N. J., on Nov. 3, 1919.

We extend to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lake our congratulations on their recent wedding. They are spending their honeymoon in Washington, D. C.



First lap in race between New York and Norfolk for collection supremacy, month of November. (For decision, see next issue.)

In Judges Stand: F. D. Gatchell, D. B. Tobey, W. R. Ellwood, J. R. Haden, L. Austin.
No. 6—New York: At wheel, J. P. Gruet; mechanic, A. D. MacDougall.
No. 4-11-44—Norfolk: At wheel, William Thompson; Mechanic J. H. Foster.

TEXACO STAR

COLLECTION EFFICIENCY—OCTOBER 1919

HONOR MEN (54)—Earning 90% or Better

100% Means Everything on "A" List September 30,
Collected in October

H. Hamblen	Agt.	Alexandria Bay	100	%
F. J. Gohl	Agt.	Hudson	100	%
W. H. Lawrence	Agt.	Kingston	100	%
F. Peck	Agt.	Monsey	100	%
H. P. Decker	Agt.	Newburgh	100	%
W. W. Bauer	Agt.	Port Jarvis	100	%
H. R. Russell	Agt.	Schenectady	100	%
A. B. McCabe	Agt.	Ticonderoga	100	%
W. F. Bilyou	Agt.	Watervliet	100	%
J. F. Keenahan	S'n.	Albany	100	%
W. G. Marsden	S'n.	Newburgh	100	%
T. J. May	S'n.	Albany	100	%
W. R. Walker	Agt.	Peekskill	100	%
G. E. Davis	Agt.	Millerton	100	%
J. D. Brown	Agt.	Babylon	100	%
R. Laby, Jr.	Agt.	Patchogue	100	%
F. J. Silkworth	Agt.	Port Jefferson	100	%
P. C. Murray	Agt.	Bayonne	100	%
F. E. Warren	Agt.	Passaic-Clifton	100	%
B. Dimler	Agt.	Perth Amboy	100	%
H. B. Gould	Agt.	Red Bank	100	%
A. E. Guffin	Agt.	Amsterdam	99	%
A. J. Rau	Agt.	Elizabeth	99	%
Wm. Regnemer	Agt.	Stamford	99	%
C. E. Lanchantin	Agt.	New York City	98.5	%
J. Nichols	Agt.	Mount Kisco	98	%
J. J. Cunningham	Agt.	Ogdenburg	98	%
M. M. Johnson	Agt.	New Rochelle	98	%
Wm. Winkler	Agt.	Dover Plains	98	%
H. L. Mott	Agt.	Greenport	98	%
L. K. White	Agt.	Red Bank	98	%
E. I. Decker	S'n.	Bayonne	98	%
W. C. Baker	Agt.	Saratoga	97	%
H. J. Freemyer	Agt.	Middletown	97	%
A. Schneider	Agt.	Port Richmond	97	%
J. H. Cosgrove	Agt.	White Plains	97	%
J. T. Dale	S'n.	White Plains	97	%
G. R. Penchard	S'n.	Albany	96	%
G. V. A. Conger	S'n.	Newark	96	%
J. E. Marvin	Agt.	Bridgeport	96	%
G. E. Druquer	S'n.	Newark	95	%
G. C. McKibbin	S'n.	New York City	95.3	%
F. E. Bell	S'n.	Stamford	95	%
A. O'Malley	Agt.	New York City	94.4	%
H. Weller	Agt.	Morristown	94	%
H. K. Berger	S'n.	Bayonne	94	%
F. E. Hutcheon	S'n.	New York City	93.8	%
S. A. Alston	S'n.	New York City	93.5	%
E. C. Lanke	S'n.	New York City	93.5	%
Wm. Proehl	S'n.	New York City	93.5	%
E. I. Kirkpatrick	Agt.	Herkimer	92	%
G. A. Jackson	Agt.	Riverhead	91	%
W. M. Wilson	S'n.	Newark	91	%
E. C. Colby	S'n.	Youngstown	90.5	%

ALBANY TERRITORY.—H. J. Freemyer, clerk and agent at Middletown Station, was married recently. We congratulate you, Freemyer, and wish for you and your wife the brightest future.

We are sorry to hear of the death of the father-in-law of Agent S. E. Montgomery, Redwood, N. J.

In behalf of the employees of the New York District who contribute articles to the *Texaco Star* we disclaim any and all responsibility for the "poem" which appeared in the October issue. We believe that inasmuch as this item appeared in the New York District section a disclaimer of parentage on our part should be forthcoming.

(The appropriate item in New York may hide its diminished head, and the editor be content to commend to the District Office kindly consideration of the philosophy suggested by page eight and in the "joke" at the bottom of the righthand column of page fourteen.)

PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT.—Our slogan "More Business" is the direct cause of larger accounting offices. To cope with the situation two additional rooms were taken, stationery room moved, the vault torn down and replaced with a larger vault.

Although mixed with regret, the Philadelphia District has a feeling of satisfaction in having produced a man who showed such results in his work that he has been selected as Chief Engineer for the New York District. G. H. Senter, who has been our Marine Sales Engineer at Baltimore, has been selected for this position. We hate to lose you, George, and through the *Star* we wish to indicate to you that you have the gratitude of the entire Philadelphia District for the work you performed with us. We shall miss you, but still it is a pleasure to know you are stepping up the ladder in the Company's organization. Good luck to you.

A. B. Booker, recently Chief Engineer in U. S. Navy Transport Service, has joined our forces as Marine Sales Engineer at Baltimore, relieving Mr. Senter. We welcome Mr. Booker and assure him of our hearty support.

J. M. Cunningham has joined us as Lubricating Salesman at Wheeling. Mr. Cunningham comes to us with years of experience in the oil business, and we look for a great spurt in the Wheeling territory.

We extend a cordial welcome to Robert L. Wellman, transferred from New York Drafting department to our Construction division. We are fortunate in securing such an experienced man, and can assure him that he will be kept "on the jump" in this District.

On October 28, at exactly 2 p. m., the stork paid a visit to P. F. Hamsch, leaving a dandy baby boy.



Juan Roberto Connor

Three years old son of Salesman James Connor of Philadelphia District.

At the Golf Tournament of the American Foundrymen's Association held under the auspices of the Manufacturers' Club at the White Marsh Valley Country Club, F. F. Hamsch carried off the first prize, which was a silver metal plate with grooves for ooze. There were sixty-five entrants. The first of a series of dances to be given this

TEXACO STAR

season by the Texaco A. A. of the Philadelphia District was a masque dance on Tuesday evening, Nov. 4, at the New Century Club. It proved to be a novel affair. A large company was present, the music was excellent, and a great deal of credit belongs to the committee. Surprises followed in rapid succession. Refreshments and various favors, such as balloons, kewpie dolls, paper hats, etc., were given to every one. Then there was a grand march for those "en masque," led by Superintendent and Mrs. C. R. McCarthy, during which prizes were awarded to the "Best Dressed Lady and Gentleman." These were won by H. J. Wilson, of the Engineering Department, and Miss Margaret Bernocco, who accompanied Walter Barnhart of the Accounting Department. Mr. Wilson was dressed as a Mexican, while Miss Bernocco wore an old-fashioned Colonial costume. The judges, who filled their positions very creditably, were Miss Elizabeth Thayer Giezendanner of Houston, Texas; Miss Thora Lund of Norway, Miss Helen Lucas of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Joseph of Philadelphia.

Jimmy McDonald of the Accounting Department, furnished the next surprise by an exhibition of soft shoe dancing. This met with instant approval and Jimmy was forced to repeat.

After the intermission there was an Elimination Dance in which silver prizes were awarded to the lady and gentleman who were last to leave the floor. We were unable to get the names of the winners.

Shortly after this the orchestra played "Good Night Ladies." While this was being played the lights were slowly dimmed and as the final notes of the waltz were played the room was darkened, bringing a perfect evening to a close.

The Philadelphia District wishes all the readers of the *Texaco Star* and their friends *A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.*

Give your best to your home and your family.

NORFOLK DISTRICT.—We reached our goal. At the last Salesmen's and Agents' Meeting we adopted the slogan "300,000 gallons of Lubricating Oils for our maximum month before the close of the year 1919." Our sales for October exceeded this figure and we congratulate our salesmen and agents. This is a good showing. We expect to set a higher goal for 1920.

We give the following statement as an example of the amount of Motor Oil that can be sold by the tank wagon men. We hope to see for November many additions to this list:

DELIVERIES OF BULK MOTOR OILS By Bulk Motor Truck and 5-Gallon Cans October, 1919

Station—	Driver	D'ty'd in Gals.
Albermarle, N. C., A. D. Caudle.....		Bulk M. T. 353
Albermarle, N. C., H. C. Klutz.....		Bulk M. T. 50
Charlotte, N. C., V. B. Weir.....		Bulk M. T. 5093
Durham, N. C., D. C. Woods.....		5-gal cans 684
Emporia, Va., W. H. Bradley.....		5-gal cans 10
Gastonia, N. C., C. L. Rhyne.....		Bulk M. T. 1300
Greensboro, N. C., C. H. Bowman.....		5-gal cans 31
Hampton, Va., C. B. Topping.....		5-gal cans 20
Leaksville, N. C., W. Stallings.....		5-gal cans 2200
Newport News, Va., O. E. Goodrich.....		5-gal cans 2475
Norfolk, Va., A. E. Holland.....		5-gal cans 735
Norfolk, Va., S. C. Collins.....		5-gal cans 7325
Raleigh, N. C., A. M. Mooneyham.....		Bulk M. T. 4293
Richmond, Va., J. Newsome.....		Bulk M. T. 1575
Roanoke, Va., F. W. Overstreet.....		Bulk M. T. 2662
Rocky Mount, N. C., C. S. Smiley.....		5-gal cans 357
Sanford, N. C., R. W. Eddins.....		5-gal cans 1370
Wadesboro, N. C., E. M. Morgan.....		5-gal cans 2342

All deliveries in Bulk Motor Truck were made by 150-gallon bulk motor oil trucks.
All deliveries in 5-gallon cans were delivered by



Tractor Demonstration on Browning Hill Farm near Durham, N. C. Twelve experts from Fordson factory held this demonstration witnessed by several thousand people from Durham and surrounding counties



As indicated in the photographs The Texas Company received considerable advertisement.



They chose Texaco Tractor Oil C and Thuban Compound for the lubricants.

TEXACO STAR

tank wagons when making deliveries of gasoline and kerosene, except those from Norfolk Station which were made by stake truck.

E. L. Folk, Jr., salesman at Richmond, Va., and Miss Eleanor Neale Jamison, daughter of Mrs. William T. Jamison, Salem, Va., were married at the home of the bride on Sept. 2, 1919. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Folk returned to Richmond and are making their home at the Westchester. Much happiness to this young couple.

C. G. Traywick, Recap Clerk, reports the arrival of seven-pound Pearl Davis Traywick on Nov. 7, 1919.

Salesman A. L. Tate, of Roanoke, Va., writes:

I recently put in a window trim for the Yost-Huff Company of Roanoke, Va. The management of this concern reports a material increase in sales of oil and grease in packages as the result of this trim. It has also caused considerable favorable comment and has done much to kill the effect of the newspaper advertising being done by a competitor.

CHICAGO DISTRICT.—We were recently favored with a visit by twenty-six of the Company's Eastern Officials.

We are informed by Superintendent of Construction, John L. Bero, that the grading has been started on Twin City Station at St. Paul, Minn.

The following letter was received from a Texaco Booster in one of the Suburbs of Chicago:

Forest Park, Ill., Nov. 5, 1919.

Mr. Reuter,
Credit Department,
The Texas Company,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Friend:—I want to borrow 500 gallons of Texaco Gasoline until June 1, 1920. I'm broke. I've spent all my money dolling up out here and my gas tank is empty. Stock up my tank (500) and it will carry me through the winter. I've got ten boarders. Can you do it? I do not want any ill feeling or discontent in your department about this loan; if you cannot do it without a lot of red tape and trouble, say "no." You will not lose my business by refusing me. I'm not an ingrate and I'm not yellow, but I'm sure a Texas Booster.

Amusement Park Garage,
R. W. Davis.

ASPHALT SALES DEPT. Cooperation was the keynote of the Superintendents' Meeting of the Asphalt Sales Department held in New Orleans last month. The meeting, presided over by Manager W. H. Kershaw, was productive of timely discussions on many subjects concerning the success of the organization. Sales policies, contract forms, materials, competitors' activities, advertising and publicity, and a host of other subjects were delved into thoroughly. No subject was left until a conclusion had been drawn, or else provision for further investigation made.

After the two days conference at New Orleans, they inspected our refinery at Port Neches, Texas, the largest Asphalt Refinery in the world. Instructive explanations were given as the visitors saw the consecutive steps in the production of *Texaco* as-

phalts and road oils. Superintendent C. C. Hawkins, of the Port Neches Works, told the forces of the Asphalt Sales Department of the varied and extensive activities at the plant, from shipping facilities to the stills, from the laboratory to storage houses.

The Port Neches men were also kind enough—and some might say cruel enough—to 'put on' a Badger fight for their guests. They had the fellows from the Northern States betting honest-to-goodness money, taking photographs, procuring the pedigrees of the badger and the dog, and they succeeded in staging what every one claimed was the best show in years. But just wait till Mr. Hawkins and his friends are our guests some time!

The next day the members of our Department inspected the Port Arthur Refinery and Port Arthur Terminal. The magnitude and extensive scope of these places was a revelation, and as they left the plants they were further imbued with the knowledge that they were associated with one of the greatest organizations in the world. The can factory was one of the features at Port Arthur which was particularly impressive.

The good ship "*Luliet*", guided by the sturdy arms of our New England Superintendent, was kindly offered to convey the party from Port Arthur to Port Neches, and the trip was certainly a source of enjoyment. But this courtesy on the part of the officials at Port Arthur Terminal is characteristic of the genuine spirit of willing cooperation and pleasantness which was evident at the Port Neches and Port Arthur Refineries.

EXPORT
DEPT.

James McLelland has recently left the New York office for Havana, Cuba, where he will assume the duties of fuel oil salesman



Francis Edmund—4 mos., 20 lbs., 8 oz.

Son of G. F. Bates of the Capetown Office of The Texas Company (South Africa), Ltd. Mr. Bates joined the company in South Africa September 1, 1911. The Head Office force assures him, he says, that Francis Edmund is "the most perfect 'star' yet discovered in the South African constellation."

TEXACO STAR

and engineer throughout the island of Cuba, with headquarters at Havana, under direction of the local management.

W. P. Gillies after spending a well earned vacation in the United States has left for Capetown *via* Australia to resume his duties with our South African Organization.

F. J. Boyd, Manager in Santo Domingo, returned to Santo Domingo Nov. 15th.

Edgar L. Kaula has left for Australia, to be connected with The Texas Company, (Australasia) Ltd.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC DEPT. John W. Painter, who has been Chief Clerk in Southern Division office

for the past eight years, severed his connection with the Company December 1st to accept Traffic Managership of Simms Petroleum Company, office, Houston, Texas. Mr. Painter leaves a host of friends who wish him the utmost success in his new venture. He will be succeeded by Jas. J. Shaw, who has been rate and claim clerk in Southern Division office for two years.

PIPE LINES G. H. Speary, General Superintendent, headquarters at Houston, resigned December 1, and has formed connection with another oil company. Mr. Speary has been with the Company for about ten years, and we regret that he is leaving, but wish him all success.

THE TEXAS STEAMSHIP COMPANY Early in 1916 The Texas Steamship Company, a subsidiary of The Texas Company, bought and leased property on the Kennebec River at Bath, Maine, and started the construction of an up to date steel shipyard to build

all types of steel vessels for the needs of The Texas Company. From that time until the present date The Texas Steamship Company, which now employs an average of 2500 men, has built, equipped, and delivered the steel vessels enumerated in the following list, a performance in keeping with the standards of The Texas Company.

Even under normal conditions this would be an excellent production for a shipyard of this size, and the showing of the Texas Steamship Company is remarkable when it is remembered that the yard itself was being built and enlarged at the same time the ships were under construction, all being done under war conditions with the consequent labor shortage and difficulty in securing materials.

The Texas Steamship Company has earned full membership in the Texaco Family.

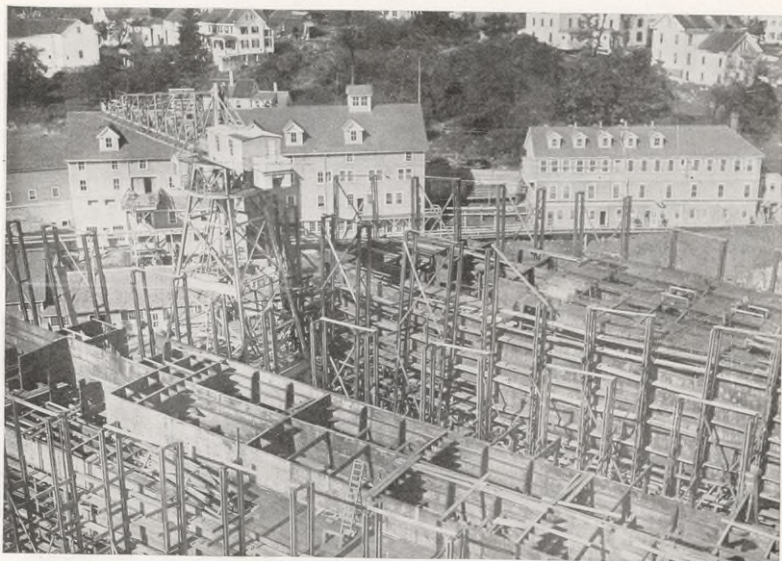


Some of the Texas Steamship Company's war workers. Plate Shop.

When this country was in its darkest hour, with casualty lists coming over the seas every day and the boys preparing to go across, the shipyards were hard pressed for men. The machine shop of The Texas Steamship Company followed the ex-

Hull No.	Type	Name	Gross Ton.	Keel Laid	Delivered
1	Cargo Steamer	"Maine"	6457	June 27, 1916	October 6, 1917
2	Cargo Steamer	"Woonsocket"	6457	July 25, 1916	December 3, 1917
3	Cargo Steamer	"Sagadahoc"	6846	June 5, 1917	July 13, 1918
4	Cargo Steamer	"Canibas"	6846	July 26, 1917	September 10, 1918
5	Motor Tanker Barge	"Ursa"	226	December 18, 1916	December 3, 1917
6	Motor Tanker Barge	"Thuban"	226	December 24, 1916	February 27, 1918
7	Tug	"South American"	169	September 18, 1917	February 27, 1918
8	Motor Barge	"Alma R"	59	January 10, 1917	May 28, 1917
9	Motor Barge	"Emma R"	59	January 10, 1917	May 28, 1917
10	Tank Steamer	"Dirigo"	6768	October 18, 1917	February 22, 1919
11	Tank Steamer	"Shenandoah"	6768	November 21, 1917	June 14, 1919
12	Tank Steamer	"Lightburne"	6784	April 27, 1918	August 30, 1919
13	Tank Steamer	"Aryan"	6784	July 9, 1918	November 10, 1919
14	Tug	"Latin American"	169	March 28, 1918	December 17, 1918
15	Pipe Line Tender	"Central American"	357	March 16, 1918	October 21, 1918
17	Motor Tanker Barge	"Texaco" 145	484	September 24, 1918	May 24, 1919
18	Motor Tanker Barge	"Texaco" 146	484	November 20, 1918	June 3, 1919
19	Motor Tanker Barge	"Texaco" 147	484	December 18, 1918	January 14, 1919
20	Tug	"American"	169	June 24, 1918	January 25, 1919
25	Tank Barge	"Texaco" 153	398	August 5, 1919	September 28, 1919
26	Tank Barge	"Texaco" 154	398	July 23, 1919	October 8, 1919
27	Tank Barge	"Texaco" 155	398	July 23, 1919	October 8, 1919
28	Tank Barge		398	October 6, 1919	Will be delivered
29	Tank Barge		398	October 6, 1919	delivered
30	Tank Barge		398	October 6, 1919	December 9, 1919.

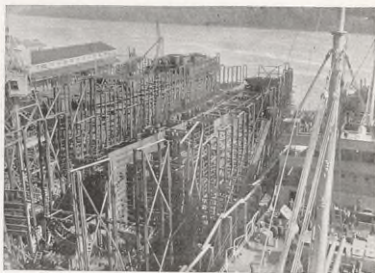
TEXACO STAR



A Part of The Texas Steamship Company's Yard.



Machine Shop Girls.



Another part of the yard—1919.

ample of some of the European countries and called on the women for help. So ready was their response and so well did they apply themselves to their tasks that many other departments followed suit.

Now, however, with the war over and conditions changed, the machine shop is the only department to retain women in the mechanical line. Their time records and attention to detail, their neatness and ability to produce good work, have kept them in these positions. In Bath, where it is rather difficult for women to find employment, it is fortunate that they have proved such a success; for it promotes greater contentment and stability among the workmen who have families to support, to know that their daughters can obtain paying positions in safe and sanitary environments such as prevail at the plant of The Texas

Steamship Company. During the fifteen months that women have been employed in the machine shop not one has been injured in any way, which speaks well for their attention to duty and their care in handling machinery, as well as for the conditions under which they are employed.

Armistice Day was a red letter day in Bath, Maine, the letter being a capital T according to popular opinion. The population of the city is 16,000; there were 3,000 paraders, 400 of whom followed the good ship "Texas", ready to launch from her auto truck cradle. The "Texas" was only a float but she was a beauty and was the sensation of the parade.

Right from the plans of her big sisters she came,

TEXACO STAR



S. S. "Texas" model in Armistice Day Parade.

a scale being used which gave her dimensions: Length 28'; Beam 5' 8"; Depth 5' 6". All the details to be seen on the regular Texas tankers were faithfully represented on the model. The "Texas" was equipped with the regulation whistle which was blown by compressed air during the parade.

On the launching platform were Miss Elizabeth Drake and Miss Lily C. Weber. Miss Weber was the sponsor of the ship. Aboard were four natty dressed little sailor boys, sons of shipyard foremen Underhill, Cadman, Herbert, and Grange. By the sides of the truck marched two groups of young men, apprentices in the newly organized Apprenticeship System and School at the Bath shipyard.

The outstanding feature of the parade from the Texas viewpoint was not the big float. That was intended to please the citizenry of Bath. The part of the parade which meant most to the boys was the solidarity of the ranks of the foremen and leading men and workmen of the plant carrying a large red, white, and green flag spread out flat.

The thanks of the shipyard are due the Joiner Department, whose efforts under the direction of foreman John A. Laing resulted in the speedy construction of the parade ship, followed up by a 90% appearance of the joiners in the ranks of the parade.

It is well to note that the Texaco delegation was very enthusiastic. The yell of the shipyard boys may be of use at some other Texaco occasion:

T-E-X-A-S—T-E-X-A-S
ALL FOR EACH
EACH FOR ALL
TEXAS—TEXAS



The Texas S. S. Co.'s Marine Band



Texas Joiners.



Part of the Texas line.

Last but not least the girls of the shipyard office furnished two automobile floats, decorating them and filling them with good looking, smiling comrades. The second float, bearing the Texaco motto, followed the Star.

Francis Croteau, Insurance Department Manager, is the proud possessor of a son, Francis E. Croteau, born October 12.

H. E. Malzard, Chief Hull Draftsman, is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, John Stanley, November 12.

"Wanted—Stenographer. Must be experienced in detail office work, and between the ages of 8 and 12, or 90 and 102. Apply at the Employment Office with high-chair or wheel-chair."

The Employment Office has experienced another raid by Dan Cupid, who has been working overtime, Sundays and holidays, and who has also been doing some "peace-work." Only one girl is employed in this office, and here is strategist Dan's record since February 1, 1919, a period of ten months:

Miss Madolyn Brackley now Mrs. Maurice Deering.

Miss Gertrude Sampson now Mrs. Fred Warren.

Miss Marion Haraden now Mrs. Thomas Leydon.

Miss Marjorie York now Mrs. E. T. Foster.

And not one of the "finds" of these young ladies was ever employed by The Texas Company. We ask you, Mr. Editor, can you beat it? Hence, the above ad.

SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

THE MAIN INTEREST IS INDICATED BY CLASSIFICATION OR BRIEF COMMENT

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

- EXECUTIVE** Common Sense in Records, by E. R. Miner.—*System*, November 1919.
 Advantages of an Adequate Cost System, by H. L. DeBar.—*Petroleum*, Nov. 1919.
 "Some methods the executive can use to make his records less of a burden and more of a blessing."
- SALES** Advice to an Oil Salesman, by C. M. Larson.—*Petroleum Age*, November 1919.
 How Keen Competition Helps Us, by H. E. Hart.—*System*, November 1919.
 Facts About Motor Gasoline Testing.—*Petroleum*, November 1919.
- LUBRICATION** Expert Lubrication Engineering, by C. H. Williams.—*Lubrication World*, November 1919.
 Lubrication of Combustion Engines, by A. G. Ruppert.—*Lubrication World*, November 1919.
 Automobile Repairs vs. Lubrication, by Geo. L. Brown.—*Lubrication World*, November 1919.
 "Money spent yearly in preventable repairs—facts, figures, and remedies."
 Estimating Cost of Lubrication, by E. F. Carson.—*Lubrication World*, Nov. 1919.
 History of Wire Rope Enterprises.—*Lubrication World*, November 1919.
 Lubricating the Steam Cylinder.—*Lubrication World*, November 1919.
- GENERAL** How to Check the Radical in Labor Circles, by Harry Tipper.—*Automotive Industries*, October 9, 1919.
 "The individual organization must be the unit in dealings with labor. Futility of endeavoring to reach satisfactory agreement through the undercurrent of politics that must thread through collective bargaining with the employes of 150 organizations. It is up to each employer to put his workers in the attitude of resisting the lure of the radical."
 How the Employer May Control the Changing Demands of Radical Labor, by Harry Tipper.—*Automotive Industries*, October 16, 1919.
 "Labor is being influenced by men possessing no constructive ability who are drawing the workers away from their old leaders by irresponsible promises and criticisms of the old union system."
 Work and Wages—Getting Men to See the Relation Between What They Do and What They Get, by H. C. Osborn.—*System*, November 1919.
 A Business That Endured, by Alfred Pittman.—*System*, November 1919.



Buy

Red Cross Christmas Seals



Iwent back home for Christmas,
And I was glad I went,
For in that little village
I found that old content.



The wreathes within the windows,
The nods and smiles for me.
The unforgotten welcome,
The dear serenity.



And ah! that wondrous moment
I clicked the little gate,
And trod the snowbound pathway,
Joyful, swift, elate!

The porch,—and then the fire
Within the ancient room!
Oh! in my heart a fragrance,—
The holly's deep perfume!



And then the old folks round me,
The servants in the hall,
A dozen hearty kisses,
A warm "God bless you all!"



I went back home for Christmas,
And I was glad I went,
For in that little village
I found that old content.



Charles Hanson Towne

X.M.L.