The TEXACO STAR

JULY - AUGUST - 1929

Palais de Bruxelles,
le 22 novembre 1926.

Messieurs,

J'ai l'honneur de vous apprendre que le Roi a bien voulu accueillir votre demande et vous conférer le titre de

Fournisseurs de la Cour.

La présente vous tiendra lieu de brevet.

Les distinctions de ce genre sont strictement personnelles et toujours révocables; elles ne peuvent être transférées à des tiers sans autorisation des Souverains.

Agréez, je vous prie, Messieurs, l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

L'Intendant de la Liste Civile,

Ingenbleek

TRANSLATION

Brussels Palace,
November 22, 1926

Gentlemen:

I have the honor to apprise you of the fact that The King has seen fit to act favorably upon your request, and to confer upon you the title of

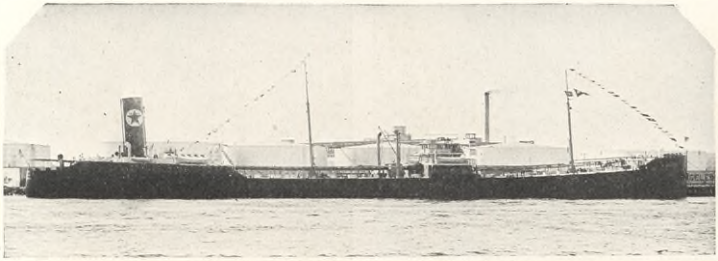
PURVEYORS TO THE COURT.

This document will serve as your certificate in that connection.

Distinctions of this class are of a strictly personal nature, at all times subject to withdrawal. They may not be transferred to third parties, except by Sovereign authority.

Accept, gentlemen, the expression of my highest esteem.

(*Signed*) The Intendent of the Civil List.



The Texas Company Motor Vessel Australia

The Australia is Outward Bound

THE Texas Company's graceful tanker Australia recently plowed out to sea from Los Angeles Harbor at Wilmington, California, symbolizing the entrance of the Company into the refined petroleum field of Australia with TEXACO tankers. Stops were scheduled for Fremantle, Melbourne and Brisbane early in July.

Her voyage is the first of a regular tanker service from the West Coast to the Antipodes, where TEXACO bulk distributing facilities have been completed recently. The Texas Company has erected large storage facilities at five principal ports and has made extensive arrangements for the distribution of our products to the retail trade by means of numerous service stations established throughout the Commonwealth.

The Australia is one of the largest ships of her type in the world, as well as one of the finest and best-appointed tankers afloat. She is a twin-screw motor vessel equipped with Diesel engines and has a capacity of 145,000 barrels of refined petroleum products, a dead weight tonnage of 18,800 tons with a length over all of 530 feet and a riding draft of 27 feet. The cargo capacity of the Australia is equivalent to the combined capacities of 700 railway tank cars. On her first voyage in the Australian service, she carried 130,000 barrels of gasoline, kerosene and motor spirits, together with 1000 tons of package goods of assorted TEXACO products.

CAPTAIN R. B. ARMSTRONG

Captain R. B. Armstrong is in command of the Australia, which has a personnel of 42 officers and men. Plans have been made for the reception of Australian guests as the tanker arrives at various foreign ports. The Texas Company has added another unit to its floating equipment, providing increased facilities for the transportation of its products to the islands of the Pacific; the house flags of its fleet of tankers are emblematic of its presence on the charted maritime routes of the Atlantic and the Pacific and the inland waters of the world, and of the true international character of the organization as a whole.

Captain Armstrong and Part of Crew

Exterior View and Waiting Room of the Kent Automatic Garage

And Now the Skyscraper Garage!

Texaco-Equipped Unit Eases the Parking Peril

A SKYSCRAPER for the relief of traffic congestion has recently been erected in New York City; in evolving a plan to aid the constant seeker after a place to park his car, Milton C. Kent has built a 25 story garage in the heart of the Grand Central district. It is the first of a chain of Kent automatic garages, and the last word in efficiency. TEXACO products are featured here.

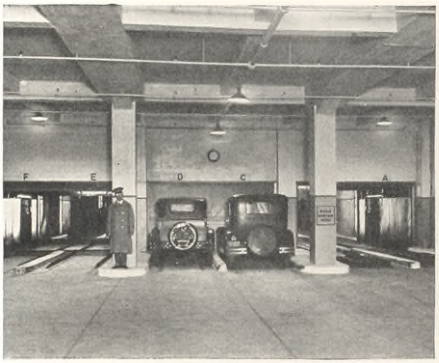
It is somewhat difficult for the average long-suffering motorist to realize that he may now drive his car into a garage, and in three minutes have it parked for him 25 stories above the street. He need have no concern with the old ritual of wedging his car in a small space beside the curb, nor have any fear of the ticket occasionally tucked under his windshield wiper, apprising him of the fact that Traffic Court is still in session. The Kent garages can do much to minimize that near-tragedy of present day motoring—the parking peril.

The first of these units, which towers majestically above the surrounding buildings, has an entrance on 44th Street and an exit on 43rd Street, and from the time a car is driven in one side until it is driven out the other, human hands do not touch it. For the outstanding feature of this automatic garage is an amazing mechanical contrivance known as the Kent electric parker. This device is a low, rubber-tired towing unit which runs beneath the car and engages with the rear axle by means of a rubber cleated coupler. The car is thus propelled into one of three elevators and whisked to its designated floor, at the rate of one floor nearly every second. The street level of the skyscraper is used only for receiving and delivering cars, and there are no columns to interfere with easy manipulation.

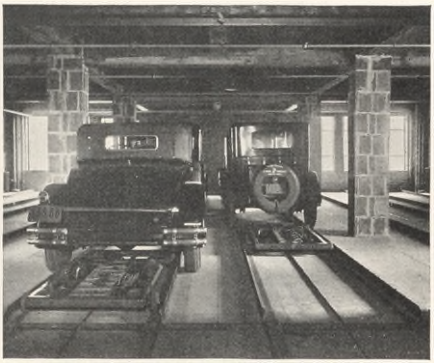
Its system of operation appears to be, on the face of it, simple, but it is only because one sees merely the beginning and the end of the parking process. A full view of the proceedings gives one a thorough and startling appreciation of its complexities.

The motorist drives into the garage, and parks his car head on in front of the elevator door. The floor man provides the driver with a claim check, and the operation, for all save the curious, is over. The curious, lingering to see the electric parker functioning, will note that the wall suddenly appears to fall away, revealing an elevator. The elevator operator is signalled from the main floor by telautograph while he is cruising up and down. Two cars may be carried upon each elevator at once; the operator, never leaving his position, works a switch and the electric parker slides noiselessly out, rolls under the car, lifts it, and moves back on the elevator. The wall once again appears, and the elevator is on its speedy way to some floor between the second and twenty-fifth.

All cars are put in position by means of guide rails upon which the parker runs and which hold the wheels of the machine straight. In calling for the machine, the motorist finds the process reversed: The elevator operator is signalled; he stops at the proper floor, the electric parker glides out and brings the machine back, and the motorist is in his car and away in three or four minutes. Cars are parked on the floors generally in columns of threes; the spaces in the rear are kept for motorists who use their machines only occasionally, while those in front are reserved for quick changes. Even the cars in the rear are brought out swiftly, but the operation naturally requires a trifle more time. The skyscraper



Cars on the Electric Parkers Ready to Enter Elevator



Machines are Automatically Parked in Parallel Lanes

has accommodations for 1000 cars.

The electric parker and the automatic garage were not born over-night. Mr. Kent twenty years ago abandoned banking to enter the garage business. Endowed with that rare and valuable trait —vision—Mr. Kent peered into the future and divined that some day, with the automobile output increasing by appalling percentages, a solution to an inevitable traffic problem would be a crying need. He acquired considerable experience in working out minor problems associated with traffic congestion, and ultimately set himself to the task of solving the greatest of all traffic problems, namely the one concerned with parking. The electric parker and the automatic garage had their origin here.

Mr. Kent subsequently interested Grant Manison of Rochester in the plan, and side by side they created the traffic mechanisms which are more or less certain to aid the traffic situation in every large city.

Kent Automatic Garage, New York City, Distributing TEXACO *Products. First of a Chain of Parking Skyscrapers in That Metropolis*

At this time, New York's problem seems most markedly acute; traffic restrictions are growing more and more burdensome to the driver, however much these laws may be justified. Keeping streets clear of all parked vehicles represents the last desperate attempt, in the minds of many traffic experts, on the part of communities to meet the situation; the Kent system seems a logical solution to one important feature of it.

Architecture must henceforth extend itself upward in our commercial centers, not spread itself out. Land values and human comfort both demand recourse to skyscraper architecture.

These conditions in the United States naturally combine to make enterprises such as the Kent Garages workable and profitable. The products of The Texas Company, which have gained a noteworthy foothold in this new, promising field, will continue to be distributed as new garages in the Kent chain are constructed.

GALLOWAY

Commuters Reduce Traffic Annoyances to the Minimum

Untying the Traffic Knot

Highlights on a Topic That Worries Us All

FOR several generations motorists have been remarking that the traffic situation is acute and that it is high time something were done about it. Meanwhile automobile manufacturers have continued their prolific activity toward choking up the highways, with incidental assistance by the fashioners of motorcycles, bicycles and sundry impedimenta.

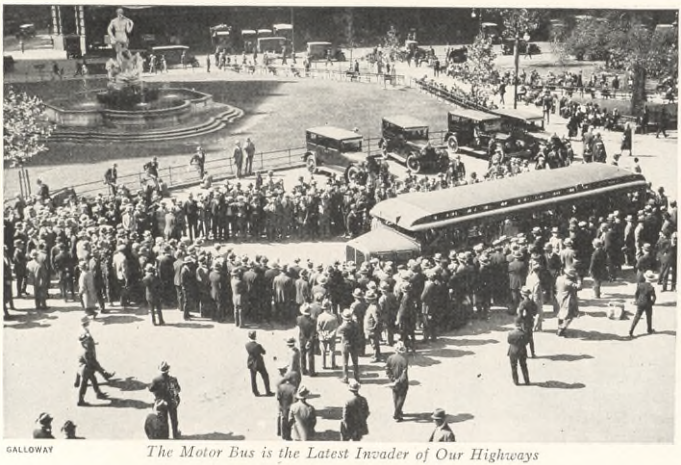
Barring discussions of baseball, which are seasonal, no single topic absorbs as much of the public interest as the question of traffic. Commissions and committees are constantly being appointed to study the problem, and the rotogravure and magazine supplements of our Sunday newspapers are perennially graced with artists' conceptions of our metropolises fifty and a hundred years hence. "This is how New York will appear in 1979 . . ." prophesies the illustrator, and the weary, long-suffering motorist relaxes in his chair and studies a graphic fantasy of triple-deck highways, motor tunnels without speed limits, and roof gardens for airplanes.

Probably no civic activity has so exhausted the patience or made such incursions upon the public purse. Traffic experts have racked their brains attempting to devise something that would stand the acid test. Give us highway freedom! demands the motorist. Give us time, replies the traffic expert. Vehicle production meanwhile continues at a breakneck pace. Within the last decade the motor output has surpassed the wildest dreams of the most optimistic seer, and we have seen the development of industries such as the motor bus and airplane that threaten to make the traffic pill all the more bitter.

The Air Liner: A Problem for the Future

The automobile has been and will continue for some time to be the chief traffic irritant, despite the ambitious declarations of aviation enthusiasts that the heyday of the flying machine as the principal agency of transportation is upon us. Out of the multitude of suggestions for the solution of the matter there have emerged a few which have the merit of being workable theories.

The first is undoubtedly the assertion that the



GALLOWAY

The Motor Bus is the Latest Invader of Our Highways

more involved the traffic system, the worse the tangle. This refreshing intelligence has aided materially in relegating several of the fancier methods; every progressive city whose size warrants it has adopted synchronized lighting, with central control. In many of our larger communities the motorist, maintaining a certain speed, is able to connect favorably with every green light from his home to his place of business. Main thoroughfares have been divided into lanes, and they are apportioned during specific rush hours to accommodate the heavier traffic. Thus, between the hours of seven and ten in the morning, three out of four lanes are devoted to city-bound traffic, and during the evening rush, three out of four are given over to the traffic headed away from the city. It is not a perfect system for the near-metropolis, but a superior one has yet to be found.

In our true metropolises, tunnels and double-deck bridges must necessarily be the vogue. New York, with an amazing tide of vehicular traffic pouring into it every morning and through it and out of it every evening, is battling vigorously to meet the problem. Its Holland Tunnel, the Hudson River Bridge now under construction, and the several plans for a tri-borough tunnel and tri-borough bridge are all demonstrative of this activity. Gotham's elevated train structures seem doomed, and the suggestion that they be converted into motor highways is being seriously discussed. Chicago, whose problem in a sense is even more acute, has its Wacker Drive, an ingenious piece of construction work that employs two decks to handle its traffic and does it quickly and well. Other large cities are meeting their problems squarely and devising solutions which, if not entirely effective, are steps in the right direction.

Railroads have their problems of traffic control, largely becoming erased through the elimination of antiquated methods. The tracks which once served a useful purpose by their location on the main street are being elevated or redirected. Tunnels are helping to speed up train traffic and to eliminate intra-community congestion. Railways adjacent to larger cities aid in another respect by handling the vast commuter traffic, carrying business people to the city in the morning and back to their semi-rural homes at the end of the day.

For Those Who Believe in Signs

The motor bus industry has sprung into being over-night, and while it may affect efficiency on motor highways, it moves people. The airplane offers a problem for the future: The possibility of congestion of the air is too remote for present consideration. Yet the suggestion for landing bases on roofs of buildings in-

(*Continued on page 32*)

EDUCATION IN OIL

THE past decade has witnessed the adoption by many colleges and universities of oil education as an important feature of their curricula. It is perfectly natural that any industry as vast as the petroleum industry, with its marked influence on the world at large and upon a considerable portion of its population, should command attention educationally.

Our schools have wisely decided to provide the student, in most instances, solely with a background; only where conditions are ideal for it do they undertake to teach him the practical phases of the business. In offering the student instruction in the basic principles of petroleum and permitting him to gain his actual experience in the field itself, our educational institutions intelligently realize their mission and serve the industry well.

This is indeed an era of specialization. The petroleum industry welcomes those who, favored by circumstances, are able to enter the business equipped with an academic knowledge of a workable sort.

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GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

THOMAS A. EDISON, discussing government ownership recently, remarked that "the government never really went into business, for it never made ends meet—the first requisite of business."

No government enterprise ever made money. The post office, the government shipping lines, the railroads during the war, all have been subsidized from the federal treasury. The government makes ends meet, but only by the simple expedient of charging the loss to the taxpayers.

One of the wisest statements ever made is that the government exists for the people, not the people for the government. It is the function of the state to provide, by minor assessments, agencies outside the sphere of business, such as the army and navy and schools; it is the function of the state to pass laws necessary to a well-ordered society, and to punish those who break them.

But it is not the function of government to compete with the private citizens who created it and who support it. Such action strikes at the roots of ambition, progress and individuality. We are not ready in the United States for the system that exalts the politician and thrusts the private citizen down to the level of mass-mediocrity.

The TEXACO STAR

Printed monthly for distribution to employes and stockholders

"All for Each—Each for All"

Published under the direction of
R. B. NEWCOMB JR.
Supervisor of Company Publications

Address: The Texaco Star, The Texas Company
17 Battery Place New York City

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RECORDS THAT FALL

CAPTAIN Frank M. Hawks has once more distinguished himself by assaulting aviation records. On the occasion of his recent achievement, he lowered one of his own, lowered one established by two aviators previously, and created a new one for rivals to aim at.

To the able superintendent of aviation activities of The Texas Company, hearty congratulations! Once more he has demonstrated his own supremacy and the efficiency of his two able assistants—TEXACO aviation gasoline and TEXACO airplane oil.

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JULY-AUGUST, 1929

VOL. XVI No. 6

HORTICULTURAL NOTE

WHAT promises to be a new use for TEXACO roofing paper has recently been revealed by one of the members of the Company, and the announcement should please those of our readers who take their amateur gardening seriously.

The roofing paper, it appears, is producing excellent results in its use as a "mulch." A mulch is a covering for plant beds, the two-fold purpose of which is to retain warmth and moisture for the plant, and to eliminate the disquieting necessity of weeding. Our correspondent cut his TEXACO roofing paper to fit the particular plot, and placed it blanket-like upon the ground, with slits six inches apart in which the seeds were planted. In every case the plants emerged in rugged, healthy condition. His marigolds, a picture of which we are unfortunately unable to publish at this time, would be the envy of any flower-fancier.

While the Editors have no intention of creating a department of TEXACO household hints, this really seemed too good a one to withhold.

★

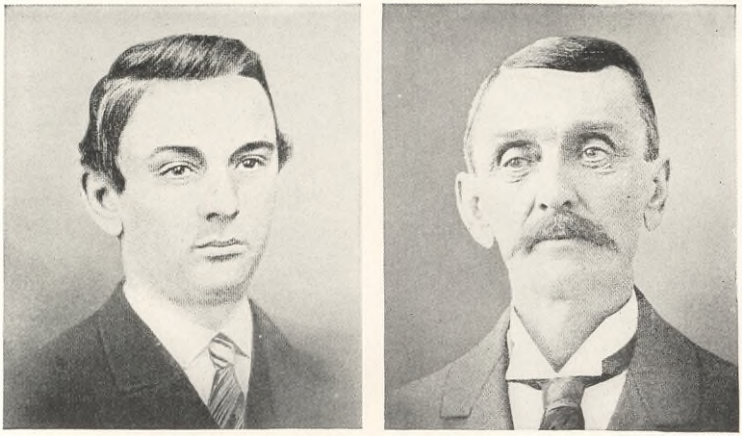
WINNING A TRAFFIC BATTLE

THE Wacker Drive in Chicago, depicted on our front cover this month, represents one of the Windy City's contributions toward alleviating the traffic menace. Contrary to the apparent tradition that anything dedicated to civic development must be an eyesore, the Wacker Drive is actually an object of considerable architectural beauty.

The lower level provides a connecting link between the lake freight terminals and the industrial district on the west side. The heavier commercial vehicles traverse this level, the absence of cross streets expediting the transportation of commodities from dealer to consumer, while the upper level carries the faster moving traffic, enabling it to proceed at a considerably increased speed. Although intersected at approaches to the bridges across the river, the extreme width of the upper level allows easy manipulation of traffic.

Every city, large or small, has its individual traffic problem to work out. Chicago, in spite of many difficulties it has been compelled to surmount, is handling its traffic burden handsomely.

We may properly expect that coming generations will devote themselves to the solution of traffic complexities with a zeal greater than ours. The Wacker Drive should be an inspiration.



Coal Oil Johnny: In Bud and After the Bloom

Coal Oil Johnny

The Saga of Oildom's Gayest Spirit

IN the archives of petroleum, no individual holds as unique or momentarily enviable a position as John Washington Steele, the "Coal Oil Johnny" of Pennsylvania's petroleum heyday. The picture of a young man suddenly overwhelmed by money, and as suddenly overwhelmed by the passion to be rid of it, is no rarity: Coal Oil Johnny was a pioneer from the point of view of method. To the front pages of the newspapers of his hardy period he was as indispensable as Lindbergh is today.

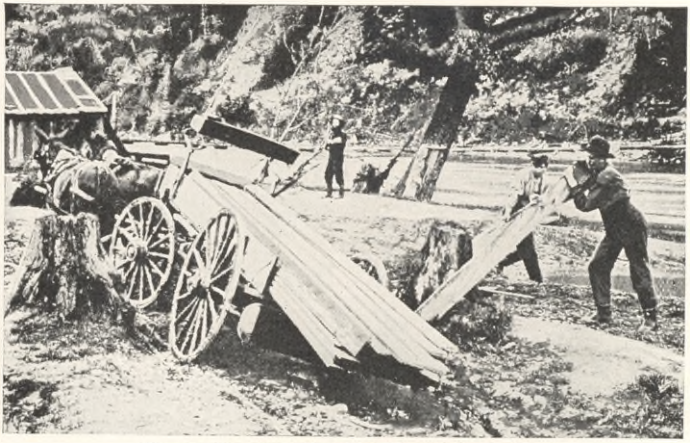
The name of the distillate (which is used synonymously with kerosene) that always preceded his own, was fastened upon him by a street urchin; as he passed in his carriage one day, the appellation was hurled at him. His friends took it up, and the title remained.

Coal Oil Johnny was born in 1843 near Sheakleville, in Pennsylvania; shortly after his first birthday he and his sister were adopted by Culbertson McClintock, a moderately well-to-do farmer whose property adjoined Oil Creek, in Venango County, where oil had yet to be discovered.

Recent Photograph of the McClintock Farmhouse

Johnny's youth was markedly uneventful. In the autobiography which he penned many years afterward, he indicated that his youthful diversions included listening to the barking of foxes and the cries of adjacent wildcats. And, lest the reader assume that his childhood was too utterly humdrum, Johnny confessed to a certain fascination for hunting rattlesnakes barefooted.

Culbertson and his good wife were kind to their adopted children, obtaining for them the best education available in that sector and making ample provision for their future. Johnny's sister, however, died while still very young and Johnny thereby became ultimate heir to the modest Culbertson estate. Culbertson himself died when Johnny was twelve, leaving to his wife his property which was to revert, upon her death, to Johnny. In the uninteresting interim, Johnny's education was completed and he



Teaming Was an Incidental but Exasperating Industry

had undertaken the task of continuing the productivity of the Culbertson farm.

As the subject of this discourse himself pointed out, he might have continued indefinitely to be a peaceful tiller of the soil had not a man by the name of Drake drilled a hole in the ground near Titusville, from which was disgorged a fluid that brought oil-seekers from all over Christendom to that quiet, untroubled community. The farming populace along Oil Creek awoke one morning to find that they had been residing for years on top of fortunes.

Mrs. McClintock, one of the favored several, leased her property to a number of oil operators, receiving the usual bonus of four or five hundred dollars from each, as well as one-eighth of the royalties. Prosperity in the oil regions was not slow to manifest itself; homes took on an affluent appearance and the children of the locality departed, at the completion of their elementary academic courses, for distant colleges and universities, there to acquire a new and enviable polish.

Three years after the panic which accompanied the discovery of oil, Johnny was married to Eleanor Moffitt, daughter of a prosperous farmer of Oakland township. Her fealty to the absorbed spendthrift and ultimate penitent, as will later be shown, was one of the truly brilliant chapters in Johnny's startling career.

Johnny, whose fortune had yet to descend upon him, allied himself with the teaming industry, one that sprang up as the demand for the transportation of oil increased, and one which was as exhausting as it was profitable. Johnny recounts in some detail the difficulties teamsters of that era were called upon to surmount, pointing out that the depth and consistency of the mud through which the truckmen were compelled to drive developed in each a facility of expression hardly in keeping with the dicta of the churches to which they all belonged. Johnny, who cared little for tobacco and whose appreciation of intoxicants was a later development, evened the score by the ease and clarity of his expression. Profanity being an art that is only infrequently subject to change, Johnny's laudable command of it made him a marked man in any gathering.

Mrs. McClintock, who had kept a vigilant but kindly eye on her adopted son, died in 1864 as the result of an accident. Johnny's devotion to her was real, and his grief accordingly genuine. The money which had been left her by her husband, now greatly supplemented by the income from the leases on the McClintock property, was handed to Johnny. While the autobiographer stoutly insisted that this sum totalled only $24,000, he points out that immediately afterward he was divorced from several times that amount, with no explanation for the evident discrepancy.

Whatever the actual amount was, Johnny immediately found himself surrounded by a horde of well-wishers, who wished him well as long as the money held out. To several of these, autobiographer Steele pays dubious tribute in his volume: The ace of them all, according to Johnny, was Seth R. Slocum, who arrived at the McClintock farm ostensibly in search of work and was shortly appointed to a partial distributorship of the Steele fortune, a type of work for which he appeared to be particularly well adapted. The hypothetical firm of Steele and Slocum was accordingly organized, for the pleasant but unwholesome purpose of dissipating the Steele bank roll.

The two established themselves at a hotel in Philadelphia: While Slocum did a turn about town the better to pave the way for the ambitious program that was to follow, Steele attempted to visit his wife and child who were in the city, only to discover that

the latter was quarantined with chicken pox, and could not be seen. Being thus relieved of any immediate responsibility toward his kin, Johnny joined his friend at the hotel, and the party was on.

Slocum's long list of expensive suggestions began with one concerning clothes: Steele's associate pointed out that two young men, burdened as they were with wealth, should dress in accordance with their station. Slocum led his willing victim to a tailor, and after looking over several samples any one of which would have been pleasing to Johnny, Slocum struck upon a garish check in which any self-respecting cab horse of that staid period would have been sorely embarrassed.

The suits—one for each of them—were finally finished, and their wardrobe having been enhanced to the extent of diamond scarf pins, top hats, walking sticks and additional impedimenta, the two set out. The parade attracted great attention, and such was the curiosity of the throng as the two pursued their way down the street that a number fell in behind, keeping pace with the pair and making ribald comments. One of the Quaker City police, feeling that something was amiss, had Slocum and Johnny hailed before a magistrate, where they laboriously explained that they came from the oil regions and were merely in town seeing the sights. After encouraging them to see the sights instead of being a couple themselves, the magistrate permitted them to leave.

The high hand and the outstretched arm with which Coal Oil Johnny carried matters soon made him the target for many who wished to cooperate in the movement to alienate him from his wealth. He became the cynosure for every sharper within a radius of several hundred miles; he was sought after matrimonially, he was urged to take part in enterprises of all parts and of varying shades of virtue. It cannot truthfully be said that he turned a deaf ear to them; he distributed his gifts according to the merit of the plea at the time it was made. His was no despicable form of charity; someone generally benefited by his generosity.

Johnny's preferred means of locomotion was a lavish carriage, drawn by a team of fine horses. Established upon the cushions, he and Slocum were conveyed hither and yon, generally culminating the activities of the day in the early hours of the day following. The driver of their awe-inspiring vehicle was a loyal and unselfish servant; he was subject to call at all times of the day, and he not infrequently found it necessary to help them home at night.

Once the ritual of banqueting and theater-going had palled somewhat, Slocum suggested that he and Johnny adopt horse-racing as a hobby. Nearly all other available hobbies having been exhausted, Johnny fell in with the idea with great enthusiasm. They accordingly studied the horse market with a moderate amount of caution, and invested some considerable thousands of Johnny's money in a steed which was represented as epitomizing the wind. A first class trainer was engaged to condition the horse for a coming race.

The day of the race arrived, and the Steele-Slocum entry took up his position at the barrier. The horse managed to merge with the leaders at the getaway, but as soon as he realized his mistake, he disengaged himself. His gait degenerated to a canter, finally to a casual stroll. The highly-embarrassed jockey plied his knees vigorously, but the attitude of the steed was now one of annoyed indifference. The Steele-Slocum racing combine was disbanded by mutual consent.

Johnny all this time was being admonished to come home and stop making a spectacle of himself. The fertility of the McClintock oil farm continued, but there were occasional evidences that Johnny's business well-wishers were seeking to take advantage of

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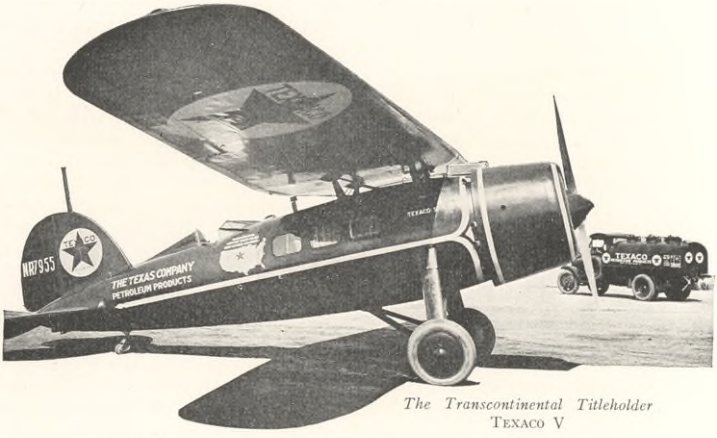
View of the Oil Regions from the McClintock Farm



The Transcontinental Titleholder
TEXACO V

All in the Interest of Speed

A Record-Breaker Tells How Records Are Broken

CAPTAIN FRANK M. HAWKS
Superintendent Aviation Division, The Texas Company

Captain Hawks landed at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, early on June 30 in the TEXACO-*powered Lockheed Air Express of The Texas Company,* TEXACO V, *having established two records for coast-to-coast flying, and one for the round trip. He shattered the former East-to-West record, broke on his return the mark which he set last year, and set a new one for the round trip.*

The following article was written by Captain Hawks expressly for readers of the STAR.—Editor.

IT is reasonable to suppose that the elements play an important part in determining the success or failure of an attempt to better existing aerial records for speed, endurance and extended flight. However, and in point of view of the aviator, atmospheric conditions and certain physical obstacles may be met and overcome if he knows that the ship he is flying is as mechanically perfect as human ingenuity can make it.

There is little or no reason to believe that a plane, equipped with the latest devices and flown by a trained, resourceful pilot, cannot accomplish a feat similar to my own. All material things being equal, it is evident that each individual flyer to a certain extent controls his own destiny. I can say for myself that at no time during the long and rather lonely hours across the continent did I ever lose the conviction that I would ultimately reach the goal I sought.

CAPTAIN FRANK M. HAWKS

I confess that the picture presented by Roosevelt Field at my departure, in the half-light of early morning, so impressed itself upon my mind that I recalled it repeatedly throughout the flight. At first I could barely see the figures of the several mechanics busily engaged in making final adjustments to the sturdy little Lockheed Air Express, the TEXACO No. V that had performed so splendidly on my last transcontinental record-breaking trip. The dim outlines of the hangars, the steel framework of the beacon lights, the concentrated activity incidental to the take-off, all became parts of a scene that I can seldom, if ever, forget. I admit that I chafed at the necessary delay; it seemed that the suspense would never end, although I fully realized that every effort was being made to prepare the plane for the ordeal ahead and to insure the consistent smooth-running performance of its motor. The long-awaited moment arrived; I received the final

Two Members of the TEXACO *Air Fleet*

word that the plane was in perfect shape, inspected the sensitive controls, glanced at the precision instruments in front of me and, satisfied that everything was in order, turned the ignition switch. The propeller spun once, twice, three times and the peace and quiet of the field was shattered by a deafening roar. The Wasp-powered motor met my exacting requirements immediately; I listened intently to its vibrations, raced it, throttled it and it responded perfectly. TEXACO No. V left the ground in a faultless take-off at 5.12.51 a. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

My first few hours in the air were uneventful; weather reports being furnished me by radio while in flight forecasted excellent flying conditions along my proposed route with the exception of a stretch over Missouri, where thunder showers had been reported. I climbed steadily after leaving the ground until I reached an altitude of fifteen hundred feet. The forecasts had been accurate; the atmosphere was singularly clear and visibility was almost perfect. I could not hope to fly the entire distance under such favorable conditions but I did not anticipate any difficulty in the event that the radio broadcasted storm warnings. The Lockheed Air Express is equipped with one of the most complete and efficient instrument boards ever installed in a plane; it contains an earth inductor compass and numerous other devices that make "blind flying" an easily acquired art. With these mechanical contrivances available and encouraged by the knowledge that the plane was averaging from 175 to 200 miles an hour, I congratulated myself that I was well on the way toward establishing a new record. The plane's behavior was irreproachable; in every respect the plane justified the servicing of it by expert mechanics.

I followed as accurately as possible and with only slight deviation what is known as the Great Circle course, the line of flight including Pittsburgh, Columbus, Ohio, Terre Haute, Indiana, St. Louis, Wichita, Kansas, Albuquerque, New Mexico and Flagstaff, Arizona. The wind had been blowing almost directly from the southeast until I passed over St. Louis but at that point it shifted to almost due west and became a head wind. I had been jogging along at an average speed of about 150 miles an hour but the head winds west of St. Louis reduced my speed to about 136 miles an hour; I estimated that I covered the succeeding thousand miles to Albuquerque in approximately nine hours, not a very good average in comparison with the nine hundred miles to St. Louis slightly in excess of five hours. Flying at an altitude of about 10,000 feet, I passed over the Continental Divide in Arizona and soared above the rolling stretches of the Pacific slope, still fighting an increasing head wind. I flew from Tacon Pass to Los Angeles in the midst of a thick fog which lifted only when I was circling above the Metropolitan Airport. TEXACO No. V made a perfect landing and the first leg of my proposed flight was over.

The Sky Seems Inviting!

I was immediately provided with facilities for my comfort but decided to avail myself only of a light meal. My schedule called for a short stop-over at Los Angeles as I was extremely anxious to complete the remaining leg of my flight. Upon returning to the field after a brief absence I was informed that the airdrome mechanics had discovered that the carburetor float had sunk, which would cause an irregular feeding of gasoline. The necessary repairs consumed the major portion of seven hours, a new carburetor was finally installed and at 7.45 a. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, I hopped off on my return trip.

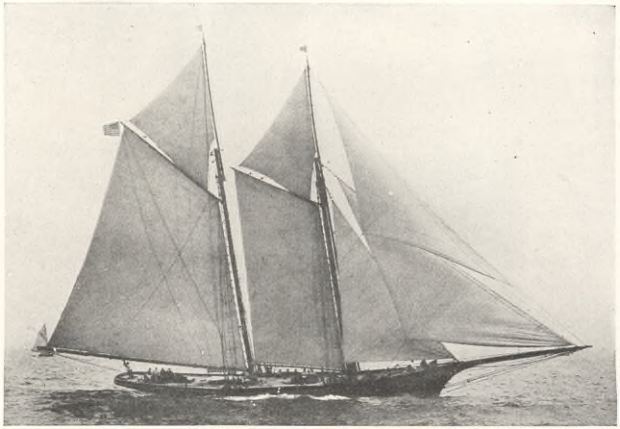
The sky was overcast; I was compelled to climb about fifteen hundred feet through a dense fog and to make matters worse there was a low ceiling of six hundred feet. I eventually penetrated the fog, soared above Tacon Pass at an altitude of eight thousand feet and was rewarded with excellent visibility in all directions. Weather conditions at this level were ideal but the brisk tail wind that had been helping me since I left

the airport suddenly veered round at Albuquerque and became a head wind that seriously impeded my progress. The speed of my plane was retarded considerably by this strong east wind until I approached the vicinity of St. Louis where I noticed that it diminished in force and that the speed of the plane rapidly increased. I doubt if I averaged over 125 miles an hour on the entire lap from Los Angeles to this point. At East St. Louis I dropped down to an altitude of fifty feet in order to read the weather charts and left a note explaining the difficulty I had experienced in bucking the strong head winds. From St. Louis to Columbus flying conditions were almost perfect with the exception of cross winds which did not help me materially, but immediately after passing above the capital city of Ohio, I met a stretch of bad weather and poor visibility; night had fallen. Notwithstanding this, I succeeded in maintaining the course I had decided upon; during the entire flight I do not believe I ever deviated from it at all, although in many instances I might have avoided the several delays caused by unfavorable local weather conditions if I had circled the bad spots. I entered another blanket of fog when passing over western Pennsylvania and at Sunbury picked up the mail beacon, following the mail route as far as Philipsburg. From that point on I flew by compass until my first glimpse of the revolving beacon at Roosevelt Field signified that the long pull was almost over. I turned on my landing lights when still a considerable distance from the field, circled above it three times and came down. A glance was sufficient for me to note that the flood lights, the revolving white beacon and the stationary red beacon were on full; while taxiing to a stop and temporarily blinded by the flood lights after flying for so many hours in the dark, a wire fence loomed up in front of me and, in trying to avoid it, the left wing tip of the plane was smashed. I hardly felt the concussion; my throat was parched and I was only too delighted to take advantage of the opportunity to desert the cramped quarters of the cockpit. They informed me that I consumed enormous quantities of water; I do not recall how much I drank but it seemed that my thirst would never be quenched.

The official timer notified me that I had come to a full stop at 1.16.03 a. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, 17 hours 39 minutes and 3 seconds after I had left Los Angeles, surpassing my own previous record of 18 hours 21 minutes and 59 seconds for the eastward flight.

I have since been informed that reports of the progress of my flight were meager and that I had been sighted only at infrequent intervals. At almost every stage of both passages I flew at relatively high altitudes where I found that flying conditions and visibility were better than at lower levels. I had received weather reports constantly by radio and the contents of the majority of these messages prompted me to climb as high as I could and still maintain a maximum speed.

I am indebted to the skilled mechanics who serviced my plane, to the officials of Roosevelt Field and the Los Angeles airport, and to my many friends and business associates who contributed immeasurably to the successful completion of my flight. But, in the last analysis, I owe my greatest allegiance and my greatest gratitude to the supreme quality of the TEXACO gasoline and oil used in my plane, without which such a flight as I was privileged to make would never have been possible.



LEVICK

The America: A Titleholder on the High Seas

The Race is on Again

How The America Achieved Her Laurels

INTEREST in the America Cup Races, which has been permitted to stagnate somewhat since 1920, has been completely revived by the recent challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton. The background for these occasional races is provided by a sailing ship called the America which, in 1851, wrested nautical honors from the British and brought the trophy to this country, where it has since remained.

In 1850 Commodore John C. Stevens of the New York Yacht Club struck upon the notion of building a sailboat to cross the Atlantic and take part in such nautical activities as were scheduled for the International Exposition, to be held in England. Associated with him in the enterprise were George L. Schuyler and James Hamilton, the latter the son of Alexander Hamilton. George Steers, designer of fast pilot boats, was commissioned to draw up plans. Steers, something of a genius in matters of this kind, decided that contemporary types of racing craft were not built for swift movement, and he therefore determined to abandon the British style, the bluff bow and tapering stern, the "cod's head and mackerel body." Instead, the new boat was to have a long forebody, hollow water lines, a wooden keel and other revolutionary features.

BROWN BROS.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock I

The completion of the ship, later to be named the "America," was marked by great jubilation on the part of its sponsors, and trials followed off Sandy Hook under the capable guidance of Captain Dick Brown and a complement of thirteen men. The superstitious onlookers who lined the shore on the day of its initial maneuvers confidently expected, in view of the unfortunate number of the crew, to see a miracle occur whereby the ship would suddenly sink, or become subject to some nautical malady that would send the boat and all its passengers to Davy Jones's locker. Nothing of the sort took place, however, and in June, 1851, Captain Brown and his hearties, together with designer Steers, set sail for Europe.

Steers, who was delegated to fill some subordinate office aboard the America, proved to be a much better designer than sailor. His informal entries in the log revealed that he was subject to fits of depression and fits of seasickness, these afflictions occurring in succession and not infrequently at the same time. The trip required three weeks. At the end of the first, the academically competent but nautically dispensable designer was stricken with a fear that he was about to die; at the middle of the third he was

praying to providence that he might.

The journey ultimately ended, and while the arrival of the American schooner occasioned wide comment, there emerged no bidders for a race. Even the Americans' offer of a $50,000 stake left the English sportsmen singularly cold. Finally the operators of a racing boat apparently denied the privilege of proving its claim to that distinction were rewarded by an invitation to enter the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta. The race was to take place around the Isle of Wight, and a silver cup valued at one hundred guineas was to be the award.

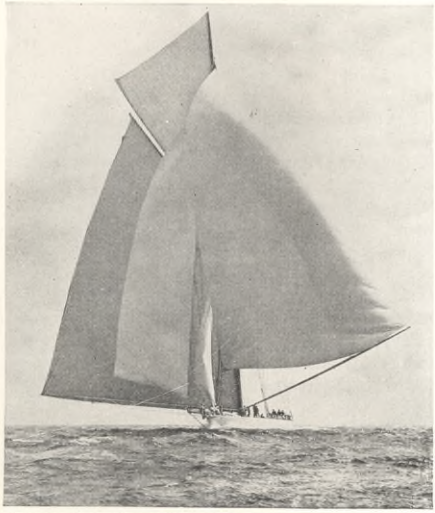
Skimming Along With the Wind WIDE WORLD

On the crisp morning of August 22, 1851, fifteen cutters and schooners cruised across the starting mark and headed on the course, sails billowing in the wind and decks sweepingly awash. The America, out to pluck her first laurels, languished across the starting mark with mingled consternation and despair written upon the collective faces of captain and crew, and to the accompaniment of cat-calls from the British rooters. The America suddenly abandoned its leisurely pace and set fast upon the heels of the British craft; she overhauled one after another, its crew waving friendly if patronizing goodbyes to the passengers of each as the America's wash slapped insolently against British hulls.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Albert, kept abreast of the America in the royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, which was steam-driven; by noon a fair portion of the eighty miles had been consumed by the America, while the Britons were left far astern. The race was won by the America, which crossed the finish line with its triumphant personnel eighteen minutes in advance of its closest competitor. The royal yacht steamed on its way; Her Majesty later conveyed the first news to friends that the American entry had taken the prize. Upon being asked who came second, the Queen replied: "There was no second."

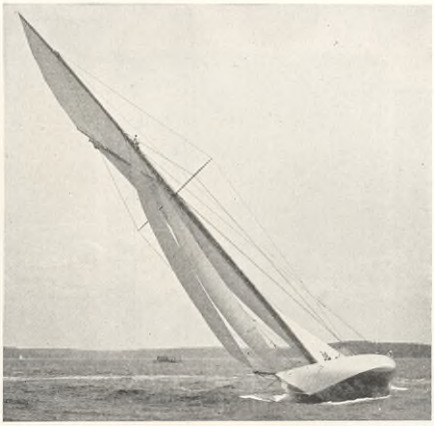
The news that an unknown American ship had annexed the first prize, the coveted silver cup, electrified British sportsmen and to a lesser extent annoyed the British public. With characteristic good sportsmanship, however, they accepted defeat and set out to build boats that would leave American entries thereafter far in the rear.

The American boat was, of course, the object of great attention; as she lay at her moorings one day shortly after the race, the royal yacht approached, bearing the Queen and Prince Albert, who had come to pay their respects and satisfy their curiosity. As



Two American Defenders of the America Cup Which Turned Back the Invader: The Resolute (left) and the Reliance LEVICK

the latter attempted to come aboard, Captain Brown, deeply impressed with the honor being conferred upon his ship but always concerned about his ship's appearance, requested that the Prince wipe his boots before boarding. His considerably flabbergasted Highness sought vainly to reply, whereupon the Captain, courteous but alarmed, observed: "I know who you are, all right, but you can't come aboard until you wipe your boots." His mother, whose accurate appraisal of situations made her a queen indeed, stepped into the breach and saved the day for imperial dignity. The royal visitors thereafter inspected the boat and expressed themselves as having had a very nice time.



Easing Along on a Shimmering Keel BROWN BROS.

Charges that the victory by the America was a result of conspiracy naturally sprang up; it became aired about that the ship was operated not by wind and sail, but by a concealed engine. The Marquis of Anglesey, wooden-legged survivor of some conflict, was more bitten by the germ of curiosity than the others. He undertook a personal visit to the America, the mission of which was primarily to obtain a peek at the hull and at the propeller he felt must be hidden somewhere along it. At the request of Commodore Stevens, the Marquis extended himself over the stern rail and peered deep into the water. His near-sightedness, combined with the fact that he was looking for something which never was there, required the extension of his torso beyond reasonable limits; only by the prompt and accurate seizure of his peg leg by the adjacent Commodore was the Marquis saved from an impromptu bath.

To the dismay of sportsmen on this side of the water, the America was sold in England and the cup alone brought to the United States. From the day of its transfer to Lord Blaquierre in 1851 the America was closely associated with British and American history; its achievements finally earned it a permanent berth at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where it is the object of a public veneration excelled only by that accorded the Constitution.

Under the name Camilla, she made her mysterious appearance in 1861 at Savannah; with the nation then embroiled in the Civil War, word reached the Union lines that she was designed to carry Confederate agents to England. Efforts to capture her were frustrated at the beginning, for she was a fast, elusive craft. The Union navy ultimately learned that she had entered the St. John's river at Jacksonville, Florida, and laid hold of her. The boat was used to further Union interests for a time, and after the war was entered in two races.

The America was brought into racing service again in 1870, but she came in a poor fourth. The British entry, the Cambria, was likewise defeated. A colossal wail arose; navy officials staunchly defended the America with the explanation that her hull still had much of the reinforcement that was part of her equipment as a warship and that the added weight handicapped her operation. The discussion was heated; it was finally decided to sell her, and despite the vigorous objections of Admiral Worden, then superintendent of the Naval Academy, the old faithful was knocked down to its only bidder for $5000. Later, largely through the efforts of Charles Francis Adams, helmsman of the Resolute when it defeated the Lipton entry in 1920 and now Secretary of the Navy, it was returned permanently to the Naval Academy, having earned for all time its right to that great honor.

Champions of an International Art WIDE WORLD

Thus the America reached her final resting place. She has been the object of more than one man's love, and on more than one occasion have racing enthusiasts stood entranced as she cut her way to victory, her sails silhouetted against the sky and the swell stretching out in even, bubbling lanes behind her.

Turnin

Interna

Sema

Cops in Singapore, Straits Settlements, Carry Their Own Semaphores

Officer 203 of the Bombay, India, Force Cheerfully Poses for a Picture

Polizei in Vienna Wield a Semaphore With the Dignity of a Bandmaster

Enforcement Chie China Relaxes Fo

PHOTOS BY

From India's fam
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Are signs of law

One of the Legal Moguls in Tampico, Mexico, Stretches an Official Leg

Respect for the Law in London is Great; Here's One of Several Reasons

French Patrolman at Auteuil Races Sees That Things Keep Moving

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Chief in East Indo- For a Studied Pose

S BY GALLOWAY

amous coral strand furthest border, and open hand law and order.

Schoolboys in Honolulu do Their Daily Good Turn at Intersections

One of New York's Finest Gives His Touring Clients the High Sign

A Gracious Twist of the Wrist is All That Seems Necessary in Brussels

In Louisville, Kentucky, They Turn the Semaphore by Means of a Pole

Law's Custodian in Durban, South Africa, Pauses to Chat With Hackmen

Calcutta Cop with Umbrella Attached: Forgetting it Seems Universal

Petroleum and the Classroom

The Spotlight Focuses On a New Phase of Education

ERNEST R. LILLEY

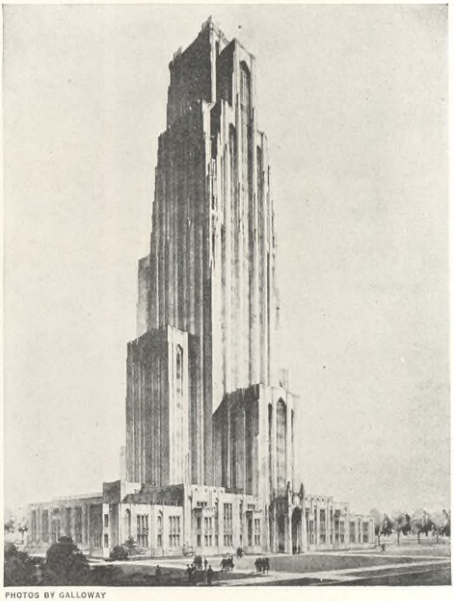
Associate Professor of Geology, New York University

EDUCATION relating to petroleum in our colleges and universities is of comparatively recent origin, and while it cannot be said to have established itself widely, the increasing number of courses offered each year along this line indicates that the larger institutions at least are giving the matter weighty consideration.

Even the most casual survey of the curricula of our leading colleges will disclose a fundamental difference of opinion among educators regarding the extent to which the university should go in attempting to prepare a student for work in any special field of endeavor such as the oil business. A very substantial proportion of our smaller undergraduate institutions are definitely committed to the principle that undergraduate studies should be primarily cultural in scope; such schools as offer or contemplate courses in petroleum education are obviously inclined to the belief that a combination of the cultural and practical is more to be desired.

Through ownership of thousands of acres of land spread over the rapidly developing oil fields of western Texas, the University of Texas has become a factor of major importance in oil production. Its leasing policy is of vital significance in any plan for restriction of production in that area. So far its income has been largely restricted to royalties received from the companies that discovered and developed the Big Lake pool in Reagan county. However, this pool has already produced approximately forty million barrels of oil; its deeper horizons have not been developed. Naturally the steady royalty income from Big Lake, and the prospects of additional discoveries on university lands in this and other portions of the Texas Permian Basin are sources of gratification to the University of Texas students, alumni, and faculty.

Other universities have not been as fortunate in the ownership of potential oil lands, but the absence of royalty checks has not prevented them from taking a keen interest in the rapidly developing oil industry. Most of the larger universities have made careful studies of their relationship to the industry with a view to determining how they could best cooperate



PHOTOS BY GALLOWAY

Cathedral of Learning, University of Pittsburgh, Now Under Construction

with the industry and serve those who were engaged in it or planned to make it their life work.

Except for the addition of individual courses in oil and gas law at law schools located in centers immediately adjacent to oil producing districts, the administrators of our law schools have felt that the function of such schools was to train their students in the fundamental principles of law and allow them to do their own specializing after graduation. In general, directors of colleges of commerce have taken the same view. Thus, while university schools of commerce have encouraged specialization in accounting, finance, management, and marketing, they have not deemed it advisable to permit students to specialize further by giving them special training in oil company accounting, finance, management, or marketing.

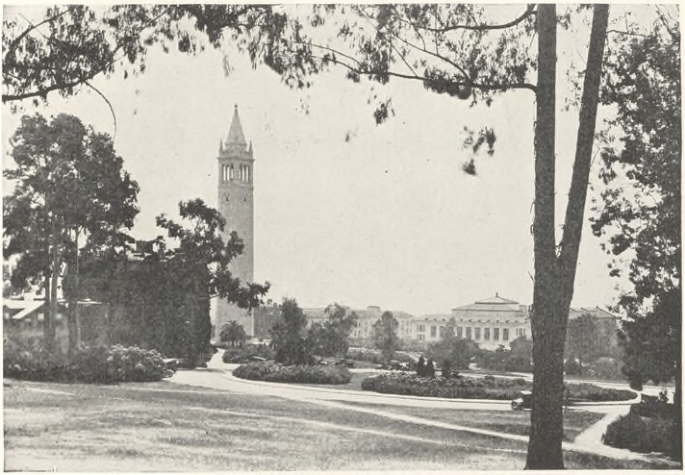
In engineering and science the conflict between those favoring the petroleum engineering type of training and those adhering to the older, more general type of undergraduate training is much more active. With the exception of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, none of the great engineering schools of the Atlantic seaboard lists petroleum engineering as a course of study or as an option that may be taken in conjunction with a broader course of study such

Campus at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge

as mining or chemical engineering. This does not mean that such schools are not supplying men to the oil industry; in fact many of the leading technical people in the oil business today were trained in these schools.

However, a group of schools of no small proportions has concluded that the student can be given a thorough training in fundamental subjects and still have time during his four year course for sufficient specialization to give him a running start after graduation and to reduce the break between college and industry to a minimum. Naturally, the colleges which have taken the lead in the development of petroleum engineering courses are those having the greatest number of students who anticipate working in the petroleum industry. In general it may be said that the degree of specialization in petroleum engineering is directly proportional to nearness to producing fields and refineries.

With the exception of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology option in petroleum production already mentioned, a similar option in oil and gas production offered in the mines curriculum of the University of West Virginia, and a parallel course that will be offered for the first time this fall at State College of Pennsylvania, the University of Pittsburgh (whose Cathedral of Learning is probably to be the architectural marvel of this educational era) is the sole representative of the universities believing in specialization in petroleum engineering located east of the Mississippi River. Situated in the heart of the Appalachian field, this university became the leader in establishing complete courses in petroleum engineering, its course being first announced in 1912.



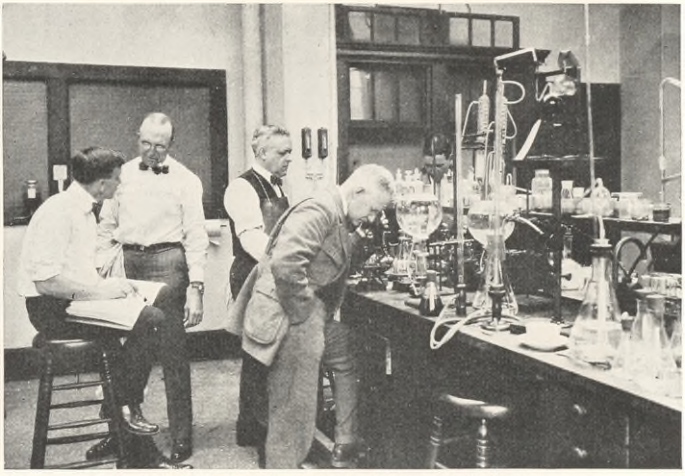
The University of California at Berkeley Offers Several Courses in Petroleum

Oil Education Attracts Men and Women Alike:
On the Campus Between Classes

Its students may specialize either in production work or in refinery technology. Shortly after the announcement of the course at Pittsburgh, the University of Oklahoma, Stanford University, and the University of California began to offer courses in petroleum. More recently the University of Southern California at Los Angeles organized a special course under the direction of the department of geology to meet the needs of students planning to enter petroleum production. In the fall of 1928, the State College of Washington added a similar course to its curriculum.

At the University of Oklahoma, petroleum geology rapidly became a subject of major importance, the enrollment in the school of geology far exceeding the number of students specializing in that subject in any other college in the country. Individual courses in petroleum engineering subjects were offered at an early date, but it was not until 1924 that a complete course was established. At that time the school of petroleum engineering was organized. Under the direction of Dean H. C. George, this school has attracted the largest enrollment of any of the colleges offering petroleum engineering. Its students may elect a four year course, the first part of which is devoted to fundamental subjects, while the latter portion is given over to the application of those principles in production or refining engineering.

Much the same plan was followed by Dean R. C. Beckstrom in organizing the school of petroleum engineering at the University of Tulsa in the fall of 1928. This comparatively young university has been singularly fortunate in receiving a generous donation providing for the erection of a building to house the petroleum engineering course. Despite the early



Laboratories at Massachusetts Institute of Technology
are Centers of Petroleum Research

development of Texas as a major producer and refiner of oil, its colleges did not begin to specialize in petroleum work except through the offering of more complete courses in geology until the last two or three years. In the fall of 1928, the University of Texas announced a course in petroleum engineering. This fall the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College will be added to the list of schools offering such work.

Practically all of the colleges mentioned have graduate divisions in which their own graduates and those of other institutions may take more specialized work than is permitted in their undergraduate courses. While many students enter graduate schools immediately after graduation from college, others are forced by financial or other reasons to spend several years in business before resuming their studies. This type of subject matter is largely determined by the work the students have done. Many return to their employers to take more responsible positions. Because of the rapid increase in scientific and engineering knowledge, a substantial number of older men and women find it desirable to return to the graduate divisions of our larger universities to keep up with the new developments that are of major importance to their own work but with which they have no opportunity to be familiar, due to the demands of their own business. Thus today a number of petroleum geologists of many years' experience are enrolled in special courses in petrography, micro-paleontology and geophysics, tools of the petroleum geologist that have made giant advances in the past five years.

Refinery employes and those employed in executive offices are frequently able to continue advanced studies without giving up their positions, because of the location of their work close to university centers. Thus the graduate divisions of Columbia, New York, and Chicago Universities have substantial enrollments from oil company organizations. Probably the greater proportion of such students are interested in the advanced business or economics courses.

A Petroleum Engineering Student Refreshes His Memory Before Exams

Although unable to proclaim itself a center of oil production, New York City, through the presence of the executive and financial offices of many of the larger companies, its preëminence as a marketing center and its high rank in refining, has an extremely large oil company employe population. To meet the needs of this group, New York University commenced evening courses on oil in 1921 under the direction of the writer. The courses have been given each year since, the program being expanded until it now includes two thirty-hour courses, "The Oil Industry" and "Oil Company Operations", which are offered each year, and two sixty-hour advanced courses offered in alternate years. The first of these deals mainly with production problems, and the second with marketing technique.

The reader should not be permitted to overlook the fact that the university of today performs an important, direct service to the industry itself. The institution which sends an oil company a graduate who is well equipped to fit into that organization, or which provides student employes with the training that makes them more efficient workers, is serving not only the individual but also the company which employs him or her. There is an additional phase of service that is of sufficient importance to warrant consideration: The universities of America are not only centers of teaching but also centers of research, and through that research, centers of industrial leadership. The research work of Professor Uren at California and of Professors Herold and Tickell at Stanford has added much to our understanding of the principles of recovery of oil and gas from sands. Professor Heiland of the Colorado School of Mines has been one of the leaders in the development of the theory and practice of geophysical exploration. Professor Wood has made a number of important studies concerning the nature and properties of the sulphur compounds contained in petroleum in the laboratories of Mississippi College. These names are representative of a long list that might be cited to suggest the importance of the university as a center

of research in the various problems fundamental to the oil business.

What relations between the universities and the oil industry the future will bring, time alone can tell. Much can be done by the oil companies themselves, for the record of the past ten years indicates, that with the growing complexity of the business of oil production, transportation, refining, and marketing, the oil companies and the oil industry as a whole will rely increasingly upon the university to supply trained employes, to assist workers to improve their own status and increase their value to the business, and to carry on those fundamental types of research that are so essential to the progress of the industry.

Judge T. J. Lawhon

A Tribute To A Distinguished Attorney

JUDGE T. J. Lawhon, General Attorney of The Texas Company, recently completed sixteen years of active and continuous service in the Legal Department of the Company; he enters his seventeenth year fully qualified to assume his new duties as Associate General Counsel in charge of the Company's legal affairs in the Southern Territory.

Judge Lawhon was born July 4, 1876, near the township of McDade, Bastrop County, Texas, the son of John C. and Helen Lawhon. Shortly after his birth, his family moved to nearby Williamson County and established a residence in the vicinity of the city of Taylor. He graduated from the Granger High School in the spring of 1897, taught school for two years and entered the University of Texas in 1899. His curricular activities were devoted to the study of law, and he received his bachelor degree in 1901. He commenced his practice in Taylor.

Upon entering politics, he became Assistant County Attorney of Williamson County, his tenure of office embracing a period from 1902 to 1906. His elevation to the official capacity of County Judge followed almost immediately, his equitable decisions and efficient management of the fiscal affairs of the county attracting favorable attention.

On April 1, 1913, Judge Lawhon entered the service of The Texas Company as a member of the Legal Department with headquarters at Houston. His progress from then on was marked by his appointment as Assistant General Attorney on December 1, 1920, and his subsequent designation as General Attorney on April 16, 1925.

Judge Lawhon was married in January, 1906, to Miss Josephine Griffith, of Taylor, Texas. They have two sons, T. J. Jr., twenty-two years of age, and James G., twenty. The elder son recently was graduated from Harvard Law School with the degree of LL.B. and the younger from Rice Institute.

Judge Lawhon is a splendid lawyer and reflects the highest standards of the legal profession. It was a decidedly complicated matter for attorneys representing oil companies to construct a complete, fair and workable lease or mineral contract affecting, equally, the rights of the land owner as well as the operator. Thuss, in his treatise on "Texas Oil and Gas," in referring to Judge Lawhon's work on the subject, states that his efforts in standardizing the lease form in use in the state of Texas "proved to be a definite contribution to the industry as a whole and influenced the law pertaining to oil and gas. How well they succeeded is verified by the fact that the succeeding years brought very few changes, except those dictated by purely local conditions."

It is a source of gratification to the Company that its officials have seen fit to assign this important post to Judge Lawhon. He commands the respect and esteem of the entire Bench and Bar of his state. He is a strong advocate and profound interpreter of the law and a loyal servant of TEXACO.

—ROBERT A. JOHN

PHOTOS BY GALLOWAY

The Whitehall Building, Our New York City Offices

So You're Going to the Coast?

A Complete Novelette of Information

A YOUNG woman opened the door and entered the office.

"Good morning," she said. "I wonder if you can spare one of those new TEXACO Lincoln Highway maps I've been reading about in all the advertisements?" The young man to whom the remark was addressed nodded.

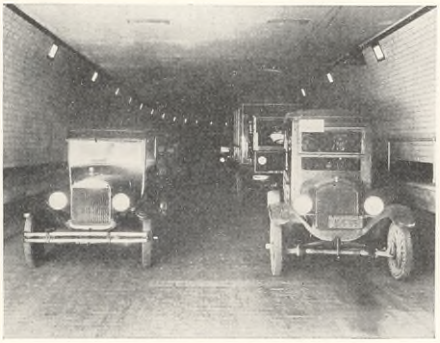
"We certainly can," he replied pleasantly. "Are you planning an automobile trip to San Francisco?"

"Yes. I wanted to get one of your maps and also ask a few questions, so I thought I'd come right down here to The Texas Company and ask them."

"We're glad you did. Fortunately we have a gentleman here who has been over the route many times. He has charge of our tourist information service and will be able to help you a great deal, I'm sure. Will you step this way into his office?"

The information contained in this article was supplied by Mr. Cecil Hawley, Supervisor of the TEXACO Tourist Information Bureau, who holds the unofficial record for national globe-trotting. He has crossed the continent by automobile scores of times. Part of his service to the Company and the public is to keep fully informed of every development on the nation's highways.

Mr. Hawley frequently crosses the country in his car with an ease and rapidity that is almost unbelievable; some trips, from coast to coast, have been made in less than five days.



Interior View of the Holland Tunnel

The formalities of introduction were disposed of, and the young woman watched attentively as the supervisor unfolded one of the Lincoln Highway maps and spread it out upon his desk.

"Now we're ready," he said. "Just make yourself comfortable and I'll go over the entire route with you. Don't hesitate to ask questions as we go along. I suppose you know how to reach the Lincoln, do you not?"

"Not exactly."

"Do you know the streets leading to the Holland Tunnel? Good. Then let's open your map, see this insert of New York and vicinity; how the street names are all plainly marked. If someone is going with you, he or she can read off the names of the streets to you as you go along."

"My sister is going, and she can do that. Are all the towns laid out

Campus at Princeton University

showing the main thoroughfares like this?"

"Yes, you'll see the inserts on the strip for each town or city as you come to it. Just glance along the strip and you'll see them."

"Good idea. Tell me, what are the most interesting things to see as we go along the route?" He smiled.

"Frankly, it's all pretty interesting. There are a lot of them, however, that you shouldn't miss. Going through Princeton, for example, you can have a look at the university, and if you had the time, you could spend a whole week in Philadelphia and only see half of it. From there you cross the Susquehanna Valley to the Gettysburg battlefields. You might hire a guide to show you around there—it's certainly worth your time. You go from there to Pittsburgh, over the Allegheny Range. If you'd like to see the steel mills, the Chamber of Commerce there will be glad to arrange it for you. Do you like to play golf?"

"Both of us do. Why?"

"There are a lot of clubs along the route where visitors are welcome, so you'd be wise to take your clubs.

"After you leave Pittsburgh, you'll find many interesting cities and towns, all of them deriving their wealth from farming or manufacturing. This is pretty true of all of them until you get to Joliet, in Illinois, where the state maintains a hotel you may have heard of."

"I've heard about it," she responded. "But I guess we won't stop—I understand they hate to see you leave. Do we go to Chicago next?"

"The Lincoln doesn't touch Chicago. But it's worth the side trip to drive over the seventy-mile boulevard and parkway system, to see the Loop and the lake shore. If you want to do that, you'll find that the routes are all marked plainly at each street intersection and that traffic moves right along. They have a three-light system that gives you plenty of warning for changes. And by the way, from then on you'll be expected to give signals both for turns and stops. They are very particular about that out west: The accepted ones are to hold your arm out, the elbow bent and your hand straight up, for a turn to the right; hold your arm straight out for a left-hand turn; slanted down for a stop, and moved slowly up and down when you want to slow up."

"That's sensible and easy to remember. What are other traffic rules I ought to know?"

"Not many, but west of Chicago it's the almost universal rule that the car approaching an intersection from your *right* has the right-of-way. Also in Illinois you must dim your lights when you approach another car. You really ought to have your lights tested and carry the inspector's receipt with you in your car. All states are reciprocal in light adjustments."

"Thanks lots. I'll

Independence Hall, in Philadelphia

Site of Abraham Lincoln's Famous Address, on the Historic Battlefield at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

fix that up. What comes next?"

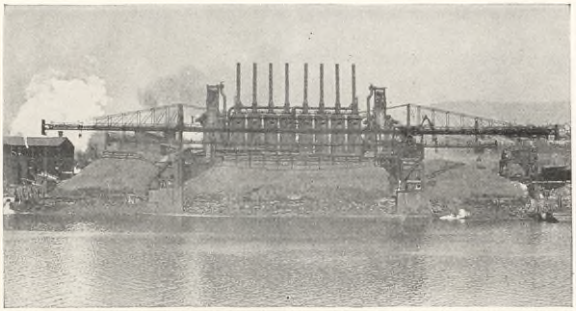
"Corn! In Illinois, Iowa and eastern Nebraska, you'll see nothing else. You'll wonder what they do with it all, and you'll pass through any number of towns that seem to consist of nothing but storage bins and elevators for handling both wheat and corn.

"At Fulton you cross the Mississippi, over a toll bridge. It costs about a quarter. From there you go across Iowa to Council Bluffs where you cross the Missouri River over another toll bridge and enter Omaha."

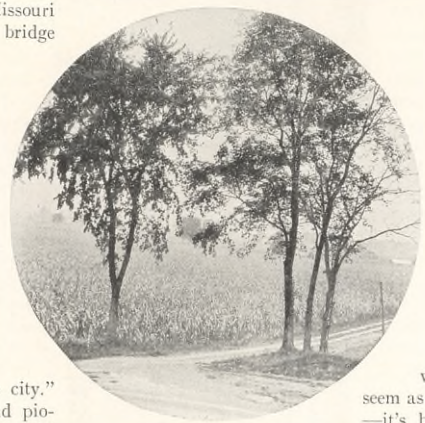
"Isn't there a cut-off somewhere above there?" the young lady inquired. "It seems to me I've heard of one."

"Yes, you can cross over the new bridge by turning west at Missouri Valley and going onto the Lincoln again at Fremont. But if there has been much rain the roads will be pretty muddy. Then, too, you'd miss Omaha if you did that, and it is a very nice city."

"Omaha is where the old pioneers stopped to re-fit, isn't it?"



Steel Mill near Pittsburgh



Beautiful Ohio

Along Chicago's Lake Shore Drive

"Yes, and you'll pass through Fort Kearny, North Platte and Cheyenne, all of them old outposts. You'll be traveling along the Platte River all the way to Big Spring, then along Lodgepole Creek to Cheyenne. You'll find all this very colorful."

"When do we begin to get into the mountains again?"

"You cross the Laramies just after leaving Cheyenne and continue to climb to Creston, which is the summit of the Continental Divide. You'll be between six and seven thousand feet high for quite a distance—in fact, until you get almost to Salt Lake City. Don't be worried if your car doesn't seem as peppy as usual along there—it's because the carburetor was adjusted for less than two hundred instead of several thousand feet elevation. The difference in gas consumption wouldn't pay to change it for such a short distance."

"I suppose there are a lot of steep, narrow grades in that part of the country."

"On the contrary. You'll have full width road all the way from here to the Pacific Coast, with the possible exception of a few one-way construction detours, but they are always under control and well kept up. But it's a good idea to shift into second on any hill you can't see the bottom of. It may seem old-fashioned, but it's safer and a whole lot cheaper than depending on the brakes alone. Also it's wise to have your brake adjustment checked whenever you change your oil, because uneven or loose brakes wear out more rapidly."

"I won't have any trouble finding TEXACO stations wherever I am along the way, will I?"

"Not a bit—they're all along the Lincoln and you'll find them anywhere you go, on or off. Incidentally, I always fill my tank to the top whenever I refuel. It saves additional stops.

"As far as other necessities are concerned, you'll find plenty of good hotels and restaurants all along your route, as well as private homes where the owners cater to tourists at reasonable rates. The tourist camps in the mountain and coast sections are clean and up-to-date, if you are interested in them. In many of them you can get a cabin with shower, gas and electricity. Just one point you ought to remember: There's alkali in the water in some sections, and it's not always easy for a person from the East to get used to it right away. I suggest you carry a thermos bottle, unless you like bottled drinks and can get along all right on them."

"That's well to know. Let's see now, where were we on the map?"

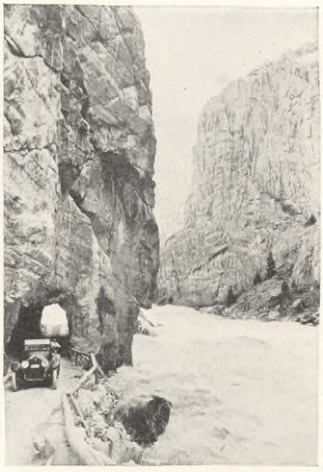
"About here," he replied, indicating Rock Springs. "This is where one of the most extensive coal mines in the country is located. You can visit it if you wish. Then on down to Granger where the Oregon Trail leaves the Overland Trail—which is a part of the Lincoln Highway—then through Granger over the Bear River Divide and down through Echo and Parley Canyons to Salt Lake City, in Utah."

"That's where the Mormon temple is located, isn't it?"

"Yes, and if you like organ music, don't fail to go up there at noon and hear the recital. It is very beautiful. Before you leave, drive up to Ogden and get some fruit—peaches will be ripe about then."

"I like peaches. Is Ogden on the Lincoln?"

"No, you come back to Salt Lake City and cross over the Great Salt Lake Desert. If it's a windy day, don't start until evening, as particles of sand and salt will sift into the car—any car—and cause a great deal of discomfort. Anyway it's a wonderful night drive—it seems there are more stars in those western skies than you ever saw before, due to the atmosphere. And if it happens to be a moonlight night, you won't even need your headlights. After crossing the desert to Wendover, you'll leave the Lincoln and go on over to Reno over the Victory Highway, as some portions of the Lincoln are under construction there."



Towering Cliffs and Gorgeous Gorges

The Mormon Temple, Salt Lake City

Wyoming's Erosion-Cut Mountains

"You haven't told me a single thing about the roads, do you know that?" demanded the girl. "How are they?"

"I was waiting for that," he chuckled. "Well, from New York to Marshalltown, Iowa, you'll have pavement—either concrete, asphalt, brick, or oiled macadam. From Marshalltown to Evanston, Wyoming, the roads are either gravel or crushed rock or oiled surface, with the exception of a short stretch near the Wyoming-Nebraska line; another near Medicine Bow, Wyoming; another near Kanda, Wyoming, and some new construction between Granger and Lyman in the same state. These gaps are kept up and you'll hardly notice the difference unless it's raining, but even then it won't be slippery, for the soil is gritty and the wheels take hold all right. Just outside of Evanston is some new construction. Then you'll have roads surfaced with shale, gravel, or paved all the way to 'Frisco."

"You certainly know your way around," remarked the girl, admiringly. "How do you remember it all?"

"Been over it often," he responded, genially. "You'll find your roads are excellent—don't let

them worry you for a minute."

"That's a relief. Now what do we see when we get to Nevada?"

"Cattle and sheep ranches, and some famous horse-raising country. The valleys are planted to alfalfa for winter feed. You'll be astonished at the modern cities and towns, even though they are rather far apart. When you get over to Truckee, you can make a side trip to Lake Tahoe for a swim."

"Heavens, do we have to go that far before we can take a swim?"

"No, no. You'll find plenty of municipal and private pools with perfect sanitation in nearly every town from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"Leaving Truckee, you pass through the Sierra Nevadas by way of Emigrant Gap to Sacramento with its beautiful capitol grounds, then on miles and miles of concrete causeway over the Sacramento River Sinks and through the Vaco Valley with its fruit orchards, into Vallejo."

California's Capitol at Sacramento

"Is that where they inspect your car and register it?"

"No, the inspection takes place near Truckee. You see, California is very careful about pests which injure the fruit, and an inspector will ask you where you come from and whether you stopped in camps or hotels. This won't bother you, since you'll stop at hotels—otherwise he'd look over your camping equipment. And you're not allowed to take in any plants or fruits or flowers without inspection. After you've been there a few days, go to any TEXACO station and they will tell you where to have your car registered. There are so many stolen cars coming into California that this is required of everyone for his own protection. It takes only a few minutes and it doesn't cost anything."

"How can we get our laundry done without delay? And what should we take in the line of clothes?"

"Not much. My wife has made the trip with me several times—she always takes a couple or three washable cotton dresses and a couple of washable silk ones. She also has a sport suit and an evening gown or two, with lingerie, hats and shoes to go with them. As for laundry, you can leave anything along the route and have them forward it to you by parcel post collect to your address three days ahead."

"That's a grand idea. But I'll need a trunk for all those clothes. What about knickers and boots?" He shook his head slowly.

"Take a tip from me—don't. They're uncomfortable and hot for steady wear, and they are the emblem of the professional tourist, not the traveler. I have yet to see the woman whose appearance has been improved by knickers. And don't worry about the luggage—one of those little taxi trunks and a week-end box will carry everything you want to take. Pack an old, comfortable pair of shoes—they're a blessing when you're driving all day long."

"My, I'm certainly learning a lot," she murmured, appreciatively. "I've a few little questions more, and then I'm done. How long is it going to take, and how much will it cost?"

"Providing you drive steadily—by that I mean at a regular rate of speed, you'll get unbelievable distances daily. Keep an average of about 35—not 55 for a while and then 15 for a while longer. Spend ten hours a day in actual travel, stop one day in four to rest and play a little golf, and you'll arrive in less than fifteen days. As for the cost: With a moderately heavy car, living at medium-

(*Continued on page 32*)

The Golden Gate. Where the Lincoln Highway Ends

Globe-Trotting With Texaco

III. BELGIUM

H. T. DODGE

General Manager, The Texas Company S. A. B. (Belgium)

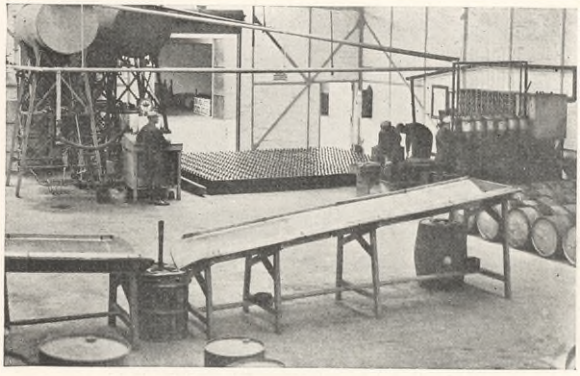
JULIUS CAESAR, reports of whose military feats have prostrated students of Latin for generations, is credited with the observation that all Gaul is divided into three parts. Later, having indulged in a few skirmishes with those who populated one of the parts, he remarked that the bravest of them all are the Belgians.

A considerable time after Caesar looked about him and decided that Belgium was a likely place for a military invasion, The Texas Company decided that Belgium, with its strategic location and its business enterprise, was a likely place for a commercial invasion. With the organization of the Continental Petroleum Company in 1905 and the establishment of a terminal at Antwerp, a foreign program was adopted that has produced a TEXACO network of vast international proportions.

Belgium is strategically situated in northwestern Europe; its land area comprises some 12,000 square miles. The density of the population is greater than that of Norway, Sweden or Portugal, and equivalent to that of Spain and Poland. Industrially, it compares favorably with its sister countries of the continent. It is the southernmost of the Netherlands, and its topography does not differ greatly from that of Holland, its northern neighbor. It has its pastoral expanses and its windmills; the country is a pattern in land and water, with countless canals cut through it.

Offices of The Texas Company S. A. B. at Brussels

From the days of the Gallic wars there pass across the glamorous pages of Belgium's history such names as Charlemagne, Godefrey of Bouillon, the Counts of Flanders, the Dukes of Burgundy, Napoleon, Leopold, and the present King Albert, all intimately associated with phases of continental importance. In 1841, Count Jacques de Liedekerke de Pailhe established himself in a beautiful home on an exclusive Brussels street. In close proximity to the King's palace, the home soon became the scene of many pleasant social affairs and political gatherings. Last year The Texas Company S. A. B. purchased the property and after making alterations and improvements, converted it for use as general offices.



Gasoline Tin Filling Room: Filling Apparatus At Right

Outdoor advertising, that institution that has provided cartoonists and jokesmiths everywhere with an inexhaustible supply of fodder, is an elaborate science in Belgium, and its effectiveness is most widely accepted by oil companies. As the motorist tours Belgian highways—constructed chiefly of stone block or asphalt—his attention is constantly directed to the fact that nearly all available flat surfaces are devoted to the exploitation of some product. Belgian roads, by the way, are uniformly good, and vehicular travel is heavy.

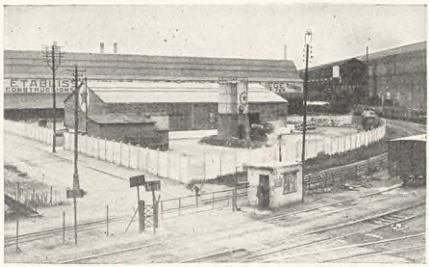
The visitor is likewise impressed by what seems to be a superabun-

TEXACO *Exhibit At Brussels Auto Show*

dance of gasoline pumps: They are to be found at garages, accessory shops, and even in front of cafes. One constantly discovers pumps where one least expects to. Gasoline pumps in Belgium have their points of similarity and points of difference with other pumps throughout the world, for who is qualified to say that one pump is standard and another one is not? In general, the pumps follow the continental pattern, with two glass globes resembling a laboratory apparatus. In accordance with government regulations, each globe has a capacity of five liters—a liter is equivalent to slightly more than a quart.

The evolution of the gasoline pump in Belgium heralded the abandonment of the two and one-half liter tin, by which method gasoline was previously distributed. The tin has not entirely disappeared, however; this system is employed for about one-fifth of the total consumption. But the gasoline pump continues its inroad, and the time seems to be coming when the tin will vanish entirely. The many operations required in handling the tin phase of the business—examining, repairing, cleaning, painting, filling and several others—make it a considerable problem to be solved.

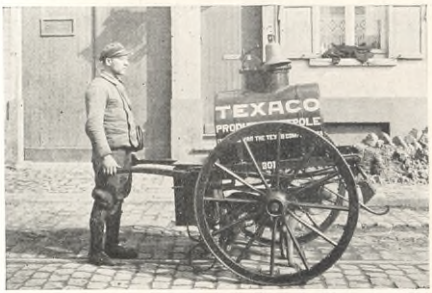
Petroleum Pier at the Antwerp Terminal



View of Liége Bulk Station

Our TEXACO motor oil is dispensed in various ways; by tins, wheel tanks and steel drums chiefly. The greater part of motor oil business is done in tins, curiously enough, as opposed to the wheel tanks. The one and two liter tins are the most popular, although the wheel tank for bulk deliveries is increasing in favor. Lubricating oils for industrial and marine trade are delivered in barrels to points of consumption.

The writer ventures the axiom that kerosene was at one time the principal product of oil companies, solely to preface another statement probably equally obvious: The horse-drawn tank wagon has been associated with the kerosene business since its beginning, and today it remains a practical method of distributing kerosene in Belgium. The motor trucks, of course, are constantly threatening to displace them, and they ultimately will. Owing to the nature of the kerosene business and the distribution of the population, however, the old method is entirely satisfactory today. The advance of the motor tank truck threatens ultimately to eliminate the dog carts, or rather combination dog carts and push carts, now



Combination Cart for Sale of Kerosene

Lubricating Oil Plant at the Antwerp Terminal

used for retail sales. These have always been the delight of the sightseer, and it will seem a shame to have them go.

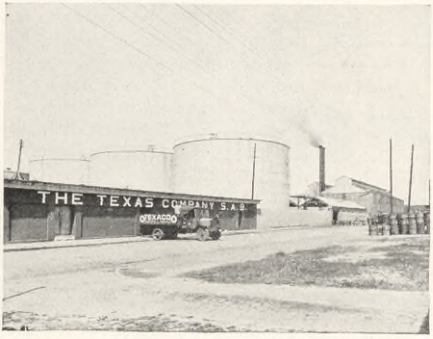
In considering the method of distributing oil and other commodities from the terminals and warehouses of Antwerp to the interior cities, the canals previously referred to play a prominent part. These canals branch out in nearly every direction and join with the principal rivers, the Meuse and the Scheldt.

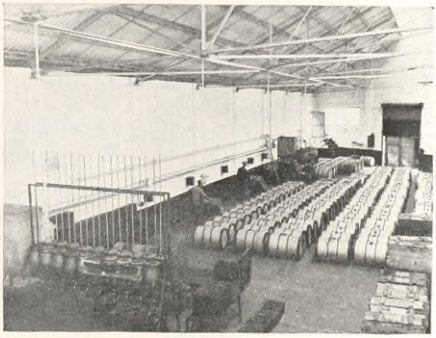
The terminal at Antwerp was the first foreign terminal of The Texas Company. During the war it was practically destroyed, but was rebuilt soon after the armistice. At Antwerp, bulk cargoes are received from America and re-shipped to bulk stations in Belgium and to other subsidiaries of The Texas Company. Tank cars, box cars, trucks and boats are used for re-shipments.

One would assume that The Texas Company's operations in Belgium generally parallel those in the United States, and that is fundamentally true. Naturally there are differences in point of detail. The bulk stations are built of brick and stone, and concrete walls surround the properties, while most storage tanks are placed underground. The motor equipment shows a large percentage of stake trucks because of the large sales in tins, but the trucks closely resemble those of the United States in general appearance.

At dealers' establishments may be found the TEXACO calendar, lubrication recommendation chart and other advertising familiar to us all. There is a difference, however, in that in Belgium two languages are spoken: French and Flemish. In the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, German and French are spoken. It is accordingly necessary to have all advertisements and correspondence printed and written in three languages, and it is a matter of more than casual interest, and some difficulty, to transact business in four languages (if we include English) in countries the size of Belgium and the Grand Duchy.

The tribute paid to the Belgians by Caesar found complete justification generations later, in the early days of the war. While the rancour which sprang from that conflict has faded gratifyingly, and the nations of the world are now linking themselves more closely for their common good, the memory of the courage and patriotism of the Belgians will always be a bright spot in an otherwise dispiriting chapter. They are a fine, vigorous people; progressive, ener-





Another View of Lubricating Oil Plant (Left) and Gasoline Filling Plant at the Antwerp Terminal

View of the Interior, Forest Station

getic and friendly. The Texas Company could not have selected a finer site for the beginning of its export business, nor finer people with whom to be associated.

The country itself needs no panegyrist. Belgium is well known for its art treasures, natural beauties, its industries and charm. On the fields of Flanders are the old cities Bruges and Ghent; the latter still aggressively contending for the trade and industry of which it was a leader during the Middle Ages. On the coast is Ostend, a summer resort famous the world over. Between the Flemish plains and the hills of Ardennes lie cosmopolitan Brussels and Louvain, and beyond is the great industrial section extending from Mons to Liége. In southeastern Belgium is the Forest of the Ardennes, credited with being the inspiration for Shakespeare's "As You Like It," and further south and east is the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. The Grand Duchy, an independent government, is bound to Belgium only by commercial treaties.

Although the country needs no panegyrist, perhaps the words of one who paid it unsolicited tribute might be quoted: "Wherever the traveler goes in Belgium, he discerns one notable charm — the country's ability to combine in one scene the beauty of art, the fascination of history and legend, the vivid memories of a picturesque past, with the practical appliances and comforts of today. When steam was harnessed for land transportation, Belgium was the first continental country to build a railroad. The railroad stations of today may stand on ground once occupied by the moated walls of ancient defenses, or parks may cover the ground once held by great fortresses. But always some archaeological gem is left, some tower or gate, some blossoming in stone to stand as an imperishable monument to the glory of a remote and romantic past."

Thus it may be some comfort to students of that fearless militarist and painfully prolific historian, Julius Caesar, to know that his reverence for what has become Belgium is shared by many who have since been privileged to live within its borders and to know its people. Few earned the respect of the able Roman and none deserved it more.

Tank Cars at the Antwerp Terminal

View of Bulk Station at Liége

COAL OIL JOHNNY

(Continued from page 9)

his absence by converting his property to their own interests. To the pleas of his family Johnny remained adamant; an appreciation of current pleasures, combined with a conjecture as to the luke-warmness of his homecoming, kept him in the East.

The urge to make something better of himself, which on rare occasions lay siege upon him, compelled Johnny to take up the cornet, upon which instrument he practised at painfully unreasonable hours, to the extreme discomfort of his fellow-lodgers at the hotel and the perennial annoyance of anyone unfortunate enough to live within the span of a city block. The management, loath to offend so profitable a patron, registered its displeasure in subtler ways, generally by despatching a bell boy to Steele's door when the pandemonium began, with delicate inquiries as to the cornetist's health. Johnny's mail increased, and threats to do him bodily harm served to add to his mental discomfiture. He summarily consented to deprive the musical world of a genius very much in embryo.

Even when the formidable clouds gathered over the McClintock properties, Johnny continued his dissipations, with only a few lucid moments interrupting the joy of his existence. On these occasions he ruminated somewhat at length upon the true worth of his friend, Slocum. As time went on, Johnny became more and more convinced that Slocum represented a pleasant but dispensable association.

Came the day of judgments—several dozens of them. Johnny's creditors collaborated in their demands for an accounting, and in 1867 the McClintock farm went under the sheriff's hammer. Johnny returned home, to discover that his wife had saved everything possible. To Slocum he paid an abrupt, unsentimental farewell, and the highly cooperative custodian of the funds that were, passed from Steele's life.

Johnny, taken back to the fold, braced himself for the considerably postponed tussle with life. He took a position as baggage-master at the Rouseville station, near his own home, where he began slowly to display the earmarks of a substantial citizen. People who had raised their hands in horror at some of his earlier escapades accepted him now as a model member of the community. Johnny, with his wife and son, later moved west, where he showed no disposition to return to his former ways. In Ashland, Nebraska, he came to be highly regarded.

Truth being stranger than fiction, it is not curious that Johnny shook himself of his leisurely mode of living so readily. He would not be happy, he often insisted, until all his fortune was gone—one is privileged to suspect, however, that the uninterrupted devotion of his wife and the warmth with which he was welcomed back home played their part in making the burden of settling down a little less irksome. Out of what seemed to be almost hopeless ruins, Coal Oil Johnny managed to construct something truly worth while. He died in 1913, esteemed by many for the fine qualities he was unfortunately so tardy in revealing.

Thus the name of Coal Oil Johnny faded from the headlines, and new ones took its place. Mothers ceased to warn unruly children that Coal Oil Johnny would get them unless they mended their ways, and the meteoric popularity of Coal Oil Johnny Soap suddenly waned. Only the old-timers, sitting by night in convivial groups, enlivened their conversation with "Do you remember when Coal Oil Johnny . . . . . ?", laughing boisterously, and then suddenly wondering why.

NAVY CONTRACTS

THE United States Navy again has awarded contracts to The Texas Company to supply lubricating oils for specific naval requirements. The Company has been the recipient of these awards consecutively since 1910; the current contracts are to remain in force during the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1929 and ending June 30, 1930.

As an indication of the service to be rendered by the Company, the performance of its contract obligations includes the delivery of all lubricating oils for naval requirements in the Far East at officially designated points in China, Japan and the Philippine Islands, and all naval requirements for aviation oils in the United States.

The United States Navy, as a unit of the Federal Government, purchases lubricating oils in large quantities inasmuch as other governmental units, including the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce and the Interior, the United States Army and Engineers and the United States Marine and Quartermasters Corps, are entitled to place orders for their requirements against the Navy contracts. The grades of oils furnished by the Company under these contracts are applied to a broad field of lubrication and are used in machine guns, motor vehicles, tractors, Diesel engines, turbines and other types of service equipment.

The Navy Department has been a consistent consumer of TEXACO products and its recent award is justified by its continued faith in our standards.

TO THE COAST?

(Continued from page 27)

priced hotels and all that, your expenses, including hotel, garage, laundry, gas, oil and everything else, won't amount to more than ten cents a mile for the two of you for the whole trip."

"That's simply grand, I think, and thanks so much. It's fine to get all this information first hand. But we didn't arrive at the end of the Lincoln, did we?"

"Not quite. From Vallejo you can either ship down by boat or drive on over the new Carquinez Straits bridge —the toll is eighty cents—then through the university town of Berkeley to Oakland and the ferry to San Francisco and its Golden Gate, where the Lincoln Highway ends."

"Well, thank you heaps and heaps. It ought to be a gorgeous trip, all right, and I'm ever so grateful to you. We'll probably be taking other trips later on, and I hope I may come in and trouble you again for advice."

"I'm glad I could be of service. By all means come in whenever you wish. I hope you have a fine time."

"I just know we will," she replied, and tucking her TEXACO map in her bag and flashing him a pleasant smile, she was gone.

THE TRAFFIC KNOT

(Continued from page 5)

dicates that our traffic engineers are giving the matter some thought.

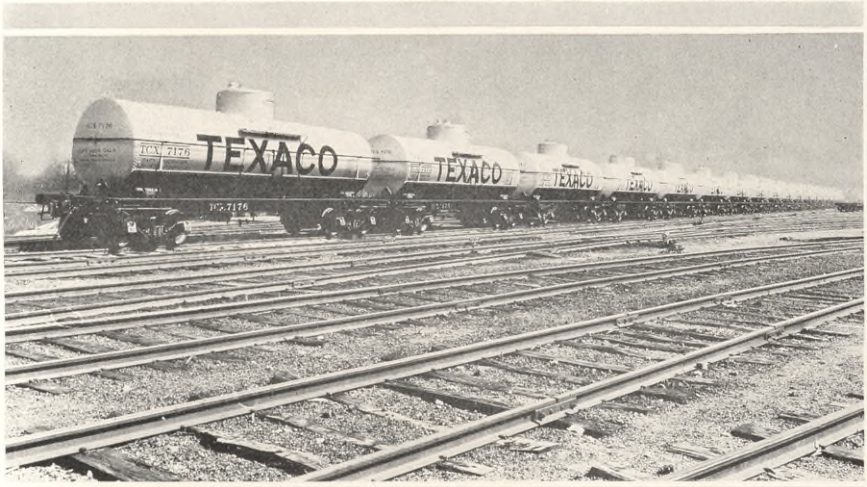
One phase of the problem which our traffic engineers have not permitted to escape them is that of the public safety, a consideration which always must be vitally important, if not paramount. Any proposal which, in effect, endangers human life or fails to take into account its preservation, enjoys but brief consideration.

Thus we proceed to evolve new systems for the more efficient handling of our traffic. However much we may despair of our own progress, it is nevertheless evident that progress is being made.

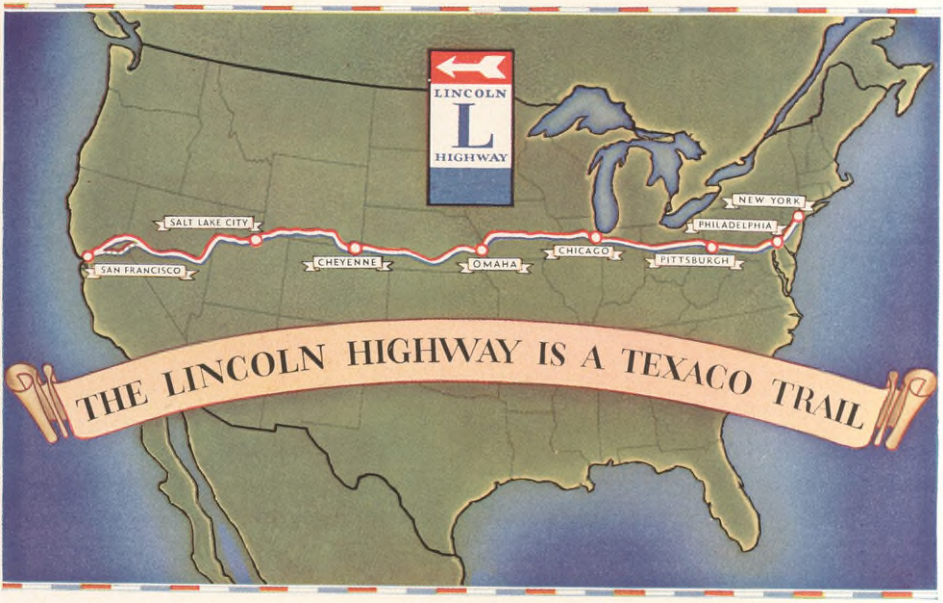
NEW NAMES

In accordance with the policy of having the names of tankers of The Texas Company represent states of the United States and foreign countries with which the Company does an export business, the following changes in the names of the tankers of The Texas Steamship Company (A California Corporation) have been directed:

MARY ELLEN O'NEIL	to	AUSTRALIA
HELEN VINMONT	to	CALIFORNIA
HELEN OLMSTED	to	WASHINGTON
EMMA H. COPPAGE	to	OREGON
WINIFRED O'DONNELL	to	NEVADA



SECTION OF A CONSIGNMENT OF TEXACO TANK CARS OF TEN THOUSAND GALLONS CAPACITY EACH, RECENTLY PLACED IN SERVICE: AN IMPOSING ADDITION TO THE ROLLING STOCK EQUIPMENT OF THE TEXAS COMPANY, PROVIDING INCREASED FACILITIES FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF TEXACO PRODUCTS TO THE MARKETS AND DISTRIBUTION CENTERS IN ITS TERRITORIES; OF THE LATEST DESIGN, THESE UNITS SUPPLY THE COMPANY WITH A TOTAL OF 6834 TCX CARS IN OPERATION



"Never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump"

The Texaco Red Star with the Green T has joined the red, white and blue Lincoln marker to serve and to guide. Texaco Service is available everywhere along this 3,500-mile trans-continental "Main Street." You are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump. The Lincoln Highway is truly a Texaco Trail!

Only The Texas Company can offer such a complete national service. For today the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil are sold along all the great national highways—the only gasoline and motor oil obtainable in *every one* of our 48 States.

Sincere public appreciation of the finer qualities of Texaco has made possible this nation-wide service. It is recognition of the superior performance of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, high test at no extra price, and full bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure.

As you see America in your car, travel with the assurance of the continued fine engine performance that always follows the use of Texaco quality products.

"TOUR WITH TEXACO"

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO

GASOLINE - MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE