

# *The* TEXACO STAR

*For Employes of The Texas Company*



*Camp Beaty Club House*

Vol. XIII

JULY-AUGUST 1926

No. 7-8



(1) From The Texas Company's Own Wells—

(2) Through The Texas Company's Own Pipe Lines—

(3) To The Texas Company's Own Refineries—

You may estimate  
a world-wide enterprise  
by its latest product

A **NEW** and **BETTER**  
**TEXACO**  
**GASOLINE**

**T**HE *NEW* TEXACO vaporizes completely in the engine manifold at a much lower temperature than others on the market.

That difference in vaporizing temperature is the difference between dry gas and wet—and the difference between clean engine work and a drugged, sluggish motor.

The *new* Texaco is a dry gas, and it is significant that The Texas Company should have been the first to make it possible. The successful manufacture of this *new* and *better* gasoline is the greatest motor fuel development of recent years.

At once, cylinder flooding has been overcome, manifold distribution equalized and fouled spark plug troubles eliminated.

The *new* and *better* Texaco is a pure unadulterated gasoline with non-detonating qualities achieved without the addition of any poisons.

If you will empty your automobile tank entirely of other gasolines and fill with this *new* Texaco, you will notice an improved operation and condition of your engine and a greater pleasure in driving. Your crankcase oil dilution will be materially reduced, and as a result, both the compression and the lubrication of your engine will be materially improved.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.  
*Texaco Petroleum Products*



(4) By The Texas Company's Own Ships—



(5) And The Texas Company's Own Tank Cars—



(6) To The Texas Company's Own Terminals—



(7) By The Texas Company's Own Tank Trucks—



(8) To The Texas Company's Own Pumps at Filling Stations and Dealers!



# The TEXACO STAR

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION  
TO EMPLOYEES OF THE TEXAS COMPANY

Vol. XIII

July-August 1926

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*"All for Each—Each for All"*

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Houston, Texas

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## The Best Policy

If there were a window in the heart of big business, so that one could look in and see what is going on, there might not be visible that depravity which those who listen to demagogues would expect. Big business today is conducted on an exceedingly high plane of ethics. There are exceptions, of course, enough to prove the rule, but the statement is undeniable. Standards for all business, large and small, are improving.

It is not necessary to base the proposition upon religion or altruism. Those qualities need not be ignored, but as a matter of dollars and cents, with no regard to anything except commerce, the first act of the wise man is to establish a reputation for honesty and fair dealings. Being wise he knows that the reputation must be founded upon character or actual conduct. And what applies to individuals applies also and with equal or greater force to firms and corporations. As truly as large concerns are able to obtain the best talent they are guided by the strongest business statesmen, which means high-minded policies.

One of the greatest assets a business organization can have is a merited reputation for upright methods. It is trite but truthful to say that honesty is the best policy, and nowhere does this rule apply with more force

than in the management of corporations and the transaction of their business.

All moral philosophy having to do with individual and personal conduct is applicable here. Causes and effects with an individual are causes and effects with a corporation. And corporations like natural persons come to grief when they leave the bright straight path.

There are special reasons why the managers or trustees of a corporation should be conscientious and careful. In the first place they build for generations. An individual performs his act and passes on; but in the case of corporations there is strong presumption that policies and practices once established will continue, and errors ripened into precedents are hard to live down. Then, in the next place—and this is the strongest reason—there is the effect upon organization morale. What is the effect when it becomes known that those at the top would be willing to succeed by hook or crook? Those who believe in doing right are discouraged, while the other kind are encouraged. They are encouraged to get what they can out of the evil getters—or any one else—and get it first if possible. Contrast an organization of that kind with one where every employe, down to the least important, knows that nothing is expected of him except what is right, has confidence in the honesty of his superiors, and feels that each and all are guardians of the group integrity. In the one case there must be dodging and squirming while in the other every member can look the world in the eye. Upright and capable persons, disliking to serve or associate with crooks, drift away from crooked business. This normal gravitation in the course of time makes two camps between which the world makes its easy choice.

Opportunities of temporary gain by improper

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methods are certain to occur. The corruption of official action by handing out graft probably heads the list of these vices. Dishonest men in public office are constantly looking for bribes. Almost invariably their suggestions are veiled and their schemes plausible. They seem unable to realize that a corporation with no soul to save should hesitate at anything to make money. But woe unto the poor weakling—and the corporation he represents—if there is yielding.

During the nineteen years of my service with The Texas Company there have been a number of these opportunities, not a great number, be it said to the credit of public servants at large, but a number sufficient to challenge reflection. And if our company has grown great, if it has become useful to the country and profitable to stockholders, one moving cause is the fact that it has been kept free and clear. Looking back now, I can see more clearly than ever before where a single false step would have plunged us. I am not trying to monopolize the credit, for the policies of the company were strong in this respect long before I became a factor. From the very beginning there have been men in the high offices and on the board of directors who would not countenance the detestable thing. This fundamental soundness in principle can make up for some roughness in personality. One does not mind occasional bluntness and frowning if they come from those who are sound in fundamentals. I say it not in a boastful manner but in a spirit of congratulation that we have always been sound. Let us never go back on our traditions. Never for an instant.

—Amos L. Beaty.

### Dishonest Motor Oil Substitution

The American Fair Trade League recently issued a startling accusation against innumerable retailers of motor oil. In a letter to the press the League stated:

"Dishonesty without parallel in American business history has been uncovered by our investigations into the sale of bootleg lubricants to automobilists. This fraud affects every part of the country, and costs our 20,000,000 car owners nearly \$1,000,000,000 a year. Because the results of our preliminary investigations are now a matter of record, we invite your cooperation in stamping out this evil."

The Fair Trade League estimates that this

dishonest substitution is practised in half the sales of lubricating oil in New York territory, and it is its belief from the evidence collected that a similar condition exists throughout the country.

That a very bad condition has been uncovered, one calling for drastic handling by the petroleum industry, is sufficiently evident; but the "publicity" agents of the Fair Trade League have, also evidently, fallen into the darling vice of some of their ilk in using sensational exaggeration and the 'screaming voice.' Why use the word "bootleg"? Not all bootleg liquor is a fraudulent substitute for a genuine article, and the purchaser is fully aware of the illegality of the transaction. Their calculation of a billion dollars "loss" per annum on half of the motor oil purchased for the 20,000,000 cars is immensely exaggerated. Even if the inferior oils which were fraudulently substituted for known standard brands could be regarded as a total loss, to get \$1,000,000,000 it must have been assumed that the average cost per car for lubricants was \$100 a year, if half of the 20,000,000 were cheated. But in this calculation the League's publicity man ignores the service stations owned and operated by the great companies marketing through their own stations their trade-marked brands. What proportion such service stations bear to non-company stations, this editor does not know; but, plainly, this one consideration puts the "\$1,000,000,000 a year" in the class of sensational publicity screams.

Almost coincident with the announcement of the Fair Trade League, comes a report of the National Better Business Bureau of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, giving the results of an investigation, begun more than a year ago at the urging of a number of responsible oil companies, into many complaints about the substitution of inferior lubricants for standard brands by some garages and filling stations not operated by the manufacturing oil companies. The report of the Better Business Bureau does not confirm the precise statements published by the Fair Trade League, but they are abundantly in agreement to call for the most serious attention and lively action.

The Better Business Bureau investigated suspected garages and filling stations, buying motor oil and analyzing it and finding whether it was the oil asked for or inferior. About 50% of those dealers were found to be dispensing fraudulent substitutes.

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This is bad enough, in all conscience; but it is a far cry from the accusation that there is dishonest substitution in 50% of all sales of lubricating oil to the motoring public.

The Better Business Bureau were careful to say that the result of their investigation of non-oil-company stations and garages did not imply a blanket indictment of all such stations and garages. On the contrary, the majority, they say, are doing business honestly.

The Better Business Bureau advised "education" and "legislation" as the principal ways to curing the abuse. Of the legal situation, it says: "In many communities laws against substitution are totally lacking, inadequate, or inoperative."

This editor is not a lawyer, but he has had a considerable experience with law and business, and ventures as a citizen and business philosopher to offer a suggestion to the honorable petroleum industry.

I suppose the Better Business League had in mind only criminal indictments, when it said that laws against the fraudulent substitution are lacking or inoperative. It may be that detective forces, district attorneys, grand juries, and courts are too cluttered up with indictments under the Volstead Act to give needed attention to hold-ups, burglaries, stealing automobiles, or selling from trade-marked containers a substituted article. I submit, however, that there remain causes for civil damages, and that the injured manufacturers of standard brands could bring suit not only for actual damages for selling a substituted article out of their trade-marked containers, but also claim *exemplary damages*.

It is impossible for the motorist to detect the fraud when it is perpetrated upon him. Therefore the courts ought to be quick to apply exemplary damages, if legally permissible, in order to protect the helpless public.

After a few judgments of exemplary damages against the cheating garages and filling stations, they would desist from the nefarious practice.

### A Fundamental Industry

Highway systems are being created five times faster in the United States than it took to develop the railroads of the country, according to Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads. Mr. MacDonald figures that in 1925 \$1,004,000,000 was collected by State and national govern-

ments through motor car activities of which the oil industry is the basis, and in the same year \$1,003,000,000 was spent on rural roads. The statistical showings are prodigious—\$143,000,000 from State taxes on gasoline, \$263,500,000 for automobile registration and licenses, \$150,000,000 as property taxes on the 20,000,000 automobiles owned in this country, \$143,430,700 from Federal excise tax, and \$50,000,000 representing various special taxes and fines. And even this immense total of almost \$750,000,000 does not include income and corporation taxes derived from the motor car business, nor various State, local, production, corporation, and income taxes levied upon the petroleum industry. Nor do these figures, stupendous as they are, include nearly \$100,000,000 of Federal aid to road-building.

Mr. MacDonald finds that from 1918 to 1925 inclusive the Government distributed \$460,000,000 to the States, and collected \$873,000,000 in internal revenue taxes on motor cars, parts, and accessories. He remarks, however, that while the Federal contribution has been only about 10 per cent. of highway expense, it has operated as an incentive to the States, and has been responsible for organizing the roads into a truly national system. We cannot share all his enthusiasm over this last achievement; for while the "stimulation" may be admitted, it has increased State taxes until they are becoming unbearable; and it can hardly be assumed that if left to themselves the States would not have the intelligence to so articulate their main highways as to create a nationally related system. Nevertheless, we concede that the Federal Treasury lends its aid more naturally and properly to road-building than to some other schemes which have been employed as an avenue of Federal invasion.

It is a bit surprising to note that only four States now fail to levy a gasoline tax. These are Massachusetts, Illinois, New Jersey, and New York, four of the largest, as it happens. The tax varies from one cent in North Dakota, Rhode Island, and Texas to five cents in South Carolina, which, however, is the only State to impose so heavy a tax. The total collected from this source is almost \$143,000,000, and the practical universality of the tax suggests that the lonesome quartet of States now outside the circle eventually will come into line. The spread of the policy is remarkable, when it is considered that the first gasoline tax by Oregon was not levied until seven years ago.

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As the tendency has been to increase the tax, it is estimated that shortly this source alone will supply \$200,000,000 a year, chiefly for the uses of road construction. An industry like oil, which provides a revenue to State and Nation of more than a billion dollars a year, comes pretty near being fundamental, as is boasted of agriculture, and as such worthy of at least respectful legislative treatment.

—*Boston Transcript.*

### Fire Prevention Meeting

The American Petroleum Institute's General Committee on Fire Prevention (R. P. Anderson, Temporary Chairman) will hold its Mid-Summer Meeting at the Statler Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Thursday and Friday, July 22 and 23, 1926.

Among the topics listed for consideration at this meeting are:

1. Report of Sub-Committee on Vents, Screens, and Flame Arrestors. Preceding the discussion, H. L. Shoemaker, Chairman of the sub-committee, will present a summary of the replies received to the questionnaire sent out to the industry in March.
2. Report of Sub-Committee on Model Rating Schedule (Frank A. Epps, Chairman).
3. Report of Sub-Committee on Static (J. A. Watterson, Chairman).
4. Proposed Regulations for Safeguarding the Construction and Operation of Automobile Oil Tank Trucks. These proposed regulations are being prepared by the Committee on Flammable Liquids of the National Fire Protection Association. They were first considered at an industry conference in Chicago in April 1925, and are now to be considered in revised form.
5. Record of Petroleum Fires. Discussion of plans to secure the complete fire record of the petroleum industry.
6. Fire Hazards of Crude Oil.
7. Proposed Regulations for the Construction and Operation of Marine Oil Terminals. These proposed regulations are being prepared by the Committee on Flammable Liquids of the National Fire Protection Association, and will be presented for the first time for consideration by the petroleum industry.

All oil men who are interested will be welcomed at this meeting.

Courage is the source of patriotism.

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### Bananas

The *Star* has received three handsome booklets issued by the Fruit Dispatch Company: "*The Story of the Banana*," a brochure of 54 pages of interesting and informative text and illustrations; "*The Food Value of the Banana*," 22 pages, compiled by Skinner, Sherman & Esselen, Consulting Chemists, with introduction by Franklin W. White, M. D., Instructor of Medicine, Harvard University, Chairman of Section on Gastro Enterology, American Medical Association, 1924, etc.; and "*From the Tropics to Your Table—Eighty-three Tested Banana Recipes*," 30 pages.

Any or all of these instructive booklets may be got for the asking by writing to Mr. Louis M. Porter, Fruit Dispatch Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

Poetry interprets in two ways: it interprets by expressing, with magical felicity, the physiognomy and movements of the outward world; and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having natural magic in it, and by having moral profundity.—*Arnold.*

True poetry is truer than science, because it is synthetic, and seizes at once what the combination of all the sciences is able, at most, to attain as a final result. The soul of nature is divined by the poet.—*Amiel.*

Poetry makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and, veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.—*Shelley.*

Let no one delay to study philosophy while he is young, and when he is old let him not become weary of the study. He who asserts either that it is not yet time to philosophize, or that the hour is passed, is like a man who should say that the time is not yet come to be happy, or that it is too late.—*Epicurus.*

What kind of philosophy you will choose depends upon what kind of man you are.  
—*Fichte.*

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### THE MAN IN ME

Dimly my surface self has known  
That it is but the frame and mask  
For one who on an inner throne  
Compels my body to his task;  
For one who takes for lordly dress  
The trappings of my consciousness,  
And—all impalpable—has bent  
My spirit to his government!

Forever I have sought to touch  
This monarch castled from my clutch;  
This sovereign who derives his power  
From kings within a deeper tower:  
I probe the dungeons of my moods,  
But ever, ever he eludes,  
Retreating through some misty gate  
My strength may never penetrate—  
The master mocks his questioning tool!  
The emperor will not greet his fool!

In some unfathomable hall—  
A wraith within this fleshly wall—  
He holds dominion; takes control  
Of my insurgent thew and soul,  
Thwarting my day-planned rebel leap  
By judgments in the courts of sleep;  
Mighty to mold me to his scheme  
By the frail sceptre of a dream!

—Daniel Henderson.

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

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

If we wish to form a final conception of the nature of things in general, we shall have to take into consideration not only the facts of physics and astronomy, but also the facts of our inner life, and especially those with which moral philosophy is concerned.—*Paulsen*.

The temporal life is the phenomenal form of a life which is eternal as such.—*Kant*.

All is occult, all is secret.—*Aristotle*.

### ESSENCE

I see the growing splendor of the day;  
I hear the song of birds within the bower;  
I smell the fragrance of the new-mown hay;  
I touch the silken petal of a flower;  
I taste the sweetest thing upon the earth.  
And then I soar to realms beyond the stars,  
Where I find boundless life and joy and mirth  
Not bounded by these sense-made prison-bars:  
Time cannot limit, *now*, my soaring soul;  
Space cannot cramp me, *here*; for I am free  
To roam beyond what Time and Space call "Whole!"  
—Imagination does not limit me.

—J. C. Tolman.

### LIFE WISDOM

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

—Benjamin Disraeli.

Two things fill me with awe: the starry heavens above, and the moral sense within.  
—*Kant*.

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul.—*Cicero*.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.—*Sir Thos. Browne*.

This I call wisdom—a good adjustment, an exact, an accurate adjustment, in the cosmic order and in one's self.—*Count Hermann Keyserling*.

Reason elevates our thoughts as high as the stars, and leads us through the vast space of this mighty fabric; yet it comes far short of the real extent of our corporeal being.  
—*Samuel Johnson*.

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

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

Real faith is veracity of insight.—*Ruskin*.

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

First find the man in yourself if you will inspire manliness in others.—*A. B. Alcott*.

A man's soul is sometimes wont to bring him tidings more than seven watchmen that sit on high on a watch tower.—*Kipling*.

Sleep brings counsel.—*Proverb*.

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# Building Texaco Workers

## IV. Part Work and Part Play

A. A. NICHOSON, Employment Supervisor, Port Arthur Works

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and Jack may be any one of the thirty millions of workers who are daily in this country keeping the gigantic wheel of industry in motion. Successful organizations, whether it be a bush league baseball team or some great corporation, must be made up of men who are not entirely or not too much one-sided—a well rounded organization is invariably the reflection of the same type of men who go to make it up.

Industry has learned that there is a direct connection or relationship between the workman at the bench and the same chap in the pitcher's box, and the fellow who is given an opportunity to make a two bagger on the baseball diamond, or kick a goal on the football field, generally stacks up as practicing the same tactics on his job, whatever it may be.

During the World War it was readily learned that the athletic part of the training program was of equal, if not more, importance in train-

ing the individual for a hard job ahead than the pure routine military training he had to receive. During the stirring days of '17-'18 men went over the top, and to be able to stand the strain, to go over the top and to put a job through to a successful completion, certainly required men whose training had smoothed off all the sharp corners. Peace now reigns, but we must still consider ourselves to be in the midst of stirring times of industrial and commercial progression. When the morning whistles blow there are some thirty millions of workers, clad in khaki, ready to go over the parapet of work and move the line of betterment up the distance of another day's effort—and the continual holding of that line will be governed, not so much by the number of one-sided specialists as it will be by the *esprit de corps* and the ability and inclination to play the game fair all the way through.

And so, industry has learned in its fight for supremacy, in its struggle to cut down the

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Golf and Tennis at Camp Beaty, Houston, Texas

loss and the cost, in its effort to improve the quality, and in its steady advance day by day, that men who know how to play the game right and men who do play the game right are required.

The building of men isn't done in the twinkling of an eye, neither is it all accomplished in the school or the shop, but it is rather the reasonable all-round development from all angles, the total sum of which goes to make up character, whose reflection is cast in the things that are done and the way in which they are accomplished.

Regardless of vocation or profession, there is nothing more valuable to the well rounded development of manpower than clean athletics. Such sports teach the spirit of both coöperation and leadership as no other course can do, and both factors are vitally essential to the welfare of business and industry. Realizing the value of athletics among its workers and the direct connection between playing the game either on the field or in the shop and office, The Texas Company has not only permitted athletics at its various plants, but has fostered and encouraged them. This has been done through various mediums, such as a liberal yearly appropriation for carrying them on; the furnishing of uniforms and equipment; the laying out of fields and courts; and the visits of various teams from one plant to another, which tends to make for both acquaintanceship and friendliness of men in the same organization.

There has never been a trace of professional athletics within this organization, and instead of catering to a few of the better athletes the program has been laid out so as to reach and

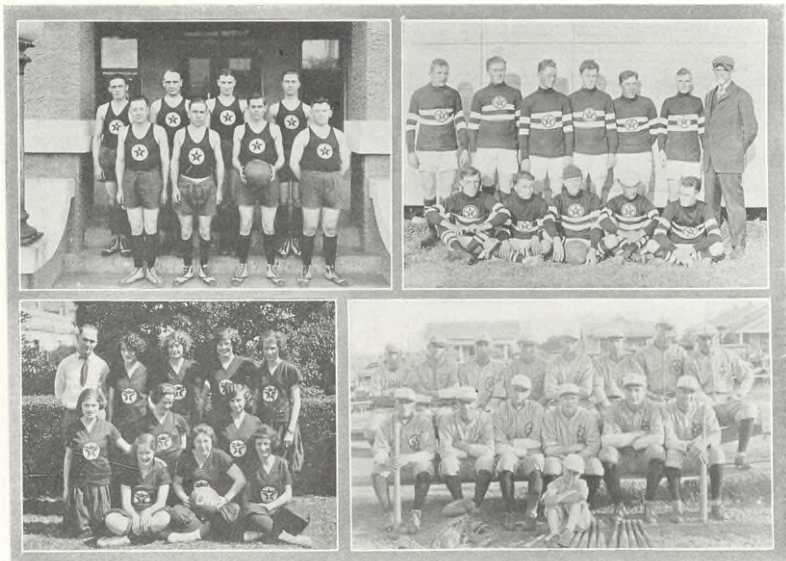
include all workers of all classes. The purpose has been to develop athletics throughout the entire organization rather than to develop simply a winning team, bearing in mind the fact that the team which is not a good loser can never be a good winner.

These teams include all of the popular sports, such as baseball, tennis, golf, bowling, and soccer. At plants where female workers are employed women's teams have been organized, and from the standpoint of creating a spirit of "pull together" these have been proportionately as successful as those among the male



Putting on No. 9 Green at Camp Beaty  
The snapshot caught the ball as it was rolling to the cup.

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1. Basket Ball Team, Port Arthur Works.
2. Soccer Team, Lockport Works.
3. Girls' Basket Ball Team, Case and Package Division, Port Arthur.
4. Baseball Team, West Tulsa Works, Champions of the Tulsa Petroleum League.

workers. The teams at each plant are taken care of by locker rooms and shower baths, and in some places they have organized themselves into healthy and successful athletic clubs, which have broadened into social activities so as to include the families of the workers.

The Company does not hire nor enlist in any manner professional players, there being a regulation in effect stating that any employe participating in athletic contests with a Texaco team shall have been in the continuous service of the Company at least ninety days preceding his appointment to the team. Thus there is no feeling of inferiority on the part of the workers, and a call for tryouts always brings to the field the major portion of the employes, which is not only indicative of a healthy spirit among the workers but also spells the fact that the athletic program is rendering a maximum amount of good to the many rather than to the few and is reaching out to those to whom it may render the greatest good.

Through a process of elimination of various

teams, there is for each branch of athletics an all star team selected which represents the Company in contest with outside teams. These teams are taught to play the game as they work—fairly, squarely, and courteously—and without exception, whether winner or loser, Texacos always create a desirable friendship with competitive teams and notice of their appearance always brings out the crowd. The public likes clean sport far better than unfairness, and Texaco employes are taught to make their field spirit a reflection of their shop attitude. The earnings from games played with outside teams, where an admission fee is charged, is invariably turned over to some worthy cause, such as the milk fund, day nursery, or Red Cross.

In The Texas Company athletics have become an important part of industrial education, and whether it be pipe-fitter or accountant, it generally follows that a supple and flexible body carries the same kind of a mind. The great secret of industrial success lies in getting

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Lockport Works annual picnic at Sartoris Park—fifty yards dash for girls.

High jump.

the work force, whether it be twenty men or two thousand, to like their jobs; for when they begin to like their jobs they're bound to like their company, their foreman, and their co-workers.

Work is nothing but play turned inside out, and the concern that can teach its men how to do this has solved the biggest portion of its

worry problem. In the practical methods of carrying on such teachings nothing is more essential than a clear and clean-cut program of athletics which will encompass everybody from the General Manager to the humblest track walker. How about production, if the cry of "play ball" meant the same in the shops of America as it does on the ball diamonds?



1. Barbecue Picnic, Port Neches Works. 2. Joint annual outing of Lockport Works and Chicago District Sales, Electric Park, Plainfield, Illinois.

### CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELL

June 30, 1926

Penna., Bradford.....	\$3.65	Eldorado.....	\$2.00 to 2.30
Other Penna.....	3.55	Smackover.....	1.10 to 1.50
Indiana.....	2.25	Haynesville.....	2.00 to 2.10
Canada.....	2.88	Homer.....	1.85 to 2.20
Ragland, Ky.....	1.25	Caddo.....	1.40 to 2.45
California.....	.85 to 2.74	DeSoto.....	2.30
Okla. & Kas.....	1.65 to 3.57	Bull Bayou.....	1.95 to 2.25
N.,C.,Tex.....	1.65 to 3.57	Crichton.....	2.10
Luling.....	1.30	Wyoming.....	1.35 to 2.40
Gulf Coast.....	1.50 to 2.30	Colorado.....	1.50 to 1.85

The only kind of discontent I try to stir up is discontent with oneself. What we need is self-criticism. The wise youth takes a look at himself occasionally, and tries to see his faults.

—Through the Meshes.

A strong man can take care of himself, but he can't carry twenty idle incompetents on his back without showing the strain.

—Through the Meshes.

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### Roy Bean—Law West of the Pecos

J. C. TOLMAN, Houston, Texas

Flames from the burning Southern Pacific station at Langtry, Texas, which caught fire Monday night, nearly caused the destruction of the early seat of "Law West of the Pecos." The old building which formerly housed the late Judge Roy Bean's combination saloon and justice of the peace office, was badly scorched but was saved from destruction.

—*Press item, June 15, 1926.*

#### A Memory

It must have been in 1890. The Southern Pacific train rolled across the Pecos River and puffed up the grade toward the west. I reclined luxuriously and smoked. I was twenty-one, and a transit-man in a surveying party. I had been axe-man, camp-rustler, cook, teamster, rear-flagman, front-flagman, rear-chainman, front-chainman, rod-man, level-man, compass-man, and topographer; but that was all past now.

I thought that I would soon be an Assistant Engineer. Then Chief. I would build the Panama Canal; also a double-track railroad from San Antonio to Buenos Aires and Rio, and then. . . .

"Langtry!" shouted the brakeman, and I came to and hurried off the train which promptly resumed its westward course.

The Agent and two Mexicans gazed incuriously. I looked around and saw a shack across the way with signs proclaiming: "Ice Beer—The Jersey Lilly—Justice of the Peace—Law West of the Pecos."

I went there and ordered a bottle from a care-free young Mexican. The beer was good and cold. I ordered another. Then an iron-gray man of medium height but powerful build, and with calm gray eyes that looked into you, or through you, came in the back door. He was fully dressed—that means he had his gun tucked into the waist of his trousers where you could see it.

I said, "Have a drink, pardner? My name is Jack Tolman, out of San Antonio, with the State Survey."

He looked into me for a second, then smiled and said, "Thanks, I am Roy Bean, the Law West of the Pecos."

We got pretty well acquainted before I finished work in that area. When unriled he was a delightful companion, full of anecdotes and with a quiet whimsical humor, and possess-

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ing a vast knowledge of the great barren country between the Pecos River and the Rio Grande.

When riled he was 'hell-on-wheels'—world without end.

Many tales were told about Roy Bean. They have become legends and will grow as time goes on. Among them I recall a few which are typical.

A young lawyer of ability, a "lunger," came to the Trans-Pecos for his health. He became well and strong and made many friends. He liked the country and decided to remain. Election-time drew near and he became a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace, opposing Roy Bean. Roy never spoke of the unbelievable effrontery.

In the election the young attorney won by a considerable majority. Most of the voters liked the idea of the joke on Roy. When the result of the election was officially made known the successful candidate approached Mr. Bean and held out his hand, saying he hoped there were no hard feelings and he hoped they would still be good friends.

Roy didn't seem to see the proffered hand and stood for some time looking the other man squarely in the eyes. Then he said, very softly: "Young man, if I was you I'd ketch the first train out—either way. I've got an idea this is a mighty onhealthy place for you—if you don't."

The young man laughed; but Roy didn't.

The next train went toward San Antonio. The successful candidate was a passenger. He said he was going to town to celebrate his election to office. But he must have forgotten about his obligations to the public, as he failed to return to qualify as Justice of the Peace. Roy Bean did qualify.

After the High Bridge was built across the Pecos River one of Roy's Mexican retainers reported to him that a man had fallen from near the center of the structure—a drop of about three hundred feet—and was lying dead on the opposite bank.

Roy impaneled a coroner's jury of six Mexicans, who couldn't speak English, and repaired to the scene of the tragedy.

Sure enough, there was a body on the east bank, which was out of Bean's precinct; but he had his men bring it over into his jurisdiction and held an inquest.

Gazing soberly up at the magnificent bridge he said: "This here corpus delicti must ha'

fallen off the bridge and that caused his death. Why, dog-on it! It is the judgment of this co'te that a fall offen that bridge onto these here rocks would kill anybody."

The jury said: "Si, senior." And that was the verdict.

While preparing to put the body into its shallow resting place Mr. Bean found a fine 44 Colt pistol tucked between the shirt and underclothing—a concealed weapon. Highly reprehensible, besides being unlawful. Further search revealed fifty dollars, currency of the realm.

The Justice was deeply shocked. He acted promptly as was his wont.

"This here co'te finds the deceased guilty of carrying concealed weapons, to-wit: A Colt's 44 pistol, which the co'te hereby confiscates. For the said crime an' misdemeanor the co'te fines the deceased in the sum of fifty dollars by virtue of the authority vested in me by the State of Texas, in such cases made and provided. Put him in boys and pile plenty rocks so the pesky coyotes can't get at him."

"Si, senior. Muy pronto."

The rival giants of the Southwestern railway world were C. P. Huntington and Jay Gould. Roy Bean's town was on the Huntington line and he was a loyal supporter of the S. P., yet he had a great admiration for the physically weak but strong-minded Jay Gould, and had frequently expressed a desire to meet him.

Matters of high finance were in a state of considerable strain and required constant attention from the heads of contending railroad interests.

Upon a day the rumor spread that the redoubtable Jay Gould and a party of friends would pass through Langtry on a special train within a few days on their return trip from the West. Roy was much interested. He sent to San Antonio for a case of champagne and some real good "red licker" and he had his house put in order. The animal, bird, and snake cages were cleaned out and repaired, trash burnt, and the broken bottles removed. He did not take anyone into his confidence and there was much speculation as to what was the matter with the judge. Looked like he was sorter losing his grip—putting on all them airs. It warn't anywhere near election, nor there warn't no new settlers of any sext. Queer doin's!

Mr. Bean found out from the telegraph operator when the Gould Special was to reach Langtry—and that it would not stop. He

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continued to say nothing; but listened for the engine whistle. At last the distant sound was heard, and the telegraph man said, "That's her." The train thundered up and the engine passed the station and the operator flashed the report to the Division Train Dispatcher that the Special had passed.

Then he rushed out to see what was the matter; for the engine had shrieked and the brakes were set so hard that the wheels skidded and threw off showers of sparks as the train came to a sudden and crashing halt.

Judge Bean desired to meet Mr. Gould, so when he saw Mr. Gould's train about to pass his place of authority he calmly removed the red kerchief from around his throat and waved it a few times at Mr. Gould's engineer. The latter gentleman, seeing the signal of danger, 'jammed on the air' and said things. As the train jarred to a stop several men on each side of the train poked out their heads and sawed-off shot-guns.

Only the station agent and a square-built middle-aged gentleman were in sight. The latter pulled off his sombrero and asked in a quiet voice if Mr. Gould was aboard. Before anyone answered, a small jerky man with a beard stuck his head out of a window and asked, "What you want?" The judge looked him in the eyes. He looked the judge in the eyes. Those who were privileged to be present said that the air was full of electricity or something—like before a storm; but there was no storm.

Presently the judge said: "I guess you are Mr. Gould. I'm Roy Bean, the Law West of the Pecos, and I want to shake hands with you. Won't you get out and say Howdy?"

Mr. Gould withdrew from the window and people stirred inside the car. In a moment Mr. Gould, Dr. Munn, and others—I think Miss Helen Gould and a young lady friend—came down the car steps. Judge Bean shook hands all around and invited them over to his place. They read the signs and accepted the invitation. Roy invited the agent to come and have a drink. He accepted.

Once inside the saloon the judge ordered the barkeeper to open champagne. Dr. Munn examined the bottle and nodded and smiled at Mr. Gould. It was the one thing the professional man allowed his patient to use as a beverage. Everyone present took a drink and the judge proposed the health of the ladies and Mr. Gould. The wine was just right and Mr. Gould couldn't refuse another glass. The ladies began looking at the eagle, the snakes,

the deer, the Mexican lion. Mr. Gould sent someone to his car for some dried lady-fingers, and when they were brought he dipped them in champagne and ate them with gusto as he and Roy Bean talked.

I wish there was a record of that conversation. All I could ever get out of Roy was that they both enjoyed the visit and that they perfectly understood one another.

In what seemed a short time Mr. Gould arose to depart; but the ladies had many questions to ask the judge about his pets, his specimens, his dogs and horses, his official duties—including some unusual marriage ceremonies he had performed. All this took more time. At last Mr. Gould insisted that although he would like to stay a week they really must go. So with hearty handshakes, expressions of regret at leaving, and cordial good wishes for the future, the party entered the train and waved adieu to the wonderful judge who, hat in hand, waved his red neckerchief to them standing on the rear platform until the train was out of sight.

The judge and the operator strolled toward the station, when, suddenly, the operator broke into a run. The telegraph key was frantically pounding out his "call." He answered, and was shocked at the message he received. It ran something like this: "Where hell you been What hell matter Gould special passed you three hours Should be Del Rio two hours ago Hasn't reached Comstock Been calling Why hell don't you stay on job Must be ditched May fell off High Bridge For God's sake get section crew and find out Reported New York Gould killed in wreck Stock exchange wild Will can you quick as get relief man Trains piled up all over division Answer quick."

So the agent ticked off: "Jay G been visiting friend Judge Roy Bean and me Been eating lady-fingers and champagne Take your old job and go to hell Special just left."

Roy Bean was a kindly and generous friend; a worthy foe; humorous; whimsical; with a deep chuckle for life, and a calm disregard for the threat of death. As he saw his duty he did it, and he had the affection and respect of those who knew him.

After the incident thus related he always referred to Mr. Gould as "My friend, Jay Gould," and it was said that Mr. Gould always looked less unhappy when Roy Bean was mentioned.

*Requiescat in pace.*

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### A Trip to Milwaukee When It Was on the Frontier

And

### The First Friction Matches Manufactured in America

In 1638, Stephen Gates, of Norwich, England, with his wife and two little daughters came to America on the good ship *Diligent*. He settled first at Hingham, Massachusetts; afterwards moved to Lancaster, Mass., and finally to Cambridge, Mass., where he died in 1662.

In 1640, a son—Stephen—was born, who died at Acton, Mass., in 1706. This second Stephen had six sons and two daughters. From the oldest of these, another Stephen, descended John W. Gates, one of the founders of The Texas Company; and from the next oldest, Simon, descended H. R. Gates, now in our New York Offices, Secretary of the Marketing Committee, and member of the Refining Committee.

Among the descendants of Simon Gates, in the fourth generation from him, was William Gates, born February 29, 1808, at Mechanicsville, New York. This William Gates, who died July 28, 1877, at Frankfort, N. Y., was the grandfather of H. R. Gates, who recently came into possession of some interesting old letters written by his grandfather to his wife, while he was on a venturesome trip to the wilds of Wisconsin—then the frontier of the Northwest. Other data for this account are taken from a brochure entitled *Ancestry and Descendants of William Gates late of Frankfort, New York*.

William Gates received common school instruction at Ballston, N. Y., and afterward attended a private school conducted by a Mr. Babcock, an Episcopal clergyman, where he received very thorough training. About 1830, when William was 22 years old, his father moved to a farm at Clifton Park, N. Y., and William worked in the grist mill on the farm for about five years. While thus engaged he was fortunate enough to meet Mary Ann Deuel, the daughter of a Quaker living at Stillwater, a few miles away. The acquaintance ripened into love and they were married June 5, 1832. Three years later he moved to Ballston and entered another mill; but his employer failed to keep his contract and he left that service after a few months.

Then the great West beckoned to him and he went to Wisconsin when Milwaukee was a

rude settlement with stumps standing in the streets. He first supported himself as a government surveyor. Finally he secured a site three miles from Milwaukee and decided to become a pioneer.

In the spring of 1838 he returned East to bring his family to what was then the far West. But at Marcellus, N. Y., he was taken from the stage too sick to proceed further. There he lay with fever for three weeks among strangers. At last he reached home, but only to find that the panic of 1836 had locked up his funds and made it impossible to go west.

Here we give three letters sent by William Gates to his wife, one written at Toledo, Ohio, on the way west, and two written at Milwaukee. The letters were not enclosed in envelopes, but neatly folded and fastened with red sealing wax. At the upper left-hand corner of the face bearing the address was stamped a postmark and in the right-hand corner written by hand the amount of postage—25 cents in the case of a letter from Milwaukee to Waterford, Saratoga County, New York, where Mrs. Gates was residing at that time. In the postmark as stamped, the spelling Milwaukie is used, but Mr. Gates in his letters spells the name as we do.

Toledo, Oct. 31, 1836.

Dear, Dear, Dear, Dear Mary:

When I take up my pen to address you, the thoughts of home, of yourself, of little Bub and Sis, of father and mother, and all my other friends will in spite of all my endeavors make me feel somewhat homesick.

I wrote you a line from Buffalo informing you that I had taken passage on board a steamboat for this place. My letter was written in great haste. I shall therefore commence anew and proceed regularly to give you an account of my travels, a slight description of places, and of my feelings from time to time. I started, as you are aware, on Thursday the 20th, a rainy unpleasant day, one exactly in accordance with my feelings. But notwithstanding I could not help smiling occasionally at the figure we made in the coach which carried us from Troy to Schenectady, it so much resembled the poetry you gave me styled the "pleasures of traveling." We had eight grown persons and four squalling children in the coach, the road horribly rough, and the coachman I

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believe drunk, as he drove like the d--- and came near turning us over a hundred times. By good luck, however, not by good driving, we arrived safely at Schenectady. From this place I was whirled over the railroad to Utica in about 4½ hours. It was in the evening when I arrived at Utica and I had no time to see how this place looked for there was such a pulling and hauling for passengers by the different lines of canal and packet boats as I never beheld in all my life. However by running I did at length reach a line boat without losing my life or having my clothes all torn off. We started for Lockport immediately going night and day with a cabin full of men, women, and children all bound to the fertile regions of the West, getting along very comfortably in the daytime but stowed away in heaps in the night in a manner to which I was altogether unused. We however got along after a fashion until Monday evening when we reached Lockport—a beautiful, romantic, and business place.

I left Lockport for Buffalo on a line boat and arrived there the next morning. I had not much time to look at this place, but its appearance was that of a thriving, prosperous, commercial city. We sailed the same morning with a head wind which increased as we got up the lake, and by the time we got to Cleveland in Ohio the waves began to roll very handsomely. Such a scene began now as I never beheld. There were about 600 passengers on board, a large proportion of whom were steerage passengers, most of them families going west. After the waves began to roll they began to be seasick and such a scrape, I never saw before. There was but one or two I believe who eat their rations. The remainder were either stumbling about on deck or vomiting on the decks or over the sides of the vessel. It was really amusing to see those who kept on their feet endeavor to walk. Such stumbling, tripping, and staggering about was really laughable, and it would not do for one to sit down in the cabin as they would most assuredly be sick. As for myself I kept my feet through it all, although I felt occasionally very qualmish. After stopping at Sandusky the weather grew better and here I learned from the captain that he did not intend to stop at Toledo but would carry me and some other passengers to Detroit and there shift us on board another boat to be brought back to Toledo at his expense. We did not like this arrangement very well but were forced to (word torn out).

Friday morning, Oct. 28th, we arrived in Detroit, and as we were obliged to remain an hour or two I rambled over the city. It is beautifully situated on a rise of ground on the northwest side of the river, its streets wide and very regularly laid out but without pavements and consequently muddy. It appears like a place of business, its wharves crowded with shipping and its streets with people of every nation and tongue. We left Detroit for this place on board the *Cincinnati*, a very pretty little steamboat which runs from Detroit

to Cleveland and intermediate ports, and arrived here about midnight on Friday night in good health and spirits. Toledo stands on the northwest bank of the Maumee River in the disputed territory, as it is called, between Ohio and Michigan and about 10 miles from the Lake Erie. The disputed territory is a zone lying between a line running from the most southern point of Lake Michigan to North Cape (the point of a little peninsula on the north side of Maumee Bay) and a line from the same point on Lake Michigan due east to Lake Erie. Toledo is a remarkably thrifty place and if Manhattan, a little village below, does not get the start of it, will be a great one. One year ago it had, I am informed, only 300 and now numbers with visitors 3,000 inhabitants. You must not think me crazy if I inform you that I shall remain here two or three weeks to attend sales of public lands here, and meantime I shall expect a letter from you. You must write and send your letter the very day you receive this—inform me how you got along—how Bub and Sis are—likewise father and mother and all the news you hear. I shall expect you to fill your letter as full as mine at any rate. You must pardon any inaccuracies in this letter as I have had to write it in a room filled with men all talking and jabbering upon every subject. And now, my dear wife, good bye. Kiss little Bub and Sis for me and send me a letter immediately directed to Toledo, Ohio.

Your affectionate husband,

Wm. Gates, Jr.

Milwaukee, Dec. 11, 1836.

Dearly Beloved Wife:

Your kind letter of the 12th of last month was forwarded to me at this place and received night before last on my return from an expedition to the west side of Rock River. To convey any idea of the pleasure it gave me would be impossible. It is sufficient to say that I now feel happier than at any time since leaving home.

You say you are disappointed in me because I am *homesick* and yet confess that you yourself have the *horror* although living among friends and acquaintances. Can you wonder then that I should feel unpleasant sometimes when among total strangers I think of wife, children, and friends, and all the comforts of home so far from me? On the other hand I suppose that any person living here a year or so will in all probability prefer it to any other country. Indeed, I myself feel much better pleased with the West than at first; so much so that I am conscious I should be as happy here as anywhere if I had a home and my family with me.

I was much pleased that in your letter you found room to mention little Bub and Sis and to hear that they were well and had not forgotten *pa*. Do continue to mention them particularly.

I am very sorry, my dear wife, that your Sundays are as long and as lonesome as you say. I do not know what to advise in this case. I

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suppose it is somewhat inconvenient attending church on account of the children. I rather think therefore you had better employ yourself in writing to me and in reading the New Testament, which employment will perhaps divert your melancholy.

So much for your letter and now to return to my own affairs. I suppose you would like to know how I have fared since I last wrote and what my intentions and prospects are. In my last I informed you of my intention of remaining at Toledo a few days. I left that place on the 16th of Nov. by way of the new railroad to Adrian, a distance of thirty miles, passing over the road with such extraordinary rapidity that we arrived at Adrian in precisely nine hours. The same night I took stage for Tecumseh, a handsome village 8 miles north, where I arrived and went to bed about midnight. Between two and three o'clock I was roused from sleep by the cry of *Fire* and found my room filled with smoke almost to suffocation. With a little difficulty, however, I found my way below stairs. Saved my own property with the exception of a stock, collar, and pair of socks, and assisted in rescuing the property of the inmates. Nothing was lost but a fine large building.

Next morning took the Chicago stage and traveled night and day. The roads were so horribly bad that passengers found it necessary not only to walk, but a part of the way to carry poles and rails to assist the stage along. They seem to have a variety of railroads in this western country. In the first place there is one of the kind you are acquainted with, with the rails lengthways of the road, and then there are at least two other kinds called *Corduroy* and *Bang-up*. These last have the rails crossways, and notwithstanding their not being quite so pleasant to ride upon as the first they are very useful in miry grounds. The corduroy are such as are formed of logs split and laid with the flat side up, whilst the bang-up are round logs laid side by side. This last I think are correctly named. Indeed, I think any person that has occasion to ride over one will acknowledge the same. To give a particular description of the country through which I passed would perhaps be tiresome to you. It is sufficient to say then that there is much good and much poor land between Toledo and Chicago. I met with the usual luck which people have who journey this road, such as overturning, sticking fast in the mud, etc. Although we had five grown persons and six children on board when we turned over and broke the stage all to pieces, yet no one was hurt materially. On my route I saw some things which appeared curious and new to me, particularly the Indian trails and circles formed by their dances on Laporte Prairie in the north part of Indiana, and likewise the numerous beautiful lakes in that vicinity which have neither inlet nor outlet and yet are well stored with fish.

On the 22nd I arrived at Chicago and slept part of the night, taking the stage next morning for this place and arriving on the 24th in the evening.

I was much pleased to find Milwaukee such a flourishing place. It is quite a handsome city for a new one and contains a greater population than I expected to find. Buildings are going up as fast as can be expected in a country where there is such a scarcity of workmen and lumber—the number during the fall months averaging nearly one per day.

The second day after my arrival I received an invitation from a surveyor and draughtsman who were going to the country west of Rock River to lay out a couple of towns to accompany them. Considering this a good opportunity to obtain the necessary information respecting the country, and as it would cost nothing, I concluded to accept of it. I do not wish to tire you by giving a detailed account of every day's travel, yet perhaps you will like to know how we managed in passing through a country so destitute of inhabitants. Well then, in the first place my companions procured a horse, some hard bread resembling sea biscuit, and some Ohio pork, which was none of the best by the way, four blankets, a frying pan, camp kettle, basins, axe, and hatchet, and packing them on the horse we started on foot. In the above enumeration I should have mentioned a small poor tent made of two sheets sewed together. With these we sallied forth, walking from 15 to 35 miles per day. On the approach of night we sought some good camping place on the margin of some lake or river and chopping about a cord of wood for our fire through the night we struck fire and commenced cooking our supper. After supper we pitched tent, spread a blanket on the ground, and tying our horse by the head and foot turned him loose to live as he could, and each man wrapping himself in a blanket lay down with his feet to the fire. As soon as day broke we struck tent, went through the process of cooking pork and bread again, and eating it we were ready for starting. We found wild game, but having no gun were forced to be content with looking at instead of eating them. Wolves, deer, turkeys, prairie hens, and partridges were in some places numerous, and I saw some large tracks made either by bears or panthers but saw none. Neither did we see any Indians, although my companions were somewhat alarmed one day and fresh primed pistols and prepared for an encounter when we saw a party of five or six approaching us, who proved however to be surveyors. The tenth day we lost our horse and could find nothing of him although we sought two days. We, however, found a moccasin track which perhaps accounts for his disappearance. We were now forced to leave cooking utensils and some other things and make the best of our way home where we arrived after an absence of 16 days all well and hearty and in good spirits and in the hope of hearing from dearly beloved friends. For want of room I must refer you to father's letter in which this will be enclosed.

Your affectionate husband,  
Wm. Gates, Jr.

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Milwaukee, Jan. 22nd, 1837.

Dearest Mary:

I received yours of the first day before yesterday and was highly pleased that you commenced the New Year aright and hope therefore that as you have commenced corresponding with me on New Year's Day that you will continue to do so throughout frequently. . . . I am as impatient to return home to bring you out here as you can possibly be to have me. You will understand by this that I wish to move out here, indeed I do. I think we shall both like it much better here than in the State of New York. Still if you think not, I wish you to say so frankly, and I will be content to return and live for your sake in a country where a man must work hard and live economically or starve to death and where unless he has more to commence with than I have he has but very little hope of leaving anything for his children. I have felt so confident, however, of what your answer would be that I have already commenced building a house and shall make all necessary arrangements for moving. I hope you will be satisfied with a log house, however, as it is such a one that I am building. I did not at present feel able to build any other as it is much more expensive building here than at the East. It will however be a better one than common, with two square rooms and bedrooms and pantry. I shall not however be able to finish it completely until after we move out here when I hope I can make it quite habitable.

Father in his letter desires to be informed respecting the climate and prospects of Wisconsin. I have already anticipated his request by giving him in my other letters what I consider as far as it went a fair and impartial account of the same. I can however reiterate what I have already said that I consider this a perfectly healthy climate, a little milder perhaps than where you live, and more uniform as I have been informed and as I have experienced. Most people tell me that they were never so hearty in their lives and their appearance confirms what they say. Still there have been some few deaths and these deaths were quite sudden and were among those in the very prime of life. Most of them were married women and this I suspect accounts for a part. Children are said to enjoy better health here than anywhere else. Indeed from their ruddy looks and fat persons I should think as much. I have heard of but one child's death in this part of the country and that was a very young one which had not been well from the day of its birth. Thus I have been very plain and honest with you respecting the climate of this territory and I think I have not given any incorrect statement. It is however a new place and one which has not been inhabited by whites for more than two years and therefore it may possibly vary, but I think can never become unhealthy from local causes. Respecting the prospects for making fortunes here, you may tell father that although the best days for making speculations have already passed, there are yet

and will be for some years to come fine chances. There is in fact no kind of business except selling merchandise and peddling pills that is not first rate. Even ordinary laborers obtain \$1.50 per day in the winter season, and farmers can well afford to pay such wages, as everything which a farmer can raise is enormously high; for instance, butter 50 cents and has been 75; potatoes, twelve shillings; oats, the same price, and everything else in proportion. Now I am informed and I know from my own observation that cows and other cattle will do as well if not better in these woods than in the best pastures at the East. The woods in the summer season are filled with a luxuriant growth of herbage such as we never saw at the East. Wild peas, beans, flowers, and grass grow to so great a height that in some places it is difficult walking through them. These are said to form a beautiful appearance when in full bloom. The farmer's pork here is fattened on acorns of which the woods afford an abundant supply. To make good pork, however, requires something more. There is an abundance of wild fruit such as berries of all kinds, plums, currants, and gooseberries, and much honey can be obtained from the wild bees which inhabit the woods. There is a man in this vicinity who found and took up eighteen swarms of bees in the compass of a mile. Thus you see farmers can live upon the fat of the land and that this is literally a land flowing with milk and honey or will be when we get our cows here. You may tell father that if he has money and wishes to lend it he may obtain whatever he has the conscience to ask; and he may ask a round sum for the use of it, as those who speculate can well afford to pay for it. Money is now quite scarce here and the rate of interest higher perhaps than common, but I know of money bringing at the rate of seven hundred per cent, so that \$1000 loaned at that rate would bring \$7000 in one year, what would be considered a handsome little fortune at the East. This I suppose, however, was not a common case, but it is a fact that most any price may be obtained for money to speculate with as speculators make great profits. I would not have father think however that he can get rich here in a day or that this is paradise. He will have trouble and hardships to encounter here as well as anywhere else, but I do think that he may better his fortune by emigrating and any assistance that I can give him I will cheerfully do. I should like, however, to have him take the advice of others respecting it, that he may not blame me if he should be disappointed in the country. I have merely stated things as I believe them to be and if I am mistaken I am not to blame. I presume he will have opportunities of obtaining information from others if he has a mind.

If I have written so as to raise the hopes or expectations of anyone too high I shall be very sorry indeed, but I should have felt equally sorry if I had written in such a manner as to prevent anyone from coming here and should have thought

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they had equally as good reason to blame me.

And now a few words in answer to your question respecting my having made my fortune this winter. I must confess that at first it pained me a little for fear that you could imagine I could make something this winter, destitute of means as I was. As you must have known, I had but little over 300 dollars when I started from home. I have no business to follow here, board from 5 to 7 dollars per week, travelling and other expenses very great, must have enough to return home with, and must prepare for your coming. If you will please take all these things into consideration you will find that I had but little left for speculation. I would not have you imagine, however, that I could lie entirely idle. I think that I have bettered myself by at least \$1000, but it is, as you say, such that I shall be "unable to bring it home" with me. I have likewise obtained more valuable information respecting the country than many people who have resided much longer, which I hope one of these days to turn to some account. Had I started with no more than \$1000 in cash I might have made \$5000 and perhaps more, but I am content, however, and must do what I can with little means. And now good-bye, take good care of yourself and the children whom I am pleased to hear from, and you will soon see me.

Your affectionate husband,  
William Gates, Jr.

Remember me kindly to father and mother and all enquiring friends. Kiss little Bub and Sis for me and tell Bub pa will come back one of these days. You need not write after you receive this.

William.

Undaunted by the misfortune which prevented him from moving to the West, William Gates opened a general store at Ballston where for three years he did a good volume of trade. But uncollectible accounts forced him to wind up the business with the loss of his investment.

In 1841 he moved to Half Moon, N. Y., and in 1843, learning that rents were cheaper in Frankfort, Herkimer County, N. Y., he moved his family thither. They traveled—Mr. Gates, Mrs. Gates, Belinda, Aurelia, William B., and George W. (the last about four months old)—in a one-horse "democrat" wagon, while his father and Theodore came by the Erie canal with the household goods.

Unsettled as to his future business, he sold and repaired clocks and watches over the country surrounding his home. Many of those old brass clocks are still doing good service among the families of that section.

During his travels as a salesman in the winter of 1843-4 he became impressed with the idea of making friction matches. Here was something new, a real improvement, a great

convenience—fire could be produced instantly by rubbing a match on any rough surface, and the act destroyed the match so there would be a continual consumption and constant demand. These considerations led him to investigate and he was able to learn the method of manufacture.

In the spring of 1844 he set to work and after much compounding and experimenting perfected a composition for the heads of the matches and made five gross. The match sticks were made by hand with a plane, the blade of which had one or two holes in it with cutting edges. Pushing this plane over a straight-grained board produced two long round sticks as long as the board. These were then cut into lengths, dipped, dried, and packed in boxes for sale.

These five gross were taken to Utica, N. Y. but he met with no encouragement. New inventions were not readily adopted then as now, and although the new-fangled fire makers beat flint and tinder out of sight the merchants would not buy. With great difficulty he induced some to take them on trial, a few in a place, to be paid for if sold. A few more gross were made and traded for groceries and dry goods to meet the needs of his family. And so, slowly, the business grew. Those who once used matches never went back to flint and steel—merchants began to buy—he put up two small buildings, hired some help, and gradually built up a paying business.

But William Gates was not satisfied to continue making matches in that slow laborious manner, and while the business was gradually growing he was inventing and improving machinery and methods. The first continuous match machine ever built was patented by him in 1854. For that day it was a marvel, taking in blocks of wood at one end and delivering matches ready for use at the other. He bought a crude machine for making paper boxes, perfected it, patented the improvements, and it "ate" rolls of paper and dropped finished boxes into the basket at 60 a minute. William Gates was long known as the manufacturer of "Gates' Matches—None Better."

He began the manufacture of phosphorus on a small scale to supply his needs, the price of that commodity being very high at that time; so importing some workmen skilled in the art he soon succeeded in making enough to render him independent of the foreign manufacturers. At the Herkimer County Fair held in Frankfort in the fall of 1855 he exhibited

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samples of his matches and also some phosphorus. We show a facsimile of the placard he put above the phosphorus exhibit. The placard gives a sample of his penmanship. He used a quill and wrote a plain hand.

His business prospered. He was able to buy land, put up buildings, install improved machinery, etc., until at the time of his death his factory was the most complete in the country. His success was not a matter of luck

or chance, but of hard work and tenacity. He earned it.

To his employes he was generous and helpful. He knew what poverty was, and helped them over hard places without ostentation. Many acquired homes by his aid and paid him in installments as they were able. He loved the right and hated wrong. In all his dealings no one ever accused him of deception or unfair practices.

# Phosphorus

This interesting article is manufactured principally, in France and Germany - Until the subscriber commences, it is believed that none was ever made in America, except as an experiment in the Chemist's laboratory. Persons desirous of seeing the process of manufacturing will be gratified, by calling on the subscriber, at any time during the stay - last day of the Fair -

Wm. Gates

### Set Your Goal

L. H. LINDEMAN, Assistant Treasurer, The Texas Company

How much money will you have when you are sixty-five? The table given here shows how much to save each month beginning at your present age to reach your goal, with in-

terest at 4% compounded semi-annually.

The Bankers Thrift Corporation of Chicago prepared this chart. It is worth your careful consideration.

Amount You Want at Age 65	YOUR PRESENT AGE												
	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36	38	40	45	50
\$ 5,000.....	\$3.33	\$3.66	\$4.04	\$4.46	\$4.94	\$5.49	\$6.11	\$6.82	\$7.64	\$8.60	\$9.73	\$13.63	\$20.30
10,000.....	6.66	7.33	8.09	8.93	9.89	10.98	12.22	13.65	15.29	17.21	19.47	27.27	40.60
15,000.....	10.00	11.00	12.13	13.40	14.84	16.47	18.33	20.47	22.94	25.82	29.21	40.91	60.91
20,000.....	13.33	14.67	16.18	17.87	19.79	21.99	24.45	27.30	30.59	34.43	38.95	54.54	81.21
25,000.....	16.66	18.34	20.22	22.34	24.74	27.46	30.56	34.12	38.24	43.04	48.69	68.18	101.52
30,000.....	20.00	22.01	24.27	26.81	29.69	32.95	36.67	40.95	45.89	51.65	58.43	81.82	121.82
40,000.....	26.66	29.34	32.36	35.75	39.58	43.93	48.90	54.60	61.19	68.87	77.91	109.09	162.43
50,000.....	33.33	36.68	40.45	44.69	49.48	54.92	61.13	68.25	76.49	86.09	97.39	136.37	203.04

—Copyright by Bankers Thrift Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

## Every Employe a Salesman

D. L. LINDSAY, Assistant to W. H. Noble

There are a lot of phases and angles to the subject, and it must necessarily be limited in scope when treated briefly, so I pass over without comment the phases of selling our services to employer, the gaining of recognition of our ideas from superiors, the gaining of social position and standing in the business world, all of which are realized in proportion to our power of "salesmanship"—in a meaning the word has acquired during recent years.

We must have something to sell, or we are soon branded as frauds. When we consider the fact that every legitimate business institution is created for the purpose of selling goods or service or both at a profit, we realize there is no excuse for its existence, nor can it exist long, if it does not fulfill its purpose. Therefore, every man in a business enterprise is interested in the sale. When we consider the further fact that our business is highly competitive, it is readily seen that our salesmen need all possible assistance from brother employes who are in position to help.

Our Company is selling petroleum and its products. The greater the output at a profit the more secure are our positions and greater our chances for advancement. This being true, every employe is vitally interested in sales. "But," you say, "we have salesmen whose sole duty it is to sell our products." So had we soldiers at the front in the great war, but we gave them every aid it was possible to give, which lightened their burden and made victory more certain.

When I was in the Refining Department I knew that we manufactured the best products possible to produce and imagined all our salesmen had to do was to call upon a prospect, tell him he was representing The Texas Company, and write up an order. I know you are not so simple. When I was transferred to the Sales Department I found the mere mention in the presence of a prospective customer that we represent The Texas Company does not always secure an order, and in many cases our salesmen have a hard time convincing the prospective customer that our products are the best in the world, and may be properly priced higher than competitive products.

Advertising has done much to aid and stimulate sales. It is an absolute necessity in this day and time, but every motorist does not

stop at a Red Star and Green T station when in need of gasoline and motor oils just because we assure them through our advertising that their motor will perform much more efficiently and last longer if they use Texaco Volatile Gas and Clean, Clear, Golden Texaco Motor Oil.

When I say "Let's help our Salesmen," I do not mean that every employe should stick a sample of the Clean, Clear, Golden Texaco Motor Oil in his pocket, stop every one he meets, and expound its merits. Such a practice would without doubt lead in the wrong direction, and I am quite sure our officials would not sanction such a practice. Our salesmen are employed to sell direct to the trade.

What I have in mind is an indirect, but highly valuable method. I can better explain what I am driving at by illustration. Recently on a trip to our great Refinery at Port Arthur I sat next to a young ranchman. We eyed each other for a moment or so. He did not have to tell me that he did not earn his living by pushing a pen or pounding a typewriter in an up-town office. I expect I would have had a terrible time convincing him that I was a cowboy. We found the weather a common ground to meet upon, and it developed that although our occupations differed widely we had much in common. All people have.

This young man of the plains told me many things about the ranching business and found me a willing listener. He told me how he loved his work, the care they took of their cattle, and what an intelligent reliable man his employer was. He spoke in glowing terms of "the Boss" and his fair dealings with employes and customers.

I made up my mind upon leaving this young man that if I was ever in the market for cattle, I should certainly remember this acquaintance and his firm. I felt that his boss must be a good man and would give any one a square deal.

Only recently in the vicinity of Tulsa, Oklahoma, an automobile was stuck in the mud and as night was falling the occupants had abandoned hope of getting help before morning. Suddenly a car pulled around them and stopped. The driver, without receiving appeal for assistance, sprang from his car, grabbed a chain, and hooked it onto the stalled auto-

## The TEXACO STAR

mobile. In a few minutes it was on good ground and ready to resume the trip. The driver of the stalled car was insistent upon paying for the "lift," but our hero politely refused to take any remuneration, simply stating that when his distressed friends reached Tulsa they would need gasoline and possibly motor oil. This loyal member of our Company told the travelers to roll up to a Texaco station and call for their requirements, and he would consider his little courtesy well repaid. With that he sped on his way.

A few days later at Tulsa our friend who had been stuck in the mud recognized a passenger who was riding with The Texas Company man the evening he played the part of the Good Samaritan, and our new Texaco customer sent him word that he filled up with Texaco Gasoline and Motor Oil at Tulsa, and that, although he had never used Texaco until

now, he would be was a Texaco customer forevermore.

This is an extreme case and may be considered by some as a stretching of loyalty, but it is one of a thousand ways which may be used to put over the slogan, "Every Employee a Salesman." This new customer will doubtless tell his friends of that act and will also mention the good results he is getting from Texaco.

You see what I mean by indirect salesmanship. It is my firm belief that if we 'sell' our Company and its personnel, we sell Texaco products. If we did not manufacture products, there would be no need of salesmen. If we did not have salesmen, there would be no need of manufacturing goods. All departments are essential to the conduct of our business, and if we are to put our company where she rightly belongs every soul of us must cooperate.

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### Annual Essay before Texas Press Association

Meeting in San Antonio June 10-12, 1926

ARTHUR LEFEVRE, Jr., Assistant President of Texas Editorial Association

We hear a great deal now-a-days about the sanctity of the law and the duty to observe all laws. Law, as also an individual, must deserve respect to get it.

Like all truisms, the oft repeated phrase, "Liberty is derived from law," is based upon the logical supposition that neither term in the epigram is self contradictory. In this case, liberty must not be construed into license nor must law be deprived of equity.

In listening to the clamor of political demagogues, let us ever be alert for sophistry, or we will be trapped by some catch phrase into foolish action that may even result disastrously to the very genius of our representative institutions. I can never contemplate the folly of that political paradox, the direct primary, without wondering how such a travesty on sane political action could ever have been put over on a supposedly intelligent people jealous of their franchise. Under such a system of party action, there is no responsibility or deliberative conduct. Without responsibility and deliberation, how can there be wise counsel or reliable organized effort? Of late, the people

have been merely unwilling associates in the scheme of self-constituted office seekers.

Let us hope that we are not unfit for the great blessings of free institutions bequeathed to us by the heroic sacrifices of departed patriots. Yet we have idly submitted to the transformation of the very basic principles of representative government in the conduct of our political campaigns without raising much ado and have made it almost impossible to get deliberate intelligent party action.

The people are more and more depending upon the newspapers in the formulation of their opinions. This puts a tremendous responsibility and duty upon every editor to so inform himself in the science of government that he may properly and intelligently direct his readers' attention to false and insidious conceptions.

Under the guise of fifty-fifty proposals, the Federal authority has emasculated the priceless heritage of State Rights. Many local political entities are piling up forty-year bonds to be paid by our children for roads that will not last much over ten years or for buildings

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that will be antiquated long before the bonds fall due. What will future generations say of the spending spree of this generation? If we condemn a man who recklessly incurs personal debts, how much greater is the moral turpitude of a people who extravagantly and wastefully pile up debts for future citizens to pay? Only dire national straits would warrant such a policy as is often currently practiced in the issuance of local bonds. No man is worthy the name of freeman who would lightly splurge at another's expense forced upon him without his knowledge or consent!

We are treating too lightly our personal responsibilities; but we must think more about them. As citizens of a free country with a priceless tradition, it is our bounden duty to seriously consider the rights of others—for he who dallies with the rights of others is jeopardizing his own. Those who wish to sit in judgment upon the purely intellectual aspirations of their children are tyrants at heart. Paraphrasing a great lover of liberty, I would urge all to regard lightly any sumptuary regulations, "as an evidence of your liberty." Freedom of thought and action is of incalculably more value than all the supposed benefits flowing from some temporizing expedient in the way of a 'straight-jacketing' measure.

Looking back over the pages of history, replete with the terrible and wicked cruelty of bigoted minds and hearts, and seeing the many blessings and great truths that have been preserved to us because brave and noble spirits refused to bow the knee to tyrannical authority, let us vow anew on this sacred ground, in the City of the Alamo, that those true men shall not have lived in vain and that we shall keep forever burning the torch of freedom. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," but no nation was ever made righteous by multiplicity of statutes prohibiting innumerable acts which are only prohibited and are not *mala in se*.

Another evil consequence following too much law making, is the ever increasing disrespect for all legislative enactments. This fundamental social truth was emphasized by Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, in his discussions concerning the imperfections of the various types of political organizations. He truly says: "Democracy, too, has its old age, an age when it loses its early respect for law, its first amiability of mutual concession." Lack of mutual concession or forbearance often is the direct cause of ill-advised and hasty legislation, which brings disrespect for such edicts.

The best of laws, however, have to be interpreted in the courts and great responsibility rests upon the judges and lawyers to see that justice is not thwarted by fetishized technicalities. I fully realize the necessity of strict rules of practice and procedure to safeguard our rights; but many instances of recent occurrence seem to me to indicate that there is too much emphasis on legal fictions. Just one instance, quoted from Holland's *Farm and Ranch*, which has editorially been doing yeoman's service along these lines for several years:

"Recently, in a Dallas court, a negro, who had killed his man, was convicted of manslaughter and assessed a penalty of two years in the penitentiary. A few weeks later his attorney appeared in court and asked that he be released from custody because the defendant was not in court at the time sentence was pronounced. There was no record that the negro was present and the district attorney could not prove that he was, and therefore the judge released him from custody on the grounds that to bring him into court and resentence him would be placing his liberty in jeopardy twice for the same offense."

What about the blood of the slain man crying for justice and the unpunished outrage against society? Such a travesty is not the basic law, but was probably the result of a judge's erroneous interpretation. However that may be, in this case the ends of justice were grossly defeated and government made a mockery.

With too much legislation on the one hand, and pedantic interpretation and incompetent administration on the other, is it surprising that there is a growing disrespect for law? The citizen may well cry out, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and their heroic band shall not have died in vain among the ruins of yonder Alamo, that we might have the blessings of decent government, if we but keep it so!

Honor and truth and manhood—

These are the things that stand,

Though the sneer and jibe of the cynic tribe  
Are loud through the width of the land.

The scoffer may lord it an hour on earth,

And a lie may live for a day;

But truth and honor and manly worth

Are things that endure alway.

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Before the word is spoken you should govern  
it; after it is spoken, it must govern you.

## The TEXACO STAR

### Summer's Heat Makes Desire for Cool Suppers

(Copyright 1926)

KATHERINE FERGUSON CHALKLEY, State College, Pennsylvania

From my kitchen window I can look across the valley to the mountains, shimmering in the sunshine. As I turn from the window, I think of the hammock under the pear trees in the side yard.

"Oh, joy," I say to myself, "supper's in the refrigerator. Nothing to do all afternoon but loaf and read."

And then suddenly I remember that Joan Wingate has written:

"Do, for goodness' sake, tell me what to get for dinner these hot evenings. Lucille and I are at our wits' ends. We work all day. At night we like nothing better than to come home, put on our coolest clothes, and have a refreshing meal. It's my turn to plan the dinners for the next two weeks. Please help me out by sending me some recipes for main dishes, salads, desserts, and cold drinks. As you know, all of my originality goes into designing dresses. I can't plan a meal to save my soul."

So instead of taking a book down to my retreat under the pear trees, I write to Joan. Since a number of you have asked what to serve these hot days, I'm making a carbon of the letter and passing it on to you.

Dearest Joan: How about a meat loaf that requires no baking? You can make it during odd moments, put it in the ice box, and have it for emergencies. It will be good for a week or ten days, if you keep it cold.

This meat loaf also makes a delicious sandwich spread. By the by, these recipes will serve four persons. They require standard, level measurements. The abbreviations are: C—cup; tbs—tablespoon; ts—teaspoon.

#### Molded Meat Loaf

- ½ lb. veal (lean with a little knuckle).
- ½ lb. beef (lean and no bone).
- 1 lb. ham (trim off most of fat).

Wipe the meats with a damp cloth. Put together in kettle with just enough cold water to cover. Cook until meats fall to pieces. Drain. Strain liquor and return to stove. Boil two or three minutes. Run meat through food chopper. Stir in liquor. Pour into bread pan and let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly solid.

We're having Tuna Fish Rollcade for supper tonight. You and Lucille ought to enjoy it.

#### Tuna Fish Rollcade

- 1 tbs. butter.
- 1 tbs. green pepper.

- 1 tbs. flour.
  - ¾ C. milk.
  - Salt and pepper.
  - 1 tbs. parsley.
  - 1 hard-boiled egg.
  - 1 small can tuna fish.
- 4 rolls.

Melt the butter, add flour, rub to smooth paste. Add milk, salt, and pepper. Stir constantly and when it begins to boil, add parsley and green pepper. Cook until thick. Add tuna fish, broken into small pieces, and chopped egg. Cook very slowly for ten minutes, stirring occasionally so mixture will not stick and burn.

The rolls should be the oblong kind with a hard crust. Split in halves, lengthwise. Scoop out center so that crusts form boat-like shells. Brush with melted butter and set in oven to brown. When ready to serve, take rollcades from oven, put on platter and fill with creamed fish. Sprinkle with paprika.

Summer time is no time to forget your vitamins, old dear. Remember: Every day there should be fresh fruit, green and leafy vegetables, and milk in a person's diet. You'll find Spinach a la Clubhouse "a most delightful way to have your vitamins today." And, if you choose, you can use what's left of the molded meat loaf in place of the minced ham.

#### Spinach a la Clubhouse

- 2 C. cooked Spinach.
- 1 tbs. flour.
- 2 tbs. butter.
- ½ C. milk or meat stock.
- Salt and pepper.
- 1 ts. lemon juice.
- 8 rounds toasted bread.
- ½ C. minced ham.

Melt the butter, add the flour, rub to a smooth paste. Add the liquid and seasoning. When the sauce boils, add spinach, which should be thoroughly drained and run through the food chopper. Cook well. Add lemon juice. Heap on round of toast spread with the minced ham.

Doesn't that sound good? It is! Eggs are quite plentiful and cheap now; so you ought to use them often. Most egg dishes are very easy to prepare.

#### Savory Scrambled Eggs

- 4 eggs.
- ½ C. strained tomatoes.
- Salt and pepper.
- 2 tbs. butter.
- 4 tbs. grated cheese.

Beat the eggs slightly and add tomato and seasoning. Melt butter in skillet, add eggs. Cook until creamy, stirring constantly and scraping from bottom and sides of pan. Pour into buttered baking dish, sprinkle with cheese. Put into oven and let cheese brown.

Your request for salads is hard to fill. Salads are so numerous—and so good. I make this one for our lunch quite often. It's easy!

#### Ham Relish Salad

- 1 C. chopped cold boiled ham.
- 2 hard-boiled eggs.

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$\frac{1}{2}$  C. chopped cucumber. 1 tbs. catsup.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  C. peas. 3 tbs. mayonnaise.

Thin mayonnaise with catsup and add to ham and vegetables. Turn into lettuce-lined salad bowl and garnish with hard-boiled eggs sprinkled with paprika.

If you like stuffed tomato salads—and I know you do—you'll find Ham Relish Salad makes a grand stuffing. Here's another delicious salad.

### Jellied Bouillon-Tomato Salad

1 ten cent can bouillon. 3 medium sized firm tomatoes.  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  C. water.  $\frac{3}{4}$  C. stiff mayonnaise.  
1 tbs. gelatine. 1 tbs. lemon juice.  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  C. water.

Soak gelatine in  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of water for five minutes. In the meantime put bouillon into saucepan and add one-fourth cup of water. Bring to boil. Remove from stove. Stir in dissolved gelatine. When almost cold add lemon juice and pour into platter. Set in refrigerator until it is a solid jell. Cut into cubes. Pare firm tomatoes and cut into cubes and drain well. Mix with jelly cubes. Put into lettuce lined salad bowl and heap with mayonnaise.

Does the idea of making jellied foods rather scare you? I used to get stage fright every time I looked at recipes that called for gelatine. I'd look with longing eyes and decide to serve —head lettuce with thousand island dressing. But I've reformed. Making jellied things is as easy as opening a can. I find that I can make jellied bouillons, salads, and desserts for the next meal or two while I'm getting dinner or waiting for a vegetable to cook. Try some jellied dishes, Joan, and see if you don't find it simple.

Let me see—Spring Garden Salad will be refreshing even in New York on a warm night.

### Spring Garden Salad

1 small head lettuce. 2 or 3 green onions.  
12 radishes. 1 small cucumber.

Crisp the lettuce in cold water, drain and break into small pieces in the salad bowl. Chop the onions, tops and all, fine. Sprinkle over the lettuce. Slice cucumbers and put on lettuce. Slice radishes on top. Pour French Dressing over all.

Would you like my recipe for French Dressing?

### French Dressing

3 tbs. lemon juice. 1 ts. salt.  
6 tbs. oil.  $\frac{1}{2}$  ts. paprika.

Put all of these ingredients into a bottle with a glass stopper, or a small jar that has a close fitting cover. Shake thoroughly.

Fruit salad! Where's the fruit salad? I'm saving it for the last, because it's the most luxurious dish that the mind of man ever conceived.

### Strawberry Salad

$\frac{1}{2}$  pt. strawberries.  $\frac{1}{2}$  C. whipped cream.

Powdered sugar. 3 tbs. mayonnaise.  
Nut meats. Lettuce.

Wash and hull strawberries and let drain. Then cut in halves, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and chill. Arrange berries on lettuce. Mix mayonnaise with cream and pile on fruit. Sprinkle nut meats on top.

Desserts next. I remember how enthusiastic you were about the frozen desserts we had when you were here last summer. You insisted on calling them ice creams. But they really were mousses. They are so simple and easy to make that even you, with your busy days at the office, can make them as soon as you come home and have them ready for dessert or for a just before going to bed treat.

### Peach Mousse

$\frac{1}{2}$  pt. whipping cream.  
1 C. mashed peaches.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  C. powdered sugar.

Whip the cream until stiff, fold in sugar. Add peaches. Put into a one pound coffee tin, or a quart fruit jar. Put the jar into a larger kettle or pail and pack solidly with alternate layers of chopped ice and salt. Cover with an old rug or coat and let stand two hours. Strawberries, raspberries, pineapple, or a thick chocolate sauce may be used instead of peaches. More sugar may be added if one prefers a sweeter dessert.

Easy as anything, Joan. No turning of the crank; no repacking; and a dessert that will make store ice cream look like an all-day sucker beside a French bon-bon.

There's just space enough for one more recipe.

### Iced Cocoa

4 ts. cocoa. 4 C. milk.  
4 ts. sugar. Cracked ice.

Bring the milk to a boil and add cocoa and sugar mixed to a thin paste with water. Let simmer for five minutes. Remove from stove and cool thoroughly. Pour into glasses one-third full of cracked ice.

And that's that, Joan dear, until next time.

## The Road to Health

The Life Extension Institute has published a book under the title *How to Live*, from which *Checkmate*, published monthly by Houston & Tyler, Houston, Texas, reprints rules which, if faithfully followed, will not only add many years to your life, but, more important still, will increase materially your enjoyment of it.

1. Ventilate every room you occupy.
2. Wear light, loose, porous clothes.
3. Seek outdoor occupations and recreation.
4. Stand, sit, and walk erect.
5. Avoid overeating and overweight.

(Continued on page 32)

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### LAW CURRENT

Rob't A. John

**MINERAL LEASE.**—A mineral lease contract providing, if within the term of the lease a well was drilled in which oil was discovered, that the lease was to continue so long as oil and gas was produced from said well, does not contemplate the continuance of the lease on mere production of oil where the quantity so produced is insufficient to compensate lessee and totally inadequate as a consideration to lessor, and this is especially true where no down-cash consideration was paid lessor. *Caldwell v. Alton Oil Co.*, 108 Southern (La.), 314.

**MINERAL LEASE—FORFEITURE.**—Equity will decree a forfeiture, either in whole or in part, of the land included in an oil and gas lease, based upon the breach of an implied covenant to diligently operate and develop, when such forfeiture will effectuate justice. Forfeiture, in whole or part, of an oil and gas lease because of failure to diligently operate and develop depends on the facts surrounding each particular lease. *Mistletoe Oil & Gas Co. v. Revelle*, 245 Pacific (Okla.), 620.

**ASSIGNMENT OF LEASE—COVENANT OF WARRANTY.**—The sale and written assignment of an oil and gas lease where assignor declares himself to be the owner thereof, implies a warranty of title. *Daggett v. Four Hundred Oil & Gas Co.*, 241 Pacific (Kan.), 467.

**CONFLICT OF OPINIONS—OIL AND MINERAL LEASE.**—The Court of Civil Appeals, at San Antonio, in the recent case of *Nicholas v. Heard*, decided on April 17, 1926, and reported in 282 S. W., page 831, held that in a suit to cancel an oil and gas lease, which provided that its term should be three years and "as long thereafter as oil or gas, or either of them, is produced from said land," the lease could not be forfeited for breach of an implied obligation to use reasonable diligence to develop the entire estate after production was obtained, but that lessor had only the remedy of an action for damages. The Court went on to say that if production was obtained under such a lease the title vested in lessee and was not subject to forfeiture, the Judge writing the opinion asseverating that nothing was better settled as the rule of decision in this State. The decision was based on the case of *Grubb v. McAfee*, 212 S. W., 464, which was decided by the Supreme Court of Texas.

Almost contemporaneous with the publication of this decision, the Supreme Court of Texas approved the opinion of the Commission of Appeals, Section B, in the case of *W. T. Waggoner, Estate v. Zigler Oil Co.*, the Commission of Appeals in that case holding that title in lessee to the oil and gas lying under the tract of land leased terminated and that the lease was at an end automatically when and if the lessee should fail to carry out the implied obligation of reasonable diligence in the development of the entire tract of land under lease, the Court declaring that the essential purpose of the oil and gas lease was the development of the entire property. This last case declares it to be a rule in respect to oil and gas leases, although oil is at the time of the action being produced on said lease in paying quantities.

This case was maintained and decided on the theory that the lease should be forfeited for cause, and that since an oil and gas lease vested a determinable fee estate, with an implied obligation to produce oil in paying quantities to the point of reasonable diligence in getting as much oil as possible, failure to so produce on the part of the lessee automatically ended the title to the lease.

The Court went on to say that although the action was in the form of a suit for cancellation, that in fact it was merely a suit to recover land unaffected by the lease which had expired on the same by its own terms, thus in effect holding that while technically perhaps a forfeiture can not be declared, yet, if the implied obligation to reasonably develop the lease has been breached, or that same be so found, as a matter of fact, by a court or jury, that the title *ipso facto* lapses or terminates, applying this as one of the doctrines of what is termed a determinable fee. This is *contra* to the holding of the Court of Civil Appeals in the same case, which will be found reported in 276 S. W., 930.

### An Ingenious Demonstration

The apparatus shown in the photograph is installed in one of the front windows of the Home Office Building in Houston, and it has been a very attractive and instructive exhibit to many passers-by.

It was invented and designed by Arthur Lefevre, Jr., and patent has been applied for.

The motor oil continually flowing in a broad

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unbroken film between two wires demonstrates impressively the excellent body of Texaco Motor Oil and its capacity to make a perfect seal in piston cylinders.

The flow is regulated by adjustment of by-passes in the main line through which the oil is pumped from a reservoir out upon a trough or shelf to fall over its edge as a thin film spread between two brass wires, which at the

beginning of the fall are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart and converge as the oil falls in a quivering but unbroken film to the returning pan 36 inches below.



### As Oil Men's Wives See It

(Free Verse—Very Free)

A tiny shack, nestling cozily  
Under wide protecting eaves—  
Dawn breaking shrilly  
In the middle  
Of the night  
To the rhythmic notes  
Of the sledge-hammer.  
Sleep-filled eyes  
And a balky stove,  
But ultimately breakfast  
Of bacon and eggs—  
With burned brown edges.

Motors throbbing,  
Workmen and long lines  
Of casing-burdened wagons  
With oxen straining  
Against clumsy yokes,  
With patient mien,  
To the prodding shouts  
Of the drivers.  
Dust in the lanes,  
Half-obscuring the view  
Of the village,  
Derricks rising above it—  
Long fingers reaching  
Up toward heaven,  
Druid-like amidst  
The confusion,  
Conversation concerning cables,  
And turbines,  
And the tooley  
Who proved his strength  
By muscling the hammer  
Over the well,  
And dropped it—  
And was fired.

A peaceful hour  
On the little porch  
And the tense charm  
Of a Texas twilight.  
Comforting sounds—  
A katydid's song,  
And frogs chorusing  
Along the bayou.  
The steady churn  
Of the bit.

Weary casers  
Trekking homeward.  
Night, and stars,  
And a stroll  
To the well  
With some ice water  
For the workers.  
Bedtime—and a snack  
Before turning in—  
Bacon—and egg sandwiches.

Houston, Texas.

—Velma K. Soule.

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# The TEXACO STAR

## DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

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

Refining Dept.  
Ry. Traffic & Sales Dept.  
Marine Dept.  
  
Legal Dept.  
Treasury Dept.  
  
Comptroller's Dept.  
  
Insurance Dept.  
Governmental Reports  
Sales Dept. S. Territory  
Sales Dept. N. Territory  
Asphalt Sales Dept.  
Export Dept.  
Purchasing Dept.  
  
Producing Dept.  
Pipe Lines  
T. T. Co. of Mexico S. A.

C. K. Longaker, Houston  
J. A. Brownell, New York  
H. Hassell, Port Arthur  
H. Norris, New York  
H. Tomfohrde, Houston  
H. G. Symms, Houston  
R. Fisher, New York  
B. E. Emerson, Houston  
P. A. Masterson, New York  
C. M. Hayward, New York  
L. C. Oakley, New York  
R. C. Galbraith, Houston  
Geo. W. Vos, New York  
J. J. Smith, New York  
J. B. Nielsen, New York  
J. A. Wall, New York  
J. E. McHale, Houston  
J. T. Rankin, Denver  
Otto Hartung, Houston  
Fred Carroll, Houston  
E. D. Hopkins, Tampico

Like great swans longing to be free,  
They seek the pathways to the sea—  
These great canals, so deep and wide,  
Which bear them to the ocean tide.  
And then, with mighty sails outspread,  
And smoke plumes billowing over head,  
Through star-lit night and rosy dawn,  
The Texas' ships of trade sail on.  
Through torrid heat, or storm clouds shade,  
Serene, majestic, unafraid,  
They plow the mighty billows through,  
Manned by a brave and gallant crew.

And many and wonderous are the trips,  
Of those who go down to the sea in ships.  
At dawn they enter unknown ports;  
View great cathedrals, ancient forts,  
Historic cities walled with stone.  
Built by people long unknown.  
They sail from Holland on to Spain,  
Across the world and back again;  
To far off India's coral strand,  
To China, and the holy land,  
In every known port in the world,  
You'll find the U. S. flag unfurled,  
And from The Texas Company boat  
You'll always see that banner float—  
And without doubt the boat will be  
From fair "Port Arthur by the Sea."

—Eithel Osborn Hill,  
Port Arthur, Texas.

### REFINING DEPT.

The third monthly conference in connection with the Foremen's Safety Training Course was held at Port Arthur Works on June 28. An able lecture on "Compensation versus Carefulness" was delivered by J. S. Ballard of the Houston Office, who later led the discussion.

Dr. T. B. Sappington has resigned effective July 1, to devote all of his time to private practice. Dr. Sappington takes with him the very best wishes of the Port Arthur Works organization. We welcome Dr. Sladczyk, who has just joined us as plant physician.

### WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF JUNE 1926

Refined—Coastwise.....	1,195,580	bbls.
Refined—Foreign.....	247,831	bbls.
	1,443,411	bbls.
Crude—Coastwise.....	37,638	bbls.
Total.....	1,481,049	bbls.

### The Texas Company's Ships

The Texas Company's ships of trade  
Around the world a ring have made.  
From north to south, from pole to pole,  
Wherever ocean billows roll,  
From east to west, from sea to sea,  
They ply their trade unceasingly.  
At home town ports, or foreign shore—  
And ships of trade beat men-o'-war,  
Like soldiers marching to the fray,  
They load, salute, and sail away.  
Tanker, schooner, tug, and barge,  
Each plays a part, though small or large.

### COMPTRROLLER'S DEPT.

At the commencement banquet of the Houston School of Technology, Y. M. C. A., there were a number of talks on business topics, limited to five minutes, with several prizes offered for the best talks. V. R. Richardson, of our Houston office, talked on the New and Better Texaco Gasoline—and won the First Prize.

### SALES DEPT. S. TERRITORY

**Territorial Accounting.**—We had the pleasure of a visit from W. F. Wilson, formerly of this office but now with the Sales Department, Northern Territory, New York. We are always glad to see the old timers.

We welcome George F. Goetz, coming from the Florida District Office, back to our ranks.

It has been reported that on a recent visit to Port Arthur Works, on the evening of the first day, J. (Dick) Harrod was lost and did not show up until the next day. We wonder why. Mr. Harrod reported a most enjoyable trip. He appreciated the opportunity to visit the Refinery and was very much impressed with the magnitude of the works.

**Houston District.**—Stations recently opened: Refugio, Texas, Agent V. V. Bailey; Hull, Texas, Agent C. H. Hartell; Poth, Texas, Agent E. W. Schnieder.

## The TEXACO STAR



J. B. Massey, Tank Truck Operator, Houston

J. B. Massey, Houston Station, is proud of his truck and if the truck could speak it would doubtless express its appreciation of Mr. Massey.

Although his truck is more than six years old it is an attractive and well preserved piece of equipment and is good for many more years. Mr. Massey is entitled to recognition because he is a very careful driver who takes much pride in the condition of his truck. It has been operated at a minimum expense, largely attributable to the efficient handling it has had.

Employees of Mr. Massey's type always bring success to their company and themselves. He and his truck entered the service in January 1920.

Our up-and-coming agent at New Braunfels, Peter Faust, Jr., quietly slipped away and was married on June 15. Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Peter.

Here's a letter from our good customer Harry Guynes of Blessing, Texas, who knows what's what in the oil business:

I bought a Ford touring car in September 1924 and used Texaco Motor Oil Medium until you started selling Motor Oil Ford. I have used this product in my Ford since then and find it one of the best Ford oils on the market. The original bands are still in my car and are in perfect condition. Have experienced no trouble with bands stuttering. Piston rings do not pump oil and motor is in A-1 condition.

**Dallas District.**—Superintendent Thomas Abraham sailed June 24 on S. S. *Reaper* for a vacation in Europe, visiting his old home and members of his family in Rochdale, England. Our best wishes go with Mr. Abraham for a most pleasant trip and safe return.

J. E. Walker, of the D. O., and Miss Beulah Keeton, of Dallas, were married on June 5. And George Kerner, of the D. O., and Mrs. Mattie Bankston, of Wichita Falls, were married on June 14. Congratulations and best wishes to both couples.

I. P. Fraizer (Ike), Agent at Nogales, Arizona, and Miss Daisy Slater were married on June 9. Heartiest congratulations.

Listen not to an evil tongue.



At the Merchants Show, Snyder, Texas

**New Orleans District.**—General Superintendent of Sales W. H. Noble of Houston, District Manager Dyer and his staff from New Orleans, and various Representatives, Agents, Salesmen, and Truck Salesmen congregated at New Iberia on May 26 for the purpose of introducing the New and Better Gasoline and discussion of marketing policies, etc. Mr. Max Zimmerman, Superintendent of Chas. Boldt Paper Mills, New Iberia, was an invited guest. At the noon hour Mrs. George Broussard, wife of Agent Broussard, Lafayette, served a de-



S. L. Thomasson, new Texaco dealer, Columbus, Mississippi

"Texaco Ted" is as much delighted over his boss changing from a competitive line as the boss is himself. Texaco Ted greets all customers by standing out in front of the station with his brand new shirt on. Mr. Thomasson is one of the most progressive dealers we have in Mississippi and each month dispenses increasing quantities of Texaco products.

## The TEXACO STAR



Louisiana Pulp and Paper Company, Bastrop, Louisiana

This up to date plant is lubricated throughout with Texaco products. Leader Valve Oil, Regal Turbine Oil, Canopus Oil, and Crater Compound play important parts in the perfect lubrication of the mill.

licious "courtbouillon," which tickled the palates of some of the delegates to such an extent that a second, and even a third, course had to be served. Everyone left the meeting im-

bued with the spirit to enhance sales and at the same time bring up to standard certain operating details that are prone to be overlooked in the mad quest for gallonage.

## The TEXACO STAR



Demonstration incident to the introduction of the New and Better Gasoline in New Orleans. There were thirteen pieces of equipment in the parade. Photograph taken in front of Service Station No. 11, Esplanade and Broad Streets.

**Atlanta District.**—Sometimes we are prone to magnify our difficulties or lay too much stress on circumstances. The lives of successful men in all the walks of life testify that courage and patience and faith in themselves enabled them to rise above the obstacles that beset their paths. The spirit to win in spite of handicaps is the determining factor in winning success.

Agent L. R. Gregorie, of Yemassee, S. C. Station, has been blind since birth. He is assisted by two brothers who have been blind since birth. His sister, who takes care of the office and keeps the books, and two truck

drivers complete the station force. The three blind brothers operate the station and attend to the business, even to drawing of the gasoline and kerosene, and are perfectly familiar with the various products and their location in the warehouse.

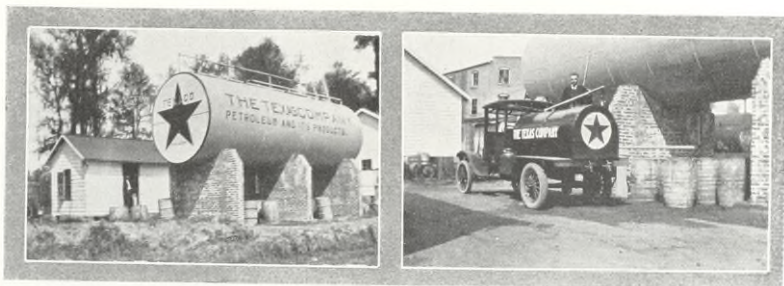
Station Auditor W. H. Sullivan says: "The results these three brothers attain would be a credit to men with eyesight, and they are deserving of praise for the able and efficient manner in which they operate the station." Such praise from an Auditor (as we know they have the 'dope' on us) is praise indeed!

When conditions seem to make our pathway



1. The Gregories: Louis, Miss Joe (who keeps the records), Alex, Zeke.
2. The whole outfit: Alex, Dickey, Miss Joe, Zeke, Louis, Charlie.

## The TEXACO STAR



Yemassee, S. C. Station—Commission Agent Louis R. Gregorie

rugged, let us recall the manly courage of these blind brothers at Yemassee, South Carolina, and the difficulties they cheerfully met and conquered with buoyant resolve. No doubt our problems would then lose some of their depressing influence, and renewed determination would bring us on our way out of the shadows into the light of better days.

**Florida District.**—Representative C. M. Price and Agents of Zone 6 are again to be congratulated upon winning the Creditman's Trophy, this making the third consecutive time Zone 6 has won the honors.

We are proud of our Creditman J. E. Brophy, who was elected President of Jacksonville Creditmen's Association at their annual election of officers.

Agent Clay Chadwick of Punta Gorda Station paid the D. O. a visit this month bringing his 28th consecutive 100% collection report.

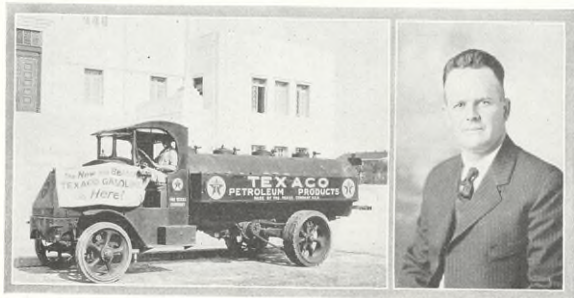
"Yes Sir! our chins are up." So agree Agent J. H. Hefner, Bradenton, as he announces the arrival of James Donald on June 1, and Ass't



Coastal Service Station, Ridgeland, S. C.

A credit to service stations in the lower part of South Carolina. It is served by our Yemassee Station.

Agent H. L. Benson, Fort Pierce, as he introduces H. L. Junior, a sojourner since June 2.



L. L. Harrold, Tank Truck Operator, Jacksonville, Florida

L. L. Harrold entered the employ of The Texas Company in June 1920, and is among our best employes.

For the last fifteen months he has been operating Truck A 2114 at Jacksonville Station and has won honorable mention for the manner in which he has performed his duties and the pride he takes in his equipment.

Mr. Harrold's truck is in splendid condition. At all times he has shown an excellent disposition to keep the equipment trusted to his care in the best of shape. And the operating cost is held to a minimum.

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Mrs. Mabel S. Shaw, writing on the letter-head of B. F. Shaw Printing Company, publishers of *The Dixon Evening Telegraph*, Dixon, Illinois, tells in the following letter to the editor of The Texaco Star her appreciation of the description of Ocala and surrounding country in last month's issue; and of other beauties and attractions in the Land of Flowers:

I am never too busy to read The Texaco Star. Each issue takes me back to some of my travels. Your Virginia article was delightful.

I'm just back from a four thousand miles motor trip in and around Florida. Visited Silver Springs near Ocala. The loveliest place in Florida is Homosassa—at least I got a wonderful thrill as I glided down that beautiful Homosassa River and out into the Gulf. This was the old fishing place of ex-President Cleveland. The most wonderful fishing in Florida is in this river.

Your Chinese cover this month is fascinating.

### SALES DEPT. N. TERRITORY

#### Norfolk District.—

Spotlessly Clean—is the permanent order issued by the District Office to all stations in the Norfolk District. This includes plants, filling stations, trucks, pumps, lubricating outfits, dealers measuring cans, motor oil cans, and whatever else needs cleaning. This order covers a lot of territory, but when the general public starts talking about the New and Better Texaco Gasoline, then it means that we must keep our equipment Spotlessly Clean to reflect the credit that is due the superior quality of the material we are marketing. Result—increased sales. And that is what we want.



This station is owned and operated by our distributors at Williamsburg, Va., the Topping Oil Company, and our good friend "Red Top" Topping can be seen with the overcoat on. The State Insane Asylum, as well as William and Mary College, the second oldest college in the United States, is located in this town but the crazy ones are not all in the asylum—there being thousands crazy about Texaco products. "Red Top" knows this, and he is after them all the time, talking, advertising, and soliciting Texaco.



Annapolis, Maryland

Trucks of our Annapolis, Md. Refined Station photographed in front of the Capitol Building, dressed up for an Auto Dealers Parade. The spick and span appearance of these trucks, together with the neat advertising outlay, reflects credit on this station.

Left to right: Agent Huber Russell, Station Clerk James Walters, Chauffeur Guy Stallings.

**Denver District.**—Some of the other Districts seem to get great pleasure in what few of their stations make 100% occasionally on collections. We list Denver District's 100% stations for May:

Alamosa, Colo.	Lincoln, Nebr.
Alliance, Nebr.	Lyons, Colo.
Ault, Colo.	Mead, Colo.
Beatrice, Nebr.	Minden, Nebr.
Belgrade, Nebr.	Montrose, Colo.
Boone, Colo.	Newton, Kans.
Castle Rock, Colo.	North Platte, Nebr.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Omaha, Nebr.
Deer Trail, Colo.	O'Neill, Nebr.
Delta, Colo.	Ordway, Colo.
Falls City, Nebr.	Rocky Ford, Colo.
Ft. Scott, Kans.	Sargent, Nebr.
Gordon, Nebr.	Scribner, Nebr.
Gunnison, Colo.	Seward, Nebr.
Hebron, Nebr.	Shubert, Nebr.
Hutchinson, Kans.	Sutton, Nebr.
La Junta, Colo.	Swink, Colo.
Lamar, Colo.	Winfield, Kans.

These represent 27 1/8% of all stations. District Collection percentage as a whole was 75.93%. Come on some of you other Districts.

The following letter from Purchasing Agent J. T. Rankin, Denver Office, submits a suggestion to all employees of The Texas Company:

In connection with our New and Better Texaco Gasoline, I have a suggestion that may be worthy of consideration:

Do you think it would be practical to solicit all of our employees in connection with having them tie the New and Better Texaco Gasoline pennants over the tire rack on the back of their cars? I am putting one of these on my car.

I feel that the majority of loyal employees who own cars will be pleased to do so, and beside the majority of them are stockholders.

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### ASPHALT SALES DEPT.

Never does the quality of Texaco road and street products stand out so noticeably as when submitted to a competitive test. The greater the number of materials in the test, the brighter shines the excellence of Texaco. Recently the Borough of Pottstown, Pa., placed trial orders for Cold Patch with seven different concerns. Cold Patch is a convenient patching material, which can be mixed with stone without heating, and is used to patch all types of pavements. The officials of Pottstown made careful experiment with the seven brands, paying close attention to every detail of the work. A. L. LaSor, our representative in that part of the Keystone State, reports that Pottstown will henceforth do all its cold patching with Texaco.

A certain mid-western city had been using Texaco asphalt and road oil for several years. Each succeeding year found these materials more firmly established in the confidence of the city officials. In 1926 a competitor, who had been casting covetous eyes on this town's business, determined to oust Texaco once and for all. Their bid for the work was 40% below that on Texaco. But the officials chose Texaco; they preferred to spend the forty per cent difference and get the material that had won their confidence.

The Texaco asphalt and road oil that north-eastern New York State has been using during recent years was the result of the activity of one Frank B. Watkins. Particularly for something which recently happened in certain New York and Pennsylvania cities should we doff our straws to Frank. Due in great part to his work, seven municipalities of New York State and one in Pennsylvania have drawn specifications for brick paving which call for "Texaco No. 39 Paving Filler or equal." This is a notable tribute to our material. The cities were Schenectady, Syracuse, Binghamton, Johnson City, Endicott, Olean, and Cohoes in New York, and Sayre in Pennsylvania.

From time immemorial Dan Cupid has made his greatest inroads upon the ranks of bachelorhood during the month of June. A member of this Department who fell victim to the marksmanship of Dan is one J. J. Julius. The knot was tied on June 23. We who are in daily contact with Joe assure the former Miss Rose Doyle that she has chosen wisely.

We extend our sincere sympathy to H. H. John, Texaco Asphalt salesman in Pennsylvania, for the recent death of his father.

### EXPORT DEPT.

E. C. Spelman, Assistant General Manager of The Texas Company (So. Amer.) Ltd. is now in the United States on a vacation.

W. G. Moore is now in Europe.

C. M. Claeys left for England June 11.

### PURCHASING DEPT.

**Houston Office.**—E. E. Pagel, better known as Charlie, has resigned to accept a position with the Hughes Tool Company, of Houston. Charlie has been in the service for about nine years and it is with regret that we see him leave. We wish him the best of luck.



A Purchasing Department Three-some  
W. A. Carnes, J. E. McHale, and J. E. Nolen  
on No. 1 Tee at Camp Beaty.

When a man complains that he is being held down, the truth generally is that the boss is getting tired of holding him up.—*Nuggets.*

(Continued from page 23)

6. Avoid excess of high protein foods, such as meats, flesh foods, eggs, also excess of salt and highly seasoned foods.
7. Eat some hard, some bulky, some raw foods daily.
8. Eat slowly and taste your food.
9. Use sufficient water internally and externally.
10. Secure thorough intestinal elimination daily.
11. Keep the teeth, gums, and tongue clean.
12. Breathe deeply, take deep-breathing exercises several times a day.
13. Work, play, rest, sleep in moderation.
14. Keep serene and whole-hearted.

## SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

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

- EXECUTIVE.** Prussianizing America. Shaw Desmond.—*North American Review*, June-August 1926.  
Industry's Task in Taxation. William Fortune.—*The Nation's Business*, Extra Edition, June 5, 1926.  
What Is the Future of Oil? Roland B. Day.—*Industrial Management*, June 1926.
- LABORATORIES.** Estimation of the Gasoline Content of Crude Oil. W. A. Peters and E. H. Leslie.—*Oil Trade J.*, Vol. 17, No. 4, p. 37.  
Suitable Laboratory for Refinery of Modern Size. H. L. Kauffman.—*Refiner*, June 1926, p. 18.  
Rapid Method of Determining Litharge Percent in Doctor Solution.—*Refiner*, May 1926, p. 60.  
Specifications for Efficient Laboratory Air-Pressure Filter.—*Refiner*, June 1926, p. 22.
- EXPORT.** Nationalism and the Vernacular in China. Low Kwang-Lai.—*North American Review*, June-August, 1926.
- FUEL OIL.** Oil Engines Will Have Plenty of Fuel. James O. Lewis.—*Compressed Air Magazine*, June 1926.
- LUBRICATING.** The Relation of Mechanical Pressure Lubrication to Industrial Machine Efficiency. Allen F. Brewer.—*Industrial Management*, June 1926.
- SALES.** Motor Oil Substitution Declared Widespread (By Fair Trade League).—*Petroleum Age*, June 15, 1926.  
Schedule Guarantees Cleanliness and Neatness of Service Station. M. R. Tennerstedt.—*The Oil Trade*, June 1926.
- EMPLOYMENT AND SERVICE.** The Place of Athletics in the Industrial Scheme. Dr. W. Irving Clark.—*Industrial Management*, June 1926.
- GENERAL.** Washington Can't Do It All. Ogden L. Mills.—*The Nation's Business*, Extra Edition, June 5, 1926.  
Why Not Keep Faith with the Moro Race? Robert L. Bacon.—*The Dearborn Independent*, June 19, 1926.  
Religion and Life. Harry Emerson Fosdick.—*Harpers Magazine*, June 1, 1926.  
How Shall We Think of God? Harry Emerson Fosdick.—*Harpers Magazine*, July 1926.



**Nippon Cement Company's plant at Saiki, Kyusku, Japan**

Recently completed by the Kobe Steel Works. This factory has started on the right road to efficiency by using Texaco Crater Compound and Greases to the complete satisfaction of the plant engineers. It has an annual capacity of 850,000 barrels, and is the last word in mechanical engineering.

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

—*Ruskin.*