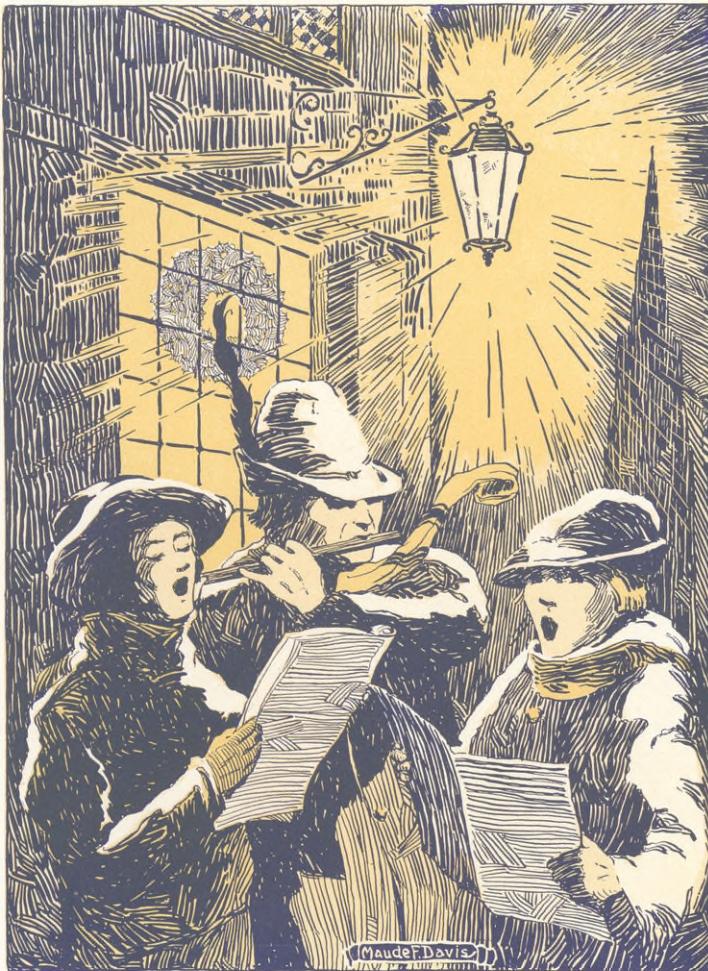


The TEXACO STAR

CHRISTMAS 1925



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No. 12

The Unbroken Song



I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had gone,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

CHRISTMAS DAY detached from its history and isolated from the celebrations of centuries, cannot keep our hearts and hearths warm. we must rekindle old fires and join hands with the companies of friends who have kept the day and made it merry in the long ago. The echoes of ancient song and laughter give it a rich merriment, a ripe and tender wealth of associations. The mirth of one Christmas overflows into another until the sense of an unbroken joy, sinking and rising year after year like the tide of life in the fields, is borne in upon us.

—Hamilton W. Mabie

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TO EMPLOYEES OF THE TEXAS COMPANY

Vol. XII

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No. 12

"All for Each—Each for All"

Address: The Texaco Star, The Texas Company,
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Greetings

Merry Christmas!
—Happy New Year!
—to All.

These greetings are not from the *Star* alone. Many expressions sent through department correspondents are thus concentrated—as from All to Each and from Each to All.

If we could place gifts of rich thoughts in the heart of another, *that* would be giving as the angels give.

A Word to the Organization

I want to express in this number not only my Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year but also my appreciation of the splendid work of the organization during the year now about to end. This has been a good year for our company, and credit is due those who have carried on the work. Of the factors

that go to make good earnings none is more vital or controlling than efficiency in organization. Wind and rain and storm, and even bad luck, yield in time to organized and intelligent effort. And a commercial enterprise finds the final proof in the balance sheet.

The spirit of our organization is wonderful. I have not had the privilege of personally meeting all of the nineteen thousand persons in the service, scattered as they are over the world, but I have met a large number of them, and it is always a joy to witness their keen interest in the success of the company and the welfare of fellow employees. The sentiment is almost universal. And I would not minimize the last part of it—fellowship. It means more than the word implies in ordinary statement. This fellowship possesses, in addition to usual attributes, in full and unimpaired, the quality of pecuniary advantage. I refer, of course, to team-work in furtherance of the common enterprise, the idea of which is conveyed in the motto selected by Mr. Lefevre "All for each—each for all."

There are not many drones among us. A drone can not long endure in the midst of real workers. No indignation is more righteous than that provoked by the intrusion of a soft-job hunter or a clock-watcher into an office or plant where there is work to be done. And it is the same in regard to graft; employees of the right kind will not tolerate it where they are; its perpetration in the common service is a personal injury and an insult. But I did not intend to say so much about those whom we have not with us. Let my remarks be construed, therefore, as mere expressions of delight at the absence of the undesirable kind.

To those who have received promotions or

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salary increases during the year I can give assurance that the occurrence was not casual, and I congratulate them. On the other hand it must not be understood that the work of those less fortunate is not appreciated. A great majority of the most useful and most highly appreciated persons in the service have received neither promotion nor increase of rate. Those of us who are charged with the responsibility of saying what the pay shall be have acted in accordance with our lights. We have made mistakes, no doubt, and it is improbable that every case of merit has been noticed. But there should be no despair; persistent discharge of duty can not permanently escape detection. When well earned but delayed recognition does come it usually comes in liberal portions. Another thing to keep in mind is that promotions and raises do not come when the employee earns merely what he is paid. In order to get on he must earn more and keep on earning more. In other words, he must do more work than he is employed to do. He must have vision and initiative.

Amos L. Beatty.

Nature's Way of Improvement

The adventitious popular interest recently excited about the *origin* of species would have better results if it were turned to the practically much more important question of how to improve a given species.

Probably every clearly distinct species *originated* through a mutation occurring in the birth of a form, either sufficiently variant to constitute at once a specific difference between itself and its parents, or sufficiently variant to be a basis for the gradual development and stabilization of such specific difference. In either case, it seems that a species finally reaches its norm and does not thereafter evolve as a whole to another species.

It must be borne in mind that the word "species" has no precise meaning. Let us merely regard as different species groups separated from other groups by important structural differences which appear to be discontinuous.

All vital organisms vary; no two individuals are exactly alike. Variations, in progeny of the same species, range from minute to monstrous; but there are limits to variations dependent upon the structure of the varying

organism,—whether it be seaweeds or horses, the range of possible variations is limited by the seaweed or the horse constitution.

The causes of variation are not known, though much light has been thrown on its mechanism by study of the "unit characters" pointed out by Mendel. In any case, however, these variations provide the material for selection—"natural" or other.

No stabilized species appears to be evolving as a whole towards a different species. There is no shred of evidence supporting the idea that apes are evolving to non-apes, or that man is evolving to—super-man.

Of course, the recent flood of newspaper discussion of evolution was mostly ignorant drivel. No scientist ever said that men "descended from monkeys." To the scientists, they are different branches of the tree of life.

Extinct species were either exterminated by enemies, or perished because of the inability of their members to endure a changed environment. For example, the climate of the habitat of some species of plant may have changed more rapidly than the plant could escape by its means of migration; or such a change of climate might cause the extinction of a species of animal by depriving it of available food.

The only way to improve the stock of any species is by *selection*. In saying that selection is nature's way of improvement, I do not say or mean that nature improves every species by that way; but I say that changes—whether degenerative or improving—can be brought about only by selection. The best or the worst may be selected, by either natural or artificial selection.

If you wish to improve or to debase a stock, you can accomplish the purpose only by selecting and fostering for procreation individuals exhibiting in some degree the desired characters. Without going into any theoretical discussion of the question, there is, for all practical purposes, no transmission of acquired (i. e. uninherited) characters. Muscles or sense organs of individuals may be trained to unusual developments, but that would not have the least effect on progeny. The individual can not by training himself change in any way the continuous germ plasm of which he or she is the bearer. If a stallion is capable of getting colts that could be trained to be fast trotters, it is because he is a bearer of tendencies to the requisite bone structure and other needed characters. To trot the stallion would have no

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effect at all upon his colts; they would be the same if their sire's legs had been broken in his youth and he himself never trotted. He is the bearer for procreation of a germ plasm determined at the moment of his own conception, and it can not be improved by anything he does or anything done to him.

On the inside page of the back cover is a photograph of two ears of maize, one an ear of wild corn, the same as the Indians found when they came to this country; the other a specimen of our dent corn, with its 16 rows of kernels and tip and butt completely filled.

This transformation was brought about wholly by selection, selection, selection—a very different variety, but the same species. The Indians selected for their seed-planting the largest ears of the wild corn. The desired characters were gradually accentuated in the generations coming from parents having a tendency to the same variation. The enlarging kernels crowded the cob to make room for 4, then 6, then 8 rows; and now we have 16 rows on a cob more than twice as long as the prevailing form of the wild stock. By the way, the number of rows of kernels must always be even—that is, a multiple of *two*, because two rows grow out from the same point on the cob. If any part of the cob has no kernels on it, that part is wasted. Patiently, through many generations, seed from the best filled cobs was selected in order to get and establish our superior varieties.

Fostering care of flourishing specimens and exclusion from interbreeding of botched specimens is required to maintain a superior variety. If a thousand acres of our best corn were abandoned to run wild with unselected reproduction, in a comparatively few generations the field would be covered with the wild norm of this species of grass. If a herd of the best horses ran wild in a wilderness in which were no beasts of prey to kill off weaklings, they would soon lose the superior characters and fall back to the "scrub" type from which the improved variety was bred by the selection and care of variants showing tendency to those characters.

Self-consciousness, mind, personality—somehow arrived in man. The infinite import of those characters is the same however they arrived. Biological science—knowing nothing about the fact—can not adopt, but (in its best exponents) has no quarrel with the religious metaphor: "He breathed into his nostrils a

living soul." I say *metaphor*, because the same religion holds God to be a Spirit, and "breathed" is therefore equally metaphorical when said of God as "mouth" or "hand" of God. To be literal in such a sphere of thought is as foolish as it would be to dispute whether God's "hand" has five or more fingers.

Man's manifest spiritual faculties require a unique scale of values in estimating the worth of individuals; and the right principles of eugenics for the species *homo sapiens* differ essentially from those applied to lower animals.

Eugenics is more important for man than for beasts; but notions about eugenics are sometimes voiced which both deny significant discoveries of genetics and confound all values for the true human *eugenics*. Some discussions of the subject would be reasonable only if men were bred for the shambles to be eaten. I have known men no taller than Julius Caesar or Alexander Hamilton, or even as short as Napoleon I, who have stood bravely before dangers that would make some longer legs smite together at the knees.

Comeliness and bodily health should be conserved and disease be resisted by all sane methods; but for the most important issues of human life, the true eugenics would deem the child of a sane consumptive better born and more fortunately environed than the child of a healthy fanatic. It is better to have a cancer in the *soma* than cruelty in the soul.

There are many catch-phrases whose masked or perverted meanings work infinite mischief. One of them—more dinned in the ears of college students than any other—is, *mens sana in corpore sano*, which is commonly perverted to mean that the *way* to have a healthy mind is to have a healthy body. All changes are rung on this theme, and the false emphasis makes them all harmful lies. Bodily health is, indeed, of great value, and a healthy mind in a healthy body is the perfect estate (of course, also, soundness of the innermost citadel of the vital organism is essential for the sane existence of mind in connection with body); but for the matters commonly referred to the health of the mind does *not* depend on the health of the body, and although the latter is valuable the former is of incomparably greater value. It is evident that men having healthy bodies are frequently unwise or corrupt; that men with good digestion and circulation may be scoundrels. The frequency of healthy minds—brave, strong, generous, wise spirits—in bod-

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ies suffering from bacterial invasions and other ills that flesh is heir to, is equally evident.

It is important for life wisdom to learn at the outset and very clearly that a man may live a strong life and a happy one in spite of a frail body and much sickness. I take it that all of us have had opportunity to see, had we eyes to see, men and women with impaired physical strength quietly bearing heavy burdens that would break the nerve and spirit of many in good health; others enduring bodily pain and weakness, seldom allowed to mar cheerfulness or interrupt industry, which would send the majority complainingly to bed.

Seek and preserve health and strength and grace of body, but seek also, and by *different* paths, a healthy mind filled with the treasure of wholesome principles, strong in will power and loyal affection and the spirit of helpfulness. Let manly strength and succor flow from you to others, sustaining and comforting as far as your line can reach, according to the need your kindly eyes have seen; *but* cast not pearls before swine, nor help fools to power, and restrain or punish the outrageous.

Only the essential bases of right thinking on this subject have been indicated; but enough has been said to put in its true perspective, scientifically and morally, a matter of supreme importance to our civilization, a matter which has grown to be a question of life or death to us—since its devastating career began with the bewitchment, by Jean Jacques Rousseau, of so many superficially intellectual sentimental exponents of occidental culture.

Consider the indisputable saying of Herbert Spencer: "To save men from the consequences of folly would fill the world with fools." I do not quote this as from authority, but because I could not state the fact so poignantly in other words. That statement can not be intelligently denied. Put down a fast stake here in your thinking. Now, consider that *saving men from the consequences of folly* has been the purpose and the effect of our altruistic, "liberal," "democratic" policies for more than a century.

In the issue of the *Star* for August 1918 an editorial, *Fools—Natural and Presumptuous*, dealt with this matter, citing the statistical data of the psychological examination of the selective army draft. The data of the biological sciences need to be disseminated. If some parts of that knowledge could be incorporated in the general body of popular information

there would be reasonable hope that our besetting follies might be checked before they issue in results which the wayfaring man though a fool would recognize as the cause of his miseries. Such a thing has been done with the science of mechanics. Some popular knowledge has been secured about heat and electricity and engines for their transformations, sufficient for sane conceptions and safe use. *Reformers are not ignoring immutable nature in those spheres.* On the contrary, never before has that paramount injunction, *Know thyself*, been so conceitedly ignored.

The teachers and leaders whose voices are presently drowning better counsel assume in all their proposals that there exists such a uniformity among men that a counting machine can rightly evaluate policies and destinies. In their meager imagination uniformity seems a lovely thing.

Nature, *life*, will not allow uniformity; it insists on differences. The proper ideal of a healthy society is not one of persons becoming increasingly like each other, but of persons specialized, by individual achievement, in work and rewards. A society of equals or similars, each as complete as any, would be a heap of sand composed of particles which do not cohere, and any political house built upon it must fall; whereas a society of dissimilars is like a rock composed of particles which complement and cleave to each other, and a political house built upon it may stand. A little knowledge of the biotic facts would keep practical enterprises within limits of possibility, and more knowledge would keep us on safe roads.

Consider: "To save men from the consequences of folly would fill the world with fools." Never mind what you wish; the consequence follows inexorably. Compare with this fact our current practices. How do the demands of some labor unions, that the worst shall be paid the same as the best, comport with this? How does the holding back of capable children in the public schools to keep pace with the incapable comport with it? How does the custom of undertaking the care of any child of lazy parents, at the expense of hard-working honest men, comport with it? One of the lady managers of a "Faith Home" for orphaned and abandoned children has told me that often babies have been left at that institution by bedizened painted mothers whose stockings, furs, *etc.*, represented a greater cost than the costume worn by any of the lady managers.

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Among the biological facts which, like all truth, ought to be faced and studied calmly, steadily, and kindly, is the fact that mankind produces a *large* percentage of natural fools, always has done so, and apparently always will. I do not refer to the small number of half-wits, imbeciles, and congenitally insane; but to evident deficient. Scientifically there is no relation between this fruit of nature and that product of overweening conceits called the presumptuous fool—to distinguish him from the fool natural. In the world literature it is always plain enough which sort of fool is spoken of. "The (presumptuous) fool hath said in his heart there is no God." This sort possibly may learn better and depart from his folly. The natural fool, however, has an incurable deficiency; wise men have always known that fact: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Natural fools, although incurable in their deficiencies, might be happy and useful, with genuine human worth and dignity. We are all too much touched with like infirmities not to be companionable with the natural fool; and so we might be, humorously so, in mutual esteem, were it not for the endeavors of the presumptuous fools to make men deny natural differences and seek to enforce uniform rewards.

It is the presumptuous fool, whose folly results from no native defect, but is the product of miseducation and undisciplined conceits, who is the injurious and dangerous member of society. It is he who continually agitates and misleads the weaker brothers, driving or luring them to responsibilities for which they are not fitted. It is the presumptuous fool, for instance, who by seniority rules, or by inappropriate elections, *etc.*, takes persons from places in which they are useful and puts them in positions where they do harm.

Always human life is in transition, and ephemeral elements fade and fall away. Nevertheless, in family life constant elements remain which shift but little with altering circumstance and theory.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

" 'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole;
Second in order of felicity,
To walk with such a soul."



Christmas Reminiscence

*Carols, and not minc'd-meat, make Christmas pies.
'Tis mirth, not dishes, sets a table off;
Brutes and Phanatics eat, and never laugh.*

Christmas Poem (1664) by a Person of Quality.

We need not be ancient of days to indulge at Christmas time in the simple pleasures of remembering.

Whether you have fifteen or fifty Christmas Days at your command, the back-trail is a King's Highway through a realm of reminiscence as full of happenings and imaginings as the brave days of King Arthur.

Somehow, the glamorous lights of Christmas grow brighter in the distance of the earlier years. What ho, then! Let's go further. The reminiscence of long forgotten men can recall the Holidays of long forgotten times—and a jovial custom of an ancient day is an interesting thing.

Before Jamestown was—before the Forefathers bowed the knee at Plymouth to give thanks for that first harvest—Christmas brought to every home its noblest fireside festival. The great boar's head with apples betwixt his steaming tusks, which now adorns our standardized Christmas cards, was then ushered in with trumpeters and ceremony to be the most honored viand at the great feast in every feudal hall. Christmas began a full twelve days of feasting, games, and doughty English drinking.

It was the popular sport then to go "a-mumming" on a night before Christmas. This consisted in groups of men and women dressing themselves in each other's clothing, donning masks and disguises, and then going about from one neighbor's house to another partaking of Christmas cheer. So the nobles of the court "rode a-mumming in disguise" to greet their princes as long ago as 1348.

Abuse of this custom by thieves, criminals, and conspirators, operating under the guise of Christmas mummers, led King Henry VIII to order all masked mummers to be arrested and

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jailed without bail for three months. Anyone found having a mask or "visor" in his house was subject to a fine of twenty shillings.

On Christmas Eve great ceremony attended the bringing in of the Yule Log and the lighting of the house with extra large Christmas candles. The Yule Log or Christmas Block was a huge affair—sometimes the trunk of a great tree especially cut and dried for this festival. It was intended to last through New Year's Day. At least, as long as it did last the servants in the house, in some parts of England, were entitled to have ale with their meals. Since these servants furnished the log, they took care to have it as big and knotty as possible.

Songs and chants and narrative poems have always had a way of perpetuating themselves. So it is with the Christmas carol. This species of pious song is of ancient date. It may be said that *Gloria in excelsis*, sung by the angels to the shepherds on that first Christmas Eve nineteen centuries ago, was the first one.

In the British Museum at this day there is an original Anglo-Norman Christmas carol of six stanzas and a chorus which dates back to the misty days of the 13th century. The first stanza of this carol (translated by Douce) indicates how Christmas hospitality threw open the great houses to traveling bands of minstrels:

Now, Lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care:
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassal keeps today;
And, as king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

Another old English carol has this carefree summons to holiday duty as its first stanza:

Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each roome with yvle leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now, all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas Blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't-meats choke
And all their spits are turning.
Without the doore let Sorrow lie;
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee'le bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And ever more be merry.

Ivy, evergreens, and 'the holly-branch with prickly leaves replete, and fraught with berries of a crimson hue' have been used for decorating homes and churches since the earliest records of Christmas. Mistletoe goes back to the ancient December rites of the Druids. Through many generations some strictly religious people

considered mistletoe idolatrous and barbaric. It was banned from churches even during the time when it became a sort of kitchen-decoration in England. It was hung in the servants' hall with a "charm." It was said that the maid who was not kissed under it would not be married that year. The Druid-name for mistletoe signified *All-heal*. Could that be why we moderns deem that this mystic growth of greenery and pearls calls for kisses?

Some scholars would trace the origin of Christmas mincemeat back to the spices which the Wisemen of the East brought with frankincense and myrrh. Spices have played a big part in Christmas feasts from the earliest times—but those were days when spices were costly and the best was none too good. It was a season of Christmas minced-meat pies, plum porridge, and plum puddings. All sorts of meat, fowl, and game were used for making the Christmas pies, some of them of tremendous size. Sir Henry Grey of London once had one shipped to him that was nine feet in circumference at the bottom. It required two men to lift it to the table and contained forty-one game birds, geese, turkeys, and rabbits, not to mention two bushels of flour and twenty pounds of butter.

This Christmas cheer, ever tinged with its sacred Christian significance, became purely a season of a hundred local customs, and even greater hilarity and feasting about the wassail bowl on New Year's Eve and Twelfth Night—the twelfth after Christmas.

It was a time of hospitality and generosity. Gifts were given, lords feasted tenants, and tenants feasted their servants and workmen. Everyone played games, sang ancient songs, made new ones, and danced the country dances. The wassail bowl was a great bowl filled with spiced and sweetened ale in which floated toast and roasted apples.

The day after Twelfth Day was known as St. Distaff's Day. After so much festivity it was difficult to return at once to the work of farm and fireside. So a poem of 1657 says:

Partly worke and partly play,
You must on St. Distaff's Day
From your plough soon free your teame;
Then come home and fother them.

Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas-sport good night.
And next morrow; everyone
To his owne vocation.

*Lyman Armes,
Country Club Estates, Houston, Texas.*

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Beacon Hill and the Carol Singers

By JOHN R. SCHULTZ

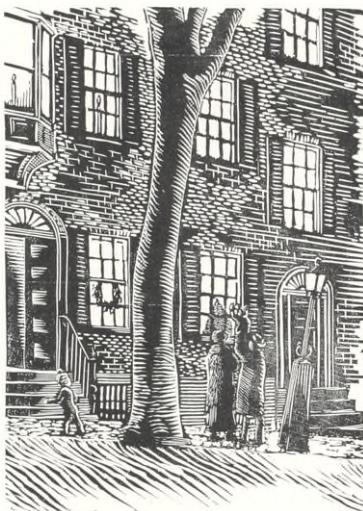
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"As one small candle
may light a thousand,
so the light here kindled
hath shone to many,—
yea, in some sort to our
whole nation."

—*Bradford's History.*



"Picturesque, livable, old houses"

"Merry Christmas!"



N the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and seventy there was passed in the Massachusetts Colony an Act forbidding the observance of the "Festival of Christmas and kindred ones superstitiously kept."

"For preventing disorders arising in several places within this jurisdiction, by reason of some still observing such festivals, as were superstitiously kept in other countries, to the great dishonor of God and offense of others:

"It is therefore ordered by this Court and the Authority thereof, that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing labor, feasting, or any other way upon such account as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for every such offense five shillings as a fine to the Country."

For the early settlers did not observe—at least, openly—the traditional customs of their fathers and feast and make merry at this season. The passing of this Act was the culmination of the hostility of the Puritans against the observance of the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

But Time has played a loving jest upon these iron-hearted ancestors of ours. Despite the Act and the Puritans' fierce assaults, the splendid celebration of Christmas, suppressed for two long centuries, was again accorded recognition in 1856, when it was proclaimed a legal holiday in Massachusetts. Happily for us the traditional custom of our English ancestors to celebrate the festival by feasting and merry-making has been generally revived.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,

For Christmas comes but once a year." —*Tusser, Sixteenth Century.*

Boston, in particular, as though to make amends for its tardy recognition, has welcomed back, with open-armed hospitality, the once-outlawed Christmas. Maintaining contact with its past, that is like romance, through jealously preserved memorials, notable asso-

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ciations, and memories of great men and women, and great deeds, the old city is an appropriate setting for the celebration of the venerable festival.

For Boston is an old city, as age goes in our youthful land, its more distant history blending with the soft twilight of three centuries ago, when its settlers closely followed the Pilgrims. Colonists from Endicott's company at Salem, and later arrivals under the lead of John Winthrop, located first at Charlestown in 1630, where they suffered greatly from the lack of fresh water. Seeing their plight, William Blackstone, the first white settler of Boston, "came and acquainted the governor of an excellent spring there, withal inviting him and soliciting him thither"—an invitation that was gladly accepted.

The Court of Assistants, sitting in the "Governor's House in Charlestown, September 17 (7 o. s.) passed an order 'that Trimountane shall be called Boston'—the name of the old English home of the chief men of the company." "Trimountane," the name given by Endicott's colonists and known to the Indians as "Shawmutt," was then a peninsula with three hills. On the summit of the main peak a beacon was set up, from whence came the name Beacon Hill.

On the western slope lived the hermit Blackstone, who settled here about 1625, a kindly, hospitable, scholarly soul—the first of the long list of bookish folk, thinkers, dreamers, and artists of their various sorts, to find the hill a congenial haunt.

Stretching away from the southern slope of the hill is the Common, most unique and democratic of public grounds. Broad malls and paths, shaded by tall over-arching trees, traverse the pleasant expanse in all directions—a maze to the uninitiated. We tread paths once familiar to men whose names grace the annals of letters, arts, science, and statesmanship. Old records inform us that "In or about the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred thirty and four, the then present inhabitants of said Town of Boston, of whom the Honorable John Winthrop, Esquire, Governor of the Colony was chiefe, did treat and agree with Mr. William Blackstone for the purchase of his Estate and rights in any lands lying within said neck of Land called Boston, after which purchase the Town laid out a plan for a trayning field which ever since and now is used for that purpose and for the feeding of cattell." The law of 1640 declared that "there shall be no land granted, either for houseplot or garden, out of the open ground or common field." Before Bostonians would tolerate the destruction of this sacred preserve, the hill itself shall have crumbled away.



EMINISCENT of the Boston of yester-year, Beacon Hill is a delightfully fitting spot for the observance of Old Christmas. Like a background, rich as a bit of old tapestry, is its heritage of traditions, customs, and ideals. Here we may turn back the pages of Time, picking up bits of quaint lore, old legends, half-forgotten history and romance.

A haunting charm about the hill, impossible to define, subtle lure, intrigues our interest. Memories blend strangely and yet harmoniously with the conveniences and blessings of modern life. Lowell says, it has:

"That exquisite something called style, which like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness."

The dignified beauty, mellow refinement, and air of comfort are felt by all who come to the hill. A sense of everything well placed, well tended, and presenting an indescribable air of breeding and quality is sensed rather than perceived.

Basking in this atmosphere of bygone days, Beacon Hill has placidly continued to resist dissolution through its innate conservatism. Old customs and traditions hold the line and keep unceasing watch upon the stately memorials clustered about this eminence.

Even that section which has somewhat descended from its high estate, and been given over to rooms and flats to all sorts and conditions of men, is again coming into its own. Carefully, even reverently, the fine old houses are being restored.

The houses on the hill are of dignified, old-fashioned proportions, reminiscent of days when men built for taste and enduring beauty of line as well as for shelter. Mostly of red brick, they have been enriched and warmed by time into tones like the bloom of per-

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fect ripeness. Old white doors, with here and there a fine dull black one, of beautiful lines and lovely details; side and fan lights, delicately, indeed exquisitely, wrought; ancient polished brass knockers and handles which entice the curious; tall hammered iron newels or lamp posts of chaste design and graceful flowing lines—all are carefully preserved, producing a subtle suggestion of old-time delicacy. Clinging to everything is that wondrous, that delicious, air of antiquity, eloquent of the gracious unhurried time, of the good labor and craft of old days.

Parts of Beacon Hill are like transplanted bits of residential London. Here is located Louisburg Square—that precise, very English, little quadrangle—which retains more of the atmosphere and customs of an aristocratic past than any other single area of the town. Secluded, almost clostral, this spot is so distinctive, so irreproachably correct as to arrest the instant attention of any visitor.

Not the least of the hill's charms are the angled, crooked streets; but being crooked and at cross purposes, they bewilder the stranger not a little. Blithely a street bends from its course, or quickly turns a corner as though running away from us and daring us to follow; old mysterious ways of irresistible charm lure us—and we thrill to the spirit of high adventure.

The character of each of these streets is individual rather than collective. Beacon, Chestnut, and Mt. Vernon streets are stately thoroughfares where picturesque, livable old houses dream serenely under majestic trees. But most of the streets are small, yet all are neatly groomed and quietly distinctive.

As we ramble over and around this hill, so fascinating in contour and legend, we are captivated by an interesting and beautiful skyline of graceful towers, domes, and steeples, roofs, dormers, and chimneys etched in sharp outline against the sky; inspiring vistas; glimpses of crooked, climbing, narrow ways; odd little streets rimmed by garden walls on one side and by old brick houses on the other; old trees; old doorways; rows and rows of red brick ivy covered houses that swell into pleasant lines. Behind the rows of stately old houses we peep through latticed gates into yards surrounded by venerable high brick walls, concealing ghostly remains of old gardens.

We discover droll little out-of-way courts or squares—almost none of them anywhere near square—that we would like to pick up and hug for being so tiny and red and white and green and quiet. We fancy they ran there when young, playing at hide-and-seek, and have forgotten the way out.

Brooding gray-white over the scene is the State House, a gem of colonial architecture by Bulfinch. Years ago the dome was covered with copper plates rolled by that immortal patriot and master craftsman—Paul Revere. Today, like a beacon, its gold dome shines forth in a sea of sky.

The hill is a place of pastel colors, of richness, mellowness and subtlety of blending. Houses of rose-colored brick, age-tinted roofs of variegated slate or verde copper, fresh white paint, well polished brasses, sparkling windows—some of old purple or violet glass, curtains of white or rich colors, gay flower-pots—form a veritable pageant of color.



"Louisburg Square, secluded, almost clostral"

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'Droll, little out-of-way courts'



N Christmas Eve, Beacon Hill blossoms forth into a gorgeous mixture of light and color, music and hospitality. The dear old hill can boast no lovelier sight—the weaving and twining of green garlands; the sprigs of mistletoe and wreaths of holly and laurel at the windows and on the old doors; the poinsettias on window-sills; the evergreens in window-boxes and on door steps. Through golden-lighted windows, like white-framed pictures, we see Christmas trees brave in the splendor of green and gifts, goodies and glory; or the spirit of the old world in a Star, a Madonna, or the Holy Child.

Windows fairly blaze with tier upon tier of tapering points of light—clear green bayberry dips, wax tapers, and tall tallow candles—that glow with beauty and soft changing radiance. Like tiny jewels that add a touch of fairy-land, they shine serenely forth, extending a wordless welcome to the approaching wanderer, or casting a ray of Christmas cheer across his path.

From chimney pots spirals the smoke; on

window-panes are fairy frostings; street lamps weave weird patterns of light and shadow; over everything a blanket of snow, silver and shadow in the moonlight—a picture of rarest beauty.

Sheltered within cosy homes happy laughter sounds; fireplaces send out their cheerful glow; footfalls of travelers sound softly along the street; sleigh bells jingle—all add to the delicious mystery of the night before Christmas.

Everywhere is proclaimed the spirit of Merry Christmas in a carnival of bright-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality. Inspiring it is to see such gayety and delight amidst the chill and gloom of winter. A quaintness, too, is mingled with the revelry that echoes back the joyousness of other days and makes Christmas a richer and lovelier festival.

In celebration of this most lovable festival we make holiday with song and ceremony of many centuries and many lands. All hearken back to the folklore of a simple kindly people, the rich vividness of whose ritual kept alive their youth. We have retained the charm of the old while adopting the best of the new.

Interesting references to the origin of Beacon Hill's Christmas celebration are made in a quaint old book once kept by E. A. Matson, one-time organist and choirmaster of the Church of the Advent:

"1859. On Christmas Eve the boys sang, at * * * several Christmas carols.

"1861. After service the choir went out caroling as usual."

In 1862 he again alludes to the occasion.

From "Memoirs and Letters of Frederick Dan Huntington," a passage of a letter dated Christmas Day, 1859, reads:

"After the house had become still, about half-past ten o'clock as I was sitting in the study, preparing for the holy duties of today, suddenly most delightful music, in youthful voices, broke out under my window. I raised the curtain, and there stood a picturesque group of singers, mostly young boys muffled in cloaks and shawls, with lanterns, under the sparkling stars in the frosty night air, pouring out Christmas carols—genuine old English carols—in music and words wholly peculiar, and beautiful exceedingly. At first

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I was puzzled to make them out. I noticed that whenever they spoke the name of Jesus they bowed the head. Altogether the effect was remarkable—as if I had been transported back into the ages of old romance and faith. On going out to ask the strangers in they greeted me with a 'Happy Christmas.' It was an old-world custom for these companies called 'Waits,' to carol in this way, on Nativity night, under the rector's window. You know the pathetic and moving character of the music-voices of boys. It was as if something from Bethlehem and Fatherland had blended graciously, and floated down through the starlight and frosty air to our door."

How long the practice of carol singing was maintained is obscure, but it lapsed sometime during the civil war, or in the remaining period of the nineteenth century.

Revived less than a score of years ago the custom bids fair to endure permanently—a symbol of spiritual thought, bigger and broader than sect or creed, it appeals to all. The heart that does not throb with a love for it is a sad or an untouched one.

Tonight small groups gather, and sing or play the gay Christmas tunes outside the houses of friends. Guided by trumpeters and choir boys carrying tall torches, bands of carolers follow, singing "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "God Rest you Merrie, Gentlemen," "Adeste Fideles," and sturdy carol psalms which tell the Christmas message in sweet melodies and quaint words—lovely echoes of medieval Christianity—immortal, because they were born of a supreme faith and a happy heart.

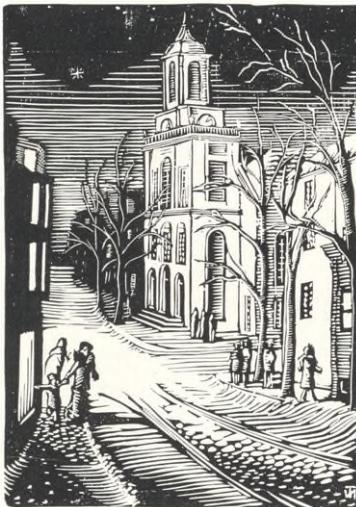
The procession grows as the singers pass slowly from street to street. We stop at open houses of those who follow the ancient custom of "welcoming the stranger in our midst."

A gracious greeting awaits us. The hospitable doors stand wide, a subtle reflection of the happy lives of those who dwell therein. Refreshments are served from priceless heirlooms—wonderful old beaten silver, chaste in design and gleaming dully; lovely china and glass of odd and curious pattern; hand-made linen—to touch these is to touch hands across the centuries.

For those to whom the season means shrines and candles, the sonorous beauty of organ tones, and jubilation of choir, there are churches from whose depths come shafts of light, fragrance of Christmas greens and incense that recalls the gold and frankincense and myrrh brought by the Wise Men. What grander music than the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem?

It is midnight, Hark! On the frosty air, church bells peal out "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

There are sounds in the sky when the year grows old,
And the winds of the winter blow,
When night and the moon are clear and cold,
And the stars shine on the snow,
Or wild is the blast and the bitter sleet
That beats on the window-pane:
But blest on the frosty hills are the feet
Of the Christmas Child again!



"Churches from whose depths come shafts of light"



Carillons
Bell Tower Music
in
Holland and Belgium
and in the
United States of
America



Saint Rombold's Tower, Mechlin

WHEN, about fifteen years ago, William Gorham Rice heard from the British Museum that it knew of no work on carillons, he knew that there was need of another book in the world. We hope that his books: *Tower Music in the Low Countries*, 1914; *Carillons of Belgium and Holland*, 1914 (John Lane Company, New York); *The Carillon in Literature*, 1915; and *Singing Towers of Belgium and Holland*, 1913, will be read by all who may find interest in this brief sketch.

For the data for what is here presented we are indebted to the first of the books named, and to a *Program of Carillon Concerts by Kaniel Lefevere*, given in May 1925 at Saint Stephen's Church, Cohasset, Massachusetts, with introductory comments by Hon. William Gorham Rice, Rev. Milo H. Gates, D. D., S. T. D., and Rev. Charles C. Wilson, M. A., Rector of Saint Stephen's. This *Program* was printed by the Wood, Clarke Press, Boston, and we thank Mr. James G. Clarke of that house for the use of the engravings showing St. Stephen's. For the first illustration in this article, we took the liberty of photographing the frontispiece of Mr. Rice's book, which was made from a photograph by W. G. Rice, Jr. We trust this irregular act will be pardoned in view of our advice to all readers to get the interesting and highly instructive books, and because it was only at the last moment that we obtained the book and thus secured more data than was afforded in the program brochure. The views of Antwerp Cathedral are reprinted from our December 1917 issue, where also interior views and a full-page reproduction in colors of a painting of the cathedral were given.

Ancient spires and belfries and towers in Holland and Belgium have been equipped for centuries with octaves of bells tuned to the intervals of the chromatic scale, often more than two score in number. Such an assemblage of bells, with its mechanism for performance by a bell-master (carillonneur) by means of a keyboard, or for automatic playing, or for both, constitutes the majestic musical instrument called a carillon. Towers crowned with a carillon are often called Singing Towers.

Played automatically, a carillon is a gigantic music box whose cylinder is released by

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the tower-clock. On the hour music is played for a minute or more; at the halves and quarters for less. Tunes are set upon the cylinder by the carillonneur, and are made appropriate to the season or the occasion. In some cylinders there are more than 10,000 holes to receive the pins, permitting an unlimited number of tunes to be played. To provide for quick repetition of a note a single bell has sometimes as many as six hammers.

"Played automatically and lightly each quarter of an hour, in constant companionship with time, the deep and silvery notes of the carillon have floated down for centuries over the regions of its birth. Or played by a trained municipal carillonneur, seated at his keyboard, this splendid community music has made holidays merry for young and old, and enlivened buyers and sellers in the streets below. Set in Singing Towers which are themselves symbols of spiritual aspiration and civic freedom, the carillon has stirred multitudes of listeners or rejoiced thousands peacefully at work in prosaic occupations."

The passion for this music, from the beginning of its larger development in the sixteenth century, followed racial influence rather than political frontiers. With few exceptions, every important town of the old Netherlands, both north and south, established its municipal carillon and maintained it with devoted spirit. In northern France, too, and in some of the border towns of Germany bell towers were established at early dates, and many of them still have their harmonious bells.

The finest carillon in the world, with 45 bells weighing 36 tons, is lodged in the tower of Sint Romboutstoren, Mechlin, or as the French call it, Saint Rombaut's, Cardinal Mercier's Cathedral church at Malines. Here was begun, says Mr. Rice, the greatest spire ever projected during the middle ages. Only the tower portion of the intended mighty steeple has been erected, but it is 350 feet high and a landmark for the lowlands of Brabant. It is a climb of 400 steps to the carillon. If it were completed according to the original design, which is still preserved, it would reach the stupendous height of 640 feet. Begun in the 13th century, the work of carrying up the tower was suspended about 1583 without any positive intention of abandoning it. St. Rombold's became a cathedral in 1559 and is now the metropolitan church of Belgium.



Antwerp Cathedral—a modern photograph



Antwerp Cathedral—from an old engraving

In the cathedral tower at Antwerp is another splendid carillon.

There are now in Belgium about thirty carillons of importance and in Holland about twenty. The total for both countries is well over one hundred.

In a leaflet dated June 1, 1922, sent to libraries having his books, Mr. Rice tells of the destruction of carillons during the war. Shells beat down the magnificent Cloth Hall at Ypres and under the fallen mass of its tower is buried a splendid carillon. The same at Louvain, Audenarde, Dinant, Dixmude, Nieuport, Ostend, Roulers, and Termonde. Destroyed too was the carillon of Arras in *la Flandre française*. But Roulers has now new

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bells, and Louvain a new carillon in the tower of its restored library. At Louvain and Ypres the lost carillons were among the best.

Holland's carillons did not suffer in the war. Bells there are more than ever honored. The art throughout the Netherlands is advancing. From the tower of the new City Hall of Amsterdam a carillon of 49 noble and perfectly attuned bells, the gift of two brothers, P. J. and Phs. van Ommeren, sound greetings to Dutch sailors, to all the city, and to travelers from distant lands.

The premier carillonneur today is Josef Denyn of Mechlin. Usually he begins a concert with some brilliant piece, which immediately captivates his audience and compels its attention, something perhaps by Verdi or Bach. Toward the middle of the program come pieces requiring the utmost skill—a sonata by Nicolai or a work of some ancient composer—which he has adapted to the carillon in a marvellous fashion. The concert ends with music expressing deep emotion, a stirring piece by Benoit or a tender song by Schubert. [Besides the brilliant numbers in every program will be one or two groups of simple airs, folk-songs or the like. Handsome printed programs of the summer evening concerts are issued in four languages with illustrations and other information at Mechlin and Antwerp.

Denyn is not only a great virtuoso. He is also a rejuvenator of an ancient art. Besides the forty or more evening concerts given by him each summer at various places, he is often called in consultation where improvements are desired.

R. L. Stephenson tells how a new sensation of sound was revealed to him by a carillon in northern France:

On the other side of the valley a group of red roofs and a belfry showed among the foliage; thence some inspired bell ringer made the afternoon musical on a chime of bells. There was something very sweet and taking in the air he played and we thought we had never heard bells speak so intelligently or sing so melodiously as these. It must have been after some such measure that the spinners and the young maids sang "*Come away, Death*" in the Shakespearian Illyria. . . . I could have blessed the priest or the heritors, or whosoever may be concerned with such affairs in France, who had left these sweet old bells to gladden the afternoon.

"Why should the measures of this music be thought so intelligent and melodious? And why should chimes in those nether lands awaken so great civic interest and popular affection, when the playing of bells at home often distracts rather than pleases our ear?" asks Mr. Rice, and adds: "Even if no complete answer finally appears here to questions such as these, I trust that we shall have been, if not discoverers, at least explorers together in congenial fields."

As generation after generation has come and gone in Flanders and Holland, the voice of the carillon in tender folk-song and patriotic melody has sustained noblest qualities of nationality. Now this superb music has crossed the Atlantic, and we have twelve carillons in America.

The Thursday and Sunday evening carillon concerts from the belfry of the Baptist Church at Sixty-fourth Street and Park Avenue in New York have become part of the life of the city, and the authorities have been asked to divert traffic during the recitals so that the growing crowds may listen in comfort. This Park Avenue carillon—given to



Saint Stephen's, Cohasset, Mass.

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the church by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—is one of the finest in the world. It comprises fifty-three bells, and the carillonneur is M. Anton Brees, who is regarded as one of the great bell-masters. He is a native of Antwerp and his father, Gustaaf Brees, is both organist and carillonneur for the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Antwerp. Carillon playing is an art commonly handed down from father to son; in some Flemish singing towers the bell-masters for many generations have been of the same family.

The rugged tower of Saint Stephen's, in Cohasset, Massachusetts, with its crown of forty-three bells, has become a singing tower—the most beautiful in the United States. Saint Stephen's is architecturally and historically worthy of the honor of housing in its tower a splendid carillon. It is one of the most perfect examples of a country parish church. The edifice is a "developed perpendicular," that Gothic form peculiarly English. It is one of the earliest works of Messrs. Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson, who have enriched the United States, Canada, and Cuba with lovely churches and magnificent public buildings.

In August 1923, Mrs. Hugh Bancroft offered to give to St. Stephen's a carillon of twenty-three bells in memory of her mother, Jessie M. Barron (Mrs. Clarence W.), for many years a member of the parish. The bells were cast at the works of Gillett and Johnston at Croydon, near London, in the winter of 1923-24, and were installed in Saint Stephen's in June 1924. They were tested by Sir Hugh Allen, Fellow of New College and Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and each bell was pronounced to be perfect in tune and tone. In January 1925 Mrs. Bancroft made an additional gift of twenty more bells, which were installed in May 1925. These forty-three bells make one of the greatest carillons in the world.

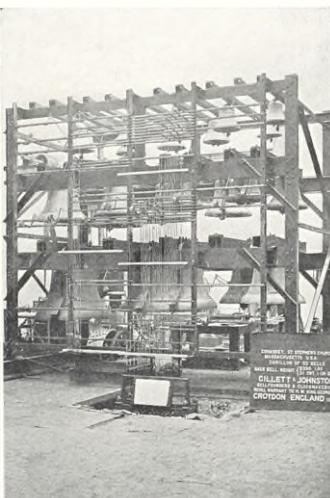
Says the Reverend Charles C. Wilson, Rector of Saint Stephen's:

It is difficult to overestimate the value of this memorial to Cohasset, the church and community. They sing of the things of Christ and eternity as well as of the joys and sorrows of the passing days. They play for births and baptisms, confirmations and weddings. They comfort the hearts of those "who mourn in Zion." In joy and gladness as in solemnity and sorrow, the bells lift the heart of the church and community in worship and adoration of the Eternal God. The carillon is a perfect memorial. The gracious memory of Mrs. Barron will always live in the heavenly music of the bells.

The first concerts on the enlarged carillon of Saint Stephen's were given on May 25 and May 31, 1925, and thereafter throughout June and July every Tuesday evening and Sunday afternoon, by M. Kamiel Lefevere, the most gifted of the younger carillonneurs of Belgium. He is assistant to Josef Denyn, greatest of living bell-masters and probably the greatest that ever lived.

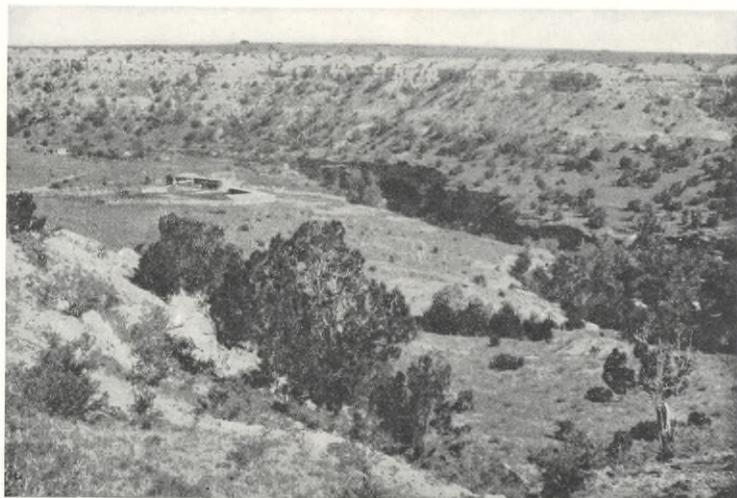
In recent years Lefevere has frequently filled Denyn's engagements away from home. Last year he gave concerts at dedication of the restored war-destroyed carillon at St. Quentin, France, and at the Wembley Exposition in London. Said the London *Morning Post*:

When you hear Mr. Kamiel Lefevere, the assistant and favorite pupil of Mr. Denyn of Malines, improvising on the bells as one might at the organ or the piano, throwing off runs and arpeggios and then harmonizing some simple Flemish melody, you realize that the bounds of your experience have been widened and that spiritually you are a deeper being than five minutes before. At such a moment the world takes on a new meaning.



The original carillon for St. Stephen's
as set up in the works of
Gillett & Johnston, Croydon, England

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Ranch House in Palo Duro Canyon, Potter County, near Amarillo, Texas

View from a point on the brink of the upper portion of the canyon—further on, it narrows and its walls drop more than 1,000 feet.

Christmas 1887 in Palo Duro Canyon

J. C. TOLMAN

SAID Watt: "Bill, I done gathered all the buffeler chips offen four sections around this here camp and I ain't goin no further. If you cain't make out to cook two meals with this here cord of 'em, I guess we-all will go hungry."

"Umph," said Bill.

"Yeah," remarked Watt, "I know this here gol-darned drizzle-dazzle done made the sap rise in the chips an' it's hard to get a het on the ovens; but it's forty miles to the nearest brush an' God knows how far to a tree, and my back is done give out toting chips."

"Bosh!" said Bill, as he lifted the top of a dutch-oven to take a look at the biscuits in which he took so much pride and which were always light and delectable when he could get a proper "het" on his ovens.

"Lordy, Bill!" exclaimed Watt, "I never seen you make such biscuit. Them looks to me as though they had squat to rise and baked on the squat."

Bill threw a poker at him which he neatly dodged and it nearly hit Bill's pet wild-cat. Kitty spat irritably and lit on the top of the chuck-wagon, his perch in time of trouble.

Presently Watt said: "I hear the line-wagon about a mile off, comin' fast."

Presently Dave and Martin rode up and unsaddled and fed their ponies. By that time the line-wagon reached camp and both of the chainmen helped Sebe unharness and feed.

Presently the Major ambled up on "Old Sideways," the hip-shot cayuse provided by a rich corporation for this particular topographer. The surveying party was complete and present and hungry, as usual.

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Running section lines in the Texas Panhandle in 1887

Right to left: Babe (horse), Barrington Poynton, J. C. Tolman (with transit), P. G. Omohundro (chief of the party), Charley Howard, Asher McCullough, Watt Morris, Yellow Hammer (horse). Picture taken on the Llano Estacado at a time when there were only 36 houses in the Panhandle of Texas outside of Fort Elliott and the little town of Mobeetie.

Because of devastating prairie fires furrows were plowed at convenient intervals and the fresh dirt often stopped the progress of the fires. These fire guards served the added purpose of collecting fuel. The quantities of small chunks piled up on the windward side of the furrow shown in the photograph are "buffalo chips," which supplied the only fuel obtainable on the plains.

Bill pounded a three-foot iron pipe with a poker and eight members of a pioneer surveying party gathered around a table made of two boards and situated near the N. W. corner of Block No. 7, I. & G. N. R. R. Co. Survey, in the Panhandle of Texas, the time being late in the year 1887.

That was only thirty-eight years ago. Not very long in the life of a young man. Hardly to be considered in the life of a nation. But consider:

In 1887, between No-Man's-Land on the north, the Palo Duro on the south, the Indian Territory on the east, and New Mexico on the west, there were just thirty-six houses outside the town of Mobeetie, Fort Elliott's, and a little settlement at Tascosa. Mobeetie was the metropolis and boasted a population of three hundred and fifty humans.

There was no railroad; no graded road; no fence, except small horse pastures near headquarter ranch houses.

In the "breaks" and canyons one could find objects by which to guide oneself; but on the Llano Estacado there was only a grass-covered plain extending beyond the range of sight. This plain had been the home of the buffalo and their bones, skulls, and horns could be seen in any direction. Within the next few years the "bone-hunters" were to



The bunch at lunch

Left to right: Omohundro, Howard, Poynton, Morris, McCullough, Tolman. This outfit remained in the field for two years, and during that time they were never in town and they did not see any humans outside of their own party more than a dozen times in the two years. It is hard to believe that as recently as 1888 and 1889 there were so few people in the Panhandle of Texas.

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View of the floor of Palo Duro Canyon from a point on the prairie above the falls. Below the falls, the canyon narrows and its walls sink more than 1,000 feet.

gather these and haul them many miles to be shipped by rail and made into fertilizer. The "buffalo-chip," or dried dung, was the only fuel of the plains as long as it could be found.

At the time of this sketch there were thousands of antelope and many hundreds of mustangs on the plains.

"Prince Charlie" Goodnight had preserved a few buffalo on the J A ranch on the lower Palo Duro, and a few wild herds were reported on the North Plains; but all of the rest of the mighty herds were dead. It would have been so very easy to have preserved some of them. Our trees and birds and—. But we are democratic, and—.

At night the men slept on "blanket-rolls" on the ground. There is no finer bed for the tired outdoor man. Tents were pitched whenever the weather was unpleasant, but most of the time sleep was in the open. It was a hard but healthy life.

The drizzle ceased some time in the night and Bill had breakfast by daylight. He pounded on his loud pipe with his accursed iron poker and yelled his matin-song in a hideous voice: "Wake up, snakes! Day's a breakin'!"

Blessed sleep! Blessings brighten as they take their flight. For thirty-eight years one of that outfit has thought that old Bill might have developed a gentler method by which to dispel slumber. Well, anyhow, the outfit ceased to sleep and presently was washed and "grubbed," and the stock was fed and watered and saddled or hitched; the surveying outfit loaded in the light "line-wagon," and the tents and bed-rolls piled near the camp wagons—so that the camp-rustler could load them with the least trouble.

Then the line party started for the point where they had quit work the night before. This was a small mound of sod and was visible for three miles. They reached it betimes and P. G., The Chief, had his transit set and took his first sight almost before the refraction of the sun's early rays ceased to interfere.

Dave, the front flagman, could lope his pony a half mile and take a sight and not miss the distance more than a few feet. P. G. had Sebe drive him up to the hub and dig up a chunk of sod to mark the spot. By that time P. G. would be ready for a back-sight on Martin's flag and Dave would be ready a half mile ahead. P. G. would set Dave and proceed. Martin would lope gaily up to the piece of sod—which could be seen half a mile—and find his tack-point in time for another sight.

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It was lovely and easy for everybody—that is to say everybody who had an easy job. The chain-carriers, of course, had to walk every foot of the line and measure it carefully. If one of them made an error things would blow up. Somehow the poor devils averaged over seven miles of measured line for each and every day for seven years, and didn't seem to make any appreciable error. Of course they were dull creatures, not temperamental nor given to flights of fancy.

Lines were run and marked to the north as far as the head of McClellan Creek. From a corner on this line another line was traced to the west, and corners established on the area where the town of Amarillo was afterwards started.

Lines were run to the east as far as to the line of the J A ranch. These lines were over the plains. As far as the eye could see, the corners of sections and blocks could be observed when the atmosphere was not disturbed.

Frequently the mirage played strange tricks on the Llano Estacado. One day near the head of North Fork, we suddenly saw Al Holland driving Beck and Sue—a team of mules—apparently about half a mile away. We thought he would reach us in a few minutes; but they jogged along for half an hour and then faded away. Afterwards it was found that at the time he was nearly twenty miles away.

A few days later P. G. took the outfit to the west line of the X range to meet Mr. Gray, who was to show some corners. When we arrived at the rendezvous we saw the two black ponies he drove, trotting along with his white canvas-topped buckboard, which we easily recognized. We waited an hour and he seemed no nearer, so we drove to meet him. At about a mile from the rendezvous his outfit very suddenly changed into a white buffalo skull with two black horns. While we stared at it Mr. Gray suddenly appeared from nowhere in another direction and reached us in a few minutes.

One day we started to run a line south. It was a clear still day and it seemed that visibility was infinite. We could see cattle ahead for miles and there were several herds of antelope and mustangs in sight. The Major, mounted on Old Sideways, was ambling on ahead. A topographer had mighty little to map on the plains; he drew a square for a section and lettered "L. P." neatly in a corner. Suddenly the Major and Old Sideways began to sink beneath the surface. We yelled and he turned and waved his hat as though cheering on his men at Kennesaw Mountain fight. Then he disappeared beneath the plain.

The cattle, antelope, and mustangs were in plain view for miles ahead beyond where he disappeared. A calm buzzard floated on motionless wings about a mile above us. We wondered if that meant anything. They are wise birds.

Dave loped ahead; started to sink; stopped and called for a point at short range.

We hurried on; reached and passed Dave; started down a gentle slope and stopped on the brink of the Palo Duro Canyon.

To see the sight in front of us was enough to make the heart miss a beat. It could not be looked upon without causing the beholder to thrill with appreciation of the wonderful works of the Great Architect of the universe.

Here, the result of the slow erosive action of waters through hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of years, was a gash cut through the plains for fifty miles. In places over a thousand feet deep and five miles in width, it is one of the wonder spots of America. Along the rim we saw a band of yellow, where the plains grass dipped to the rim-rock. This rim-rock, a heavy band of gray, capped the canyon as far as the eye could reach. Below it the exposed strata showed as though some giant hand had drawn brushes, dipped in many colors, along the miles of the canyon walls. Pink, blue, red, gray, green, yellow, purple, brown, blending in the distance into a lovely purple shade. At intervals were ledges clothed with the deep green of tall cedars. Diamond-like points of light were reflected from springs gushing out of the rocks to fall in terraced cascades and to be lost in the sand and gravel at the bottom of the gorge.

We gazed in silence for a long, long time. The air was like crystal in the canyon that crisp winter day.

Movements along a great cedar-covered ledge, a half mile across the gash and five

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Palo Duro Canyon seen from the prairie—as though cleft in the plain by a gigantic axe

hundred feet down, caught Dave's huntsman's eyes. He pointed. "Look," he almost whispered, "two bears! And over there, turkeys—more than twenty!"

The Major sat on a rock feverishly doing topography. He had plenty to do. He was happy with slopes of all degrees and directions, with precipices every now and then.

To the south the same mustangs, antelope, and cattle contentedly grazed. We camped where we found some rain water caught in large potholes in the cap-rock.

Next day it took Dave half a day of hard climbing to reach the south side, where he established line-points which we triangulated. We could not hope to measure accurately across that gorge.

The wagons had to go to the junction of the Palo Duro and Terra Blanca canyons to effect a crossing to the south side.

We ran many survey lines over the plains and in the canyons. Much of the work was by triangulation and was very interesting indeed.

We camped one Saturday night at a waterhole on a nameless creek which ran into the Palo Duro. Sunday morning all the men were in the tents resting, when P. G. went outside and at once called in an awe-struck voice: "Great Caesar's Ghost! Boys, look here!"

The wonder-working mirage was busy. The Palo Duro lay extended beneath us and up in the heavens was another Palo Duro Canyon—upside down! Every stratum of rock—every clump of trees—the gleaming surfaces of water—all, to the minutest detail, were plainly to be seen reversed in the sky above. The phenomenon lasted for nearly an hour. Seldom is such a wonderful sight beheld by man.

P. G. named the creek near our camp "Sunday Creek." It may be on the map now.

The work on the south side was completed, and we moved back to the north side of the canyon and worked until the latter part of December.

There had been no very severe weather. Rather warm days and cool delightful nights. The air was like fine wine. Work was a vast delight. Sleep under the stars was a dip into the fountain of perpetual youth.

One of the wagons had gone to town for supplies and returned two days before Christmas. On the morning of the twenty-fourth we broke camp and the heavy wagons started for a new camp site several miles to the east of where our first line had crossed the canyon. The line crew went several miles to the north and started to run a line south toward the new camp. All went well until about the middle of the afternoon.

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Falls near the Devil's Kitchen and a scene on Sunday Creek in Palo Duro Canyon

Dave had just taken a front-sight and given the "O. K." signal to come ahead, when we saw him wave his arms in a signal which meant "Look." He seemed to point to the north. We looked, but could see nothing unusual. When we reached Dave and asked what was the matter, he answered, "Norther coming," and loped off for another sight. There did seem to be a slight haze in the north—low down on the surface of the plains.

When we reached the next hub and looked back, there was a dun-colored arch distinct above the plain, far to the north. At the next stop we established a corner and dug four pits and built an earth mound. I remember we were quite warm from the work. By the time we were through this—hardly three-quarters of an hour from the time Dave's sharp eyes had seen the approaching norther—the dun-colored arch extended to the horizon from east to west and was almost upon us from the north. It did not extend very far above the plains. P. G. gave the order to quit work and make for the camp.

The outfit moved with celerity. The Major and Old Sideways had gone south some time before. Dave and Martin let their ponies lop. Sebe shook the reins at his long-legged light-wagon team and they galloped madly away from the storm. But it caught us in a few minutes. With a rush of ice cold wind, a snarl like an angry beast, an awful roar, changing into a long drawn out wail which continued to rise and fall—the yellow norther of the plains struck and enveloped us.

The air was full of ice-needles that drove into the exposed flesh and stuck, but did not seem to melt. The snow seemed to parallel the ground in its flight; yet the plains grass was covered by it in a few minutes and it rolled along the ground with the wind. That wind didn't turn aside. When it hit you it just kept right on through your body, as though your flesh offered no obstruction to it. There wasn't a hill between us and the North Pole and that wind must have come all the way—and gathering power at every jump.

We had been sweating ten minutes before. Now we pulled the wagon sheet over us huddling under it. But the wind and cold were pitiless and cut and stung despite the cover.

Sebe let his mules run for several miles. They ran straight south and made no effort to turn. The norther attended to that.

We couldn't see ten feet ahead of the team, but we knew that somewhere ahead of us was a thousand foot canyon with sides nearly straight down for several hundred feet. We knew we had gone a long way and we thought we were within a mile of the cap-rock, when those two Missouri mules suddenly stopped. Fortunately nothing broke, and we managed to stay in the wagon.

Sebe pulled to the left and urged the team. They didn't want to turn sideways to the wind and sleet, but Sebe managed to make them move. Almost immediately we started down grade and in less than half a minute were below the plains level.

Sebe turned the team to the right, and we scrambled down on to a bench, high above the bottom of the canyon, but two hundred feet below the top of a precipice of solid rock.

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Sunday Creek which flows through the bottom of Palo Duro Canyon

The wind roared far above us, but there was no gust that reached to our level. The snow fell in sheets about us, but dropped calmly straight down. And there, by our good luck, was the camp. The teamsters had pitched the tents—a courtesy extended only in times of stress—and Old Bill had a fire going and supper well on the way.

After we had thawed out and moved around a bit, one of the boys noticed a cleft in the face of the precipice about thirty feet above its base and in the cleft were three or four dead cedars. He threw a blazing piece of wood up into the dry limbs and it hung there and set fire to one of the trees. In a short time we had a roaring torch fifty or sixty feet tall. We ate supper by its light and shortly thereafter the trees burnt off from the stumps and a wonderful avalanche of flaming wood and coals piled itself at the base of the rock. It burnt for hours and warmed quite a large space around camp.

When we had finished "first smoke," P. G. announced that he had a new novel by "The Duchess" and would read some to us. We helped Old Bill wash the dishes so that he could hear the story, he being naturally romantic and a great admirer of The Duchess.

The light from the great fire was sufficient and we gathered around P. G. and listened as he read of real high-toned society folk—even an occasional nobleman and titled lady—who entered the scenes with perfect grace and beauty and who made love in a most delicate and refined way. It was all so different from what we knew!

Late at night, while P. G. was reading a very tender passage, he was interrupted by a maniacal chorus of shrieks and howls—deep-throated, menacing, and terrifying. The reading ceased until the pack had yelled their way a long distance from our sheltering bank over the snow-covered plain. The lobo wolves were hungry and were hunting.

Again P. G.'s voice took us back to the tenderness and beauty of the Irish land and we thrilled with the hero and laughed with "Dickey Browne."

The light from the fire died down; but the glowing coals still melted the snow around us. Old Bill lit a lantern and placed it on a tomato box by P. G.'s shoulder.

The Duchess was no mean writer, and her descriptions of garden fetes, picnics, balls, and love-making gripped and held us. We were all young, in years at least, and each one saw himself the hero of the tale, and each made the delicate remarks at the proper time, and, at the end, each of us thrilled to the kiss of promise of the lovely heroine.

P. G. finished the tale and we sat awhile in blissful silence. Then Dave murmured:

"That's a hum-dinger of a love story!"

"Let's go to Ireland on a cattle-boat," suggested Martin.

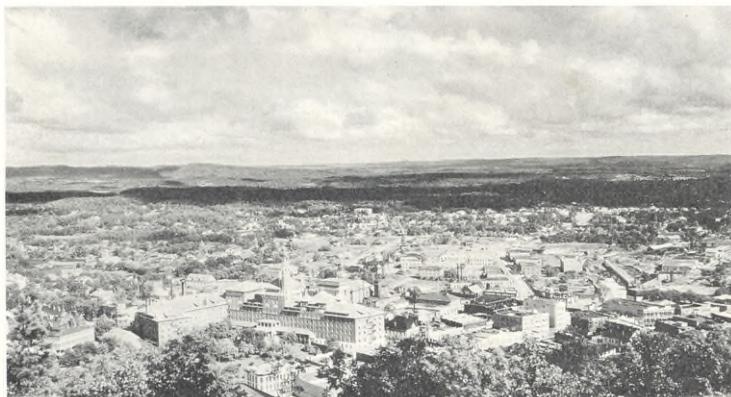
"Sure! Let's!"

P. G. looked at his watch. "Good gracious! It's past one o'clock! Merry Christmas!"

We all shook hands all around. Old Bill sighed very deeply:

"It sure started fine, Chief. I looked at my watch just at twelve, an' that cuss was puttin' his arm around that lady for the first time; and it was a Christmas eve and she wished him, 'Merry Christmas.' Dogon the luck! G'night."

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"The Valley of Contentment"—Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas

The Playground That Leads

Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas, set aside by a special act of Congress in 1832 as a playground and sanitarium for the citizens of the United States for all time, led all of Uncle Sam's parks for popularity with the traveling public for the year ended September 30, according to official figures given out from Washington by the Interior Department.

Hot Springs not only led the other eighteen government owned parks by a good margin, but showed an increase of patronage over the corresponding period in 1924 of 40 per cent, or 101,325 ahead of the number of visitors here the previous year.

The automobile and the construction of improved highways in the southwest is responsible to a great degree for putting Hot Springs at the top of the list of parks in popularity with the tourists in the opinion of the Good Roads Bureau of the Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce.

A check of the tourist camps, garages, and hotel registers shows a year round patronage in Hot Springs from all parts of the United States. To improved highways, and especially to the completion of the beautiful 57-miles of paved scenic highway which links Hot Springs and Little Rock, is accredited

the 300 per cent increase in the week-end business of the resort.

The scenic lure of Hot Springs and the international fame of its thermal radioactive waters attracted 265,500 visitors, by actual count of the Interior Department, for the travel year of 1925.

Hot Springs, the city, in the heart of the reservation, is nestled in the foot-hills of the Ozarks. It claims to be the premier of all resorts because it is the only resort which specializes in both health and pleasure and offers the three requisites most desired by vacationists—rest, recreation, and recuperation.

At the Arkansas resort one can obtain from the baths relaxation and rejuvenation together with every variety of healthful amusement, and be ready to return to and immediately assume responsibilities without having to recuperate from the vacation.

The park first became famous for its natural thermal baths. The waters which supply them flow from forty-six springs at the base of Hot Springs Mountain at an average temperature of 137 degrees Fahrenheit. Nearly a million gallons of radioactive water flow from the springs daily. The bathing establishments of

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1. Famous Bath House Row at Hot Springs, Arkansas—Radio Station KTHS in the background.
2. Central Avenue, main thoroughfare of Hot Springs National Park.

the resort are the last word in architectural beauty, comfort, accessories, and sanitation. Several of the large hotels have bath houses in connection.

The fame of Hot Springs dates back many generations. The waters contributed to the welfare of the Indian before the white invader appropriated its wonders. Warring tribes buried their tomahawks and declared the territory surrounding the springs neutral ground presided over by the Great Spirit.

According to legend, it was the marvelous tales related by the Indians of the great hot pools which first prompted Ponce de Leon to embark upon his search for the "Fountain of Youth." The spot was visited in 1541 by De Soto and his band of explorers.

The recreational features of Hot Springs are varied, including golf, tennis, horseback riding, motoring, hiking, swimming, boating, hunting, trap shooting, and many indoor amusements,

foremost of which are dances and special parties at the big hotels.

Two golf courses open the year round offer a great inducement to lovers of the ancient Scotch game. The Hot Springs Golf and Country Club, a 36-hole course, is one of the best in the Southwest, and the 9-hole Oaklawn course is of unusual beauty.

The pine covered mountains which shoulder their way into the heart of Hot Springs, offer unusual vistas of beauty and are made doubly attractive by well built two-way drives, bridle paths, and trails.

While people from the "four corners of the earth" come to Hot Springs, yet there is ample accommodation for the thousands who frequent the resort each year. Large modern hotels with the best service and cuisine, smaller hotels, boarding houses, furnished apartments, and cottages offer rates to meet any purse.

Radio fans who tune in on KTHS, which



1. Motoring, horseback riding, and hiking lure the visitor over the surrounding mountains.
2. Scene on the 36-hole championship Country Club golf course, Hot Springs National Park.

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Texaco Filling Station No. 2, Hot Springs, Arkansas

broadcasts on a 375 meter wave length, will hear the finest of metropolitan orchestras.

Hot Springs has the advantage over many other resorts in its central location and accessibility. The Missouri Pacific and Rock Island

railroads maintain excellent through service in and out of the resort, and it is an important point on the Lee, Albert Pike, and Bankhead highways, making "Kuming to Hot Springs" easy either by rail or motor.

Beauty and The Machine

GEORGE W. VOS

Quite commonly writers and speakers dolefully deplore this "Age of Machinery." They tell us that the machine is crushing out Art and Beauty.

I doubt if this is true. I'll go further and say that, in my opinion, the evolution of the machine will bring, is bringing in, if not a new conception of beauty, at least a realignment of old standards and a fresher form of Art.

I think, in time, we will realize that a true beauty resides in the realm of mechanics and that there is art in machinery.

Let me illustrate with an early experience. As a lad in high school, my way through the academic halls led past a plaster replica of the frieze from the Parthenon. You know it—

the proud procession of highbred Athenian youths. One morning I stood rapt before the beauty, grace, and poise of those smooth muscled young men, gracefully controlling their curveting, stiff maned, classical ponies. At the stroke of the bell I tore myself away and slid into my seat, barely escaping a black mark for tardiness.

The mathematics hour droned on, and an intricate problem in solid geometry was demonstrated on the blackboard. At the conclusion the bearded Professor rubbed his hands in rapture and said: "Isn't that perfect. It's a poem! A symphony!"

Young as I was, and temperamentally and other-mentally out of sympathy with the sub-

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ject, I could not help but catch some of the spirit of the teacher, and I reconciled and contrasted this type of perfection with the glory of Greece.

I then realized that here was a beauty which could be found outside of art galleries.

Some years later, I left a Fifth Avenue Exhibition of Etchings and Bronzes and crossed the street, through idle curiosity, to watch an excavation for a new building. Deep in a pit a huge steam shovel snorted and growled and tore out yards of raw earth. No one could fail to be impressed by the power, efficiency, and ingenuity of this machine. Suddenly, I noticed something else. A rhythm, a perfection of form, a balance that equalled anything I had left in the exhibition across the street.

Then later, I visited a steel mill and stood below the huge upraised bulk of a gigantic blowing engine. I had the same feeling. This thing was, in its way, as splendid as a cathedral. Here everything extraneous or irrelevant was eliminated. Here was a simplification to beauty—a solid grace and orderliness not surpassed by a Gothic spire.

What lover of beauty is there who can stand beside a purring turbo-generator and not satisfy his eye with the pure lines of its sleek gray frame and balanced form, its honesty, strength, and bigness, to say nothing of the realization of the builder's dreams and the creative joy that must have been his when the steam first

caught the rotors and the whole operation proceeded just as he had planned it?

Now it is a fact that as machines develop, they are simplified. They become better balanced and more sightly. Only that which is essential is left. Every piece which goes into its construction must have a reason for being. That is why big steel bridges are so beautiful.

A concrete example of the trend toward true beauty can be seen in the automobile. You will remember the ugly, high-seated, stuffy, cumbersome car of the past. Compare it with the stream line of today. Taste alone did not cause the transition. Efficiency demanded that wind resistances, unbalance, and useless protuberances be eliminated.

The same principle has operated on steam locomotives, ocean liners, racing yachts, and sewing machines. They have all become more beautiful as they have become more efficient.

Eliminating the factor of color, beauty consists of lines which the eye can follow with pleasure, and masses on which the eye can rest with satisfaction, and these can be found, if anywhere, in modern machines.

So, then, we can set down the prediction that, as America leads the world in machine design and development, it will, one day, lead the world in a new form of art which will combine the elements of perfect machinery—beauty, order, accomplishment, and controlled imagination.

Inspiration from East Texas

Annual "Essay" before the latest meeting of the Texas Press Association,
at Tyler, by Arthur Lefevre, Jr., Assistant President of
the Texas Editorial Association

The pungent odor of the pine woods, the beautiful vistas from the hill tops, the abundance of spring fed streams, the red lands and sandy soils—all bespeak the charm of East Texas. A land suited to diversified farming and the small independent land owner who tills his own acres and bows the knee to none save his God.

This section nurtured many outstanding figures in the political history of Texas—men who championed personal liberty and abhorred

lack of personal responsibility. One of the cardinal tenets of their platform was frugality in governmental expenditure and simplicity in governmental machinery.

Let us here on their chosen ground invoke the inspiring memory of such illustrious patriots as Sam Houston, J. Pinkney Henderson, Francis Richard Lubbock, Pendleton Murrah, Richard B. Hubbard, Oran M. Roberts, James Stephen Hogg, John H. Reagan. May East Texas produce again such leaders to guide the

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voters into the true path of representative government and away from the *isms* and false idols of "personal" politics.

We ought to get back to the A B C's of right conduct, so that much of this present-day foolishness could not be put over on us. Let us not brag of charity, and in the next act strangle the Spirit of Truth; or clamor against economic distress and fail to be thrifty; or speak of justice and play favorites.

In recent years there has been created in the public mind erroneous conceptions of the functions of government, producing a flood of special laws on trivial subjects, or trivial laws on grave subjects might be the better phrase—considering the consequences that flow from such laws.

The objects of our government stated in our Federal Constitution are: "To form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Everyone of these objects considers *all* the people.

The spirit of the State Constitution of Texas is the same in its sphere. The attitude of our legislators should be to keep well within the bounds of the constitution, instead of edging out here and pushing out there on a chance that the law they pass may get by the courts.

Patriotic men should never treat lightly the bulwark of their liberties and rights. More respect should be shown for the priceless heritage of our free institutions and the great principles of justice and personal rights.

Of course, a great deal of the present disrespect for law is due to ill advised legislation, fostered by self-constituted guardians of the people's habits and by self-seeking groups scheming for some advantage. There is also

a defensive struggle to prevent unjust burdens or restrictive measures from being fastened upon intended victims. So the disease spreads by what it feeds on, until a most unwholesome social condition results, and few there be who escape the malady.

Emotionalism and maudlin sympathy, are appealed to in furthering various measures. Every appeal is resorted to to pass the statute except the proper one of justice. There is sickness in our body politic that can be cured only by justice. As Ruskin aptly says: "No love, no faith, no hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim."

If we will look into our own lives, we can see that many wrong acts and much false thinking are caused by a failure to look at circumstances or reasons calmly and justly. Fogs of prejudice and passion vanish from the just mind.

See to it that we have just laws. There would then be less resort to emotionalism and chicanery to withhold punishment from guilty culprits. Nothing can be gained and all may be lost by coddling crime and petting the devil.

Charity is the temple of which justice is the foundation—but you cannot have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity; you must build upon justice.

—Ruskin.

Look forward with courage or you will look back with tears.—*Spanish proverb.*

Art thou a Slave? If thou art, thou canst not be a Friend. Art thou a Tyrant? If thou art, thou canst not have Friends.—*Nietzsche.*

There is a courageous wisdom; there is also a false reptile prudence, the result, not of caution, but of fear.—*Burke.*

Let us do what honor demands.—*Racine.*

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause.
He noblest lives and noblest dies,
Who makes and keeps his self made laws."

There is no defeat in life save from within.

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LAW CURRENT

Rob't A. John

EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT—ANTI-TRUST LAWS.—A contract creating an exclusive sales agent, whose territory covers almost the entire world, is held not to be in restraint of trade under the anti-trust statute.—*Paragon Distributing Corporation v. Paragon Laboratories*, 129 Atl. (N. J.), 404.

WRITS OF GARNISHMENT.—Failure of a county clerk to show the name of the proper county in a writ of garnishment does not invalidate the writ. The act being ministerial, can be amended.—*Texas Drug Co. v. First State Bank*, 275 S. W. (Texas), 725.

SALE OF MINERALS—MINORS—GUARDIANS.—A County court having jurisdiction over the minor's estate and authorizing the sale of a lease, the term of which is to last beyond the minority of the minor, can not be attacked in a collateral proceeding. The action must be brought direct in the County Court.—*Scott v. Gypsy Oil Co.*, 239 Pac. (Okla), 887.

AUTOMOBILES—RULE OF THE ROAD.—The driver of an automobile, in order to avoid a collision with an oncoming automobile, left his proper side of the road, at which place he was when the accident occurred. Held that the deviation from this rule under such circumstances is not negligence.—*Ripley v. Wilson*, 105 Southern (Miss.), 470.

MINES AND MINERALS—TRADE FIXTURES.—Where the lessee, having sold a producing well to third parties, abandons the residue of the lease, neither the owner of the land nor the owner of the well can withdraw the casing and thereby destroy the well, is the holding in the case of *Orfic Gasoline Production Co. v. Herring*, 273 S. W., 944.

The case also holds that the fixtures, such as casing, derrick, and machinery placed on the lease by lessee, are trade fixtures and a subsequent lease of the premises by the owner of the fee title passes no title to the fixtures.

MINERAL LEASE—RESERVATION FROM FORFEITURE.—The Supreme Court of Louisiana in the case of *Hunter v. Booker et al.*, 104 Southern, 618, holds that the five acres reserved from forfeiture in the lease around a producing well carries with it the implied obligation that the lessee retaining the same under

said contract must produce oil from the five acres in paying quantities, and that the rule of reasonable diligence must be used in continuing to so produce.

EXPLOSION AT FILLING STATION.—An explosion at a filling station resulted in a death. Suit for damages was brought. There was no evidence of negligence proved other than may be inferred under the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur*. The Supreme Court of Minnesota in passing on the question of the application of this doctrine used the following language:

"The accident was of a kind not likely to happen if those in control of the instrumentality use a degree of care commensurate with the danger. The propensity of gasoline to vaporize and thereby produce material for a violent explosion is well known and ordinarily controlled by due care."

The opinion further found that the explosion itself carried with it evidence of a failure to exercise due care, and therefore applied the doctrine.—*Nelson v. Zamboni*, 204 N. W., 943.

A like case is also noted in *Newton v. The Texas Co.*, 105 S. E. (N. C.), 433.

OIL IN TRANSIT.—Judge Dawkins, in the District Court for the Western District of Louisiana, in an opinion reported in 5 Fed. (2nd), 514, the case being styled *Gulf Refining Co. v. Phillips*, has held that oil produced in the oil fields of Louisiana and run to pipe lines, but which was permitted to remain in storage tanks for several months, the tanks being of greater capacity than required for the continuous operation of the pipe line and the quantity of oil so stored being larger than the volume that must be in storage for continuous transportation, then the surplus oil is not in transit in interstate commerce, and that its situs is local and it is subject to local taxation.

TRADE NAME—FAILURE TO FILE CERTIFICATE.—Failure to file a certificate with the county clerk designating one's trade name which is other than the true name of the parties, renders the transaction void under the Texas statute (Acts 37th Legislature, Chapter 33), is the holding of the Court of Civil Appeals of Texas in the case of *Bristol et al. v. Chas. F. Noble Oil & Gas Co.*, 273 S. W., 946.

Government is the most difficult and dangerous of the human arts.—*J. A. Spender*.

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DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

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

Refining Dept.
Natural Gas Dept.

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
W. H. McMorriss, Jr.,
F. W. Wood,
L. B. Brownell, New York
H. Hassell, Port Arthur
H. Norris, New York
H. Tomforde, Houston
H. G. Symms, Houston
R. Fisher, New York
B. E. Anderson, Houston
P. A. MacLean, New York
C. M. Hayward, New York
L. C. Oakley, N. Y.
R. C. Galbraith, Houston
Geo. W. Vos, New York
J. I. Smith, New York
J. B. Nelson, New York
J. A. W. New York
J. E. McHale, Houston
J. T. Rankin, Denver
Otto Hartung, Houston
Fred Carroll, Houston
C. W. Pardo, Tampico

REFINING DEPT. Port Arthur Works was recently the host to two gentlemen from Mexico who arrived at the Works in their aeroplane. E. B. Hopkins, Secretary to Vice President B. E. Hull, The Texas Company of Mexico, Tampico, and Mr. Glass, Manager of the Commercial Aviation Company of Mexico, flew over to Port Arthur Works from Houston, after having flown from Mexico to Minneola, Long Island, N. Y., where they attended the aeroplane races.

The entire trip from Mexico to New York and return was a complete success, and it is needless to say that Texaco gasoline and Texaco lubricant played an important part in this successful flight.



Tampico to New York and return

(See last pages for water shipments from Port Arthur Terminal during the month of November and for a promised report by the Marine Department of the recent rescues made by our Steamship *Reaper*, not yet received when the form containing this page must be given to the press.—*Ed.*)

GOVERNMENTAL REPORTS DEPT. Miss Mildred Marshall and Captain Charles E. Scouller, both of The Texas Company, will be married December 12th at the home of Mr. William Hanford Burr in Westport, Connecticut.

Miss Marshall is an Austin, Texas, girl, a graduate of the University of Texas, Law Department of the class of 1918. In the spring of 1918 she entered war work in Washington; after several months there, she went to France with the Y. M. C. A., A. E. F. Returning to Texas in the fall of 1919, she entered the Oil and Gas Department of the Railroad Commission, with Dr. George C. Butte, where she remained until September 1920, when she accepted a position in the New York office of The Texas Company, as Assistant to Director Thomas M. Taylor of the Department of Governmental Reports.

Captain Scouller was born and educated in



At Ardis Works—Shreveport, La.

Automobiles belonging to employees at Ardis Works, ready to participate in the parade on October 31 at the Louisiana State Fair—that date having been set aside as Oil and Gas Industry Day. Picture taken at the plant.

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North East, Erie County, Pennsylvania. Before the war he sailed on the Great Lakes with the Pennsylvania Steamship Company's line of ore carriers and the Pittsburgh Steamship Company. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as Ensign in the Naval Reserve; later became Lieutenant on the Transport *Plattsburgh*. Since the war he has sailed with the U. S. Shipping Board, and five years ago came to The Texas Company as first officer and later as Captain of the Steamships *Dirigo*, *Lightburne*, and the *New York*. Captain Scoulter is of Scotch and Yankee lineage, descending on his mother's side from a long line of New England shipmasters. He is now returning to North East, Pennsylvania, to manage his fruit farms.

Congratulations and sincerest wishes for all happiness and good fortune (mingled with a sense of a double loss) will flow to this couple from all departments of the Company's organization.

SALES DEPT.—All who read the following

S. TERRITORY may know that our Agents at the points mentioned are the original go-getters at the financial end of the game. Oh yes, that's necessary too! Humble, Seguin, Menard, Rockport, Flatonia, Shinor, Fredericksburg, and Uvalde with 100% collections. Many of our stations polled 99% on collections.

Here are a few new stations recently opened in Houston District. They are going to swell business—could hardly help doing so, as they'll be selling Texaco products and our agents are the right men: Raymondville, Agent B. E. Carroll; Poteet, Agent E. A. Tuttle; Knippa, Agent C. W. Knippa. May their names glow like incandescent orbs in the District!

The D. O. misses the genial presence of Maurice Horn, Pay Roll Clerk, who has been transferred to Florida District. All wish him the best success.

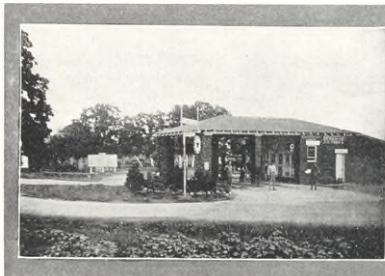
Wm. A. B. Elam will have a further cause for thanksgiving on November 26. On Thanksgiving Eve he'll be married to Miss Louise Melton, D. O. bookkeeping machine operator, in the Northern Methodist Church, Houston. The good wishes of all go with the couple.

J. Freeman, stenographer to Superintendent (Sales) J. H. Glass, has returned from a visit of some length to the old home, Liverpool, England. His comments on the beauties of the Old World are interesting, but we are gratified to know that he has decided to cast his lot with us in the "States." His sunny disposition with the ever quick retort makes him very welcome and the District Office extends heartiest greetings.

Dallas District.—Salesman R. B. Leach and Mrs. Leach, of Dallas, are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy on October 22. Three cheers for "Little Babe."

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Perry announce the marriage of their daughter Mildred to Mr. Thos. Ezelle Karnes on Tuesday, October 29, Dallas, Texas. When "Dock" arrived at his desk the following Monday he found it appropriately decorated. Although he was forced to work in the shadow of deep mourning, his usual good spirits survived and soon all the gloom was laughed away. His many friends throughout the district offer congratulations and best wishes.

We need, in government, more insight and less oversight.

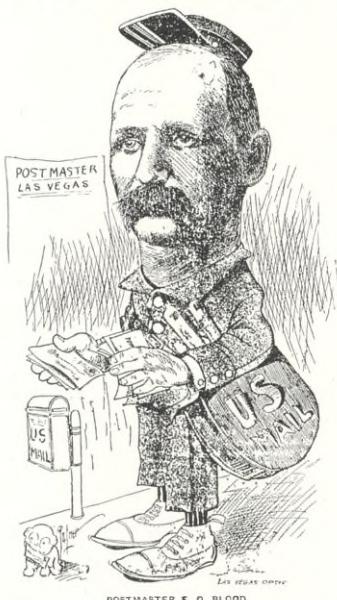


The Coffey Drive-in Filling Station, Bangs, Texas
Showing one of our good customers—by day and by night

The TEXACO STAR

El Paso District.—Our District Office enjoyed a very pleasant visit for a few days from Judge W. Freeman of Denver. We are always glad to see you and hope you will come again.

PAGES FROM THE OPTIC'S CARTOON BOOK MEN OF AFFAIRS IN CARICATURE



This cartoon is reproduced from an old copy of the *Las Vegas Daily Optic* dated April 7, 1906, found by Chief Accountant R. M. Ferguson. Agent F. O. Blood of our Las Vegas, N. M. Station in addition to his public service as postmaster has also served as Mayor of Las Vegas. Below the cartoon the paper printed the following sketch:

“Frederick O. Blood is a New Yorker by birth and a New Mexican by choice. He was born in Westport, N. Y., in the year 1859, and at the age of twelve years followed the course of civilization westward to the State of Kansas. Here he sought employment with the Santa Fe railroad, but after three years resigned and moved to White Oaks in the southern part of this territory. Here he engaged in mining for four years and at the end of this period returned to Topeka and again entered the employment of the Santa Fe. He was sent to San Marcial to take the position of storekeeper and in 1896 was transferred to Las Vegas. He was promoted to the position of division storekeeper

and his territory extended to cover the lines from La Junta to El Paso. In this responsible position with the railroad Mr. Blood remained until his appointment to the postmastership of the city of Las Vegas in 1901 by President McKinley. He was reappointed in November, 1903.

Mr. Blood is a progressive, public spirited man, and no citizen of Las Vegas takes a more active interest in its affairs than he.

It can be stated without fear of contradiction that Mr. Blood is one of the best postmasters that Las Vegas has ever enjoyed. He runs his office in a most business-like manner. He is always ready to accommodate the patrons of the office in any reasonable degree and is watchful of every opportunity to increase the efficiency of the service.”

Agent M. O. Simms, Douglas, Arizona, is bending every energy to place his station at the top for performance. Carrying out his idea, he has secured the services of W. R. Davis, formerly General Superintendent of the Clifton Water Works. Mr. Davis is a mechanical man as well as a salesman, and we are sure this pair will make Douglas Station notable.

Effective December 1, our friend Ezra Rufin, Zone Representative Zone No. 4, resigns to become connected with Agent J. J. Brodbeck at Albuquerque, both of whom will take that station on a commission basis. They have promised some excellent results which we feel sure will meet all expectations, and we shall watch developments with great interest.

We received a letter the other day from Agent Mit Simms at Safford, Arizona Station. The office declared a holiday and celebrated the occasion.

News is reported from Carlsbad, N. M., that Agent J. H. Brown's daughter has been quite ill. We hope for her speedy recovery.

We hear reports from Cupid that wedding bells will soon chime for one of our good-looking single Zone Representatives. Maybe we had better not mention names, as it might cause too much blushing. We may be able to tell something definite in the next issue.

New Orleans District.—Work has been started on the handsome three-story building which is to be erected by the Company at the corner of St. Charles Street and Lee Circle in New Orleans. The ground floor area will be utilized for a modern service station fronting on the thoroughfares named, with general offices on the floor above, and the accounting department occupying the entire third floor. We are proud to say the structure will be a credit to the Company and an ornament to the city, architecturally and otherwise.

The TEXACO STAR

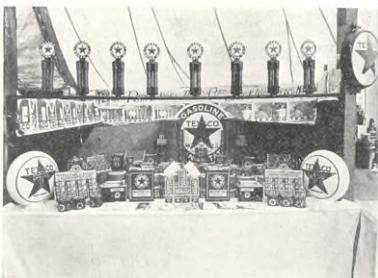
If the click and clang of typewriters and tabulating machines could have been transmuted into the soft cadences of musical harmony, the lilting strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March would have greeted one of the fair attaches of our accounting department upon her arrival at the District Office Monday morning, November 16. Our capable and popular punch key operator, who at closing time Saturday had been Miss Mildred Murphy, returned on Monday as Mrs. "Bill" Ural, the happy ceremony which accomplished this transformation having been performed during the interim in the neighboring Parish of St. Bernard. The fortunate groom hails from Brooklyn, N. Y., but is presently located in New Orleans. Warmest congratulations are extended the happy couple by a multitude of friends.

It was with regret that D. O. workers bade good-bye to Miss Ruby Teddie, who tendered her resignation as stenographer to the Chief Accountant to accept employment elsewhere. The many warm friends made by Miss Teddie during her years of capable and conscientious service as a member of our organization unite in wishing her success in her new field.

After serving as Chief Accountant for several years with commendable ability, M. B. Kidd has resigned to accept a position with another concern in his home town, Atlanta, Ga. P. J. Lauman, formerly Chief Accountant of Oklahoma District, has succeeded Mr. Kidd, and from the way in which he has taken hold of things it is evident that our accounting will continue to function in a most efficient and satisfactory manner. Mr. Lauman is not a stranger to us, being a native of Algiers, New Orleans, trans-Mississippi suburb, and having filled a D. O. position here before he was transferred to Oklahoma City some years ago. Welcome home, Pee Jay; we're glad to have you back.

The latest addition to our growing list of commission agencies is Poplarville, Miss. Station, which was opened last month with J. B. White in Charge. Mr. White is a prominent and highly regarded business man of Poplarville, and he has already shown pleasing results in the distribution of Texaco products in his territory.

General Motor Inspector H. E. Spear, of Houston, spent a couple of days with us in November, and his visit was a source of enjoyment as well as profit to the boys of our Motor Inspection and Operating Division.



Texaco Products at Beauregard Parish Fair
This display was arranged by Agent LaCaze on his own initiative and at his own expense.

The shrimp and crab feast at which Agent Zimmer of Harvey Station entertained the District Office personnel proved so enjoyable that the boys and girls decided to repeat the event on their own initiative. The "encore" took place Saturday afternoon, November 14, with "Nick" again performing most graciously in the role of host. No more positive statement of its unqualified success could be made than to say all present had as good a time as they had before.

Mrs. C. Modinger, Sr., mother of Assistant Creditman C. Modinger, passed into the Great Beyond on November 1; also Mr. John F. Murret, father of Miss Marie Murret, tabulating machine operator in District Office, was called to Eternal Rest on November 4. The bereaved son and daughter have our sincere and affectionate sympathy.

Atlanta District.—We extend our sympathy to Tank Truck Salesman J. C. Southerlin, Greenville, S. C. Station, for the death of his mother, Mrs. R. A. Southerlin, on September 29.

Florida District.—Zone No. 7, H. G. Thompson, Representative, hit the high mark on collections for 1925, making 98.98%. Eight zones out of nine finished with percentage above 87. We predict a record collection for November.

M. A. Horn, of the Houston D. O., has been transferred to Florida District as Chief Clerk to Superintendent Operations. We're glad to have Mr. Horn with us in the land of Sunshine, Palm Trees, and Alligators. We are sure he will be 'sold' on Florida if his girl in Texas will write regularly.

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Harold Duggan, formerly Agent at Orlando, has been appointed Representative Zone 5, succeeding C. J. Weatherlow resigned. We congratulate Mr. Duggan on his appointment. At the same time we regret to lose the services of Mr. Weatherlow and our best wishes go with him in his new work.

J. H. Hulsey, formerly Chief Clerk to Superintendent Operations, has been appointed Agent at Orlando Station. We'll miss Jack in the D. O., but who wouldn't go to Orlando?

E. A. Taylor was recently appointed Agent at Gainesville Station *vice* W. L. Massie. We welcome Mr. Taylor into the organization.

J. H. Hefner is now Agent at Bradenton where he had been acting as Assistant Agent.

The following gentlemen were visitors to Florida District Office in November: C. S. Young, W. W. Bruce, G. M. Worthington from New York, and C. P. Dodge, H. E. Spear, J. Harrod, H. G. Symms from Houston.

SALES DEPT. **New York District.**—We show two notable filling stations in Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mr. Gilbert's station was opened for business June 1, 1925, and has proved to be a business getter. It is 100% Texaco. Mr. Lovely's station is a credit to him and to The Texas Company. All cars entering Ogdensburg from the south pass Gilbert's location, while Lovely's location is passed by all cars entering Ogdensburg from the north.



William Lovely's Filling Station, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

On Ford Street, on the main approach from the north. Equipment consists of two 5-gallon Rapid Dayton pumps with underground tankage, one two-compartment lubricating oil tank, and one Ford oil tank. Mrs. Lovely is seen at the pump—a good operator in dispensing Texaco service in the absence of Mr. Lovely.

At Canton, N. Y., J. Horace Bartman opened a new drive-in filling station on August 5, 1925. Realizing the possibilities of Texaco and the future of complete lubrication service, Mr. Barton was determined to give the best, not only from a product standpoint, but from the service angle as well. He selected Texaco as the medium to accomplish his purpose, and already the results are very gratifying. His filling station, 100% Texaco, is run in addition to his garage—also 100% Texaco—in another part of the town.



Fred Gilbert's Filling Station, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

At the junction of Main and King Streets on the main southern approach to the city. Equipment consists of two Rapid Dayton 5-gallon pumps, one 1,000-gallon tank, one 2-compartment lub. oil tank, and one Ford oil tank. To the left of the building—not shown in the picture—is a grease rack. The Texaco Day Sign is visible from both directions. On the curb are two ornamental lighting posts. This station is 100% Texaco and gives practically 24-hour service. It was Mr. Gilbert's intention to give complete lubrication service and he chose Texaco.



Filling Station of J. Horace Bartman, Canton, N. Y.

New station opened on Riverside Drive at the junction of three streets. To the right of the building—not shown in the picture—is a grease rack. Also, an additional pump had not been installed when the photo was taken. The complete equipment consists of two Rapid Dayton curb pumps, one 1,000-gallon tank, three Marvel Lub. tanks, one Ford oil tank, and one Texaco greasing rack. The Station is 100% Texaco, and practically 24-hour service is given. The hustling manager of the station, Charles Davis, is seen standing at the door.

The TEXACO STAR



Chauffeurs shoveling their way to Schuylerville, a small town 12 miles from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Up in the North with the ice and snow,
Where the sleet cuts deep
And the cold winds blow,
There you'll find men who are worth their salt,
Men whom even a blizzard can't halt.

They face their job whatever the weather,
And when the fight is hard
They fight hardest together;
Nothing can stop them, these two men,
They'll stick to their job till it comes to an end.

When others are stuck and can't get thru,
They break the road, these sturdy two,
And they have but one purpose
For all this, you know:
It's to be out on top with Texaco.

—*J. B. Leek, Jr.,
Clerk, Saratoga Springs Station.*

Boston District.—We were pleased to see Mr. Busfield in the office after his illness. One would never think he had been confined for about eight weeks.

We have moved Portland Refined Station to the Portland Terminal property, and now enjoy close relations with the Terminal folks. Service will be improved greatly on account of improved facilities and close association.

A new representative territory—Zone 9—has J. P. McHugh at the wheel.

H. K. Parker, former agent at New Bedford, has the helm as Representative in Zone 7.

We welcome to the fold F. R. Toy, Agent at Lowell, Mass., and F. A. Odirone, Agent at Portsmouth, N. H.

We show a letter from one of our many satisfied users of Texaco Products:

October 26, 1925.

The Texas Company,
Park Square Bldg., 31 St. James Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Am taking the liberty of writing you to tell you how very pleased we are with all the Texaco Products. About two weeks ago, after that sudden snow flurry, we made a trip up the Mohawk Trail. We are now driving an Auburn Six in line and have driven nearly nine thousand miles, since July 26, 1925, and we have not had one thing done to the car, such as valves ground, carbon removed, and why? Because every five hundred miles we run out our oil, use two quarts of Texaco Flushing Oil, and then fill her up with Texaco Oil. We have never used any gas but the Texaco gas, and for our transmission and differential your Thuban Compound. That is the reason our car is in such splendid condition and the reason why our car made every inch of the Mohawk Trail to the Summitt House in *high*, while other cars of more expensive make had to change gears. We are delighted and wish to thank The Texas Company for giving the public an opportunity of using the Texaco products. I buy all my gas and oil from Mr. Newman at Concord and Walden Streets.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. Rose M. Schmidt.

Young husband.—I just paid the doctor another ten dollars on his bill.

Wife.—Oh, goody! Two more payments and the baby will be ours.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Norfolk District.—Zone 5 seems to be leading the field. William Richardson Breeden was added to the family of Representative L. L. Breeden on August 23, and T. M. Ray, Secretary to Representative Breeden, was presented with a nice girl on October 5. These boys are certainly hard workers.

Another item to the credit of Zone 3: in the Lubricating Oil campaign, Bluefield, W. Va. Station sold its quota by November 11. That's what we call class, and we extend congratulations to the personnel of this station.

F. H. Craft, Secretary to Representative Allen of Zone 3, has been placed on the casualty list. He has taken unto himself a wife, and is, therefore, now out of the running. All of the girls in the D. O. were grief stricken at the news. The wishes of the entire District for a happy married life are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Craft.

We are glad to announce that Miss B. E. Ellis is back again, after spending several months in a hospital recovering from a serious operation.

Chicago District.—J. T. Groves has been appointed Representative, Indianapolis, Indiana, *vice* C. W. Webster assigned to other duties.

The TEXACO STAR

C. E. Hill has been appointed Representative, West Pullman, Illinois, *vice* H. R. Rupert assigned to other duties.

Appropriations have been approved for ten bulk stations in Illinois. Plans have been approved by the State Fire Marshall and all deals for location have been practically consummated. Construction has been started at Rock Island. We also have approval for twenty-five company-built filling stations in Chicago, three of which are completed and open, and the routine for leasing property and for permits is being handled as rapidly as possible.

Additional warehouse facilities are being built at Grand Rapids and Rockford. They will be completed before the first of the year.

We have just completed and put in use a new 20-truck garage at St. Louis.

Auditors Breeding and Yeatman are with us. They will have a big job verifying Loaned Facilities—we have been so busy putting them out to get business this year.

Assistant Creditman Art Moser has presented little Miss Alice Moser to D. O. society. Fine baby, Art. No wonder you are proud of her.

We are 'cleaning up' on this drive for General Oils—Combinations and Carloads. Some large contracts are about ready to go through.

E. T. (5-Car) Farley, of Kingsbury Station, is stirring up some competition.

The rumor was correct: B. (Bachelor) Cowen is now B. (Benedict) Cowen—and says he would do it over again.

Enthusiastic congratulations are extended to Superintendent (Operations) Kizer upon the arrival of H. W. Kizer, Junior, on November 16.

Minneapolis District.—A. H. Arnold, D. O. accounting, was united in holy wedlock to Miss Esther Marie Voreck, of Charles City, Iowa, on October 30. The entire District wishes Mr. and Mrs. Arnold health, happiness, and prosperity.

A Texaco Club has been organized, the members of which consist of the salesmen out of St. Paul Station and all employees of the St. Paul Station and Minneapolis Office. The first social gathering was on Hallowe'en when a most enjoyable time was experienced in a real Texaco dance.

Denver District.—Creditman L. A. Doty is proud of these 100% stations on collections:

Lincoln, Neb.	Montrose, Colo.	Lafayette, Colo.
Shubert, Neb.	Alliance, Neb.	Longmont, Colo.
Aurora, Neb.	Ft. Morgan, Colo.	Lyons, Colo.
Belgrade, Neb.	Haxtun, Colo.	Farmington, N.M.
Grand Island, Neb.	Julesburg, Colo.	Deer Trail, Colo.
Red Cloud, Neb.	North Platte, Neb.	Lamar, Colo.
Sutton, Neb.	New Raymer, Col.	Coffeyville, Kans.
Ephraim, Utah	Stratton, Neb.	Monroe, Neb.
Douglas, Wyo.	Brighton, Colo.	O'Neill, Neb.
Evanson, Wyo.	Hudson, Colo.	Auburn, Neb.
		Falls City, Neb.

E. F. Martin, Agent at Colorado Springs, has been appointed Representative in Zone 17. We know you will make good.

A. J. Hill has been appointed Commission Agent at Brush, Colorado. He has his own wholesale plant and filling station. We are looking for big things from Brush.

Mr. Harville, of roofing department, has returned after spending some time in the East. Glad to have Jack with us again.

The many friends of Chief Clerk Wallace Strimple will be sorry to hear of his illness; but we are glad to report that he is now recovering satisfactorily from a major operation at Fitzsimmons Hospital. We hope to have him with us again soon.

We regret to report the illness of Miss Helen Eggers of the tax department.

Spokane District.—Auditors D. M. Davis and R. C. Willett are with us making an audit of the Spokane District Office.

Agent Hugh Stallings, Bozeman, Montana, succeeded in making 100% on collections for September and October. Hugh believes in getting the money.

There is a new member in the firm of the Playle Oil Co., LaGrande, Oregon. Mr. Audner Playle and Miss Dorothy Caldwell were married on November 8. Best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Playle.

**ASPHALT
SALES DEPT.** We cannot yet make accurate answer to the query: "How long is a Texaco asphalt pavement capable of giving satisfactory service?" We call attention, however, to a seventeen years old Texaco pavement in Muskogee, Oklahoma, which still shows no indication of succumbing to adverse traffic and climatic conditions.

Asphalt Department salesmen do more than merely sell Texaco. Their work is not finished when the buyer's signature is on the dotted line. It is common practice for an asphalt salesman or engineer to go out on the street or highway being improved and take an active part in the execution of the work. For in-

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stance, when the town of Cokato, Minn., recently placed an order for some Texaco Surfacing Material, two members of our Chicago office, Walter Hempelmann and "Jim" Elliott, were repeatedly present, aiding in applying the material according to the latest methods. In recognition of this coöperation the *Cokato Enterprise* in an article describing the work, stated: "The village council is highly pleased with the job as done by Mr. Craig and The Texas Company." (Mr. Craig is Mayor.) Texaco Service is real honest-to-goodness assistance, and it is appreciated.

When "Ed" Stevenson, "Joe" Julius, and "Tony" Pearson, of the New York office of this Department, met on the bowling alleys last month to decide which of the trio rolled the meanest ball, one of the distinguished spectators of the match was Department Agent P. A. Philibert. "Phil" had not had a ball in his hand for 15 years, but by the time the match was decided he had become so imbued with the fever that he forthwith challenged "Bob" Farrier, also among those present, to a game. *A game!* Oh, if they had only been content to call it quits after *one* game! But no, that served merely as a teaser. They went at it hammer and tongs. One game lead to another and when they finally slipped into their coats again, the board showed a total of nine games.

Incidentally, Phil rolled up an average for the nine games of 140, which caused the young blood to sit up and take note.

But the climax to the story came when P. A. P. strode into the office the following morning. Did we say *strode*? Our error. When he *eased* in, is more accurate. A wry smile and an occasional wince told the sad story.

It is reported that drug stores in the vicinity of the Philibert chateau have been unable to meet the demand for Sloan's liniment, *etc.*

Take it from Phil, nine strenuous games after a 15 years respite is close to suicidal.

PURCHASING DEPT. **Houston Office.**—This Department is a firm believer in reciprocity, and coöperates wherever possible with the Sales Department. Every employee of the Company could aid in this work by asking the merchants with whom they deal whether they ever purchase anything from The Texas Company. We believe every loyal employee would be willing to do this, and the suggestion is offered for whatever it may be worth.

We have it on pretty good authority that Joe Rankin, and another bold hunter, after lying alongside of a lake all night waiting for ducks to light, at daybreak found out that the lake was frozen over.

Denver Office.—Telegram dated Houston, Texas, Nov. 19, to J. T. Rankin, Denver, Colorado:

TELEGRAM EIGHTEENTH LAGARDE DEPARTED YESTERDAY AFTERNOON FOR DENVER UNDERSTAND EVENT OCCURRED

(Signed) J. E. NOLEN

Telegram dated Houston, Texas, Nov. 20, to J. E. Caverly, Denver, Colorado:

BYRON MARRIED YESTERDAY MORNING HOPE YOUR ARM RECOVERING LOVE

(Signed) QUEENE

At the time of this writing Mr. B. A. Lagarde and Mrs. Lagarde (erstwhile Miss Aline Hodgetts) are on their way to Denver, *via* auto, somewhere between Houston, Texas, and Denver, Colorado.

B. A.'s desk in Denver has been decorated for the occasion with white and pink streamers draped from the light fixture to and all around his desk. Pasted *securely* on the under side of his plate glass, face up, is a large poster done by an efficient artist reading: JUST MARRIED. On top of his desk is a baby's bed, with baby dolls and all necessities—we can't spell the names of some of them; also old shoes, large and small, and cupie stickers. Rice (purchased wholesale) is scattered on top of his desk and in every place throughout his desk. We would like to place credit for the decorations where it belongs, but it might cause serious trouble.

Byron, when he gets back will be hard to get along with—we should say harder.

If Mr. and Mrs. Lagarde are destined to be married happily longer than they have been engaged, it will be unnecessary for us to extend them further good wishes.

EXPORT DEPT. J. V. Murray, General Manager of The Texas Company's China organization, has been in New York on a short visit.

C. N. Eubank, L. H. Nuland, and Wm. Mayger of The Texas Company's China organization are on home leave in America.

H. W. Russell, of The Texas Company (P. I.) Inc., is on home leave in America.

L. A. Moricca, recently returned to New York after an extended stay in Brazil—at the head of The Texas Company (So. America) Ltd.

The TEXACO STAR

W. H. Pinckard, Assistant Manager of The Texas Company's China organization is in America on home leave.

PIPE LINES I. R. Cleveland, of the Houston Office, and Miss Lucile Eads were married at Lakeland, Florida, on October 1. After an enjoyable trip to Texas by water, they are at home to their friends at 4306 Dallas Avenue, Houston. We extend congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Margurite Shamblin and W. A. Rankin, of the Oil Accounting Department, Houston, were married on October 3 at Galveston. The best wishes of many friends are extended.

Miss Theta Watson, of the Houston Office, and Mr. E. S. Holliday were married on October 7 at the Woodland Methodist Church, Houston. After the ceremony the happy couple left for Galveston where they will make their home. The best wishes of all are extended.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended on the occasion of the following announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alleman announce the marriage of their daughter Lelia Ruth to Mr. Cecil L. Parker on Wednesday, October the twenty-first, 1925, First Baptist Church, Beaumont, Texas."

E. A. Nosal, of the Houston Office, and wife, announce the birth, on October 15, of a baby girl, Mary Ann Nosal.

We are glad to report that M. C. Breaker, of the Oil Accounting Department, has made a rapid recovery from an operation for appendicitis on October 16.

W. E. Hunter has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Wichita Falls Division, and R. R. Cocke succeeds him as Cashier at Wichita Falls.

CRUDE OIL PRICES AT WELL

November 30, 1925

Penna., Bradford	-\$3.40	Eldorado	-\$1.55 to 1.65
Other Penna.	3.30	Smackover	-.85 to 1.30
Indiana	1.78	Haynesville	-.55 to 1.65
Canada	2.38	Homer	-.40 to 1.75
Ragland, Ky.	1.10	Caddo	-.65 to 1.05
California	-.85 to 2.30	DeSoto	1.80
Oklahoma & Kas.	1.15 to 2.43	Bull Bayou	1.45 to 1.75
N., NC., C.Tx	1.15 to 2.43	Crichton	1.60
Luling	1.40	Wyoming	1.10 to 1.90
Gulf Coast	1.25 to 1.50	Colorado	1.00 to 1.35

WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1925			
Refined—Coastwise	1,010,030 bbls.		
Refined—Foreign	246,304 bbls.		
	1,256,424 bbls.		
Crude—Coastwise	221,227 bbls.		
Total	1,477,651 bbls.		

The Rise and Fall and Happy Survival of a Pipeliner

There was once a being, proud of his form,
Not afraid to face a Texas hail storm;
He was raised on a farm, his muscles were fine,
So he went to work on a Texas pipe line.

He soon learned to ditch and use a big scoop,
So he was promoted to develop his stoop—
This was on the tongs to try out his knees,
And learn the difference of good and bad keys.

He made good in all; and so to speak,
His weight on the tongs made the pipe squeak;
His quickness in action attracted the Supe,
Who was looking for men to lay a big loop.

So at the end of a bucked up joint,
Supe took him aside to give him a point.
The old timers glanced at this seeming favor
And by their remarks showed very bad flavor.

Says Red to Humpy: "What you think about that?"
Says Slim to Shorty: "I'll bet you a hat
The Supe is making a new crum boss,
And we wish him gain as we suffer no loss."

Says Boney to Blackie: "Glad when he's gone."
"He's too fast to be safe," says big-footed John.
"He's a worker," says Curley, "but it's hard on the rest—
By the way I feel when I go to my nest."

Sure enough next day, the news being out,
"Where is he?" they asked, each casting about;
For no one knew just where he was sent—
"But here comes Grogan who'll know where he went."

"Say, Grogan, tell us where did the fast man go?"
Says Grogan, right sharp: "I'll be durned if I know;
But the Supe came this morning on a quick trip,
And the fast man climbed in with suit case and grip."

In fact, the fast man went off with the Supe
To be a gang pusher on main line loop.
Right here stops his rise; but the truth we will tell;
The change for the worse and the place where he fell.

His muscles were strong, but his head did not pan—
Elevated above the ordinary man;
His hat got too small, his importance he felt,
Was needful, too, to let out his belt.

A big car was next on his bill of fare,
An expense account that made the Supe stare.
Then, like Sampson, David, and Solomon of old,
He fell for the women, both body and soul.

This story now comes to its sorrowful fate;
Grogan came up to the loop camp gate,
A letter he passed to the very fast man—
"Turn everything over to Mr. Grogan."

Then he saw he'd been made by women a goat,
His car was sold for non-payment of note;
But gathering his courage he left those scenes,
And went to Arkansas to raise turnip greens.

There he was happy, with little farm home,
Ne'er to pipe line again, nor ever to roam;
With wife and two babies, happy 'tis said,—
All because he conformed to the size of his head.

—H. C. Beard, Sour Lake, Texas.

The less a man's time is worth, the faster
he drives his car.—*The Atlantic Seal.*

The TEXACO STAR

Two Rescues by Tank Steamer "Reaper" of The Texas Company Fleet

The S. S. *Reaper*, in command of Captain L. M. Jonassen, sailed from our Jacksonville Terminal on October 17 bound for Port Arthur. At about 7 p. m., as the *Reaper* approached the mouth of the St. Johns River, radio signal S O S was heard from the Clyde Line Steamer *Comanche*. The *Comanche* had sailed from Jacksonville only a short time before the *Reaper*, and was bound for New York with approximately 100 passengers and crew of 60.

The radio signals from the *Comanche* told that she was afire 6 to 8 miles off the Florida coast. Captain Jonassen immediately proceeded towards the burning ship at the *Reaper's* greatest speed. Before he reached the *Comanche* he was advised that they did not need assistance, but he saw that the vessel was burning badly and disregarded the signals. Just before arriving, another message from the *Comanche* said that his help was most urgently needed. At the request of the Captain of the *Comanche* the *Reaper* stopped at a safe distance to the windward of the burning liner.

Captain Jonassen noticed that the crew of the *Comanche* were having trouble in launching some of their lifeboats, no doubt due to the excitement prevailing. He immediately lowered two of the *Reaper's* lifeboats, in charge of Chief Officer A. Pedersen and Second Officer Larsen, and the boats proceeded on their errand of mercy. Before the *Reaper's* lifeboats reached the *Comanche*, several of the *Comanche's* lifeboats arrived alongside the *Reaper*. The occupants of these boats, especially the women, had some difficulty in climbing aboard



Chief Engineer M. Pelmas, Captain L. M. Jonassen,
Second Mate B. M. Larsen.

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the *Reaper* with the ladders that had been placed over the side, and many of them had to be hauled aboard with lines.

The *Reaper's* two lifeboats did excellent work in getting the passengers and crew from the flaming vessel. They took five boat loads to the *Reaper*, the Steam Pilot Boat *Meta*, from Mayport, taking the rest of the people from the ship.

When the *Reaper* was ready to leave the wreck, thinking all hands had been rescued, Captain Jonassen saw four men hanging on the rudder of the burning ship. Evidently they had jumped overboard, and swam to this precarious position. A boat was sent out for these men, and they were taken aboard.

As one of the rescued passengers was badly hurt, and numerous women were more or less hysterical, the *Reaper* steamed at full speed for Mayport to land the passengers, sending radio messages for doctors to meet the ship.

Unfortunately, the *Reaper's* lifeboats were damaged in their rescue work to such an extent that it was necessary to procure two other lifeboats before sailing from Mayport on her voyage to Port Arthur. The boats were secured and the ship sailed, little thinking that it would again be necessary to rescue other seamen in distress.

On October 20, at about 4 p. m., distress signals were seen flying from the four masted Schooner *Rosalie Hull*, ashore on the Florida Coast. Captain Jonassen stood in as close as he could to this distressed vessel and dispatched one of his lifeboats, in command of Chief Officer Pedersen, to the rescue of the crew of

this schooner. It was blowing hard and the sea was rough, but after considerable difficulty the lifeboat got alongside the schooner. On account of the weather conditions it was impossible to bring the nine members of the crew of the schooner in one boat load, and it was necessary to make two trips from the *Reaper* to the strand-



Chief Mate A. Pedersen

The TEXACO STAR



Crew of the "Reaper"

ed schooner, a distance of over a mile, before the entire crew could be taken aboard.

It is indeed gratifying to note that during these two rescues no lives were lost.

The *Reaper* again proceeded for Port Arthur. At about midnight of the 21st, after being in radio communication with the Coast Guard Service at Key West, a Coast Guard cutter arrived and the crew of the *Rosalie Hull* were put aboard the cutter for landing at Key West.

This experience of the *Reaper* in rescuing the passengers and crews of two vessels on the same short passage is unique in marine annals.

The Texas Company can well be proud of having in their employ such men as the crew of this ship. It was the true Texaco spirit of

the men that made these two rescues possible.

Captain Jonassen is the youngest Master in the employ of the Company, and probably is as young a man as any commanding a ship the size of the *Reaper*. He is purely a Texaco product, having started as a sailor at an early age in the older ships of The Texas Company, and his entire experience has been on their ships. Although a man young in years, he probably has had more sea experience than many older ship Masters.

The Deck and Engineer Officers of the *Reaper* are also men of long service in the employ of The Texas Company, and they, jointly and individually, deserve all credit for their heroic deeds.

The Texaco Association of New York

The following Officers and Board of Governors have been elected to serve the Association for the ensuing year:

President	C. O. Strahley	Employ. & Serv.
1st V. P.	J. J. Anderson	Ry. Tr. & Sales
2nd V. P.	Miss M. Marshall	Gov. Reports
3rd V. P.	F. J. Falk	Marine
4th V. P.	S. P. Tichenor	Export
Finan. Secy	J. F. Sherm	Marine

Recor. Secy	Z. C. French	Executive
Treasurer	F. J. Curtiss	N. T. Sales Acct.
<i>Board of Governors</i>		
Asphalt	J. J. Smith	
Comptroller's	G. T. Brannan	
Executive	W. D. Kelly	
Export	A. D. Lowrie	
Insurance	David Brown	
Legal & Gov. Reports	R. Hekeler	
Marine	Harry Sudam	
Northern Territory Sales	H. S. Brown	
New York District	Miss M. V. Hoch	

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Purchasing	L. H. Clossey
Railway Traffic & Sales	Oscar Lasse
Refining—Terminal	T. J. Gilsenan
Treasury-Transfer	Robt. Fisher

On Monday evening, November 2, members of the Association and their friends assembled in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Roosevelt, 45th Street and Madison Avenue, and enjoyed the entertainment provided for the Annual Fall dance. This was the first affair given by the Association at this hotel, and the artistic designing and arrangements of the ball room and reception room were favorably commented upon by many. Those who attended the boat ride to Indian Point in June recognized the music as being played by the Bryant Orchestra, under the capable direction of Mr. Otto from the Comptroller's Department, a member of the organization. The music of this orchestra contributes largely to the success of these affairs.

Vocal selections were rendered by Miss Elrita Brochel of Weehawken and Mr. Daniel Devers of Brooklyn, and dances and songs by Miss Doris Lenahan of Port Richmond, S. I., also selections by the Knights of Columbus Glee Club. Each was a feature in itself and all brought great applause.

Among other members present were C. E. Woodbridge, Treasurer of The Texas Company, H. W. Dodge, Manager of Sales Department Territory, G. M. Worthington, Department Agent, and C. R. McCarthy, New York District Manager; also F. T. Manley and F. P. Risdon, Manager and Chief Engineer of the Refining Department from Houston, Texas.

Recognition is to be given to Mr. McCarthy for his "boosting" of this affair, especially

among the employees in the District Office. Mr. McCarthy and his force from the former Philadelphia District were recently transferred to New York and a number of familiar faces from the Quaker City were in prominence. We wish to welcome "Mac and his gang" into our midst.

This dance marks the passing of Mr. Anderson's directorship of the Entertainment Committee. Mr. Anderson has served as Chairman of this Committee for several years, during which he has planned and directed a number of entertainments for the Association; but having been elected First Vice President, he will now take over other duties. He will, however, continue to serve as a member of the Entertainment Committee, and with his experience and under the leadership of the newly appointed Chairman, Mr. Brannan, the Committee will continue to arrange such gratifying programs as have been carried out in the past.

The Texaco Association of New York wishes to extend their best wishes to Miss Mildred Marshall, Second Vice President, and Captain Charles E. Scouller, who will be married on December 12th at Westport, Connecticut. Both Miss Marshall and Captain Scouller have been with The Texas Company for over five years, Miss Marshall being, when she resigned, an Assistant in the Department of Governmental Reports, and Captain Scouller in the Marine Department as Captain of the S. S. *New York*. The Texaco Association heartily joins the many friends of Miss Marshall and Captain Scouller in wishing them all happiness on the sea of matrimony.



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.

LABORATORIES. Petroleum Motor Fuel. K. G. Mackenzie. *Ind. & Eng. Chem.*, November 1, 1925, p. 1105.

Fire Hazards of Static Electricity. Rollin M. Clark. *Ditto*, p. 1127.

Measurement of Vapor Tension of Gasoline and other Liquids. Harold S. Davis. *Ditto*, p. 1136.

PIPE LINES & PRODUCING. Loss in Too Many Tanks. C. P. Buck.—*Petroleum Age*, November 1, 1925.

FUEL OIL. Oil Burner Makers Have Made Real Progress. John B. Rathbun.—*Petroleum Age*, November 15, 1925.

LUBRICATING. Film Theory in Lubrication. John B. Rathbun.—*Petroleum Age*, November 1, 1925.

The Essentials of Industrial Truck and Tractor Lubrication. I—The Engine and the Electric Motor. Allen F. Brewer.—*Industrial Management*, November 1925.

GENERAL. Law Making and Law Enforcement. Arthur T. Hadley.—*Harper's Magazine*, November 1925.

Our Fettered Freedom. Marcelle England.—*Harper's Magazine*, November 1925.

Our Consumption in 1925—Report of address before American Chemical Society by K. G. Mackenzie, Consulting Chemist of The Texas Company.—*Petroleum Age*, November 1, 1925.

Recollections of Sixty Years in the Oil Business. C. C. Blackman.—*The Oil Trade*, November 1925.

What Is a Captain of Industry? A. C. Bedford.—*The Nation's Business*, November 1925.

What is a Leader? E. Standfuss.—*Industrial Management*, November 1925.

Breaking-In the New Employee. M. A. Meyers.—*Industrial Management*, November 1925.

Economy—as Necessary in Good Times as in Bad. Fred Saunders.—*Industrial Management*, November 1925.

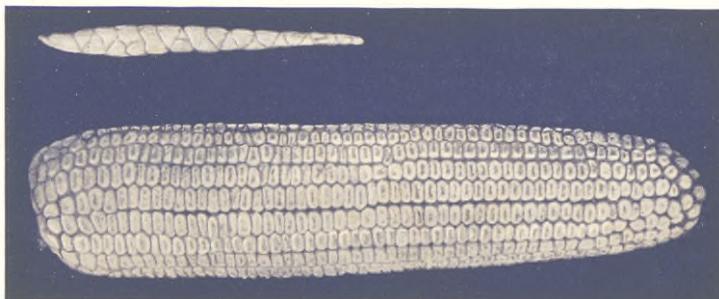
Where Shall the Shopper Park? Louis Rothschild.—*The Nation's Business*, November 1925.

What's What in Your Fire Policy? H. A. Smith, President National Fire Insurance Company.—*The Nation's Business*, November 1925.

The Student Habit. Sir Arthur Keith, M. D.—*The Living Age*, November 14, 1925.

What Would You Rather Do than Work? Allan L. Benson.—*The Dearborn Independent*, November 21, 1925.

On Being a Real Skeptic. Harry Emerson Fosdick.—*Harper's Magazine*, December 1925.



A Result of Selection

At the top is shown an ear of wild corn, such as the Indians found when they came to this country. Below it is a specimen of the dent corn of today—a transformation brought about wholly by selection. The Indians picked out the best ears for seed to plant, until there came ears with four rows of enlarged kernels, then six rows, then eight, and now sixteen rows on a cob more than twice as long with tip and butt completely filled. See editorial on *Nature's Way of Improvement*.

