The TEXACO STAR

JUNE · 1929

THE OPEN ROAD

Give me the road, the open road, and that will do for me,
With the motor's drone and the fragrant breeze, and the feeling that I'm free,
For the city's din has a little way of tinging your thoughts with blue,
But roads have arms, it always seems, that stretch right out to you.

Alpine Road of Kent County, Michigan: A Fourteen Mile Stretch of TEXACO Asphaltic Concrete.

New Texaco Road Maps Issued

Nation-Wide Distribution Effected as Record-Breaking Touring Season Looms

WITH vacation time before us, and indications pointing to an unprecedented use of our national highways, the new road maps issued by The Texas Company constitute an accessory to the American motorist that is as timely as it is useful.

Thirty areas are comprehended by the maps, which embrace all the traversable highways of the United States, and distribution to dealers has been effected so that maps are available at all service stations dealing in TEXACO products.

The thirty areas have been handled as follows: That marked New England includes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island; the last three have been treated also in a second map. New York has one to itself, while Long Island and metropolitan New York constitute another, as do New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia are incorporated into a single map, and the Carolinas have been considered as one district. Georgia and Alabama are combined, while one entire map is devoted to Florida.

Additional states considered independently are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oklahoma and Texas, and one map is devoted to each state. States which are combined for reasons of their size or geographical arrangement further include Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi; the Dakotas; Kansas and Nebraska; Arizona and New Mexico; Colorado and Utah; Idaho, Montana and Wyoming; Washington and Oregon, and California and Nevada. A complete map of the United States, with the Lincoln Highway, is likewise included.

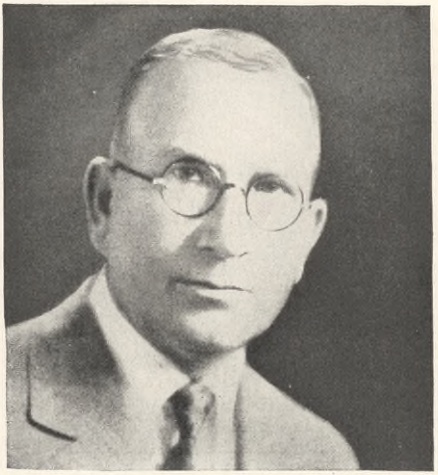
The maps are lithographed in green on durable paper; chief highways are indicated in red, with numbers in each case corresponding with the number of the highway, so that all confusion is at once eliminated.

Cities as illustrated on the maps conform to the actual geographical shape, and a welcome and useful supplement is the individual, enlarged maps of all the larger cities reproduced on the back of each map, indicating the main streets of each city, the entrance to it, and the way out. In every detail the maps represent an achievement in the considerable art of map construction.

The Texas Company, by virtue of its complete national character, is peculiarly situated to effect a distribution of this type in a manner most beneficial to the motorist. The Company's representation in all of the 48 states insures thorough distribution from the outset. One of the motivating factors for this most recent activity of The Texas Company is the acquisition of The California Petroleum Corporation, now The Texas Company (California), an affiliation that has linked The Texas Company with one of the truly outstanding touring areas of the continent.

The steady influx of foreign visitors, driving their own cars, creates a situation wherein the TEXACO maps will again be of tremendous use; the visitor from foreign lands, upon his arrival here, is obviously somewhat puzzled by the presence of so many filling stations, operating under names that are naturally alien to him. Only the name TEXACO, with the Red Star and Green T which is the standard emblem of Company products throughout the world, impresses itself upon him, and the call for TEXACO road maps by our friends from other lands will enable filling station proprietors the country over to do them a genuine service.

The same situation prevails locally, to a more marked extent: American motorists, once away from their own homes, will begin to see new signs, new slogans, and the ones with which they are familiar in their home cities will, for the most part, be missing. The ever present Red Star and Green T, as always, is the notable exception.



JAMES A. BERMINGHAM

R. T. HERNDON

New Officers for California Company

Bermingham and Herndon Assume Posts on West Coast

TWO major changes in personnel have lately occurred in The Texas Company (California). R. T. Herndon has been named vice president and sales manager of that organization; James A. Bermingham has been designated vice president and director, and will have charge of the producing department of the coast unit.

Mr. Herndon's association with the Company, which began in November, 1915, has been marked by a series of deserved promotions. Entering the Company service as agent at Brownsville, Texas, he has advanced steadily through various branches of the organization. In 1923 he was named superintendent at El Paso, and a year later assumed a similar post at Denver. He became district manager there in 1925 and a few months later was assigned to the superintendency of filling stations, in the New York offices. In March, 1926, Mr. Herndon was designated district manager at Minneapolis, and returned east the following year to take over similar responsibilities in Boston. He assumed the assistant managership of the Northern Territory District Sales, Administration, last October.

Mr. Herndon, whose position corresponds to those held by the managers of the Northern and Southern territories, is well fitted for his new duties; he is particularly capable in organization work and in the development of new territory. Mr. Herndon, a native Texan, is thirty-three years of age. He is unmarried.

Mr. Bermingham entered the service of The Texas Company producing department as North Central Texas assistant division manager on the first of January, 1927. In November of the following year he was transferred to The Texas Production Company as vice president and manager; his latest promotion followed.

His California assignment completes a personal contact with and general knowledge of the principal oil fields and producing operations in the United States west of the Mississippi. His activity commenced in 1902 at Beaumont, Texas, during the Spindletop boom. He subsequently operated independently, becoming interested in production in Kansas and Oklahoma; he was active in the organization of the first oil producers' association in the mid-continent, and at one time acted as its secretary. A few years later he digressed into the realty business on a large scale, dealing in ranch tracts. Mr. Bermingham in 1916 reentered the oil business as an independent, buying and selling leases and drilling wells in southwestern Oklahoma and in parts of Texas. Several of these were operated jointly with the Simms Oil Company, which led to his affiliation in 1924 as assistant manager of the west Texas district, from which office he came to The Texas Company. Mr. Bermingham at one time served as chairman of the West Texas Oil Men's Association. He was born and raised in Illinois. Mr. Bermingham is married and has three children: twin sons and a married daughter.

Sultan Mountain, near Silverton, Colorado

Colorado, State of Enchantment

Manifold Beauties Continue To Reveal Themselves To Tourists

W. E. BRADFORD

ASK any traveler who has obeyed that commendable dictum, "See America First," and he will tell you that the state of Colorado offers recreational actualities that suffer by comparison with few, with a historical background as colorful as any. From the discovery of a certain well-known peak by the intrepid Lieutenant Zebulon Pike to the frightful Indian massacre that occurred near Craig, where The Texas Company refinery now stands, the biography of that state is filled with adventure.

While it is not the purpose of the narrator to label Colorado the holidayer's millenium or to assert that its history is incomparably colorful, it is his purpose to tell the thoroughly enchanting story of that state and let the reader judge for himself.

Four centuries ago, men who knew Christopher Columbus were attracted by the scenic and climatic beauties of Colorado. When they journeyed into the great mountains along the upper reaches of the Colorado River, they found traces of civilization dating back hundreds of years. Civilized men enjoyed the wonders of a sunset in the hills of this region when savages in loin cloths trod the path which is now Wall Street. Spaniards who had entered the present continental area of the United States came to Colorado more than forty years before an Englishman had set foot upon the Atlantic seacoast.

The first explorers to visit the plains country east of the Rockies were the survivors of the ill-fated expedition of Pamfilio Marvaez in 1528. These survivors, after an expedition inland, came back to the port where they had left their ship only to find it had gone. They made a raft and subsequently were shipwrecked on the coast of Texas. Among these was Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the treasurer of the expedition, described by early historians as "a wise, prudent, sagacious, and withal a godly man, of excellent repute in his native land." They were captured

Chief Falling-Over-The-Bank

Chief Strong Talk, Sioux Indian of Colorado

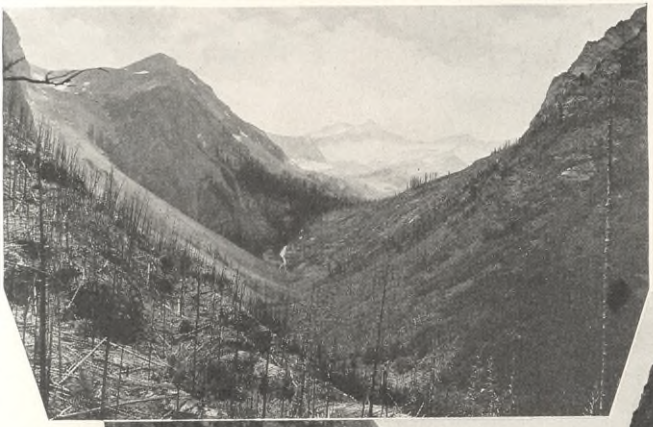
Mountain Sheep Driven into the Valleys by the Fierceness of the Winter in the Ranges

by Indians, and due to supposed miraculous powers of De Vaca, their lives were spared. They journeyed inland, accompanied by great crowds of Indians, who were attracted by De Vaca's powers. A Barbary negro, Estavanico, acted as interpreter, while De Vaca wisely held himself apart, as a sort of sacred personage. They were presented with arrow heads made from emeralds, a fact which had great bearing upon the future explorations of the region. They journeyed up the Rio Grande River where they encountered the Pueblo Indians, who gave them cotton shawls "better than those of New Spain," many beads and certain corals and fine turquoise "that came from the North." One of the Indians they found wearing a Spanish buckle which he said he had obtained from another party which had come up from the Southwest. In July 1536, De Vaca and his companions found their way to Mexico City and from there returned to Lisbon, Spain.

The tales of the wonders of the new country immediately attracted other Spanish explorers, chief among whom was Hernandez De Soto, but his journey into the West terminated in his death. His party explored parts of what is now Kansas, but, discouraged by the barrenness of the country, they returned to Mississippi where De Soto died. Louis De Moscoso took up his command and in the next six months traveled as far west as the Rocky Mountains, which he describes in glowing terms in his later writings. Many battles were fought with the Osages and Pawnees along the route which was probably what is now the Santa Fé Trail, one of the great arteries of motor travel in the West. The army of invasion found little to pay them for their troubles and gave up and returned to the Spanish settlements along the Gulf.

The Never Summer Range

The next expedition to invade the Rocky Mountain region was headed by Coronado in search of "the Seven Wonderful Cities of Cibola." These cities were paved with gold and their inhabitants wore great quantities of precious stones, according to reports reaching the Spaniards. This party journeyed for fifteen days through



West Snowmass Creek, Holy Cross National Park

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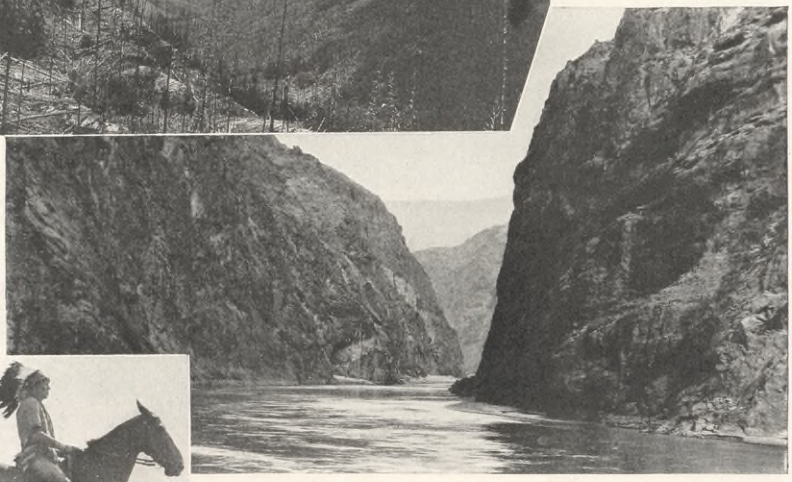
Site of Boulder Dam in Black Canyon, Colorado



Arapahoe Warrior, Whose People Were Colorado Pioneers

the deserts of the southwest only to discover that Cibola was a little town of Pueblos, with dirty, ragged inhabitants who had never seen a horse before. They took possession of the country in the name of the Spanish King and sent many expeditions into the surrounding country in search of the precious metals reputed to be found there.

The journeys of these explorers, their quarrels with the Indians, and the influx of Spanish settlers into northern New Mexico form one of the most colorful chapters in American history. The gold they came to find was never located, however, and being explorers, they left the real settlement of the country to the later Anglo-Saxon expeditions.

They found, in southwestern Colorado, the ruins of an ancient race which has been the study of archaeologists since that time. This ancient race was distinct from the nomadic tribes of Utes and Apaches. They constructed and inhabited towns, villages, fortresses and caves, had fixed habitations, tilled the soil, raised flocks and herds, manufactured fabrics and in every way possessed a higher and better civilization than their successors or contemporaries who roamed the plains. The ruins of these ancient villages are preserved now in Mesa Verde National Park. These ruins stand upon or near springs and running streams and close by are grassy meadows and alluvial bottom lands. Most of the structures are of stone and all are in the last stages of decay. In the lowlands are villages which were probably populated by the farmers. The houses located in the cliffs were either occupied by the warriors of the tribes or were used as fortresses. The villages in the lowlands are laid out in

Buffalo in City Park, Denver

Valley of Trout Pools in Big Thompson Canyon, near Estes Park, Colorado

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The Stately Mountain Range of San Miguel, Close to Silverton, Colorado

parallelograms or circles, marked out with great regularity and built of stone plastered with mud.

While it is generally believed that the Zunis and Moquis of New Mexico are the descendants of the ancient tribes of southwest Colorado, archaeologists are vague in their ideas of who they were, where they came from and what caused their disappearance. At any rate, the Spanish explorers found these great settlements, extending over 6,000 square miles, were not inhabited.

Prior to the invasion of the Spaniards, probably a hundred years or more, the Indian migrations from the Atlantic slope began. It was not until the middle of the 18th century that the American Indian followed the vast herds of buffalo to the plains of eastern Colorado and western Kansas.

The Algonquins were driven westward by other fierce tribes who in turn had been forced from the Atlantic seacoast by the invasion of the white. These Algonquins included such tribes as the Cheyennes, the aristocrats of the plains, the Arapahoes, the Sioux, and the Kiowas. They hunted the buffalo and lived in their primitive lodges in peace and contentment, except for occasional inter-tribal wars. The Kiowas and the Comanches, a Shoshoni tribe, came in contact with the Spaniards in Mexico and stole their horses; prior to obtaining horses they had traveled on foot and used dogs as their only beasts of burden. Their neighbors to the north, the Cheyennes and Sioux in turn stole their horses and soon the methods of transportation among the Indians altered their entire mode of living. The Crows, Utes, Blackfeet, Pawnees and Snakes farther north, aided by this new method of transportation, journeyed down into the Colorado mountains in search of game. By the beginning of the 19th century, the entire plains and mountains were inhabited by Indians. The buffalo and beaver gave the Indian all he needed for a livelihood and the tribes grew in number and strength.

While Lieutenant Pike was the first explorer to visit Colorado, his work in mapping and gathering information about the country was very unsatisfactory and Major Stephen S. Long, of the Topographical Engineers, was sent to the Colorado Rockies to complete the work. Long, accompanied by a great array of engineering talent, moved up the Platte River to the mountains and on July 3, 1820, camped on the Platte near the mouth of the Big Thompson River, near Fort Collins, Colorado. They marched down along the base of the mountains, even going up the Arkansas River to the mouth of the famous Royal Gorge. Major Long's story of his explorations is one of the most complete and entertaining descriptions ever written about this country.

The reports from Pike's and Long's expeditions brought an influx of traders and trappers into the Rocky Mountain region. The valuable hide of the beaver and the buffalo could be purchased from the Indian for a pint of whiskey or a string of beads and soon wagon trains were carrying back the valuable pelts. This trade developed the Santa Fé trail

Historic Ruins of Cliff Palaces, One of the Many Attractions in Colorado

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Vista of Famous Pike's Peak in the Colorado Rockies, west of Colorado Springs

along the Arkansas River down thence to Santa Fé.

The period of explorations and the nomadic trappers, however, was soon to be superseded by a more firm period of history. There were rumors of gold being found, and even a few nuggets were seen in the frontier posts during this early period, although none of the trappers seemed to be interested in mining. It was not until 1858 that the first real discovery was made. A party of Cherokee Indians who had lived in Georgia had attempted a few years earlier to make the trip across to California but failed. In 1858 they organized a party to prospect in the mountains of Colorado, for they had become familiar with mining in Georgia and were struck with the possibilities in this state. Green Russell, a mining expert, in some manner heard of this project and wrote the head of the party asking permission to go along. They started without him but he overtook them on the plains. Another mining expert named Simmons heard of the party at Bent's Fort and joined forces with them. They journeyed to the Platte River and camped at the mouth of Cherry Creek where a grove of cottonwood trees furnished a good camping spot. They prospected along the foothills, searching the streams for gold. Several of the party became disheartened and returned to Georgia but most of them stayed on and found enough gold to start the excitement which followed.

Highly-colored reports reached the border towns of Kansas, Iowa and Missouri, and the big rush was on. Hundreds of immigrants crossed the plains and came to the first rendezvous of the Georgia party, on Cherry Creek. The camp grew into a village, the village into a town and the town into a great city. Many of these immigrants overran the hills nearby. The placer diggings on Cherry Creek were found to be highly overrated but they contained enough "color" to whet the appetites of the gold seekers. Denver was a typical border town, shootings were not uncommon, and it was not until a vigilante committee was organized that the town settled down to obeying the law.

The same attractions which helped bring our forebears to Colorado are exerting their influence over the modern tourist, thousands of whom journey each summer to visit our beauty spots. We have our parks and our playgrounds, we have our mountain lakes—pools of placid silver in which the grandeur of surrounding peaks is constantly reflected. There is probably none possessed of the quiet, inviting splendor of Snowmass Lake, upon whose limpid surface the crown of Snowpass Peak is mirrored; the scene has been reproduced on the front cover of this publication.

Westerners are incomparably proud of their respective states; it is a failing common to us all, no doubt, but it seems more pronounced in the vast area west of the Mississippi.

We of Colorado, who have a wealth of adventure and romance behind us and an increasingly great industrial future, feel that we have an incontestable right to be proud.

The TEXACO STAR

Printed monthly for distribution to employes and stockholders.

"All for Each—Each for All"

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

TEXACO MAPS

THE inauguration of the new road maps of The Texas Company occurs immediately prior to a summer motoring season which promises to be unprecedented. Durable in composition and accurate in detail, they represent a welcome answer to a definite public demand.

The automobile industry and the petroleum industry have moved arm in arm; the healthy struggle for supremacy that characterizes the many units of the former enterprise has reflected itself in comparable activity in the oil industry. Developments in either enterprise are certain to make themselves felt in the other. The automobile has meant much to petroleum, and the issuance of our road maps, for the benefit of the automobile owner, originates with the desire on the part of The Texas Company to be of utmost service to him. As such, the maps were designed to be second to none.

Friends of The Texas Company should familiarize themselves with our maps as soon as possible. They are our newest ambassadors of good will to the public, and no highway Baedecker is more complete.

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IN GOOD HANDS

THE entire organization may be justly proud that two important positions in The Texas Company (California) have been awarded to two men supremely competent to fill them. James A. Bermingham, newly-designated vice president of the California company and manager of its producing department, and R. T. Herndon, who has assumed a similar post with relation to its sales department, are no less fortunate in these deserved elevations than is the organization they represent.

Mr. Bermingham's association with the Company has been brief, but he demonstrated at the outset his capability for important posts; Mr. Herndon, long a member of "the Texas family", has progressed steadily through successively responsible offices.

Their assumption of their respective executive positions is a fitting reward for the period of loyalty and service in which each revealed his right to be moved forward.

THE CODY SPIRIT

COMPLETION of our newest refinery at Cody, Wyoming, has offered a striking illustration of the manner in which The Texas Company is accepted as an important pillar of community life. The people of Cody, the progressive municipality named in honor of that fearless pioneer, Buffalo Bill, have welcomed Company representatives in true western fashion, and have spared nothing in their desire to make our people feel at home.

To no less an extent do the members of the Company realize their obligations to the community, and it is pleasant to report that our emissaries have already endeared themselves to Codyites.

Members of the Company, entering new territory, naturally owe their first allegiance to the organization. A significant feature of that allegiance, however, is the immediate development of their interests in the welfare and progress of the community in which they are stationed. The Texas Company regards as paramount the good will of our collective communities, and its individual members can do much to promote it.

CONTENTS

JUNE 1929

VOL. XVI No. 5

Colorado, State of Enchantment	3
Pioneering in Petroleum	9
Cody Refinery Starts Operations	13
Let's Talk About Vacations	14
The Miner Adopts the Airplane	18
Cowboys in the Modern Manner	23
Globe-Trotting with Texaco	28

HIGHWAY ECONOMY

EFFICIENT highway building now calls for a thorough study of all conditions and circumstances before the pavement is laid. Modern highway builders, in considering the location of a pavement, no longer take the original right-of-way for granted. The roadway is surveyed and, if practicable, it is shortened.

Professor T. R. Agg, of Iowa State College, declares that if a highway carries about 1,000 cars a day, or a total of 365,000 tons of traffic a year, each foot of distance saved to traffic will justify an expenditure of at least $60. for road shortening. In other words, it would be strict economy to spend $316,800 to shorten a road by one mile.

So, in addition to benefits which are ordinarily thought of in connection with new paving projects, there may be added the likelihood of shortening the roadway to the least possible distance. This means money saved to the motorist, who is also the taxpayer, and to the government through lowered maintenance and construction costs. There is every reason why roadbuilding, so affected by traffic, must be one of our most precise sciences.

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ROMANCE GALORE

WITH TEXACO filling stations located all over the world, it is inevitable that history is somehow romantically intertwined with some of them. Some stations have a national history for their background, others their sectional legends.

Most of us are familiar with the tale of Sleepy Hollow involving the triumphs and disappointments of Ichabod Crane, and have read of the lane over which he galloped in the whole-hearted desire to rid himself of his headless pursuer; the TEXACO station in that immortal lane is reproduced on our inside back cover. Just beyond the station, through the trees, stands the historic old Sleepy Hollow church, with the cemetery beside it in which Washington Irving, author of the legend, is buried.

There is indeed romance in service stations. The STAR is interested in learning of the most colorful of our many stations; we feel confident that our readers will be.

General View of Pithole and Balltown, 1865

Pioneering in Petroleum

Concluding a Series of Articles on the History of Petroleum from the Earliest Times to the Present Day

NO BIOGRAPHY designed to do even partial justice to the origin and development of petroleum could possibly approach completeness without some reference to Pithole; Pithole, that barren Pennsylvania sector that, in the brief, frenzied span of ninety days, sprang from nothing whatever to a town of sixteen thousand energetic souls, represented by the third largest post office in the state, and possessing, among other evidences of civic maturity, sixty hotels.

The story of petroleum, an industry that grew over-night, boasts no more enchanting chapter than that which deals with Pithole, and no single event in that completely colorful biography so adequately characterizes the evolution of the industry itself.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

It was seven miles up the stream bearing the pallid designation of Pithole Creek that Walter Holmden, a Baptist preacher possessed of high hopes and almost enough vigor to realize them, established himself on a 200 acre farm, erected a log house for himself and family, and set at the futile task of cutting out a comfortable living. Thomas Holmden, who succeeded to the doubtful dignity of proprietorship upon the pioneer's death, was shortly joined by three neighbors, all of whom devoted themselves ceaselessly to the apparently unattainable object of making both ends meet.

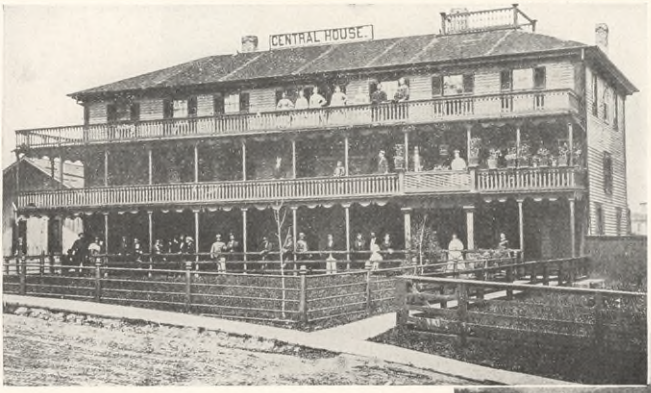
Pithole Creek, with oil being discovered regularly in its immediate environs, shortly became the object of attention for the more ambitious and venturesome; I. N. Frazier, who had achieved more than a nominal distinction on Cherry Run, leased a portion of the Holmden farm and subsequently organized the United States Oil Company. A well was begun in the fall of 1864, and early the following January it began disgorging itself at the rate of 650 barrels a day. Twin wells in the neighborhood, established shortly afterward, yielded an average of 800 barrels. A hyperabundance of mud and a superfluity of rain delayed operations considerably; on the first of May, three wells were pumping notable quantities of oil, but the hegira had yet to begin.

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER

Pithole, in the ninety days that followed, emerged from the indignity of civic seclusion to the glory of a

near-metropolis; with unprecedented rapidity, the uninteresting Pennsylvania barrens became a hub of nearly twenty thousand victims of oil-neuroticism. Homes, endowed with all the conveniences which modernity then embraced, sprang up like mushrooms; hotels and taverns, architecturally lavish in keeping with the tastes of people who could well afford lavishness, were born at the rate of one every day and a half!

Pithole, from its David beginning, became a Goliath; railroad tracks were laid into the town,



One of the Oil Center Hotels at the Peak of the Boom

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Pithole, Pennsylvania, After the Grand Finale

roads were built in feverish haste. Land skyrocketed in value, and the town became the mecca for the speculator, the adventurer, the shyster. The municipality absorbed a daily deluge of post-war unemployed, who came to Pithole to start anew and encountered no difficulty. A fire department vaulted into being, a mayor and a council were elected; a police force was created, and printing presses were shipped post haste so that a newspaper might make its appearance daily on the town's sublimely busy thoroughfares.

Hotel lobbies hummed with talk of oil. Each day brought in reports of astounding productivity. Oil was struck everywhere, and there seemed no limit. One operator, better favored with foresight than scrupulousness, disposed of seventeen-sixteenths of his property; a lease covering a half-acre on the agriculturally disappointing Holmden farm realized bonuses of $24,000 before a well was even drilled.

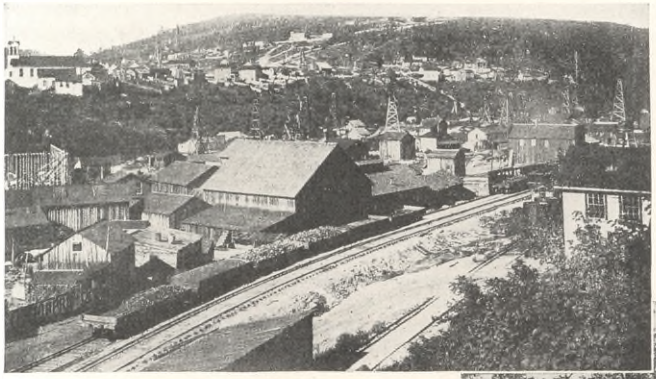
Amusement places—theaters that put big city drama in the shade, and gambling houses on Monte Carlo proportions—flourished, while churches, schools and a library adequately fulfilled the townspeople's less frivolous requirements. The increase in population finally became incalculable, and there was no way ultimately of recording with what phenomenal alacrity the community expanded: The total has been put as high as sixty thousand, but no one knew and no one cared.

The leaves, falling listlessly from the trees in the autumn, were not without their cruel symbolism. The wells in November commenced to decline; fires occurred at wells and in the town itself that were at once dispiriting and devastating. Came the winter of their discontent—operations in laying railway track were abruptly suspended. Operators, torn between the frenzied ambition for further gain and the avoidance of complete loss, hung doggedly on. Wells cooperated in adding to the mortal misery.

Early the following year the Tremont Hotel went up in smoke, and nearly a hundred buildings took the same route a few months later. The human exodus followed, and no panic was more complete. They entered by the score, and they left by the thousands. The railroads were entirely abandoned; such hotels as had not been wiped out by fire were left to rot—one of the leading establishments netted sixteen dollars for firewood.

Ten years afterward six voters remained. For some time shells of abandoned buildings marked the site of the town that died so young. Today the motorist may drive past it in his car, but to him it is only a desolate field. Not a sign remains of Pithole, the Nineveh of petroleum's cruelly colorful history.

It was during that feverish interim that a young man in Cleveland, engaged in the commission business, decided to link his firm with that of Samuel Andrews and engage thereafter in refining and dealing in oil. The young man's name was John D. Rockefeller. Andrews represented the manufacturing end of the concern. They started business with what was known as the Excelsior refinery, which pros-



Rouseville, on the Reno and Pithole Railroad

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The Frazier Well, Genesis of the Pithole Boom

pered to an encouraging degree. Three years later young Rockefeller bought the business, the partnership having been dissolved; continuing, however, an association with Andrews, he abandoned the commission business and undertook what he later termed his "start in the oil business." Another brother—William—shortly entered the enterprise and the three proceeded to build and equip in Cleveland what they elected to name the Standard Oil works.

Neither rail nor pipe communication, of course, had been established between the wells and Cleveland; refiners in that city encountered a depressing deadlock in their negotiations with the railroads. The story of the long, discouraging parleys between the railroads and the Forest City refiners has been told extensively before. They culminated, summarily, in an agreement for the transportation of crude to the isolated Cleveland refineries, and of refined oil to the market, which saved the day for the industry in the Lake Erie area and reflected considerable credit upon the Standard Oil officials who fostered it.

The steady progress of the organization, which shortly after its initial victory adopted the commendable slogan, "Provide our own facilities," is too well known to require extensive discussion here. In 1872 its capitalization had reached $2,500,000, and it had added to its distinguished membership the names of several men whose contributions to the advancement of the oil industry have been definite and notable.

Tank Struck by Lightning near Titusville

In 1882 there developed what was known as the Standard Oil Trust, which was to be closely associated with the industrial history of the country. For the conduct of the company business, nine trustees were designated. Subsidiary organizations were subsequently organized, the name of the state represented in such cases being appended to the name of the company.

It is generally conceded today that the selection of the designation "trust," in the instance of the Standard Oil Company, was ill-timed; the word assumed a connotation in the public mind that undoubtedly distorted its meaning. An investigation of trusts by Congress occurred in 1888, and officers of the Standard Oil Company were subjected to examination. Two years later the Sherman Anti-Trust law, characterizing as criminal any enterprise "in restraint of trade" or tending toward monopoly, went into effect. Later the same year the Attorney General of Ohio assailed the right of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to delegate its powers to a body of trustees outside its own organization. This right was subsequently denied by the state courts and the Ohio company ordered to withdraw from the trust.

This period was increasingly unpropitious for discussion relating to trusts, for public sentiment had reached a point where the word had assumed a

definitely unpleasant flavor. The litigation involving the Standard Oil remained in the courts for several years, resulting in the memorable decision by the United States Supreme Court, on May 15, 1911, that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was not legally entitled to act as a holding company for the organization's subsidiaries, and the order that such shares be distributed *pro rata* among its own stockholders. The drastic reorganization required by this decision was effected within the prescribed six months period, and today the individual corporations constituting the Standard Oil Company are operated by their own officers and through their own corporate organizations.

Any student of economics at all familiar with the circumstances surrounding the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, will affirm that the decision of the Supreme Court has constituted a blessing for the organization. It has distributed the management of a giant enterprise into a group of individually competent, highly-cooperative units, and unquestionably enabled the Company (regarded now as a whole) to function with the highest possible degree of efficiency.

Thus came to a close one of the truly epochal chapters in the history of petroleum; the Standard Oil Company, dissolved but not disorganized, represents, through the medium of its several units, one of the really sound industrial pillars of the world. Guided by men of vision, of integrity, and of unswerving loyalty to the profession of which they are so vital a part, the organization moves steadily forward.

We are not concerned, in this chronicle, with the merits or demerits of the system of trusts at the roots of which the Sherman law was so effectively directed. It is possible, no doubt, to enumerate many benefits resulting from an enterprise elementally monopolistic.

It is nevertheless evident that the dissolution of the trust now under discussion has extended its benefits beyond the scope of the Standard Oil Company itself; it has profited the public. In depriving one unit of its organized power and directing that its activities be distributed, the Supreme Court stabilized the oil industry: It automatically enabled the small competitor to make himself felt; it automatically erected a permanent barrier against the possibility of monopolistic high prices. Petroleum products today, as a result, continue at or below the pre-war level, a striking proof of the merits of normal, healthy competition.

Of the history of our own Company, volumes have already been written: It is the impressive picture of an organization which, from the smallest possible beginning, has grown and developed under the guidance of its envisioned and enterprising sponsors to the point where today it is unrivalled in the breadth of its commercial activity. The name TEXACO has come to symbolize, in every civilized community the world over, a supreme quality and a constant service to the public. Its future can hold nothing more promising than a duplication of its past.

And thus we arrive at petroleum in modernity, having covered, in regrettably fragmentary fashion, a few of the events in its history that make it the most enchanting of all our industrial biographies. No present day enterprise rivals it in progress, and none of our commercial archives can unfold so many records of ambition, of perseverance, and of achievement. THE END

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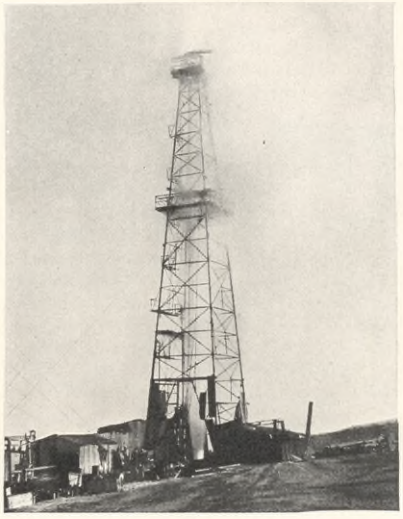

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New Refinery of The Texas Company at Cody, Wyoming

Cody Refinery Starts Operations

Codyites and Company Members Join in Opening Exercises

THE recent opening of the new refinery of The Texas Company at Cody was marked by a celebration in that alert Wyoming community that at once indicated the high esteem in which the Company is held, and the fine spirit of cooperation between the people of Cody and our organization.

The interval from August 1, 1928, when construction was commenced, to the gala day of its completion, served to cement the friendly relationships between Company and community, and more than 1200 sincere TEXACO enthusiasts of Cody turned out to take part in the festivities.

E. J. Goppert, head of the Cody Club, acted as chairman, and assured the Company members that they were heartily welcomed to the community and sincerely encouraged to participate in its civic activities. Addresses of welcome and acknowledgement were made by R. C. Trueblood, mayor of Cody, and by L. L. Newton, director of the department of Commerce and Industry of Wyoming; in behalf of the Company, P. Beall, superintendent of the Cody refinery, and other refinery officials, as well as Jane Cody Garlow, granddaughter of Buffalo Bill and first employee of The Texas Company at Cody. Members of the Company and people of Cody later attended a banquet at the hotel, at which a number of interesting speeches were made.

Guides, who distributed pamphlets and photographs to the refinery visitors, enumerated several features relating to this newest unit: The plant will use, for example, from 2,800,000 to 5,760,000 gallons of water daily, which is from two to four times the amount Cody uses in the summer; fuel burned there monthly is the equivalent of 2,160 tons of coal or 65,000,000 cubic feet of gas. There were used, in the construction of the plant, 184,000 feet of pipe, or 35 miles; enough lumber to erect 25 four-room houses; 600,000 bricks, 65,000 square feet of galvanized iron, and four million pounds of steel.

The refinery, with a capacity of ninety thousand barrels a month, consists of one battery of Holmes-Manley stills, together with such equipment as the boiler house, tanks, and treating equipment. Between 35 and 50 men are regularly employed in its operations.

The Opening Exercises, Attended by State and Local Officials, Company Employes, and Several Hundred Codyites

Let's Talk About Vacations

The Origin and Development of an Industrial Siesta

A. A. NICHOSON

SUMMER, with all its restful shades of meaning, is once more upon us, and with it—vacations. Those delightful interludes, to which we eagerly look forward and upon which we no less gleefully look back, are again in the process of arrangement.

Plans for the summer of 1929 appear to be predicated upon the optimistic conviction that the country is enjoying an unprecedented wave of prosperity. Without entering into a discussion of the merits of this highly convenient state of mind, it is interesting to note that nearly a half million people are reliably reported to be on the verge of visiting Europe, with perhaps a conservative hundred times that number contemplating a departure from their various homesteads to areas in our own country, for a period of two weeks or longer.

It is a matter of doubt whether the average worker gives much thought to the considerable problem involved in granting a two weeks' respite to the employed, not only the actual cost of continuing him on the payroll, but also the loss which production necessarily must sustain by virtue of his absence.

In December of last year it was officially recorded that 37,225,039 persons were actively employed in the United States. A reasonable percentage of this number, one is privileged to assume, will be entitled to the two weeks' period permitted by all save a few of our industrial organizations. Presuming that five per cent only are entitled to this holiday, and that the average weekly wage is thirty dollars, one concludes that the money represented by such vacations achieves the staggering total of $111,000,000. With 1,850,000 persons absent from the ranks of production for fourteen days, it is to be appreciated how deep a furrow is dug in the industrial brow.

Their Early History

While the attitude of industry with regard to vacations is patently more humanistic than economic, it is reasonable to assume that industry expects some return upon its investment in altruism. The motivating factor, it is almost unnecessary to point out, is a hearty acceptance of the ageless adage dealing with what all work and no play does to Jack. Recreation, industry has been wise to conclude, is an incomparable tonic; a reasonable recess from daily duties should, and does, return a worker recuperated and refreshed, better fitted to fulfill his obligations. No statistical device has yet been conceived that will gauge accurately the benefit accruing to business from such procedure, but it must be considerable.

Twenty-five years ago vacations were almost unheard of. They were the infrequent hobby of the upper classes, but to the rank and file they seemed as remote as the moon. Twenty-five years ago, modern industrialists will enjoy being reminded, the average day for the average worker commenced at seven o'clock in the morning and ended at six in the evening. Saturday afternoon represented only the last half of another day.

Evils No Longer

The quarter-century just elapsed has served to alter the industrial complexion; vacations are no longer regarded even as necessary evils, but as vital accessories of progressive, efficient business. That span of 25 years has also countenanced an increased mutual confidence between capital and labor, those commercial step-brothers whose quarrels occasioned so many tidal waves on the otherwise placid surfaces of our industrial seas. The privileges now granted the working classes, and the genuine fraternity that has arisen both as a part and as a result of them undoubtedly provide a background out of which vacations, as they now exist, developed. One of the chief concerns of the modern personnel department is the use of leisure time; there may not be too much of it, yet it is solely the worker's fault if there is too little.

And now the widespread existence of vacations has caused new industries to be born, and spurred old ones to renewed activity. Throughout the industrial world we are presented with a part of our commercial fabric woven entirely for the purpose of solving the vacationer's needs, and filling his free two or more weeks in the best possible fashion. However independently one may arrive at a decision governing the use of this spare time, someone has influenced it, and someone profits by it.

No brain child of the mortal mind has brought as much joy to the human race as the automobile, and appeals to the vacationer are so arranged that those to the motorist might well be considered a class apart, in view of their number and significance. Virtually every successful vacation place bases its success upon its suitability for and accessibility to motorists; certainly no successful vacation place would be less successful if it were made available to automobiles, or to more automobiles. It is a situation by no means

confined to the United States, for automobiles internationally have long ceased to be regarded as luxuries.

These annual excursions to Europe, being indulged in this season by a greater number than ever before, obviously have their origin in the appeal to the wanderlust that is, generally unfortunately, somewhere hidden in us all. The conventional tourist who tours solely because it is the smart thing to do, is a *rara avis;* the globe-trotter who trots simply because it is a lot of fun and because he feels he can't afford it but is going to do it anyway, is a far pleasanter ambassador to foreign strands, and he is the more numerous.

Seeing America First

But, just as vacations were, in the beginning, peculiarly American, so is the desire on the part of most Americans to spend that interval in their own country correspondingly patriotic. Our own vast land holds so much of the past, promises so much of the future and retains so much of the better features of both, that one's weakness for one's own homesite is not only excusable but commendable. The appeal of America to the American motorist, the American holidayer, is noticeably paramount.

Our own organization has maintained a pace slightly ahead of the pace of the public mind, for when American vacationers first manifested a desire to see their own land through the medium of the highway, the country was already generously dotted with Texaco service stations; providing an indispensable service first to the community in which they were located, they have come to represent an indispensable service to the motorist who chooses to roam far afield. The Texaco sign, the Red Star and Green T, constitutes a guarantee for the automobilist in every state in the Union—in his own initially, and in each or all of the remaining 47 through which his vacation might permit him to pass.

At this time of the year the whole world beckons to the holidayer, but for reasons either personal, economic, or both, the West and the North (on our continent) hold the greatest charm. It has been truthfully said that in order to know America fully, one should know her national parks; even the most hardened circumnavigator of the globe will affirm under the pressure which is always necessary to produce a definite testimonial, that our parks compare favorably with and in many cases surpass, the peaks and crevasses of the world at large. We have but one more national park than Canada, and we have nineteen, the larger of which are all located in the West.

Rocky Mountain National Park, near Denver, is closest east, its entrance being Big Thompson Canyon, sixty miles distant. Thirty miles through the canyon, and one is in historic Estes Park, with close to 400 miles of rugged color in the heart of which is Long's Peak, that crag that stretches itself 14,255 feet above sea level into the clouds, and hypothetically smiles down upon its shorter but more famous sister, Pike's Peak. Beyond lies Keyhold, and then the top of the Great Divide, where the water to one side washes into the Pacific, and on the other seeps off toward the remote Atlantic.

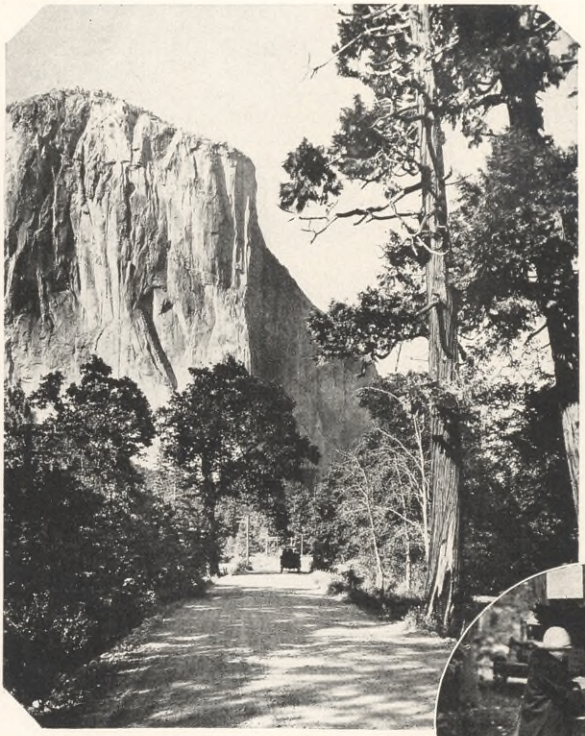
In Wyoming is the celebrated Yellowstone, most primitive and best known of our national parks, with the Grand Canyon and the Great Falls at its head. It has its geological and geographical wonders, and it is the country's greatest wild animal preserve. Zion National Park in Utah is relatively new and intensely interesting; one may motor from it to the North Rim of Grand Canyon.

Each park has its individual points, no two are quite alike except in their beauty, ruggedness and solemnity. The virtues of Canada's multiple parks are no less pronounced. Leaving the park region of the Dominion, the wanderer may proceed east, through the virgin forest land of Ontario and Quebec.

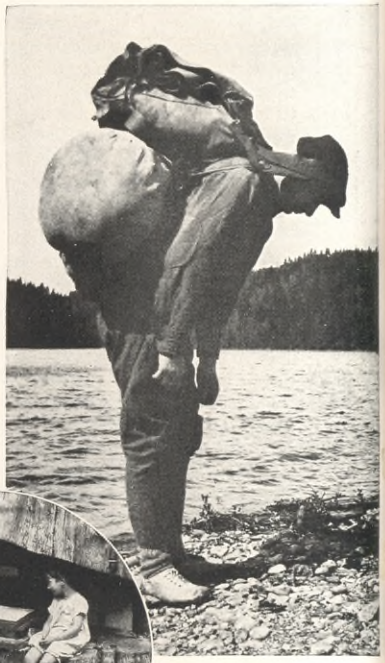
The Americans once more are in holiday mood. Automobile traffic, with vacations looming, will make of the West and of the North focal points of pleasure.

Meanwhile, industry prepares for its annual slowdown; a retardation that, by virtue of the activity it inevitably renews, is actually an acceleration which no other device of our industrial system can as wholesomely provide.

AT YOUR



El Capitan, in Yosemite National Park, California



A Canadian Sportsman is Pictured Above Ready to Take to the Trail

To the Left—Registering in One of the Government Forests near Seattle

PHOTOS BY EWING GALLOWAY

Europe's Just Beyond: The Globe-Trotter's Taxi at Her Pier

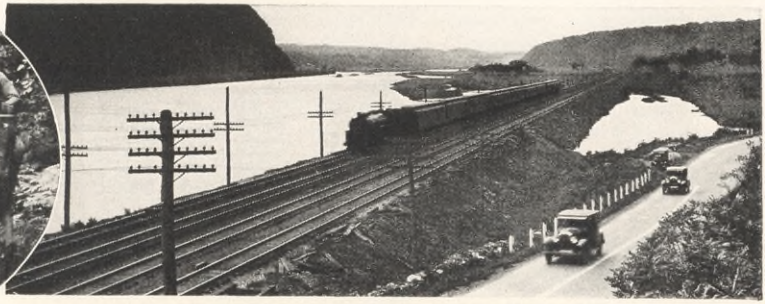
The summer season's once again before you!
The wanderlust proceeds to grip the nation,
And holidaying places now implore you
To give them your sincere consideration.

Off for a Maine Fishing Hole

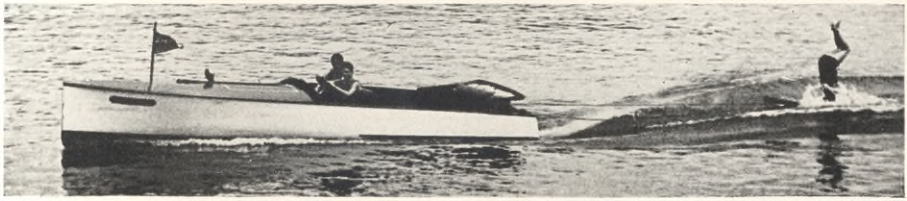
LEISURE!

Poised at the Edge of Warrior River, Alabama

Avenue of Birches in the White Mountains



Three Parallel Highways at Big Nose Gap, in the Mohawk Valley



Precarious Pleasure: Aquaplaning on Lake Placid, New York

Typical Gas Cache and Temporary Base in Northern Canada

The Miner Adopts The Airplane

Unfolding Canada's Mineral Secrets By A New Method

DURING the spring of 1928, Indians whose lodges fringe the surf-washed east shore of Hudson's Bay and dot irregularly the desolate Quebec coast in the direction of Ungava, fled in horror as a bird-like contrivance purred down out of the sky, settled gracefully upon the water and moved, under its own power, toward land. The natives stared at the invader from a safe distance through frightened eyes, finally drawing closer when they and their neighbor Eskimos became assured that the bird would not hurt them, in order to subject the contrivance to close, unfriendly scrutiny.

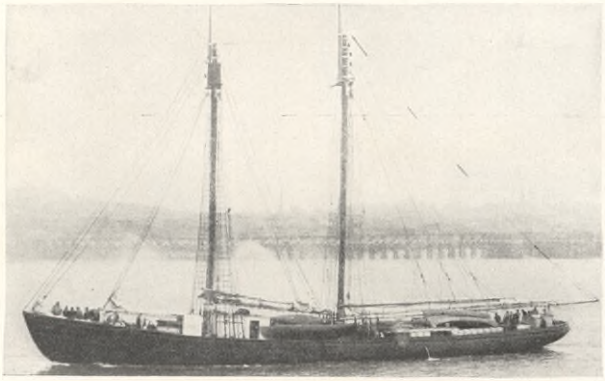
To these people it meant another intrusion by white men; to the world at large—or to that portion of the world that knew about it—it meant the beginning of a gigantic effort to prospect for minerals by airplane, to open up Canada's tremendous store of gold, silver and kindred deposits by a new method. The pioneering plane had come to determine points for gasoline storage; vast caches for fuel, in order that the work might proceed.

Actually, it was an inaugural for gasoline in that barren region. Ships ply those northern waters when conditions permit, but coal was the fuel, or the wind against a sail the motive power. Airplanes, while venturesome, seldom penetrated territory so far north. But once beyond the relatively civilized borders of James Bay, the southern tip of Hudson's Bay, the country became cheerless, impenetrable, stretching out into vast, unbroken acres of timberland, into rambling acres of barrens, snow-capped and snow-swept. Ungava, to the northeast, was known to people largely through the medium of books, written by the more intrepid explorers, or by the stories that came through from the North; the Northwest Territory was non-existent save for the hardy and foolhardy.

"Gold in Them Thar Hills!"

Only a few brief years ago the cry that stirs the blood of every prospector swept the North; men working unproductive claims elsewhere gleefully assembled their equipment, bundled supplies into skiffs, and set out. The shout of silver shook the country; frontiersmen reported gold far back in the hills that ran through the quartz "like the veins on your grandfather's hands!" A roadbed was being hewn through the rock and the forest at the time for the railway, and it rendered accessible a vigorous little community that was born in a matter of hours and took for itself the name of Cobalt. Fortune has never since ceased to smile upon that municipality, today one of the most productive mining regions in the world.

The Montreal River, an occasionally turbulent artery in the northern part of Ontario, achieved over-night the distinction of a navigable waterway. Its surrounding wilderness finally became awakened to the ring of a pick and the scrape of a shovel. The Cobalt influence manifested itself also in lesser booms; Pork Rapids, once a bend in the river, became a community. Storehouses sprang up along its small but hyperactive waterfront, for it became the distributing point for the supplies delivered to miners up the river. An enterprising two-deck steamer was moored in its harbor nightly.



The Patrick and Michael in St. John Harbor

That particular bubble suddenly burst; shacks thrown up in haste were abandoned with still greater alacrity. Pork Rapids ceased to bustle, except for a few hopeful hangers-on; the steamer was pulled up on shore, and its disgusted operators sawed the engine out of her sides and left the hull to rot. There was a depressing exodus also from Gowganda, to the north, which had leaped to life and a position of significance along with the others. The eight thousand or more citizens it possessed dwindled to a few hundred, the few hundred to a score. The trails leading to the railroad were cut to ribbons by wagon wheels.

Those who survived the Montreal River hegira clung tenaciously to the belief that there were minerals there: Canadian mining history serves to prove how right they were. One organization in particular remained at Gowganda with the courage of its convictions, and its record is one of uninterrupted achievement. Interest in the Gowganda country continues in part—several new companies entered the area last summer and the summer before, and it now appears that the section is amply providing the metallurgical delights for which the restless ones were too restless to probe.

South of Gowganda the Montreal River even today is studded with cabins that were thrown up in haste and which are decaying at leisure. Pork Rapids, where the boom was more nearly a bloomer, has its rotting wharves even yet; crumbling houses and barns still retain enough of their original characteristics to make identification possible. Bleached pieces of lumber attest the existence at one time of shacks too weak to survive; only the steamer, settled on the shore, retains a vestige of her original dignity —her brass rails, coated and bent, her rusted and punctured funnel and even her name, faintly inscribed on her bow, are still there. Occasionally a camper, from the Timagami region far to the south, pitches his tent on what once was Main Street, and sits by his fire at night, doubtless contemplating the uninteresting site he has chosen for his lodging.

Scarcely had the name of Gowganda faded from the headlines before frenzied activity at Porcupine, another newly-discovered mining site, occurred; beside it the Gowganda boom perceptibly paled. Porcupine, like Cobalt, opened its arms to thousands of prospectors and Porcupine, to only a slightly less degree than Cobalt, rewarded its visitors. Mining had become Canada's newest industry, and the one with the greatest future.

Meanwhile the railroad and the automobile had been continuing their progress in the North. The railroad had been extended to Cochrane; motor highways were coming into being with every new day. Automobiles were brought into the North by

Temporary Exploration Base in the Northern Wilderness

Planes of the N. A. M. E. on East Shore of Hudson's Bay

rail for the affluent and socially ambitious few at first, and by gradual degrees the motor car came to be regarded as a domestic convenience and a commercial necessity. Gasoline was bought in the beginning in barrel lots, but the steady development of Cobalt and its environs ultimately required the establishment of filling stations, and they commenced to appear a few years ago, throughout what used to be known as New Ontario.

There was still no connection, other than by railroad, with Old Ontario, whose northern extremity was seventy miles south, through the forest. Two years ago the two sections were joined by a highway, cleaved through the heart of a wilderness. Officials of the province took part in the opening exercises, which included a drive from North Bay, on Lake Nipissing, to Timagami, jewel of northern summer resorts. Sometime in the near future a golden spike will be driven into a rail far to the north, symbolizing the establishment of a railway line to the shores of Hudson's Bay.

But one detail remains to complete this lengthy prefatory picture—to explain how it has come about that airplanes are now being employed to open up vast stores of mineral deposits in that fabulously wealthy, intensely potential land far above us. That is the evolution of the airplane to fulfill an earlier purpose.

Since the creation of forest reserves in the various provinces and the tremendous popularity these areas have experienced as a result of patronage by Canadian and American sportsmen, it has been necessary to have these sections patrolled by designated fire rangers. For years these offices were filled by men who isolated themselves in cabins on various lakes and kept a watchful eye on the country about them. Within the span of a child's memory, airplanes have been struck upon as the most logical means and, in the last analysis, the most economical system of accomplishing this object. A regular division of the Ontario government now embodies this air service, and an inspection fleet of planes under the direction of Captain Roy Maxwell, war ace, maintains a constant surveillance over the territories to which they are assigned. The department has been responsible for many additions to maps of the country, involving lakes which government surveyors never knew existed.

Let us assume, without question, that the World War impressed upon the minds of many the usefulness of that fighting machine, the airplane, as an instrument of peace. Its whole-hearted adoption by such industries as regard speed paramount is an obvious indication; timber and pulp enterprises were among the pioneers in the use of aircraft in the North.

Thus originated the idea of reaching mineral deposits by air, of determining at the minimum cost and the minimum sacrifice of human life precisely where these potentialities could be converted to

Scenes in the Ontario Mining Region where the Prospectors' Invasion First Occurred

actualities. The mining industry needed and obtained a means of transportation in the winter as well as the summer months, and a less expensive, more efficient method of transporting men and supplies. The airplane is providing both.

One Canadian company—the Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration Limited—has led the field in this dangerous but fascinating work, and in one year of operation has staked claims that constitute a girdle running from Ungava to the Yukon. Equipped with seven planes, its aviators and prospecting crews have uncovered virgin mineral territory, and their activities represent one of the most absorbing chapters mining history will ever be privileged to include.

To understand clearly the part which airplanes play in mineral development, one must first realize that the countless lakes and rivers in this territory, with rare exceptions, provide suitable landing places for seaplanes in the summer, and planes equipped with skiis in the winter. It is possible for a plane to land, as a general rule, within ten miles of its destination, and more frequently one is able to descend within a mile of the point sought.

This particular company, the title of which is abbreviated to "NAME", summarizes the use of aircraft in northern mining development under three headings: Transportation; communication and supervision; and aerial photography, sketching, and reconnaissance. Once the plane, through its process of aerial observation, has covered a territory and found it promising, it aids in accomplishing a number of important tasks. Initially, of course, it establishes the prospecting party, complete with serviceable sectional canoes, in the locality which has been selected. It keeps these parties supplied with food, dynamite, steel and tools. These frequently include items not generally carried by prospectors because of the difficulties of transportation. In the event preliminary work justifies more intensive prospecting, it carries in additional men, supplies and equipment without loss of time.

Forest Highway Linking Old and New Ontario

Probably the greatest mission which aircraft perform in aiding modern mining is establishing prospecting parties in chosen localities on the ice early in the season —April is probably the earliest month during which this may be achieved—thereby giving them a six weeks' to two months' start, during the choicest prospecting months of the year. Unless railroad facilities are close at hand, it is considered foolhardy, operating under the old method, to begin activities until late in May or early in June.

The airplane renders contact between the workers in the field and the main offices possible, no matter how remote the areas may be. Its initial and most significant mission, of course, is to chart geographical boundaries and possible prospecting areas from the air; a geologist trained in aerial observation is able frequently to note topographical features from the air which have some geological significance, and a landing may always be effected nearby which enables him to confirm his observations. A scouting party, consisting of a pilot, a geologist and one or two assistants, can establish contact with enough potential claims in one season to keep a small army of prospectors busy indefinitely.

Barring the minerals themselves, concerning the presence of which in that vast territory there appears never to have been any doubt, the most vital feature of such an ambitious program is the establishment of supply depots and gasoline caches. The range of this particular organization's efforts made it imperative that caches be determined upon at the outset; thirty-seven were established during 1928, which is said to be sufficient to meet 1929 and 1930 requirements, with only a few exceptions. As rapidly as possible, rough log houses or portable metal garages are being erected at the various caches, in order to store fuel and supplies under cover, thereby preventing excessive loss by theft and evaporation. Places such as Sudbury, Winnepeg and Edmonton, where gasoline is readily obtainable, did not require the establishment of caches. Nearly 50,000 gallons of gasoline and 5,000 gallons of oil were placed in remote caches prior to the opening of the first season.

The director of aerial operation, in charge of all air activities, and the director of field exploration, must work hand-and-glove. The former, Captain Harold A. Oaks, received the trophy awarded by the Canadian government last year for the greatest mileage in the air: The company's air fleet the past season covered more than 100,000 miles through the North. Seven discoveries were made during the operating season, and although it is too early yet to anticipate the specific productivity of this unit, or of the several that are certain to follow, its showings for its initial year justify the lasting conviction in the minds of mineral experts that the surface of the mining possibilities in our sister country have merely been scraped.

The fuel problem in such an enterprise is of tremendous importance, and one that was not solved in a day. Official opinion in Canada appears to be that a sound new method in mining has been struck

Warming up Plane, Using an Eiderdown to Close in Engine

upon; the solution of the gasoline question is one feature that will and should engage immediate attention.

The dubious joys and the multiple perils of transporting gasoline into the North for use in connection with the activities of this unusual organization is set forth by Arthur Lowe, a Canadian who went by schooner to the Baker Lake section. The boat, known as the Patrick and Michael and referred to, self-evidently enough, as the Pat and Mike, was wrecked on this particular expedition. But permit Mr. Lowe to tell his own story:

"On June 12, 1928, the schooner Patrick and Michael sailed from Saint John, N.B., with ten thousand gallons of gasoline for points north. The main purpose of our voyage was to establish caches in Hudson's Bay for the fleet of aeroplanes used by Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration Limited for "cracking open" the hitherto inaccessible Northland. Not only was the hold stowed full of 45 gallon drums, but the deck was piled high with them and walking forward entailed a Blondin act—unpleasant as it was dangerous. Our deck cargo excited the suspicions of a United States rum chaser; no matter what course we steered the ubiquitous cutter kept close in our wake—believing, apparently, that we were going to smuggle rum by way of Northwest Passage. We were not left alone until we sighted the bleak coastline of Labrador.

"But actually we were lucky: We were not shelled by the cutter—which was fortunate, for in addition to the gasoline, we carried a ton of dynamite.

"We established our first cache at Port Harrison, a small fur trading post on the east side of the Bay. A few miles south of this point we grounded on a shoal about a mile from shore. It was impossible to get the schooner off without unloading the cargo and this we proceeded to do. Five hundred pound drums were hauled up from the hold, handled across the sloping deck and lowered into bobbing dories alongside. It was back-breaking work, but getting them ashore was even more difficult, for the rocks were precipitous and frequently it took half an hour to raise even one drum to safety.

"In an excess of zeal we were guilty on one occasion of overloading a boat. One of our number, a prospector, was stowing the drums in the dory when to his dismay he saw it begin to capsize on top of him. For a moment his situation was unenviable; there was a heavy sea running and yet if he tried to hold fast to the dory he would be crushed by the rolling drums. He dived, not a second too soon, and caught a rope which was thrown to him."

The Canadian government confidently and properly expects that its mining future, when once revealed, will justify its hopes and the industry's own indications. The work has proceeded slowly, with the odds somehow against its proceeding much more rapidly. But the gasoline-powered motor has provided the means, and the heavier-than-air machine appears to be the solution.

Canada has accepted the airplane as a commercial necessity with a faith comparable to our own: The Texas Company in Canada similarly has anticipated this arrival of air-mindedness throughout the Dominion—it already supplies TEXACO products to International Airways Limited, a progressive commercial air unit located at Hamilton, Ontario, and our business in the Dominion continues abreast of the development of aviation there.

Thus the student of economics has aviation in its new, significant relation to mining with which to conjure. One might properly be impelled to ask, what next?

Cowboys in the Modern Manner

Dude Ranches in the West Graduate From the Fad Status

MACK THOMPSON

WITH an anticipated ten thousand people planning visits to that curious new institution of sporting America—the Dude Ranches, the automobile is called upon to fulfill an unusual mission. According to reports, an impressive percentage of dude ranchers this season will invade the West by car, and immediately upon their arrival store their machines until it is time to return home.

The term "dude" as now employed by the Westerner no longer has its invidious implication; it currently is used to describe a person with a discriminating taste regarding vacations but who is uninitiated in most things western. The encouraging increase in the number of women who regularly visit the ranch section in company with their men-folk has been responsible for the coinage of the designation "dudine", denoting, of course, feminine charm in a ten-gallon hat, flannel shirt, and boots.

Dude ranches for the most part are actually ranches which operate on normal schedule three seasons of the year, and entertain guests during the summer and parts of the autumn. One facetious historian explains their origin by pointing out that ranch owners in the West found themselves so deluged by guests of the non-paying variety that one enlightened rancher conceived the notion of converting his establishment into a commercial proposition. Whether he thus expected to halt the flow of visitors and thereby gain some of the privacy to which he doubtless felt himself entitled is, regrettably, not a matter of record; the guests nevertheless continued to come, evidently willing to pay for their pleasure, and the demand for accommodations now greatly exceeds the number available at the dozens of dude ranches which have sprung up in the section.

Off for a Day in the Saddle

While the hospitality for which the West is traditionally famous prevails at any dude ranch, many of them are handicapped by the possession of only one golf course. It also frequently occurs that one must wait one's turn for a go at polo. Happily there are no limitations whatever on such conve-

Dude Ranch in the Foothills Near Birney, Montana

★

Newcomers Get Their First Glimpse of the Cabins

niences as radio, long distance telephone, electric light, hot and cold running water, dancing, bridge, and tennis.

The bill of fare consists of tasteful western dishes; game in season, and an abundance of mountain trout, all served in prodigious quantities to gratify the sharp appetites induced by the tonic mountain air. The cost of a sojourn at a dude ranch averages about $65 a week and embraces an excursion into the wilds with a train of pack horses. Saddle horses are sometimes included in the weekly figure, while at some ranches an extra charge is made.

The best time to enjoy a dude ranch is from the first of July to the middle of September; big game hunting, however, begins at the close of the summer season and runs through November. The ranches are remaining open later each season to meet the demand; a few are open the year around, and one rancher maintains a winter resort in balmier Arizona.

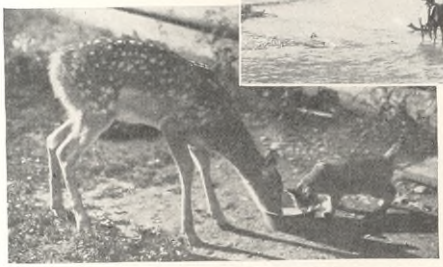
Two years ago the various dude ranch owners organized what is known as the Dude Ranchers' Association. The prime object, of course, was to foster interest in these resorts; a second was to assist in the preservation and development of the fishing and hunting territory. All of the member ranches of the association are within easy riding distance of both Yellowstone National Park and the newly-created Grand Teton National Park. The act to establish the latter—one of the colorful landmarks of Wyoming—was signed by Mr. Coolidge on February 26 of the present year, thereby ending a struggle of more than thirty years' duration to obtain the distinction of parkhood for that area. Curiously, four of our national parks received approval on the same date: The Grand Teton in 1929, Grand Canyon

Getting as Close as Possible to Nature

Ranchers Crossing River, Near Dubois, Wyoming

★

Share and Share Alike on a Wyoming Dude Ranch



and Lafayette, (now the Acadia) just ten years earlier, and the Mount McKinley in 1917.

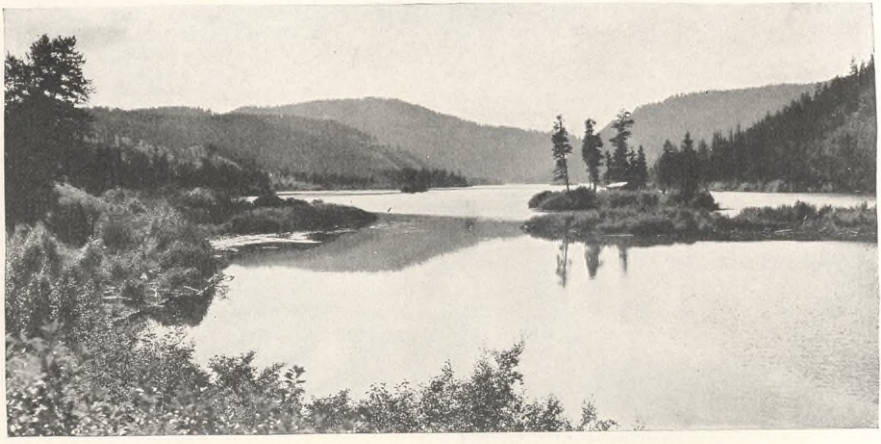
The date marks also the birthday of Colonel William F. Cody, the famous Buffalo Bill of frontier days. The town of Cody, named in his memory, is only a few miles east of Yellowstone National Park and forms its eastern entrance, while the Grand Teton is located 25 miles below its southern boundary. It is at Cody that the newest refinery of The Texas Company, just completed, is situated.

The prospective dude rancher should equip himself with flannel shirts, boots, a heavy coat and a waterproof, camera, field glasses and fishing tackle. The clothing indicated will generally serve to keep him warm during the temperature changes, and it includes about all that is necessary to meet the somewhat relaxed social requirements. The demands for formal attire are gratifyingly infrequent.

The dude or dudine freshly arrived from centers of civilization seems to have an infinite capacity for doing the wrong thing, or for doing the right thing in the wrong way. He dons the wrong costume for comfortable service, or he mounts his cayuse from the wrong side, or he goes for a walk and contrives to lose himself. Each day during his visit he adds some new *faux pas* to a long comedy of errors. He is, however, constantly apprised of his mistakes by a forceful, persistently ungrammatical, "Don't never do that!" from an omnipresent cowboy or guide.

He hears this phrase all day; it is dinning in his ears as he drops off to sleep at night. He may be a wizard in the commercial strata of his native town, but he is likely to be a grave disappointment when it comes to ranch etiquette. He may play golf of championship calibre or paralyze his bridge opponents with the brilliance of his game, but once he attempts to put his foot in a stirrup (generally the

Recreation Room in One of the Main Lodges



One of the Lakes in the Heart of the Dude Ranch Section

wrong foot in the wrong stirrup), he is just one of the crowd, trying hard to learn.

Yet there comes a day when he senses a growing mastery in the elusive art of "roughing it". The cowboys, his sincerest friends and most pitiless critics, find admonitions decreasingly necessary. He enters into conversation with them without the amateur-complex which characterizes his earlier attempts. Ultimately he is admitted without reservation to the sanctuary of cowboy brotherhood—he has successfully thrown a diamond hitch!

"I Am a Gay Caballero!"

While riding is naturally the chief diversion of the dude rancher, the section is honey-combed with streams in which the fisherman may wade to his heart's content; mountain trout are sufficiently abundant to make such expeditions well worth while.

The arrangement of a dude ranch is fairly standard, with a central ranch house where the residents congregate, and a dining hall either part of or adjacent to the main lodge. Cabins are close at hand, with tennis courts, possibly a golf course or a polo ground in the vicinity. Some of the larger and better established ranches have extended their activities; a few have college professors and tutors as members of the ranch staff for such of the younger element as, either from choice or from necessity, wish to combine the business of education with pleasure. One ranch near Cody is actually an educational institution, with a faculty of seven instructors from eastern universities. It is an all-year-round ranch for young men; about 25 students have been there all winter.

The exodus to the dude ranches will soon begin; holidayers, principally from the east and the south, are assembling their wardrobes already. Much of the patronage is naturally "repeat" business, but there are a host of new invaders.

(*Continued on page* 32)

Dude Ranches Are Coming to be the Popular and Proper Cure for Harried Nerves and Jaded Appetites

Reminiscences of an Oil Man

"THE demands that have been made upon this industry by the voracious consumer are past belief. I remember that right after the war we used to marvel, awe-struck, when we whispered that there were seven and one-half million motor cars on the roads. They were cluttering up our city streets. If you had a car you couldn't drive it more than a few miles on Saturdays and Sundays. The remainder of your 'drive' was consumed in honking your horn at the car blocked in front of you. The saturation point, it seemed, was almost here.

"Then where was the gasoline coming from to supply that capacious gasoline tank represented by seven and a half million cars with widening circumference, as new cars were added? The great demand for oil during the war, the problems of supplying gasoline and other petroleum products to the Allied armies and navies and essential industries, and the brief tenure of the 'gasolineless Sunday' here were fresh in our minds. Seven and a half million cars!

"Today—only ten years later—twenty-four million, seven hundred and fifty thousand motor vehicles are running on the streets and highways of this country, and I have just noticed that automobile manufacturers predict making more cars this year than ever before—more than five million. To an industry looked to, to supply the life fluid, the very heart beats of these vehicles, this progressively mounting appetite might seem positively gargantuan and disgusting in its demand for more, more.

A Staggering Growth

"An increase of more than seventeen million motor vehicles in ten years! More cars operating in the states of Pennsylvania, New York, California, Illinois and Ohio than in the entire United States ten years ago. Pennsylvania now has more cars than were registered within the borders of New York and New England and all the Atlantic Coast states down to Florida in 1919. And there is gasoline enough to turn the wheels of every one of these 25 million motor vehicles their allotted mileage 365 days of the year. At no time has there been a shortage of gasoline. Pure magic, one might well believe. The automobile manufacturers became magicians introducing an industrial hocus-pocus called mass production. The oil industry borrowed Aladdin's lamp. It rubbed the lamp and found oil hidden five, six, seven, eight thousand feet under the crust of earth. It tilted its pitcher and an inexhaustible stream of gasoline poured into the tank with the expanding cubic capacity.

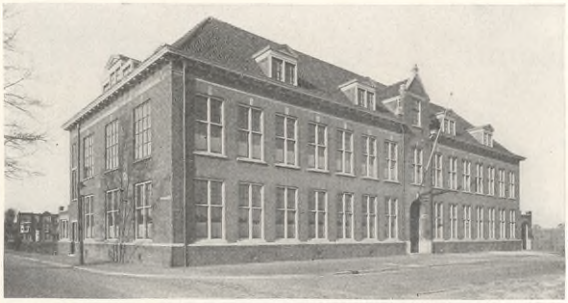
"There is magic in 'oil' and there is magic in 'gasoline,' but there is no deft magic to explain the achievement of the oil industry in meeting the demands of the insatiable consumer. Let us see what has happened: First, it is true that automobiles still clutter up our city streets, and the traffic problem is a noisy three-cornered argument between the policeman, the taxi driver and the jaywalker. The city owner of an automobile may still find himself getting the air but no farther on Saturdays and Sundays, yet he is hopeful. Already in many cities where the traffic problem of the metropolitan area has been partially met by the scientific development of roads, he has had relief. In all cities an attempt at coordinated effort to meet not only the urban traffic problem of the present but to lay plans for future contingencies is being seriously made.

Borrowing Aladdin's Lamp

"What we have seen in the last ten years is a continent converted into a neighborhood by the multiplication of petroleum-driven vehicles and by the construction of modern roads. The motor car itself solved the problem of the motor car manufacturer who stayed awake nights wondering whether the saturation point would be reached tomorrow or perhaps next Tuesday. It was a resourceful little mechanism and when it found its right to movement frustrated, it transferred whole families, took them out of city apartments to the suburbs, even at the expense of a heated garage for itself. Playing no favorites, it engaged itself to the handiwork, convenience, comfort, and social well-being of the farmer, and put the city in his purview in a wholly physical way.

"Thus the automobile industry found that these vehicular things it was making saw to it themselves that people would ride in them, and the industry went ahead with its mass production, recognizing, however, that it could not get too far out of step with road improvements. Nor were these mechanisms capable of supplying their own fuel and lubrication, whatever else their talents.

"The oil industry may have rubbed Aladdin's lamp, but the genii must have been a modern one with convictions in favor of industrious occupation. The oil industry had to work to find oil and make oil products. It continued a search for petroleum deposits on a constantly expanding scale. This involved vastly increasing financial burdens, and the industry called to its service scientific and engineering thought that has virtually revolutionized production practice. The last ten years have seen the greatest expansion in exploration and production of petroleum, not only in this country but throughout the world, of any decade since Drake drilled his famous well near Titusville in 1859."



Head Office of N. V. The Texas Company, at The Hague

Globe-Trotting With Texaco

II. HOLLAND

J. G. VAN SANTVOORD
Managing Director, N. V. The Texas Company (Holland)

IT was early in 1906 that the first TEXACO product was sold in Holland. At that time the Continental Petroleum Company, distributor of TEXACO products in Belgium, started in Holland with two representatives working on a commission basis. These men confined their efforts to the sale of gas oil and our first customer was the gas works at The Hague.

A local manager for Holland was appointed in 1911 by the Continental Petroleum Company and during the same year the sale of kerosene was started; in the beginning the greater portion of our sales of this product were made in Rotterdam and Amsterdam and the product itself was used for the most part in motor-driven barges and lighters. The original plan for the distribution of kerosene called for sixteen or seventeen stations to cover the country, and to handle sales and deliveries to shopkeepers. A number of sub-stations were also to be installed in sections where there were no shopkeepers, these sub-stations to retail kerosene to the consumer in four-liter tins. A liter is approximately one quart. It was not until the spring of 1921 that TEXACO gasoline was introduced and since that time the business has progressed markedly.

Keeping in mind the fact that Holland, with a population of about 7,500,000, has about the same area (12,588 square miles) as that of Maryland, one might conclude that the distribution of TEXACO products would be simple. And it would be if it were not for the rivers Maas, Waal, Ryn and Ysel, and for Holland's old enemy, the sea. These barriers render traffic difficult and between some sections, impossible; consequently they have exerted a marked influence on the location of our stations.

Our products are shipped to Holland by boat both from the United States and from Antwerp, Belgium. Gasoline and kerosene are shipped in bulk by tank steamers and lubricants in iron drums, wood barrels or cans. Sea-going tankers from the United States come up through the English Channel and

Texaco Peddler in Holland with his "Ketel" Wagon (Left), and Push Cart (Right) Equipped with Four-Liter Kerosene Tins

Tank Truck Being Filled at Amsterdam Bulk Station

Combination Truck with Sliding Rack for Delivering Drums and Tins

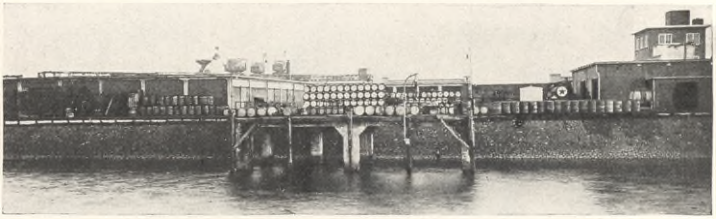
North Sea to Ymuiden. There, through locks which when completed can handle ships 1313 feet long, 164 feet wide and drawing 49 feet of water, they enter the North Sea Canal, which leads from Ymuiden to Amsterdam.

The North Sea Canal, completed in 1876, was built for two reasons. Ships formerly came by way of the Zuider Zee from the North Sea to Amsterdam. Due to the shallowness of the Zuider Zee, and the constant shifting of sand and silt, it was not possible, as far back as the fifteenth century, for ships drawing more than twelve feet of water to reach the port of Amsterdam. To get around this difficulty and to provide a shorter, more direct route from the sea, the North Sea Canal was built. After passing Ymuiden the ships proceed to the Amsterdam Petroleum Harbor, where all oil companies doing business in Amsterdam are required to store their bulk stocks. There the cargo is discharged into our shore tanks.

Because of the large number of canals for which the country is noted, and because goods can be transported more cheaply by water than by rail, the larger part of local freight in Holland is normally moved by lighter, barge or some other type of boat. Many of our distributing stations are therefore located on canals or rivers and supplied from Amsterdam by our two tank barges, the TEXACO I and TEXACO II. The remaining stations, which are located in sections where the sale of gasoline or kerosene is limited, are supplied from Amsterdam by tank cars, each having a capacity of about 4000 gallons.

When distributing stations are situated on the water, occasional periods of freezing weather must be anticipated and the locations so selected as to permit delivery of gasoline or kerosene by tank cars when the tank barges cannot move because of the ice. Severe winters seldom occur in Holland but during the one past the cold weather endured so long that the rivers and canals were frozen for a period of two months. With the help of ice-breakers the entrance to and from the port of Rotterdam was kept open. In the same way passage through the North Sea Canal was maintained as well as part of the harbor at Amsterdam. Elsewhere, however, the harbors, canals and rivers were held in a relentless

Our Utrecht Station, Showing Cars and Track for Unloading Barges



Company Wharf and Yard at Rotterdam

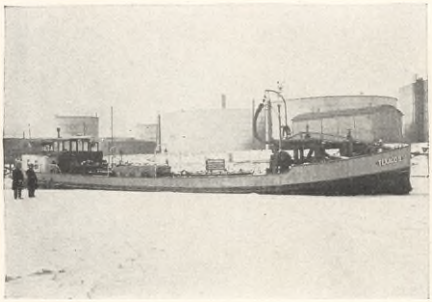
grip; many canal boats and barges, caught away from their home ports, had to await the coming of warm weather before they could proceed to their destinations.

Long periods of cold weather throw an abnormal burden on the railways which are not equipped or accustomed to handle, as in other countries, the great bulk of inland freight. Congestion naturally follows and at centers of population like Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, freight piles up in such quantities as to render even the delivery of food products difficult. During the cold weather last winter the freight congestion at Rotterdam was so great that an embargo was placed on shipments from foreign countries to that city. Such weather is most unusual but the past winter shows that it is possible, and that it can have a serious effect on our ability to supply our distributing stations so that they in turn may supply the consumer.

Wheel Tank with Visible Measuring Pump

After reaching a distributing station TEXACO gasoline or kerosene is pumped from the tank car or tank barge into underground storage tanks. A few municipalities in Holland permit the storage of these products above ground but the great majority require all storage tanks to be buried. Gasoline curb pumps are a fairly recent innovation in Holland. Prior to their introduction gasoline was delivered to the garage man in ten-liter—two and one-half gallons—tins. When a customer wanted gasoline, the garage man brought out one or two such tins and emptied them into the customer's tank. Many dealers and garage men, particularly those located in small out-of-the-way communities where the demand is limited, still receive their gasoline in such tins. In spite of the fact that sales of this type are giving way more and more to the quicker and more convenient method of obtaining supplies at the curb pump, there is still sufficient demand for tins to require the use of special apparatus at some of our stations. Dealers in sparsely-settled sections of the country are frequently supplied with gasoline in tins which are packed in returnable wooden cases and shipped to them by boat as any other boxes or crates might be. When empty the tins are returned in their original cases to our stations for cleaning and refilling.

Deliveries to the underground tanks of gasoline curb pumps are made in much the same way as in the United States. Because of present road conditions, however, several problems had to be solved before quick economical service could be given all our gasoline customers.



Company Tank Barges Ice-Locked on Dutch Waterways

Tank Cars, Storage Tanks and Filling Shed at Amsterdam

In spite of the serious handicap created by the topography of the greater part of Holland, it is interesting to note the progress being made in modernizing old roads and in building new ones to facilitate the handling of traffic. This is slow work, however, and therefore to conserve present roads as far as possible, the government has classified them according to their capacity to handle traffic.

Every truck must carry a plate directly above the license plate, on which is shown the speeds at which it may operate on the different classes of roads. These rules are strictly enforced because many of the roads, built on soft, marshy ground which is below sea level, cannot support heavy loads. Furthermore, the construction of a number of the numerous bridges over the canals is such that vehicles with a gross weight in excess of three tons are not permitted to use them. In general, trucks having a carrying capacity of three or four tons may be used on roads connecting the larger cities. The minute we leave these, however, we encounter narrow roads, many times built on dykes, and light bridges which cannot accommodate heavy loads.

Small stations in outlying districts or those in sections where the roads and bridges are incapable of supporting great weight must therefore be equipped with light trucks which can deliver gasoline in bulk to curb pump customers, the same product in ten-liter tins, kerosene in bulk or 55 gallon drums, and motor or lubricating oils in bulk, drums or tins. Deliveries made by stations of this type are relatively small when compared to those of stations in cities like Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague. For this reason such stations are equipped with so-called combination trucks. When drums, barrels or tins are to be delivered, the tank, which is mounted on small wheels or rollers, is rolled upon the rack, where it remains until required again. Such a truck eliminates the necessity of both a tank truck and a "stake" truck at a small station.

Our large distributing stations are well equipped to handle deliveries of any type or size, as all are provided with both large and small tank trucks and stake trucks. At certain points throughout Holland automobile traffic may be limited or the demand for gasoline relatively small. It is necessary and desirable, however, that TEXACO gasoline be available at such places when required. As the amount sold would not warrant the expense of installing a pump and underground tank, the dealer contents himself with a portable gasoline tank.

It was the custom in the past to supply gasoline in drums to dealers of this type, the dealer then pumping the gasoline from the drum into the wheel tank. Many times this meant that a truck carrying several drums of gasoline to wheel tank customers would cover the same route as a tank truck making de-

(Continued on next page)

Three Thousand Liter Tank Truck Delivering Gasoline to Wheel Tank

Globe-Trotting With Texaco

(*Continued from preceding page*)

liveries only to the underground tanks or curb pumps. As deliveries to wheel tank customers seldom exceed 150 liters—roughly forty gallons—at one time, it is almost impossible to read with a gauge stick the exact amount delivered from a tank truck. Municipal authorities will not permit gasoline to be delivered from tank trucks to wheel tanks with measuring cans. As a result we have equipped a number of our tank trucks, operating in those territories where a saving in delivery expense could be effected, with visible measuring pumps. The results have been gratifying, for not only are our customers well satisfied, but expenses have been reduced and many drums released for other purposes.

Thus far we have not touched on the various means of supplying the consumer with kerosene. Many thousands of Hollanders use kerosene for heating and cooking and consequently the demand for this commodity is great. In the United States kerosene is usually purchased from the grocer, the customer furnishing his own container. In the large cities in Holland this same practice is followed to a limited extent, but the majority of consumers want kerosene delivered at their doors in four-liter tins. Thus, by far the greater amount of this product reaches the consumer through the medium of the kerosene peddler.

The kerosene peddler in Holland in some respects is comparable to the milkman in the United States. If he is located in the city, he arises early in the morning and proceeds to the nearest TEXACO station where his peddler's cart awaits him already loaded with four-liter tins. Pushing his cart ahead of him he proceeds to that quarter of the city which has been allotted to him. There he makes a house-to-house call on his customers, supplying tins of kerosene and receiving those emptied since his last visit. At the end of the day he brings his cart of empty tins back to the station where they are replaced with freshly-filled tins in readiness for the next morning.

In certain sections of some cities or towns, consumers have their own containers. The peddler is then equipped with a "ketel" wagon as illustrated. Each liter is drawn from the tank into a measure and then poured into the customer's container.

Packages of lubricating oils shipped from the United States or from the Ocean Terminal of The Texas Company (S.A.B.) at Antwerp, Belgium, are received and stored at our station in Rotterdam. Because of the rapidity with which deliveries can usually be made by water from Rotterdam to all points in Holland, stocks of industrial lubricants are carried at this point only. When a customer gives an order to one of our salesmen or stations the order is immediately mailed to our Rotterdam station. The material ordered is shipped out the same day, and within the next two days the order is received by the customer. In freezing weather shipments are made by rail.

Until recently motor oils were delivered to the garage man in tins only. When the automobile driver needed oil, the dealer poured the desired quantity into the engine from the tin in his garage. To-day motors oils are delivered for the most part in bulk, the proper grades being drawn from 55 gallon drums into twenty-liter delivery containers at our station. These containers are then loaded upon the gasoline tank trucks and emptied into the garage man's tanks when the truck goes to him to deliver gasoline. When the automobile driver wants TEXACO motor oil, the garage man can pump the grade required from the proper tank and deliver it in short order.

From Den Helder to Maastricht and from Middelburg to Groningen the automobile driver to-day will find TEXACO almost at his elbow. And if the traveler could look behind the scenes he would find, as in the United States, TEXACO working in the interest of comfort and trade.

Cowboys in the Modern Manner

(*Continued from page 26*)

To transport the ten thousand or more visitors anticipated requires some thought, and the railroads are applying themselves energetically to this problem. For many of the dude ranchers, however, and particularly the newcomers, the opportunity to tour one of the most beautiful sections of our country should not be overlooked, and early reports indicate that automobiles will serve as one of the principal agencies for carrying dude ranchers to and from the spot of their selection.

Routes to the dude ranch section are particularly well charted on the new TEXACO road maps covering that territory and should be of great use to the potential dude rancher who includes his automobile as a vital part of his equipment. After all, that widely-quoted slogan, "See America First," is firmly based upon the irrefutable fact that there is a great deal in America to be seen.

Acknowledgments

The Editors are indebted to the Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration Limited, of Canada, for several photographs used in conjunction with the article, "The Miner Adopts the Airplane"; to the Denver Tourist Bureau and to the proprietors of Holm Lodge for those used with the article, "Cowboys in the Modern Manner," and to the former for pictorial matter used to illustrate "Colorado, State of Enchantment." Illustrations used in "Pioneering in Petroleum" are from "The Romance of American Petroleum and Gas."

The photograph of the Headless Horseman Service Station, appearing on the inside back cover, is published through the courtesy of the Tarrytown Daily News.

HEADLESS HORSEMAN SERVICE STATION ON THE ALBANY POST ROAD, NORTH TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT DISTRIBUTING UNIT OF TEXACO PRODUCTS, OVER THE SITE OF WHICH THE ANGULAR, AMOROUS PEDAGOGUE, ICHABOD CRANE, IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN PURSUED BY A TERRIFYING HORSEMAN, ACCORDING TO THE ALWAYS IMMORTAL SLEEPY HOLLOW LEGEND OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

SPREAD out your road map. Indicate with pencil the tour you wish to take. Wherever it leads — cross country to the Atlantic, to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico — you will find convenient Texaco Service Stations along your route. ¶ *No need to switch to unknown brands. For the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is recognized by motorists in forty-eight states as the* only *nationally known "stop sign" for both motor oil and gasoline.* ¶ *Veteran drivers have found by experience that full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil and the* new *and* better *Texaco Gasoline are always the same wherever you buy them — always reliable.* ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL
GASOLINE

TEXACO

Ask your Texaco dealer for the Texaco Road Map of the State you are in. Tour with Texaco — use the Texaco Maps, the new and better *Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS