

Texaco Star

FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF THE TEXAS COMPANY



CHRISTMAS
1918



"VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY"

WHY WE CALL CHRISTMAS-TIME
THE BEST TIME

CHRISTMAS-TIME is the best time because it is the kindest time. Nobody ever felt very happy without feeling at least a little kind. So, of course, either way about, the happiest time is the kindest time—that's *this* time. The most beautiful things our eyes can see are the stars; and for that reason, and in remembrance of One star, we set candles on the Tree to be stars in the house. So we make Christmas-time a time of stars indoors; and they shine warmly against the cold outdoors that is like the cold of other seasons not so kind. We set our hundred candles in the Tree and keep them bright throughout the Christmas-time, for while they shine upon us we have light to see this life, not as a battle, but as the march of a mighty Fellowship.

—“*Beasley's Christmas Party*”—Booth Tarkington.



Have you answered the Red Cross
Christmas Roll Call ?

TEXACO STAR

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

"ALL FOR EACH—EACH FOR ALL"

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

* *

It must be a sad Christmas this year for the peoples who have fallen into anarchy, but for the rest of Christendom it should be a time of blessed return to thoughts and feelings which have brought joys and healing through centuries of experience. The well-tried aims and customs have been obscured in many minds by anxiety, or submerged in a great many more minds by foolish anticipations of some new civilization. Nature and truth are not changed by man's wrath nor by his lusts. No collectivism can do what the family has done. If home altars are not cherished, all the blessings that spring from wholesome family life will be forfeited. The busybodies of a "socialistic state" cannot replace, for the precious little ones, natural parents and individual friends. Children nurtured under State direction and control would resemble spiritually the mass-reared orphans of the past. For a long time there have been too many homeless ones among us—far more of them so from folly or evil choice than because of poverty. These are largely making the wastrels of the race, and are a menace to the welfare of all. Let everyone who has a home keep it and guard it, and in saving themselves and their own children they will protect and serve the commonwealth better than could any possible mass action. And Christmas has proved for ages the best time to quicken and brighten the home life.

* *

Christmas Day detached from its history and isolated from the celebrations of centuries, cannot keep our hearts and hearths warm; we must rekindle old fires and join hands with the companies of friends who

have kept the day and made it merry in the long ago. The echoes of ancient song and laughter give it a rich merriment, a ripe and tender wealth of associations. The mirth of one Christmas overflows into another until the sense of an unbroken joy, sinking and rising year after year like the tide of life in the fields, is borne in upon us.

—Hamilton W. Mabie.

* *

"If we could cast the gift of rich thought into the hearts of others, that would be giving as the angels give."

* *

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

* *

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—R. L. Stevenson.

* *

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—Sydney Smith.

* *

The memories I have bought with the money I have spent are among my most precious possessions.

Since the foolish part of mankind will make wars, from time to time, with each other, not having sense enough otherwise to settle their differences, it certainly becomes the wiser part, who can not prevent these wars, to alleviate as much as possible the calamities attending them.—Benjamin Franklin.

* *

The net number of Stars in the Service Flag of The Texas Company for November 1, 1918, was 2,939.



Mrs. Dellora R. Gates

married the handsome daughter of a farmer living near St. Charles, Ill., he being 19 and she 18 years old.

Port Arthur people on the night of Nov. 28 ordered a magnificent floral offering for the burial service in New York, and on Sunday, Dec. 1, a memorial service was held in Port Arthur. Citizens of Port Arthur have organized for providing a suitable permanent memorial to the Gates Family—husband, wife, and son. There is no need of any "drive" for this purpose, and there is to be none. The offerings will be wholly voluntary. It will be a worthy expression of sincere gratitude and affection.

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

—Swinburne.

CHILDREN

Heaven lies about us in our infancy, says Wordsworth. And who of us has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction will come away a wiser man.

There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—creating out of the common things which surround them

Mrs. Dellora R. Gates died suddenly on November 28 at the Hotel Plaza, her home in New York City. Mrs. Gates was the last member of the family of John W. Gates, founder of Port Arthur, Texas, who died August 9, 1911, their only son, Charles G. Gates, having died in November 1913. Mrs. Gates ably administered the family estate, and carried on and extended its benefactions in Port Arthur and elsewhere. The Texas Company was among the great properties in which the estate of John W. Gates was interested, and among the innumerable services and donations to Port Arthur are the Mary Gates Hospital, Port Arthur College, and the Gates Memorial Library. The Memorial Library, given by Mrs. Gates to the people of Port Arthur in memory of her husband and son, was pictured and described in our July issue. It was dedicated on last "Gates Day," May 18, the birthday anniversary of Charles G. Gates, which is annually celebrated by the citizens of Port Arthur. This custom originated in a birthday party given seven years ago by Charles Gates himself to all the children of Port Arthur.

Mrs. Gates was born in 1855. She and Mr. Gates married young and without material possessions. Young Gates made the first independent venture in his remarkable career, when he had saved enough money on his father's farm in Illinois to buy a threshing machine. "It was while traveling from farm to farm threshing grain that he met and loved and

little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand.

The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. There is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise. . . . The little circumstances and the world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life. And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts.

There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner digging a Lilliputian well, or fencing a six-inch barnyard, and listened to

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his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I have of revolting toward another who has gone through life with a cold and supercilious bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

—R. H. Dana.

* *

My little boy's face can light up suddenly and become radiant; and he can look at you with quite cold eyes. He has a strong intuition and he is incorruptible. He has never yet bartered a kiss for barley-sugar. There are people whom he likes and people whom he dislikes. There is one who has long courted his favour indefatigably and in vain; and, the other day, he formed a close friendship with another who had not so much as said "Good-day" to him before he had crept into her lap and nestled there with glowing resolution.

He has a habit which I love. When we are walking together and there is anything that impresses him, he lets go my hand for a moment. Then, when he has investigated the phenomenon and arrived at a result, I feel his little fist in mine again.

He has bad habits too. He is apt, for instance, suddenly and without the slightest reason, to go up to people whom he meets in the street and hit them with his little stick. What is in his mind, when he does so, I do not know; it remains a matter between himself and the people concerned.—*Carl Ewald.*

* *

THE AGE OF REASON.—Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmy?" the teacher demanded.

"No, ma'am," answered Jimmy. "But I wondered why he didn't make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Johnny—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much?

Tommy—If all your teeth was out, and your hair was off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying.

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

—*Wordsworth.*

SUDDENLY ONE DAY

Found in the pocket of Capt. T. P. C. Wilson, killed in action.—*The Westminster Gazette.*

"Suddenly one day

The last ill shall fall away.

The last little beastliness that is in our blood

Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,

And the great spirit of man shall struggle through

And spread huge branches underneath the blue.

In any mirror, be it bright or dim,

Man will see God, staring back at him."

"O Earth, so full of dreary noises!

O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God strikes a silence through you all,

And giveth His beloved sleep."

LIFE WISDOM

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

—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

A man should use himself to think of those things only about which, if one suddenly ask "What hast thou now in thy thoughts?" with perfect openness thou mightst immediately answer "This or that."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Gladness of heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

A merry heart does good like medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

—*Solomon.*

The higher and wider is the sweep of vision, the more difficult is it to stumble at trifles and make mountains out of mole hills.—*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.*

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—*Socrates.*

Be not hasty to cast off every aspersion that is cast on you. Let them alone for a while and then, like mud on your clothes, they will rub off of themselves.—*Murray.*

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

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THE 1919 CALENDAR

The problem of selecting a calendar is one that we would not wish on our worst enemy.

Just let the word go out some time that you are in the market for a calendar. And say that you would like to see some designs.

You will. You will see everything from a dainty boudoir scene, fit for the dressing table of some queen of fashion, to a picture of the type you find tacked up in a railroad crossing tender's hut.

Tell them that you want a calendar for a large oil company, and you will get pictures of spouting gushers, such as never were on land or sea, or a cute little cherub greasing the axis of the earth.

But what most of these designers overlook, is the fact that you want a *calendar*—not an art gallery.

So, after much trial and tribulation, we found a lithographer who would carry out our ideas and make a calendar—yea, verily, a man-sized, practical, business-like, 365-days-a-year, general utility calendar.

Naturally, we wanted some advertising on it because from our standpoint, that is why we got it out.

But we didn't expect people to read our financial statement or something equally uninteresting to them.

On it is only our trademark in colors, and, as the necktie salesman says, "Neat, but not gaudy." The pad itself measures 15 inches square. It is printed in legible black numbers—red for Sundays and Holidays.



The busy man can see what he wants to see at a glance, and, because it is so simply constructed, he sees our advertisement in one and the same glance.

Business men will want these.

You should see that your good customers get them. If possible, send them out yourself, or, better yet, bring them around to your customers with your personal compliments.

An adequate supply has been sent to each District Office, but if these calendars go as rapidly as we think they will,—well—get your orders in Now.—*Advertising Division.*

Among the pictures provided for illustrating the article in our November issue describing the recent development of the Company's properties in Mexico, were the following, for which we had not space last month.



Tampico Works—Shop building at right—Power house at extreme left.

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Tampico Works—Machine Shop.



Tampico Works—Dining room in Club house.



D. J. Moran, General Superintendent of Construction in Mexico, and T. Reiber, Assistant Superintendent of Port Arthur Works, when they were getting out the sea-loading pipe lines.



American employees at Agua Dulce Works—See June issue for a group in front of the Office Building at Tampico Works.



Agua Dulce Works—Dock on Lake Taniahua side.

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Awarding the French *Croix de Guerre* to soldiers of the U. S. Army who distinguished themselves for bravery in a raid on the morning of Mar. 1, 1918. Copyright by Com. on Pub. In.



American soldiers decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*, who took part in the first American raid, —, France. Copyright by Committee on Public Information.



American Medical Corps in France—At a station near the front lines. Copyright by Com. on Pub. Information.

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Speeding up the Christmas mail. Mail from home at a camp of the American Expeditionary Forces. *Copyr't by Com. on Pub. Information.*



The mail arrives at an American camp, —, France. *Copyr't by Com. on Pub. Information.*



Great Expectations—a Christmas box from home. *Copyr't by Com. on Pub. Information.*



Someone thinks of me. Receiving gifts of tobacco and other luxuries at the front. *Copyr't by Committee on Public Information.*



Soldier's pack displayed for inspection by its proud owner. *Copyright by Committee on Public Information.*



A chapel in the woods behind the front line trenches, with two American Soldiers at prayer. *Copyright by Committee on Public Information.*

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A refugees' camp maintained at Soloniki by the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul for the fatherless and homeless children after the great fire. The packages being distributed are little garments donated by the Red Cross. *Copyright by Committee on Public Information.*



Watching American troops pass by. The French school children in all the villages along the snow-covered roads turned out to see them pass. *Copyright by Committee on Public Information.*

On
 Christmas
 Day In The
 Evening

by
 Grace S. Richmond

Illustrated by
 Charles M. Relyea

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Holy night! peaceful night!

Darkness flies, all is light!



"IT'S A GOOD THING TO EXERCISE THE IMAGINATION, NOW AND THEN.
 I DON'T THINK THE IDEA'S A BAD ONE."

ALL the Fernald family go back to the old home for Christmas, now, every year. Last Christmas was the third on which Oliver and Edson, Ralph and Guy, Carolyn and Nan, were all at the familiar fireside, as they used to be in the days before they were married. The wives and husbands and children go too, and no one of them, down to Carolyn's youngest, who was not a year old last Christmas, has sustained a particle of harm from the snowy journey to North Estabrook.

As Father and Mother Fernald are getting along in years, and such a house-party means a good deal of preparation, last year their younger daughter Nan, and her husband, Sam Burnett; and their youngest son Guy, and his wife of a year, Margaret, went up to North Estabrook two days ahead of the rest, to help with the finishing labours.

"I don't know but this is the best part of the party," mused John Fernald, looking from one to another of them, and then at his wife, as they sat together before the fireplace, on the evening of the arrival. "It was all over so quick last year, and you were all piling back to your offices in such a hurry, you boys. Now we

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can have a quiet talk, before the fun begins. That suits us to a T—eh, Mother?"

Mrs. Fernald nodded, smiling. Her hand, held fast in Guy's, rested on his knee; Nan's charming head lay against her shoulder. What more could a mother ask? Across the fireplace, Sam Burnett, most satisfactory of sons-in-law, and Margaret, Guy's best beloved, who had made the year one long honeymoon to him—so he declared—completed the little circle.

There was much to talk about. Though North Estabrook is a small village, it takes time to inquire after everybody. Suddenly, having asked solicitously concerning a very old woman, who had nursed most of the Fernald children and was always remembered by them with affection, Nan put a question.

"Speaking of Aunt Eliza, Mother, makes me think of the old church. She used to talk so much about liking to hear the bell ring, right up over her head, next door. Does the bell ever ring, these days?"

A shadow dropped upon Mrs. Fernald's face, but her husband answered for her. He was more than a little deaf, but he was listening closely and he caught the question.

"It's a miserable shame, Nancy, but that church hasn't had a door open since a year ago last July, when the trouble burst out. We haven't had a service there since. Being the only church building in this end of the township, it's bad having it closed up. But there's the fuss. Folks can't agree what to do. There's where every one of you children grew up, sitting in the old family pew with your legs dangling. It's too bad—it's too bad!"

"And all over nothing of any consequence," sighed Mrs. Fernald. "But—there were so many who felt it necessary to fight to have their own way."

"And feel that way still, I suppose?" suggested Sam Burnett, cheerfully. "There's a whole lot of that feeling-it-necessary-to-fight, in the world. I've experienced it myself, at times."

They talked about it for a few minutes. But it was clearly a subject which gave pain to the older people, and Guy was about to divert the talk when Nan gave a little cry.

"People! Let's open the church—ourselves—and have a Christmas Day service there!"

They stared at her for a moment, thinking her half dreaming. But her face was radiant with the light of an idea which was not an idle dream.

Guy began to laugh. "And expect the rival factions to come flocking peaceably in, like lambs to the fold? I think I see them!"

"Ignore the rival factions. Have a service for everybody. A real Christmas service, with holly, and ropes of greens, and a star, and music—and—a sermon."

"The sermon, by all means," quoth Sam Burnett. "Preach at 'em, when you've caught 'em. They'll enjoy that. We all do."

"But it's really a beautiful idea," said Margaret, her young face catching the glow from Nan's. "I don't see why it couldn't be carried out."

"Of course you don't," Guy spoke decidedly. "If people were all like you there wouldn't be any quarrels. But unfortunately they are not. And when I think of the Tomlinsons and the Frasers and the Hills and the Pollocks, all going in at the same door for a Christmas Day service—" he gave a soft, long whistle—"it rather strains my imagination. Not that they aren't all good people, you know. Oh, yes! If they weren't, they'd knock each other down in the street and have it over with. But, I tell you, it strains my imagination to—"

"Let it strain it. It's a good thing to exercise the imagination, now and then. I don't think the idea's a bad one." Sam Burnett spoke seriously, and Nan gave him a grateful glance. She was pretty sure of Sam's backing, in reasonable things—and a substantial backing it was to have, too.

"Who would conduct such a service?" Mrs. Fernald asked thoughtfully.

"You couldn't get anybody out to church on Christmas morning," broke in Mr. Fernald. "Every mother's daughter will be basting her Christmas turkey."

"Then have it Christmas evening. The day isn't over. Nobody knows what

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to do Christmas evening. Whom can we get to lead it? Well——" Nan paused. Her eyes roamed from Sam's to her father's, and on around the circle, while they all waited for her to have an inspiration. Presently her face lighted up again. She gazed at Margaret, smiling, and her idea seemed to communicate itself to Guy's wife. Together they cried, in one breath: "Billy!"

"Billy!" Guy threw back his head and roared. "The Reverend Billy, of St. John's, coming up to North Estabrook to take charge of a Christmas-evening service! Why don't you ask the Bishop himself?"

Margaret flushed brightly. The Reverend William Sewall was her brother, and he and his sister were great chums.

"Of course Billy would," cried Margaret. "You know he would, Guy, dear. He has his own service Christmas morning, but in the evening—. He could come up on the afternoon train. Billy's a bachelor—he's nothing to keep him. I'll telephone him first thing in the morning."

From this point on there was no lack of enthusiasm. They discussed everything, excitement mounting—the music, the trimming of the church—then, more prosaically, the cleaning, and warming and lighting of it. Finally, the making known to North Estabrook the news of the coming event.

"Put a notice in the post office," advised Guy, "and tell Aunt Eliza and Miss Jane Pollock, and the thing is done. Sam, I think I see you spending the next two days at the top of ladders, hanging greens."

Sam Burnett looked at his wife: "She's captain. If she wants to play with the old meeting-house, play she shall—so long as she doesn't ask me to preach the sermon."

"You old dear!" murmured Nan, jumping up to stand behind his chair, her two pretty arms encircling his stout neck from the rear. "You *could* preach a better sermon than lots of ministers, if you are only an upright old bank cashier."

"Doubtless, Nancy, doubtless," murmured Sam, pleasantly. "But as it will take the wisdom of a Solomon, the tact of a Paul, and the eloquence of the Almighty Himself to preach a sermon that will divert the Tomlinsons and the Frasers, the Hills and the Pollocks from glaring at each other across the pews, I don't think I'll apply for the job. Let Billy Sewall tackle it."

HI, there! Why not get something doing with that hammer? Don't you see the edge of that pulpit star-carpeting is all frazzled? The preacher'll catch his toes in it." The slave-driver was Guy, shouting from the top of a step-ladder, where he was screwing into place the freshly cleaned oil-lamps whose radiance was to illumine the ancient interior of the church. He addressed his eldest brother, Oliver, who, in his newness to the situation and consequent lack of sympathy with the occasion, was proving an indifferent worker. This may have been partly due to the influence of Oliver's wife, Marian, who, sitting—in Russian sables—in one of the middle pews, was doing what she could to depress the labourers. The number of these had been reinforced by the arrival of the entire Fernald clan.

"Your motive is undoubtedly a good one," Mrs. Oliver conceded. She spoke to Nan, busy near her, and she gazed critically about the shabby old walls, now assuming a different aspect as great ropes of laurel leaves swung into place under the direction of Sam Burnett, Edson Fernald and Charles Wetmore—Carolyn's husband—assisting. "But I shall be much surprised," Mrs. Oliver continued, "if you attain your object. Nobody can be more obstinate than the people of such a little place as this. You may get them out—though I doubt even that—but you are as likely as not to set them by the ears and make matters worse."

"It's Christmas," replied Nan. Her cheeks were the colour of the holly berries in the great wreaths she was arranging for the wall behind the pulpit. "They can't quarrel at Christmas—not with Billy Sewall preaching peace on earth, good will to men. Jessica, please hand me that wire, and come and hold this wreath a minute, will you?"

"What's that about Sewall?" Oliver inquired. "I hadn't heard of that. You don't mean to say Sewall's coming up for this service?"

"Of course he is. Margaret telephoned him this morning, and he said he'd never had a Christmas present equal to this one. He said it interested him a lot more than his morning service in town, and he'd be up. Isn't that fine of Billy?" Nan beamed triumphantly at her oldest brother.

"That puts a different light on it." And Mr. Oliver Fernald, president of the great bank of which Sam Burnett was cashier, got down on the knees of his freshly pressed trousers, and proceeded to tack the frazzled edge of the pulpit stair-carpet with interest and skill.

"Do I understand that you mean to attempt music?" Mrs. Oliver seemed grieved at the thought. "There are several good voices in the family, of course, but you haven't had time to practise any Christmas music together. You will have merely to sing hymns."

"Fortunately, some of the old hymns are Christmas music, of the most exquisite sort," began Nan, trying hard to keep her temper. But, at that moment, as if to help her, up in the old organ-loft, at the back of the church, Margaret began to sing. Everybody looked up in delight, for Margaret's voice was the pride of the family. Somebody was at the organ—the little reed organ. It proved to be Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore. For a moment the notes rose harmoniously. Then came an interval—and the organ wailed. There was a shout from the top of Guy's step-ladder: "Cut it out—cut out the steam calliope!"

"I won't hit that key again," called Carolyn. "Listen, you people." The next instant nobody was jeering, for Margaret's voice had never seemed sweeter than from the old choir-loft:



"CUT IT OUT—CUT OUT THE STEAM CALLIOPE!"

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*"Over the hills of Bethlehem,
Lighted by a star,
Wise men came with offerings,
From the East afar."*

It took them all, working until late on Christmas Eve, to do all that needed to be done. Nothing short of the best possible would content them. But when, at last, Nan and Sam, lingering behind the others, stood together at the back of the church for a final survey, they felt that their work had been well worth while. All the lights were out but one on either side, and the dim interior, with its ropes and wreaths of green, fragrant with the woodsy smell which veiled the musty one, seemed to have grown beautiful with a touch other than that of human hands.

"Don't you believe, Sammy," questioned Nan, with her tired cheek against her husband's shoulder, "the poor old 'meeting-house' is happier to-night than it has been for a long, long while?"

"I wonder what the North Estabrook people are thinking about this—that's what I wonder," answered Sam, "Do you suppose the Tomlinsons and the Pollocks and the rest of them have talked about anything else to-day?"

"Not much else." Nan smiled contentedly. Then: "O Sam—the presents aren't all tied up! We must hurry back."

"If this thing goes off all right," mused Burnett, as he examined the stoves once more before putting out the lights, "it'll be the biggest Christmas present North Estabrook ever had. Peace and good will—Jove, but they need it! And so do we all—so do we all."

THERE go near every one of the Fernalds, down to the station. Land, but there's a lot of 'em, counting the children. I suppose they're going to meet Guy's wife's brother, that they've got up here to lead these Christmas doings to-night." Miss Jane Pollock, ensconced behind the "lace curtains" of her "best parlour," addressed her sister, who lay on the couch in the sitting-room behind, an invalid who could seldom get out, to whom Miss Jane was accustomed faithfully to report every particle of news.

"I suppose they think," Miss Jane went on, "they're going to fix up the fuss in that church, with their greens and their city minister preaching brotherly love. He'll have to preach a powerful sermon to reach old George Tomlinson and Asa Fraser, and make 'em notice each other. And when I see Maria Hill coming toward me with a smile and her hand out I'll know something's happened."

"I don't suppose," said the invalid timidly, "you would feel, Sister, as if you could put out your hand to her first?"

"No, I don't," retorted Miss Jane. "And I don't see how you can think it, Deborah. You know perfectly well it was Maria Hill that started the whole thing—and then talked about me as if I was the one. How that woman did talk—and talks yet! A pretty bold thing to do, I call it—open up that church on their own responsibility, and expect folks to come, and forget the past. I wish you could see Oliver's wife in those furs of hers. She holds her head as high as ever—but she's the only one of 'em that does it disagreeably, and of course she isn't a Fernald. Here comes Nancy and her husband. That girl don't look a minute older'n when she was married, five years ago. My, but she's got a lot of style! Sam Burnett's a good-looking man, but he's getting a little stout."

"Jane," said the invalid wistfully, "I wish I could go to-night."

"I wish you could. That is—if I go. I haven't just made up my mind. But as to your going, Deborah, that's out of the question. I suppose I shall go. I shouldn't like to offend the Fernalds, and they do say Guy's wife's brother is worth hearing. There's to be music, too."

"I wish I could go," sighed poor Deborah, under her breath. "O Lord—" she closed her patient eyes and whispered it—"make them all choose to go—to Thy house—this Christmas Day. And to thank Thee that the doors are open—and that they have strength to go. And help me to bear it—to stay home!"

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THE problem is—" said the Reverend William Sewall, standing at the back of the church with his sister Margaret and Guy Fernald, and Nan and Sam Burnett—the four who had, as yet, no children, and so could take time on Christmas afternoon to make the final arrangements for the evening—"the problem is—to do the right thing to-night. It would be so easy to do the wrong one. Am I the only man to stand in that pulpit—is it all up to me?"

"I should say," observed his brother-in-law, "that a fellow who's just pulled off the sort of service you had at St. John's this morning, wouldn't consider this one much of a stunt."

Sewall smiled. "Somehow this strikes me as the bigger one," said he. "I've been wondering, all the way up, if I knew enough to preach that sermon. Isn't there any minister in town?"

"There *is* one minister," Nan admitted. "But I'd forgotten about him, till Father mentioned him last night. He doesn't really count. He's old—very old—and infirm."

"Superannuated, they call it," added Sam Burnett. "I met him at the post-office this morning. He has a peaceful face. He's a good man. He must have been a strong one—in his time."

"Had he anything to do with the church trouble?" Sewall demanded.

Nan and Guy laughed. "Old 'Elder Blake'?"—not except as he was on his knees, alone at home, praying for the fighters—both sides," was Guy's explanation. "So Father says, and nobody knows better what side people were on."

"If I can get hold of a man whose part in the quarrel was praying for both sides, I'm off to find him," said Sewall. He picked up his hat as he spoke. "Tell me where he lives, please."

"Billy!" His sister Margaret's voice was anxious. "Are you sure you'd better? Perhaps it would be kind to ask him to make a prayer. But you won't—"

"You won't ask him to preach the sermon, Billy Sewall—promise us that," cried Guy. "An old man in his dotage!"

Sewall smiled again, starting toward the door. "You've got me up here,"



"BILLY!" HIS SISTER MARGARET'S VOICE WAS ANXIOUS. "ARE YOU SURE YOU'D BETTER?"

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said he, "now you'll have to take the consequences." And he departed. Those left behind stared at one another, in dismay.

"Keep cool," advised Sam Burnett. "He wants the old man's advice—that's all. I don't blame him. He wants to understand the situation. Nothing like putting your head into a thing before you put your foot in. Sewall's level."

I CAN'T—" said a very old man with a peaceful face—now wearing a somewhat startled expression—"I can't quite believe you are serious, Mr. Sewall. The people are expecting you—they will come out to hear you. I have not preached for many years. I will not say that it would not be—a happiness. If I thought I were fit. But—"

"If I were half as fit," answered Sewall, gently. "I should be very proud. But I'm—why, I'm barely seasoned, yet. But you—with all the benefit of your long experience—you're the sort of timber that needs to be built into this strange Christmas service. I hadn't thought much about it, Mr. Blake, till I was on my way here. I accepted the invitation too readily. But when I did begin to think, I felt the need of help. I believe you can give it. It's a critical situation. You know these people, root and branch. I may say the wrong thing. You will know how to say the right one."

"If I should consent," the other man said, after a silence during which, with bent white head, he studied the matter, "what would be your part? Should you attempt—" he glanced at the clerical dress of his caller—"to carry through the service of your Church?"

Sewall's face, which had been grave, relaxed. "No, Mr. Blake," said he. "This is a community which would probably prefer any other service, and it should have its preference respected. A simple form, as nearly as possible like what it has been used to, will be best—don't you think so? I believe there is to be considerable music. I will read the Story of the Birth, and will try to make a prayer. The rest I will leave to you."

"And Him," added the old man.

"And Him," agreed the young man reverently. Then a bright smile broke over his face, and he held out his hand. "I'm no end grateful to you, sir," he said, a certain attractive boyishness of manner suddenly coming uppermost. "No end. Don't you remember how it used to be, when you first went into the work, and tackled a job now and then that seemed too big for you? Then you caught sight of a pair of shoulders that looked broader than yours—and you were thankful to shift the load on to them? You didn't want to shirk—but you just felt you didn't know enough to deal with the situation. Don't you remember?"

The old man, with a gently humorous look, glanced down at his own thin bent shoulders, then at the stalwart ones which towered above him. "You speak metaphorically, my dear lad," he said quaintly, with a kindly twinkle in his blue eyes. He laid his left hand on the firm young arm whose hand held his shrunken right. "But I do remember—yes, yes—I remember plainly enough. And though it seems to me now as if the strength were all with the young and vigorous in body, it may be that I should be glad of the years that have brought me experience."

"And tolerance," added William Sewall, pressing the hand, his eyes held fast by Elder Blake's.

"And love," added the other. "Love. That's the great thing—that's the great thing. I do love this community—these dear people. They are good people at heart—only misled as to what is worth standing out for. I would see them at peace. Maybe I can speak to them. God knows—I will try."

THE Fernald family alone will fill the church," observed the bachelor son of the house, Ralph. He leaned out from his place at the tail of the procession to look ahead down the line, where the dark figures showed clearly against the snow. By either hand he held a child—his sister Carolyn's oldest, his brother Edson's youngest. "So it won't matter much if nobody else comes out. Hullo—

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there's the church! Jolly, but the old building looks bright, doesn't it? I didn't know oil lamps could put up such an illumination.—And see the folks going in!"

Nan, farther down the line, clutched Sam Burnett's arm. "See them coming—from all directions. Oh, I knew they'd come out—I knew they would!"

"Of course they'll come out." This was Mrs. Oliver. "Locks and bars couldn't keep a country community at home, when there is anything going on. But as to the *feeling*—that is a different matter. Oliver, do take my muff. I want to take off my veil. There will be no chance once I am inside the door."

"Where's Billy Sewall bolting to?" Guy sent back this stage-whisper from the front of the procession, to Margaret, his wife, who was walking with Father Fernald, her hand on his gallant arm. In John Fernald's day a man always offered his arm to the lady he escorted.

"He caught sight of Mr. Blake, across the road. They're going in together," Margaret replied. "I think Mr. Blake is to have a part in the service."

"Old Ebenezer Blake? You don't say!" Father Fernald ejaculated. "Well—well—that is thoughtful of William Sewall. I don't suppose Elder Blake has taken part in a service in fifteen years—twenty, maybe. He used to be a great preacher, too, in his day. I used to listen to him, when I was a young man, and he could put things in about as interesting a way as any preacher I ever heard. Good man, too, he was—and is. But nobody's thought of asking him to make a prayer in public since—I don't know when. Well, well—look at the people going in! I guess we'd better be getting to our seats, or there won't be any left."

THE organ was playing—very softly. Carolyn had discovered that by refraining from the use of certain keys—marked by postage stamps—she could produce a not unmusical effect of subdued harmony. This added much to the impression of a churchly atmosphere, carried out to the eye by the Christmas wreathing and twining of the heavy ropes of shining laurel leaves, and by the massing of the pulpit-front in the dark green of hemlock boughs and holly. To the people who entered the house with vivid memories of the burning July day when words hardly less burning had seemed to scorch the barren walls, this lamp-lit interior, clothed with the garments of the woods and fragrant with their breath, seemed a place so different that it could hardly be the same.

But the faces were the same—the faces. And George Tomlinson did not look at Asa Fraser, though he passed him in the aisle. Miss Jane Pollock stared at the back of Maria Hill's bonnet, in the pew in front of her, but when Mrs. Hill turned to glance up at the organ-loft to discover who was there, Miss Pollock's face became as adamant, and her eyes remained fixed on her folded hands until Mrs. Hill had twisted about again, and there was no danger of their glances encountering. All over the church were people who avoided seeing each other, though conscious, all down their rigid backbones, that those with whom they had fallen out on that unhappy July day were present.

There was no vestry in the old meeting-house; no retiring place of any sort where the minister might stay until the moment came to make his quiet entrance through a softly opening pulpit door. So when the Reverend William Sewall of St. John's, of the neighboring city, came into the North Estabrook sanctuary, it was as his congregation had entered, through the front door and up the aisle.

There was a turning of heads to see him, but there was a staring of eyes when it was seen by whom he was accompanied. The young man walked slowly to keep pace with the feeble footsteps of the very old man in his threadbare garments of the cut of half a century ago, and the sight of the two together was one of the most touching things that had ever met the eyes of the people of North Estabrook. It may be said, therefore, that from that first moment there was an unexpected and unreckoned-with influence abroad in the place.

Now, to the subdued notes of the organ, which had been occupied with one theme, built upon with varying harmonies but ever appearing—though perhaps no ear but a trained one would have recognized it through the veil—was added

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the breath of voices. It was an old Christmas carol, the music that of a German folk song, dear to generations of Christmas singers everywhere. The people recognized it—yet did not recognize it. They had never heard it sung like that before.

*"Holy night! peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe, who in silent sleep
Rests in heavenly peace."*

It was Margaret Sewall Fernald who had made it possible to attempt music at this service—the music which it seemed impossible to do without. Her voice was one of rare beauty, her leadership that of training. Her husband, Guy, possessed a reliable, if uncultivated, bass. Edson had sung a fair tenor in his college glee-club. By the use of all her arts of persuasion Nan had provided an alto singer from the ranks of the choir which had once occupied this organ-loft—the daughter of Asa Fraser. The music they produced was so far above that which the old church had ever heard before, that had the singers been a detachment from the choir celestial those who heard them could hardly have listened with ears more charmed.

As "Holy Night" came down to him, William Sewall bent his head. But Ebenezer Blake lifted his. His dim blue eyes looked up—up and up—through the old meeting-house roof—to the starry skies where it seemed to him angels sang again. He forgot the people assembled in front of him, he forgot the responsibilities upon his shoulders—those bent shoulders which had long ago laid down such responsibilities. He saw visions. It is the old men who see visions. The young men dream dreams.

The young city rector read the Christmas Story—out of the worn copy of the Scriptures which had served this pulpit almost from the beginning. He read it in the rich and cultivated voice of his training, but quite simply. Then Margaret sang, to the slender accompaniment of the little organ, the same solo which a famous soprano had sung that morning at the service at St. John's—and her brother William listening from the pulpit thought she sang it better. There was the quality in Margaret's voice which reaches hearts—a quality which somehow the famous soprano's notes had lacked. And every word could be heard, too:

<i>"How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given; So God imparts to human hearts The blessing of His heaven. . . ."</i>	<i>O Holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us to-day!"</i>
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Then William Sewall made a prayer. Those who had been looking to see old Elder Blake take this part in the service began to wonder if he had been asked into the pulpit simply as a courtesy. They supposed he could pray, at least. They knew he had never ceased doing it—and for them. Elder Blake had not an enemy in the village. It seemed strange that he couldn't be given some part, in spite of his extreme age. To be sure, it had been many years since anybody had asked him to take part in any service whatsoever; but a number of people were beginning to feel more than a little indignant about it, and so lost the most of Sewall's prayer, which was a good one. The city man meant to do it all, then. Doubtless he thought nobody from the country knew how to do more than pronounce the benediction. That was to be Elder Blake's insignificant part—. But what was this? Elder Blake had risen and was coming forward. Was he going to read a hymn? But he had no book. And he had taken off his spectacles.

William Sewall's prayer was not ended; he could no longer be heard by the people, but in his seat, behind the drooping figure of the old man, he was asking things of the Lord as it seemed to him he had never asked anything before. Could His poor, feeble, "superannuated" old servant speak the message that needed to be spoken that night? William Sewall felt more than ever that he himself could not have done it. Could Ebenezer Blake?

"*Make him strong, O God,—make him strong,*" requested William Sewall fervently.

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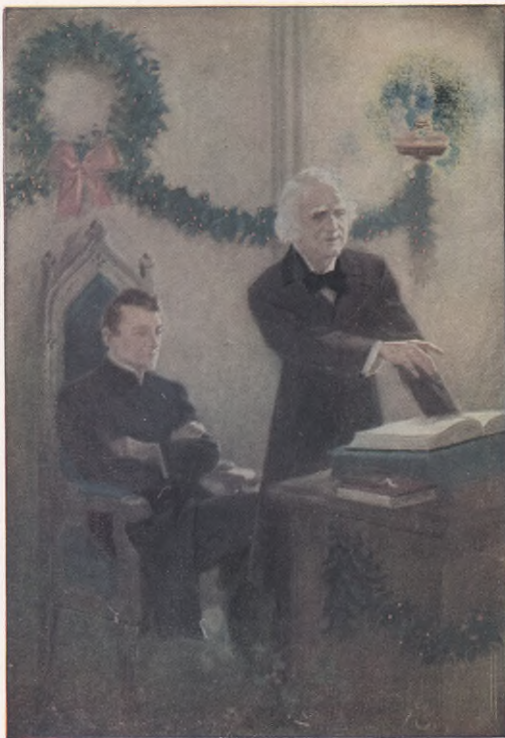
THEY talk about it yet, in North Estabrook, though it happened a year ago. Nobody knew how it was that from a frail old man with a trembling voice, which, in its first sentences, the people back of the middle of the church could hardly hear, there came to stand before them a fiery messenger from the skies. But such was the miracle—for it seemed no less. The bent figure straightened, the trembling voice grew clear and strong, the dim eyes brightened, into the withered cheeks flowed colour—into the whole aged personality came slowly but surely back the fires of youth. And once more in a public place Ebenezer Blake became the mouth-piece of the Master he served.

Peace and good will? Oh, yes—he preached it—no doubt of that. But it was no milk-and-water peace, no sugar-and-spice good will. There was flesh and blood in the message he gave them, and it was the message they needed. Even his text was not the gentle part of the Christmas prophecy, it was the militant part—“*And the government shall be upon His shoulder.*”

As William Sewall looked down into the faces of the people and watched the changing expressions he felt that the strong challenging words were going home. He saw stooping shoulders straighten even as the preacher's had straightened; he saw heads come up, and eyes grow light; most of all, he saw that at the last people had forgotten one another and were remembering—God.

Suddenly the sermon ended. This preacher from the earlier generation, his message delivered, ceased to speak. He left his hearers breathless. But after a moment's pause, during which the silence was a thing to be felt, the voice spoke again. It no longer rang—it sank into a low pleading, in words out of the Book upon which the clasped old hands rested:

“*Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of Thy servant and his supplications, and cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake.*”



THERE WAS FLESH AND BLOOD IN THE MESSAGE HE GAVE THEM,
AND IT WAS THE MESSAGE THEY NEEDED

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UP in the choir-loft, chokily Guy whispered to Margaret, "Can't we end with 'Holy Night,' again? Nothing else seems to fit, after that."

She nodded, her eyes wet. It had not been thought best to ask the congregation to sing. There was no knowing whether anybody would sing if they were asked. Now, it seemed fortunate that it had been so arranged, for somehow the congregation did not look as if it could sing. Certainly not George Tomlinson, for he had a large frog in his throat. Not Asa Fraser, for he had a furious cold in his head. Not Maria Hill, for though she hunted high and low for her handkerchief she was unable to locate it, and the front of her best black silk was rapidly becoming shiny in spots. Not even Miss Jane Pollock, for though no tears bedewed her black eyes, there was in her breathing an impediment of some sort.

So the four in the organ loft sang "Holy Night" again. They could not have done a better thing. It is a holy night, indeed, when a messenger from heaven comes to this world of ours, though he take the form of an old man with a peaceful face—but with eyes which can flash once more and with lips upon which, for one last mighty effort, has been laid a coal from off the altar of the great High Priest.

*"Silent Night! Holy night!
Darkness flies, all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
Hallelujah! hail the king!"*

GEORGE TOMLINSON came heavily out of his pew. It had occurred to him that he ought to go up and speak to Elder Blake—now sitting quietly in his chair with William Sewall bending over him. At the same moment, Asa Fraser emerged from his pew, directly opposite. The two men did not look at each other.

As each stood at his pew, neither quite determined whether to turn pulpitward or doorward, Samuel Burnett, coming eagerly up, laid a friendly hand on either black-clad arm. He had been popular in North Estabrook, ever since he began to come there to see Nancy Fernald, and both Tomlinson and Fraser liked and respected him—a fact he understood and was counting on now.

"Wasn't it great, Mr. Tomlinson?" said Sam enthusiastically. "Great—Mr. Fraser?" He looked into one austere face and then the other. Then he gazed straight ahead of him, up at Elder Blake. "Going up to tell him so? So am I!" He pressed the two arms, continuing in his friendly way to retain his hold on both. "In all the years I've gone to church, I've never heard preaching like that."

William Sewall, having assured himself that his venerable associate was not suffering from a more than natural exhaustion after his supreme effort, stood looking out over the congregation. He observed a trio approaching, composed of Samuel Burnett—his fine face alight with his purpose—and two gray-bearded men, plainly of prominence in the church. He watched the three climb the pulpit stairs and come up to the figure in the chair—Sam, with tact, falling behind.

"You did well, Elder—you did well," said George Tomlinson, struggling to express himself. He stood awkwardly on one foot, before Ebenezer Blake, like an embarrassed schoolboy, but his tone was sincere—and a trifle husky. Elder Blake looked up—and William Sewall thought he had never seen a sweeter smile on a human face. "You are kind to come and tell me so, George," said he. "I had thought never to preach again. It did me good."

"It did us good, sir," said Sam Burnett. He had waited an instant for Fraser to speak, but saw that the cold in the head was in the ascendancy again. "It did me so much good that I can hardly wait till I get back to town to hunt up a man, I know, and tell him I think he was in the right in a little disagreement we had a good while ago. I've always been positive he was wrong. I suppose the facts in the case haven't changed—" he smiled into the dim blue eyes—"but somehow it doesn't look to me worth while to let them stand between us any longer."

"Ah, it's not worth while," agreed the old man. "It's not worth while for any of us to be hard on one another, no matter what the facts. Life is difficult at its best—we can't afford to make it more difficult for any human soul. Go back to

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town and make it right with your friend, Mr. Burnett. I take it he was your friend, or you wouldn't think of him to-night."

"Was—and is!" declared Sam, with conviction. "He's got to be, whether he wants to or not. But he'll want to—I know that well enough. We've been friends from boyhood—we'd just forgotten it, that's all."

There was a little pause. The old man sat with his white head leaning against the high back of his chair, his eyes—with an appeal in them—resting first upon the face of Asa Fraser, then upon that of George Tomlinson. With a common impulse Sewall and Burnett moved aside, turning their backs upon the three.

Asa Fraser lifted his eyes and met those of George Tomlinson. With a palpable effort—for he was a man of few words—he spoke.

"George," said he, "I guess I made a mistake, thinking as I did."

"Asey," responded Tomlinson quickly, "I guess you weren't the only one that's made a mistake." And he held out his hand.

Fraser grasped it. With his other hand he raised his handkerchief and blew his nose once more, violently—and finally. From this point the smile in his eyes usurped the place of the moisture which had bothered him so unwontedly.

If you imagine that this little drama had escaped the attention of the departing congregation, headed the other way, you are much mistaken. The congregation was not headed the other way. From the moment when Burnett and Fraser and Tomlinson had started toward the pulpit, the congregation had paused and was staring toward them. It continued to stare, up to the moment when the hand-shaking took place. Then—eyes turned and met other eyes. Hearts beat fast, lips trembled, feet moved.

Do you know how sometimes the ice goes out of a river? From shore to shore it has been frozen, cold and hard. For many months it has grown solid, deepening and thickening until it seems as if there could be no life left beneath. Then, at last, come sunshine and rain and warmth. The huge mass looks as impenetrable as ever, but all at once, some day—*crack!*—the first thin dark line spreads across the surface. Then—*crack, crack!*—in every direction the ice is breaking up. Look quickly, now, if you would see that frozen surface stretching seamless between shore and shore—for suddenly dark lanes of water open up, which widen while you watch; and soon the river has burst its bonds and is rushing freely once more, with only blocks of melting ice upon its surface to tell of its long imprisonment.

Even so, on that memorable Christmas night, did the ice in the North Estabrook church break up. *Crack!*—George Tomlinson and Asa Fraser, old friends but sworn foes, had shaken hands. *Crack!* Mrs. Tomlinson and Mrs. Fraser, tears running frankly down their cheeks, had followed the example of their husbands—and glad enough to do it, for their homes lay side by side and each had had a hard time of it getting along without the other. Miss Jane Pollock, seeing Mrs. Maria Hill's fruitless search for her handkerchief, had long since drawn out one of her own—she always carried two—and had held it in her hand ready to offer it if she could just get to the point. But when she saw, upon the pulpit platform, those two gripping hands, somehow she suddenly reached the point. *Crack!* With no difficulty whatever Miss Pollock slipped the handkerchief into Mrs. Hill's hand, whispering commiseratingly: "I presume you've got one somewhere, Maria, but you just can't lay your hand on it. Don't take the trouble to return it." And Mrs. Hill, accepting the handkerchief, wiped away the tears and answered fervently: "I guess I *will* return it, Jane, if it's only so's to come to your house again—if you'll let me in, after all I've said." Even as they smiled, shamefacedly but happily, similar scenes were being enacted. All about them spread the breaking ice.

Incredible, that it should happen in a night? Not so. The forces of Nature are mighty, but they are as weakness beside the spiritual forces of Nature's God.

WELL, Billy Sewall, have you taken your young friend home and put him to bed?" The questioner was Ralph Fernald, sitting with the rest of the family before the fireplace, talking things over. They had been there for nearly an hour since the service, but Sewall had only just come in.

"I've taken him home," Sewall replied. "But there was no putting him to

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bed. I think he'll sit up till morning—too happy to sleep,—the fine old man.”

They had saved the big armchair for him, in the centre of the circle, but he would have none of it. He went over to a corner of the ingle-nook, and dropped upon the floor at his sister Margaret's feet. When somebody protested Guy interfered. “Let him alone,” said he. “He gets enough of prominent positions. Talk about team-work! If ever I saw a sacrifice play I saw it to-night.”

Sewall shook his head. “There was no sacrifice play on my part. It was simply a matter of passing the ball to the man who could run. I should have been down in four yards—if ever I got away at all.”

John Fernald looked at his wife with a puzzled smile. “I suppose you boys are giving the credit to Elder Blake—who ought to have it. But I give a good deal to William Sewall, whose eyes were sharp enough to see what we've been too blind to find out—that the old man was the one who could deal with us and make us see light on our quarrel. He did make us see it! Here I've been standing off, pluming myself on being too wise to mix up in the fuss, when I ought to have been doing my best to bring folks together.”

He looked round upon the group, scanning one stirred face after another as the ruddy firelight illumined them. His glance finally rested on his daughter Nan.

“After the preachers, I guess Nancy and Samuel deserve the most credit,” he went on. “It was the girl's idea, and Sam stood by her.” He began to chuckle. “I can see Sam now, towing those two old fellows up to the pulpit. I don't believe they'd ever have got there without him. There is a time when a man's hand on your arm makes it a good deal easier to go where you know you ought to go.”

“It would have taken more than my hand to tow the a away,” said Sam Burnett, “after they found out how it felt to be friends again. Nobody could come between them now with an axe.”

“The music helped,” cried Nan, “the music helped more than anything, except the sermon. Think how Margaret worked over that!—and Carolyn over that crazy old organ! And Guy and Ed and Charles hung all those greens—”

“I tacked the pulpit stair-carpet,” put in Oliver. “While you're assigning credit, don't forget that.”

“I stoked those stoves,” asserted Ralph. “That left-hand one—I never saw a stove like that to hand out smoke in your face. But the church was warm when I got through with 'em.”

“You all did wonderful'y well,” came Mother Fernald's declaration.

“All but me,” said a voice, from the centre of the group. It was a voice which nobody had ever expected to hear in an acknowledgment of failure of any sort, and all listened in amazement.

“I did nothing but discourage,” went on the voice, not quite evenly. “I believe I'm apt to do that, though I never realized it before. But when that wonderful old man was speaking it came to me, quite suddenly, that the reason my husband's family don't like me better—is—because it is my nature always to see the objections to a thing and to discourage people about it. I—want to tell you all that—I'm going to try to help, not hinder, from now on.”

For a moment they were all too surprised and touched—for there is nothing more touching than humility where it is least expected—to speak. Then Ralph, who sat next to Marian, brought his fist down on his knee with a thud. “Bully for you!” said he.

Upon Marian's other side her husband's mother slipped a delicate hand into hers. Nan, leaning past Sam's knee, reached up and patted her sister-in-law's lap. Everybody else smiled, in his or her most friendly way, at Oliver's wife; and Oliver himself, though he said nothing, looked as if he would be willing to tack pulpit stair-carpets for a living if it would help to bring about such results.

“Marian's right in calling him a wonderful old man.” Guy spoke thoughtfully. “He got us all—Fernalds as well as Tomlinsons and Frasers.”

They all sat gazing into the fire in silence, in the musing way of those who have much to think about. By and by Father Fernald pulled out his watch and scanned

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it by the wavering light. "Bless my soul!" he cried. "It's close on to twelve o'clock! You children ought to be in bed—oughtn't they, Mother?"

There was a murmur of laughter round the group, for John Fernald was looking at his wife over his spectacles in the quizzical way his sons and daughters well remembered.

"I suppose they ought, John," she responded, smiling at him. "But you might let them sit up a little longer—just this once."

He looked them over once more—it was the hundredth time his eyes had gone round the circle that night. It was a goodly array of manhood and womanhood for a father to look at and call his own—even William Sewall, the brother of his son's wife, seemed to belong to him. They gave him back his proud and tender glance, every one of them, and his heart was very full. As for their mother—but her eyes had gone down.

"Well," he said, leaning over to clasp her hand in his own, as she sat next him, "I guess maybe, just this once, it won't do any harm to let 'em stay up a little late. They're getting pretty big now—and it's Christmas Night."



WHAT ONE LILY DID

A KIND lady once gave a poor woman an Easter lily. She took the fair flower to her one-room home, put it in a glass pitcher on her kitchen table, and sat down in her chair to look at it. The room was dirty and comfortless; for the woman was untidy, and therefore poorer than she need be. After gazing at the pure blossom for a few moments she got up from her chair and washed the pitcher until the glass shone. She sat down again, but now she saw the lily against the ugly background of the dusty blurred panes of a little window. She rose again, got a basin of water and a cloth and some soap, and burnished the window panes. Then many things appeared in unsuitable condition. She scoured the table, then the floor, then blackened the stove, and then put the little room and her own attire in order, before she sat down again to admire the effect.

The lily had done it all, simply by showing, in its white purity, how grimy everything else was.

HIS ROOM

His room is as it used to be
Before he went away,
The walls still keep the pennants he
Brought home but yesterday,
His golf sticks in the corner stand
His tennis racket, too,
That once the pressure of his hand
In times of laughter knew
Is in the place it long has kept
For us to look upon,
The room is as it was, except
The boy, himself, has gone.

The pictures of his girls are here,
Still smiling as of yore,
And everything that he held dear
Is treasured as before.
Into his room his mother goes
As usual, day by day,
And cares for it, although she knows
Our boy is far away.
We keep it as he left it, when
He bade us all good bye,
Though I confess that, now and then
We view it with a sigh.

For never night shall thrill with joy
Nor day be free from gloom
Until once more our soldier boy
Shall occupy his room.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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THE FOOLHARDY FROGS

HERE was once a pond full of young frogs. They peeped up out of the water, and made a great noise, each trying to cry louder than the rest. Why they did this, I don't know; but then, many children make a noise and don't know why they do it. One old frog sat silent, moving his head and eyes watchfully, first on one side and then on the other. Suddenly he called out:

"Silence! Duck your heads; the stork's coming!"

All the round heads and goggle-eyes disappeared under the water. For, although they had not seen the stork, the old frog had often told them about him—how he was a terrible fellow with long legs, long neck, and long beak; how he made a hideous clapping with his beak which he used to drag out of the water all the frogs he could snap up; and how he swallowed them down. But the stork who came that

day had already eaten as much as he wanted in some other pond. Consequently he walked to the side of the water without looking round for a frog, and drew up one leg and bent down his head and beak as it is the custom of storks to do when about to go to sleep. Standing in this way on one leg, he looked like



a bag of feathers on a long stick.

For a time there was silence in the pond; but soon many of the young frogs began to peep out and look around. And one whispered to another:

"There he stands."

"That's not the stork," cried two or three together, "for they say the stork has a long neck and a long beak."

But the old frog said, in a warning voice:

"Don't wake the stork, for frogs he doth kill;

The danger that sleeps is a danger still."

Now, most of the frogs listened to these words of warning, but one of them, named

Cax, a forward fellow who liked to hear himself croak, exclaimed:

"Nonsense; the old chap only wants to make us afraid. That thing looks more like a scarecrow than a bird."

"It may frighten sparrows, but no brave frog will be afraid of it," croaked another frog, whose name was Kix, and who liked to say and do whatever Cax said and did.

"Whoever has courage, follow me!" cried Cax. "We'll have a closer look at the thing yonder, and, as sure as my name's Cax, I'll jump upon it."

The old frog raised his voice:

"Foolhardy frogs, foolhardy pack,

Listen to me! quack, quack! quack, quack!

Beware, Beware! for danger is near,

And those must feel who will not hear!"

Those who would not hear were, in this case, Kix and Cax. Cax hopped away, and Kix followed after him, till they came where the stork stood. The affair now began to seem a little formidable to them, as generally happens to boasters.

But they felt ashamed to turn back, so Cax said: "You jump first, Kix; you're the younger of us two."

"No," replied Kix; "you should jump first, for you're the older." And so, for a time, they both sat still.

The stork was fast asleep, dreaming of the nest he had built the year before far away in Africa, and of the young he had brought up there, and of the wife who had helped him to feed and educate them. When Kix and Cax saw that he did not move they began to take courage. Cax stuck up his head out of the water and quacked at the stork in a low voice. Kix followed his example. The stork never moved. They began to quack in a louder tone, and to dabble about in the water, and to splash the stork with their legs. When the other frogs, who had been watching, saw that the sport seemed a safe one, they came hopping up to take part in it.

At last the noise woke up the stork, but as he was drowsy with sleep and the meal he had eaten, he let the frogs cry out for a time and splash about as they liked. At last Cax said to the rest: "Look at me now; I'll jump upon the thing, as I told you I would." And Kix added, "And so will I, as I told you I would."

But when they both jumped up at the stork he suddenly thrust out his bill, with a

TEXACO STAR



snap to the left and a snap to the right, and in a twinkling Kix and Cax were caught up and swallowed down.

The other frogs scampered a way and there was silence in the pond for a long time.

The old frog repeated his warning, while the young ones listened with grave faces:

"Foolhardy frogs, foolhardy pack,
Listen to me! quack, quack! quack, quack!
Beware, Beware! for danger is near,
And those must feel who will not hear."

And then, wishing to improve the terrible lesson just taught, he added:

"My dear young friends, my dear young friends,
You've seen, quack, quack, how boasting ends;
If one of you discretion lacks,
Let him think of the fate of Kix and Cax."

—Anonymous.



A RED CROSS MAN IN THE MAKING.

Page twenty-four

BROTHERS

Heart leaps to heart, the living flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.
We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.
Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago.

—Charles Sprague.



THE DAILY GOOD TURN

While the Boy Scout follows a program designed to make him a good citizen and a self-reliant one he is never engaged in any campaign of his own. He is never on parade and is never seen in quantity. The Boy Scout organization simply supplements the work of other organizations. Has any of them a piece of work to be carried out? The Boy Scouts help. Is there a parade? The Boy Scouts are seen, not in the line of march, but along the route helping as ushers or as orderlies or in policing the lines. Although they have many fine stunts that would go well in public they never exhibit them solely for the purpose of showing off.

Every Boy Scout is pledged to "do a good turn daily" and the cumulative effect of these hundreds of thousands of daily good turns is a great force making for kindness.—Red Cross Magazine.

TEXACO STAR

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The Managers of the respective Departments have assigned to the gentlemen whose names and addresses are here given the duty of sending to the *Texaco Star*, on or before the 25th day of each month, reports of departmental news and other items of general interest. Suggestions and information for this purpose should be sent to them before the 20th of the month. All are invited to cooperate.

Refining Dept.	C. K. Longaker, Houston
Natural Gas Dept.	D. P. Harrington, Fort Worth
Fuel Oil Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston
Railway Sales Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston
Marine Dept.	{ A. V. Corley, Port Arthur
Legal Dept.	{ T. H. Matters, Jr., New York
Treasury Dept.	{ J. S. Ballard, Houston
Comptroller's Dept.	{ Lee Dawson, Houston
Insurance Dept.	{ B. E. Emerson, Houston
Sales Dept. S. Territory	{ P. A. Masterson, New York
Sales Dept. N. Territory	{ Roy B. Wright, New York
Export Dept.	{ R. C. Galbraith, Houston
Purchasing Dept.	{ S. Slattery, New York
Railway Traffic Dept.	{ J. B. Nielsen, New York
Producing Dept.	{ J. E. Byrne, New York
Pipe Lines	{ J. T. Rankin, Houston
	{ R. W. Painter, Houston
	{ R. W. Plummer, Houston
	{ A. M. Donoghue, Houston

The following telegram and photograph of not much later date will recall a happy memory to old timers, and the whole Texaco Family will be interested in thus "locating" its first baby:



First Texaco Baby

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY
in connection with

THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY

7 Bu X Mc 35 Paid
Beaumont, Texas, Oct. 11, 1902

T. J. Donoghue,
Bradford, Penna.

Telegram announcing the arrival of The Texas Company's first son received. Hope he will always be as prompt in keeping dates as he was in his arrival. Congratulations and best wishes for mother and son.

The Texas Company Gang

10:03-pm-

REFINING
DEPT.

The Texaco Welfare League, whose members, drawn from employes of The Texas Company's Port Arthur Works, Port Arthur Terminal, and Case & Package Division, now number 800, rendered highly appreciated service during the epidemic of influenza

and kindred diseases. Although organized only a short time, from \$750 to \$800 has been paid in sick benefits.

The Welfare League is one of the few organizations of its kind in this section and rightfully commands the admiration of every employe of The Texas Company.

With sorrow we have to report that death claimed six of our Company's employes, all of Port Arthur Works:

Henry Roy, foreman of Compounding Department, survived by wife and child.

S. B. Jones, clerk in Storehouse, survived by wife and child.

G. R. Moore, moulder in Paraffine Plant, survived by wife and six children.

W. W. Power, of the Barrelhouse, survived by two sisters at Bunkie, La.

T. W. Young, boiler maker, survived by mother at Cameron, Texas.

John Plaka, still fireman, survived by wife and five children.

Four of these were members of the League, and the family of each of them has been paid a death benefit of \$150 in addition to the regular weekly benefit of \$2 a day during the period of illness. We, as a body, extend heartfelt sympathy to the families and relatives of all these departed comrades.

During the recent epidemic the Port Arthur Works Commissary furnished soup daily to about twenty-five families.

Mrs. Bertha Findly has been appointed Visiting Nurse, which means that Port Arthur Works now employs regularly two visiting nurses.

The Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign was a complete success, resulting in 76% of our employes buying bonds aggregating \$93,350, and the amount would have been larger had it not been that so many were sick with the influenza.

WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXACO COMPANY FROM
PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF OCT. 1918:

Refined—Coastwise.....	627,261 bbls.
Refined—Foreign.....	472,523 bbls.
Total.....	1,099,784 bbls.

WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXACO COMPANY FROM
PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF NOV. 1918:

Refined—Coastwise.....	450,228 bbls.
Refined—Foreign.....	610,783 bbls.
Total.....	1,061,011 bbls.

Lieut. B. S. Craig, previously electrical engineer at Port Arthur Works, now with the U. S. Engineers in France, in a recent letter, writes:

Our company was assembled to have read to it by the Major a telegram from General Pershing to General Liggett, commanding the 1st Army Corps, congratulating him on the successful part his corps

TEXACO STAR



SOME TEXACO CHILDREN IN PORT ARTHUR.—1. Robert Morgan (2 yrs.) and James McClure (7 mos.), sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bailey (Chief Engineer, P. A. Works). 2. Hardy C. (3 yrs.), son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Derox. 3. Mary Louise (8 mos.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Noble. 4. Herbert Milton (3 yrs.), son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Johnson. 5. Helene Elizabeth (3 yrs.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Leach (Personal Efficiency man, P. A. Works); Helene was born at Cebu, Philippine Islands. 6. Frank Orton (8 mos.), son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stivers. 7. Chiquita Lee (4 yrs.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. McClintock. 8. Phil, Jr. (4 mos.), son of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Gauss (P. A. Terminal). 9. Winnona Miller (23 mos.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asi Dyson. 10. Louie, second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Burris.

played in "the first offensive of the first U. S. Army." Also we learned that our regiment eminently made good in the work we did, so much so that we were complimented by being permanently assigned a position which I can't state in a letter.

We worked next day on the road and about noon were shelled. At the first shell, which hit about 500 yards away, I got down off my horse and led him to some grass off the road. The men began going to nearby trenches and dug-outs. We feared gas shells so put on our gas masks. The shelling lasted about 45 minutes. One of our men had a narrow escape from shell shock and touch of gas. He is nearly recovered. My horse made a hasty change of post

when a shell hit near him. Lt. White had a narrow escape when a shell hit near him while on horseback, being partially blown and partially startled off. . . . The next day, the heavy artillery having passed over the road we repaired, we were moved to another location where we began the construction of a light railroad. On the way one of the wagons was nearly struck by a shell killing two horses and wounding three men, one severely. The place where we first worked had been No Man's Land for about three years, and the heavy guns moved were French which had not been moved in three years. There were many dead still on the field while we were there, including a great many

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"Huns." Our last day there all the dead were picked up. It all adds to one's horror of war, to which there is nothing equal in cruelty and horror. But this war must be carried on to a successful victory regardless of the cost.

The fighting spirit of the infantry that made this drive is supreme. I talked to several privates who "went over the top" and their stories are interesting in the extreme. I saw one Yank "doughboy" shot through the head, with his automatic rifle still firmly grasped in his hands. He had nearly reached the Boche trench. I could have secured numerous souvenirs but I don't care for them. If I can get a Luger automatic pistol I shall take it.



1st Lieut. Harold P. Dunn, Quartermaster's Corps, Am. E. F.
—Left Port Neches Works Oct. 8, 1917

First Lt. H. P. Dunn, lately secretary to Sup't C. C. Hawkins at Port Neches Works, and previously stenographer in Northern Terminals Division, New York, writes from France on October 20:

Just received the August copy of the *Texaco Star* and was surely glad to get it. I find that not only members of the Texaco Family are interested in the *Star*, but outsiders as well. Fully fifty of the boys have read the August issue and it was received only about 30 hours ago. Nearly all the boys of the A. E. F. are familiar with the Red Star and Green T, and there is scarcely a supply base in the line of communication that does not show a big stack of Texaco 2-5 cases. The writer is using a typewriter desk made out of two Red Star and Green T cases.

John Olson, reported as having been killed Sept. 16, 1918, on the Cambrai battle front, was born in Sweden Feb. 4, 1891. He entered the employ of The Texas Company Feb. 28, 1911, at Lockport Works, where he served as gauger until April 23, 1918, when he was drafted into military service and assigned to Company I, 357th Infantry Regiment. He was one of our most competent and careful gaugers. He left a record which carries no evidences



John Olson

of error or negligencies of any consequence. He was one of the best liked of all employes at Lockport Works. Memorial services in honor of Mr. Olson were held in Lockport on Sunday, Nov. 10, 1918. As far as we know he was the only soldier from Lockport killed in action during the recent war.



Earl Benton Thompson (at left), stenographer at West Dallas Works, enlisted in U. S. Navy as yeoman in April 1917, now stationed at Naval Training School, San Francisco, Calif.

TEXACO STAR

The Overseas Committee of Northern Terminals Office is still working faithfully looking after our boys.

Corporal V. H. Coryell can feel assured that his old fellow workers in the Terminals Office are mighty proud of him. A man who has gone over the top as many times as he has is surely entitled to all credit that can be bestowed upon him. We rejoice to know that he is recuperating from his wounds, and we hope to see him shortly.



Pvt. James A. Ottignon

James paid us a visit just before sailing for overseas duty. He gave an interesting talk to the office forces on Camp Life. The fact that he gained 15 lbs. is evidenced by the photograph.

All of us extend congratulations to Miss Mary I. Graham on her recent engagement.

The ladies of Bayonne Terminal on November 11 gave their initial dance at the Hotel LaTourette. The affair was a wonderful success both socially and financially. It was unlike ordinary dances inasmuch as a fine program was rendered by home talent, the music for dancing being furnished by Happy Rhone of New York City. The New York Offices were well represented and all declared it a very enjoyable evening. The proceeds were donated to the United War Work Campaign. It is the intention to have a social affair of this kind at least once a month.

Norfolk Terminal has 54 former employees in military service.

Word has been received that Sgt. J. C. Dale was injured in action and that amputation of one leg was necessitated.

Harry O. Durroa and Miss Lucy Pearl Moore of Berkley, Va., were married on October 16.

Mrs. Mattie A. New has announced the marriage of her daughter, Lucille Elizabeth, to Matthew D. Williford. "Matty" belongs to the Terminal and was duly

initiated into the mysteries of the Married Men's Protective Association. His sturdy build carried him safely through.

Monthly social entertainments will be inaugurated with a dance on Thanksgiving Eve.

MARINE For the past few months the Naval Overseas Transportation DEPT.

Service has had a branch office in this Department for the purpose of supervising the fulfilling of contracts between the Navy Department and The Texas Company. Under these contracts The Texas Company undertakes to assist the U. S. Navy in the operation of certain vessels by attending to their maintenance, repairs, and upkeep. The vessels concerned are the U. S. S. *Weidrecht*, U. S. S. *Gold Shell*, U. S. S. *Canibas*, and U. S. S. *Frank H. Buck*. The U. S. S. *Canibas* is one of our own ships which was requisitioned by the Government and later re-assigned to us for operation in connection with the N. O. T. S.

We regard the selection of The Texas Company as one of the few agencies assisting the N. O. T. S. in the operation of its vessels as a high endorsement and a tribute to its efficiency.

The *Frank H. Buck* was attacked by a German submarine on September 3, while she was *en route* for New York. During this voyage the vessel was under the command of Lieut. Comdr. G. B. MacDonald. As Lieut. Comdr. MacDonald puts it, the vessel was attacked by the sub. shortly after 8 a.m., and the submarine opened fire with two 6" guns at a distance of about 1,400 yards; but as the guns of the *Frank H. Buck* could not reach the U-boat, the ship was brought closer. The engagement which ensued lasted for about 28 minutes, during which time an equal number of shots were exchanged, and, needless to say, the "Hun" fared the worse. The Lieut. Comdr. is credited with having made "the most definite statement that has yet been given of the sinking of a German submarine by an American vessel since the capture by the American destroyer *Fanning* of a German submarine which afterward sank." Good work, boys.

Our Tanker *Alabama* was requisitioned by the U. S. Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation in the latter part of August, and, from all indications, is behaving as well as any vessel ought in these hard times. To avoid confusion with the battleship of the same name, she is now officially known as the *Amabala*.

Our Tanker *Georgia* was also requisitioned by the United States only a few days previous to the signing of the Armistice. For the same reason, the name of this vessel was also changed, and she is now known as the *Texaco*. Very appropriate name, indeed. The Armistice brought about a change in things, and the vessel was released by the Navy Department before it was formally taken over, but

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was retained by the Shipping Board under whose direction the *Texaco* is at present being operated. It will be remembered that the *Georgia* is the ex-*Texas*; so far, the pedigree of this vessel reads: *Texaco*, ex-*Georgia*, ex-*Texas*.

Since the early part of the year, we have been operating the ex-Dutch Steamships *Barendrecht* and *Mijdrecht*, and the American Steamer *Topila* for account of the U. S. Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, by whom they were assigned to us. The *Mijdrecht* was recently assigned for the use of the U. S. War Department, but The Texas Company were still retained as Agents.

Upon her arrival at the United Kingdom during the latter part of July, our Tanker *Northeastern* was assigned by the U. S. Shipping Board to the British Coasting Trade. Now that the war is practically at an end, it has been intimated that this vessel will be returned to us in the near future.

The *Woonsocket*, a product of the yards of The Texas S. S. Co., Bath, Me., was known as the *Rhode Island* until the time of her requisition by the U. S. Shipping Board. Chief Engineer Gober and the crew of this vessel were the object of enviable commendation from no less a personage than General Pershing himself on account of services performed in discharging the cargo and effecting some very difficult repairs to the *Woonsocket* in a French port. The difficult repairs were for collision damage.

Fred Gober, until recently Chief Engineer of the U. S. S. *Woonsocket*, is now employed in the New York Office as Assistant to Port Engineer Charles Jackson. Mr. Gober spends most of his time inspecting our vessels as they come to port, and supervising the repairs as required.

We welcome to our midst Mr. Fred A. Middleton, formerly Deputy Collector of Customs at Wilmington, Del. The genial Mr. Middleton has had varied experience in Marine circles, and his ability along these lines will be a valuable addition to the Operating Division.

One of the latest, as well as one of the best products of our shipyards at Bath, Me., the *Dirigo*, was launched there on November 11. The launching of this vessel was witnessed by a very large gathering. Mrs. Florence Lufkin Hunsiker, daughter of President Lufkin, acted as sponsor, and the good dry State of Maine was strewn with champagne when she broke the bottle. Mrs. Hunsiker was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lufkin. The *Dirigo* is a sister ship of the *Texas*, *New York*, *Pennsylvania*, and *Virginia*.

The much needed re-arrangement of the offices of the Marine Department has been completed. It is a great improvement. A vote of thanks to those who made this improvement possible!

Perhaps it is not generally known that G. C. Wagener, Jr., our N. Territory Supt., has embarked upon the Sea of Matrimony. During his summer vacation, Mr. Wagener took time off to be married to Miss Lillian Reydel in Brooklyn, on September 11. News of the unusual event was strictly censored, but the information came through later via "wireless." Further particulars are lacking. Nevertheless, congratulations certainly are in order.

We overheard the following conversation one morning recently between Chief Henry Larsen, Shore Engineer for the Marine Department, at Port Arthur, and another employe of this Dept.

"Didn't see you out yesterday, Chief."

"No; I was at home entertaining my new boy and I am now on my way to get a box of 'smokes' for the boys in the Office."

Congratulations, Chief.

We are also pleased to announce the arrival on Nov. 25 of a fine girl baby at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Holliman, to whom we extend congratulations. Mr. Holliman is Marine Dept. Cashier at Port Arthur.

We understand that a messenger is on his way to the Marine Office with a box of "Smokes" to be presented on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Provost, the proud parents of a youngster who arrived on Nov. 29, 1918.



Corp. Earl R. Chase, son of Auditor A. M. Chase, formerly in Store Room, Houston Offices, Comptroller's Department, now in Co. C, 3rd Separate Machine Gun Battalion, U. S. M. C., Quantico, Va.



T. N. Dawson, Jr., of Comptroller's Dept., now at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

SALES DEPT. HOUSTON DISTRICT. — We had a pleasant visit recently from our Lower Rio Grande Valley representative, B. L. Kowalski, Traveling Agent with headquarters at Brownsville, Texas. Mr. Kowalski is enthusiastic over future business conditions in his section. He reports a record breaking sale of Axle Grease in November, and says sales will be still further increased before Christmas.

On Nov. 4 the girls of The Texas Company organized a club, calling themselves *Texaco Stars*. They elected officers:

Miss Frieda Boysen President
Miss Myrtle Farmer Vice President
Miss Cora Marmion Secretary
Mrs. Bertha Castle Treasurer

The Club meets every Monday afternoon at 5:30, and would welcome all ladies employed by the Company who wish to join. Interesting work is being planned for the coming year.

DALLAS DISTRICT.—At the end of each month we send each station agent a list of

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the accounts in his territory. Agent H. Hamer, Weatherford, Texas, returned his last list covering 33 accounts with every one of them marked paid. At the bottom he wrote the words "Good Night." We supplement, *Good Work*.

OKLAHOMA DISTRICT.—On November 11 the District Office made its first public appearance in the way of a show on the streets of Oklahoma City, and our "stunt" attracted a good deal of favorable attention. We filled a truck and a trailer in the middle of the hilarious procession, every employe of the District Office being present, excepting Superintendent Dodge who happened to be in Arkansas on that day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kinney of Oklahoma City have a fine baby girl born Nov. 11.

The entire District sympathizes with C. C. Kirkpatrick of Enid Station in his sorrow for the death of his year-old babe.

EL PASO DISTRICT.—Creditman C. R. Walker says "Watch Collections," and that El Paso District simply must appear for months to come at the top of a certain column in a certain Efficiency Table.

Chief Clerk L. H. Daniel is now in command of a wee small Infantry. His assignment will not, however, interfere with his office duties, as he is only on *night patrol*; Mamma parades with Charles Davis Daniel during the day.

E. D. Nixon has come back to the fold after a wandering absence of five years. He is Agent at El Paso Station, succeeding the late C. B. Henze, Jr.

News has come of the safe arrival overseas of Chas. Worley, formerly General Clerk, Dist. Offi.

Lieut. J. H. Shapard, of U. S. O. M. C. has arrived safely overseas. He was our Agent at Douglas, Ariz., for three years before he joined the army, and his friends in the District will be glad to hear of his advancement to and Lieutenant.

A letter from Sgt. Major W. P. Sanders of 141st Infantry, Somewhere in France, expresses great satisfaction with his army life, and comments in glowing terms on the beauties of the country where he is stationed. We presume he meant beautiful scenery, although he did not specify.

DENVER DISTRICT.—We have the following letter from Lieut. J. B. Harris, formerly Clerk and Cashier at Pueblo, Colo. Station, one of the first of our Colorado boys to enlist. We are glad to note from his signature that he has earned an officer's commission in active service at the front.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Oct. 2, 1918.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong.

Dear Sir:—I have a bit of news which might interest the *Texaco Star*. I was going along a trail in

the woods running from the front line back to the regimental headquarters on the morning of Sept. 26, when something bright caught my eye down in the underbrush. I poked it out with my cane, and many pleasant memories flashed through my mind as I gazed on a familiar Red Cross and Green T. It was an empty Texaco Gun Oil can. It surely looked good to me, and it will doubtless interest you to know that Texaco Gun Oil is thought well enough of to be carried into the most advanced positions of our battle line, where only necessities are allowed. This little reminder of The Texas Company was in a sector held by the enemy for over four years and captured from him less than 24 hours before I found it.

In talking with truck drivers in Q. M. C. yesterday I found them unanimously in favor of Texaco Medium which they have been using with the best success in their heavy trucks for the past year in places where only the best can hold up.

My best regards to the force and to yourself.

Very truly yours,

J. B. Harris,
Lieut. Co. C, 101st U. S. Inf.,
American E. F., France.

S. A. Street, formerly salesman in Southern Colorado, writes from Fort McArthur, California: "This is a very good place, and also good oil is used here—Texaco E. H. I am in the truck service of A. A. P."

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT.—A loss which will be keenly felt in this District is that of Henry Peret, Agent at Lafayette Station, who died on Oct. 17 from an attack of pneumonia. During his years of service with us Mr. Peret established a record that will stand as an inspiration to all men entering the employ of The Texas Company. It is regretted that the regulations of the Board of Health, which did not permit any large gathering, made it impossible to attend the funeral and thereby show, in a measure, the esteem in which the deceased was held by all of us.

Lubricating Engineer Craig has hit his stride and is bagging big contracts with a regularity that is almost monotonous. In his spare time he has been



J. B. Harris, when a sergeant at Camp Kearny, Calif., in 1917



S. A. Street

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straightening out complaints and has never failed to convince the customer that the fault lay in the conditions under which the oil was working and not in the Texaco product.

The record of Agent J. W. Knight, Hattiesburg, Miss., of closing three contracts in one day is a mark for others to shoot at.

Agent W. L. Hammett, Vicksburg, Miss., was successful in renewing contract with a large chain of cotton compresses. When Bill gets a line on a piece of business it never gets away.

We are congratulating ourselves on the return of Marine Salesman J. F. McConnell after a short period in the service of the Government.

C. F. Grillott, bookkeeper in District Office, was married this month. Our best wishes go out to him for a long and happy life.



New Orleans Filling Station No. 3, Canal Street



Our boat RUTH on Bayou Lafourche



One "Marine" on guard aboard the RUTH, Clay Naguin, 5-years old son of Mr. Ed Naguin, our good friend and Texaco booster of Thibodeaux, La.

ATLANTA DISTRICT.—Sup't McCullough and Ass't Sup't Clark, of Equipment and Construction Division, visited various stations in Atlanta District during November, and we trust this will result in increased storage and equipment facilities to meet the increased demand for Texaco Products. Mr. McCullough's visits are always a pleasure and we hope they will not be so far between in the future.

Agent Earnest K. Young, of Anderson, S. C., died on Nov. 10 from pneumonia. While only recently advanced to Agent, he was an old employe of Anderson Station. He leaves a wife and several small children.

Mack Cheek, T. W. Driver at Griffin, Ga., was killed on Nov. 18 by a Central Georgia train while driving his wagon across the tracks at a newly opened crossing, not protected by a watchman, where the view from the approaches was obstructed by trees and houses. Mr. Cheek died a few minutes after the accident. He is survived by a widow and six small children.



Major James V. Doss

Major Doss attended the New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell, N. M., and we understand that he is a graduate of Peacock's Military Academy, San Antonio, Texas,—which may account for the peculiar uniform shown in this photograph. He was made major in the infantry at 23 years of age, and according to our information has the distinction of being the youngest major in the U. S. Army.

Service depends not alone on courtesy and consideration of individual requirements, but rather on a pleasant anticipation of personal wants and desires. It means far more than routine activity. It means feeling, sincerity, initiative—the giving of something which cannot be purchased.—A. W. Ingalls.

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SALES DEPT. N. TERRITORY **NEW YORK DISTRICT.**—We regret to announce the deaths of F. W. Gallagher, Representative in Long Island Territory; T. J. McDermott, Salesman in New Jersey Territory; G. F. Ratcliffe, Agent at Bedford and Flushing Station; and Lester Falardeau, Driver at Ogdensburg. We extend sympathy to their families and friends.

BOSTON DISTRICT.—We extend hearty congratulations to our new Officials, Superintendent G. L. Clifton, General Assistant



G. L. Clifton

J. H. Morrison, Assistant Superintendent G. C. Wright. This is the first change in the Superintendent's position since this District was established. Our late and lamented friend, G. H. Reinhardt, was the first Superintendent of Boston District. To the new officers and our Chief Accountant we tender faithful cooperation, and trust that we may together soon make Boston District the Company's banner District.



G. C. Wright

This District led in collections the last month, and now that we're at the top we must stay there. We are out to lead the way and to do it every one of us must keep going all the time.

Texations.—E. A. Lee appreciates the free advertising given by the *Texaco Star*, as since the mention in October issue of his giving banjo lessons to P. J. Leary another employe, Jas. McCarthy, has taken up the banjo under his teaching.

The "Social Lion" of the Office is strengthening his claim to that title, as we learn that one of our pretty stenographers accompanied him to dinner and the theater recently. You can never tell what He'll do next.

Is there anything strange in the fact that Doc White and Miss Adams were the only ones to stay at work when the rest of us went on our wild ride around town on "Victory Day"?

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Miss Rosalie Brenner, one of our stenographers, is the mermaid of the Office. There is not a day in the year that she does not take a dip in the briny deep,—diving off an old vessel into the cold November waters of Boston Harbor. She recommends this form of exercise as a muscle builder.

The girls of the Office meet every noon in the Stenographer's Room. They will soon elect officers for their "Tatting Club." The name may be questioned, as observers might call it the Chatting Club.



Allen, "Little Doc" (22 mos.) son of Chief Accountant J. R. Haden

To Stock Clerk Rothfelder we extend congratulations on the arrival of his second child, a daughter, and to Miss Rothfelder we send our thanks for those cigars which the boys appreciated greatly.

The last report from Ed Brady stated that he had been placed in Class C in France, which means that the injury he sustained in the July drive would not allow him to take his place at the front. He was assigned to duty behind the lines.

PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT.—We recently had the pleasure of a visit from our former Lubricating Engineer W. A. Ludwick, now graduated from lubricating engineer to a High Flyer.



Captain William A. Ludwick

Captain Ludwick has been in charge of aviation fields in the South. Under his supervision are many 1st lieutenants, acting as lubricating engineers at the various fields, and a number of 2nd lieutenants and non-commissioned officers. Captain Ludwick left the Philadelphia District Feb. 1, 1918, and entered military service although above the draft age. Prior to his association with The *Texaco* Company he had many thrilling experiences while following the sea as a marine engineer, on one occasion being ice-bound on the coast of Russia for nine months.

At a meeting of the Petroleum A. A., composed

TEXACO STAR

of eight of the largest oil companies in this section, H. T. Doran, Cashier of our Philadelphia District, was unanimously elected Secretary.

The Texaco A. A. of the Petroleum A. A. met on Nov. 22 to elect a president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of T. A. D. Hildenberger. John J. Ryan was elected President in recognition of his endeavors making the Association a success.

The Petroleum A. A. Bowling League opened its season Nov. 19. The League is composed of teams representing the Crew-Levick Company, Atlantic Refining Company, Gulf Refining Company, The Sun Company, The Pure Oil Company, and The Texas Company. The Texas Company opened the season with The Crew-Levick Company and won three games after spirited contests. The Texaco Bowling Team is entirely new material, but their individual efforts on Tuesday gave promise that the team will be well up at the top when the season ends.

NORFOLK DISTRICT.—In Norfolk District 78% of the employes subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan, the total amount being \$33,850.

Telegraphic advices have been received announcing the death of Lt. Jesse V. Reed, 116th Infantry, A. E. F., killed in action on October 12. Jesse entered the service of the Company in our District Office Jan. 1, 1916, and entered military service March 27, 1917. He was beloved by his fellow workers and by a large number of friends throughout Tidewater Virginia, all of whom mourn his death.

The death from Spanish influenza of Miss Grace Wiley is a grief to every member of the District Office.

A. R. Holland, one of the oldest tank-wagon drivers in Norfolk District, now in hospital after an operation, is getting along well and expects soon to be back on his job at Norfolk, Va. Station.

We receive many welcome letters from our boys in the Army and Navy, especially in acknowledgment of the *Texaco Star* and "Smileage Books" which we have forwarded to them. Lack of space forbids printing more than one specimen of these appreciated letters:

To The Texas Company,

Norfolk, Va. Care Mr. C. L. Short.

Dear Boys: My kindest appreciation for the *Texaco Star* you have been mailing me, and also for the "Smileage Books." I can assure you that these favors and the consideration you are rendering me can never be forgotten. I take great pride and interest in reading closely every printed line in our most interesting messenger which keeps me in touch with my former desk chums.

I presume by this time that the majority of you have heard of my recently joining the old man's class (Mr. Austin's class) or state of matrimony.

How are all the boys making out? Give them my best regards and tell them that Uncle Sam's Navy

is all right, but the Texaco Army for mine. How is the old Iron Barrel desk coming along? Tell Pentress, that if the iron barrels are rolling as fast as the boys are marching towards Berlin, by this time the iron barrel desk should be a busy one.

You ask for my correct address. You can keep the same address, but my rating has changed from yeoman third class to yeoman second class.

By the way, there is a big construction job going on over here, and believe me Texaco is well represented in its products. It makes a fellow feel at home when he sees an old iron barrel that is sticking close by him.

I have to close now as it is time for the boys' mail to be in. Write me again, while I remain,

A Texaco "Gob"

R. M. Hall.

U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.



Agent F. A. Perry, West Point, Va., with his two children, Lynn Bennis (3 yrs.), who will sometime be a member of the Texaco Family, and Mary Adams (18 mos.)



Operating Inspector R. B. Allen inspecting chickens at Warwick Hotel, Newport News, Va.

TEXACO STAR

CHICAGO DISTRICT.—
Our Kingsbury Station
has the following em-
ployes in the Army and
Navy, the first six being
now in France:

Harry Benzo
Theo. Borris
Fred Groth
Otto Karpen
Philip Peterson
Chas. Voss
Alexander Borris
Iver Dahl
Herman Joerger
Fred Kaiser
Otto Karpen
Leland Letto
Emmett Little

Alexander Borris, who is
in a Fire and Guard Com-
pany, Am. E. F., writes:
"Me for the life of a fire-
man," and he sends his re-
gards to all employes of The
Texas Company.



Pvt. Alexander Borris

left November 21, intent on spending a few
days with his family in South Carolina,
whence he will return to Havana.

Ben F. Wright recently joined the Officers' Train-
ing Camp, Artillery Branch, Zachary Taylor,
Kentucky. Mr. Wright carries with him the best
wishes of his many friends.



A severe earthquake recently caused considerable
damage and loss of life in Porto Rico. The city of
Mayaguez probably suffered more than any other
part of the Island. This little picture shows the
warehouse in which our goods were stored at that
point; the building, however, was not owned by
The Texas Company. The front wall collapsed
but the back wall remained practically intact, and
this fact accounts for our loss of stock being light.
If the back wall had fallen the damage to our stock
would probably have run into thousands of dollars.



Miss Jane Mather, daughter of our Distributor
at Eveleth, Minn.

EXPORT
DEPT.

Wilson Fisher, Manager of
The Texas Company, (So.
Amer.) Ltd. in Havana, has
been visiting the New York Office attend-
ing to certain business matters. Mr. Fisher

Every first of January that we arrive
at, is an imaginary milestone on the
turnpike of life, at once a resting place
for thought and meditation and a start-
ing point for fresh exertion in the
journey.—*Mirror of the Months.*



Songs of home played by the band—U. S.
Marines in France. Copy'r't by Com. on Pub.
Information.

SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

THE MAIN INTEREST IS INDICATED BY CLASSIFICATION OR BRIEF COMMENT

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

EXECUTIVE Cost Accounting to Aid Production—II, by G. Charter Harrison—*Industrial Management*, November 1918.

Graphic Production Control—III, by C. E. Knoepfel—*Industrial Management*, Nov. 1918.

PRODUCING Petroleum: A Resource Interpretation, by Chester G. Gilbert and Joseph E. Pogue, Bulletin 102, Part 6—*Smithsonian Institution*, Government Printing Office.

FUEL OIL The Heavy Oil Engine, by Charles E. Lucke—*Marine Engineering*, November 1918.

Efficiency in the Use of Oil Fuel—A Handbook for Boiler-Plant and Locomotive Engineers—*Bureau of Mines*, August 1918.

To be obtained from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., free of charge until first edition is exhausted, afterwards at 15 cents.

GENERAL The Abuse and Use of Credit, by W. P. G. Harding, Gov. Federal Reserve Board—*System*, November 1918.

"If you economize in a proper way,—not in such a way as to hurt efficiency or to retard prosperity, but by doing without unnecessary things,—with the coming of peace you will have a fund, the purchasing power of which will support the market through the trying times of readjustment."

Efficiency and Idleness, by H. L. Gantt—*Industrial Management*, November 1918.

Mastering Motor Power—X, by Walter N. Polakov—*Industrial Management*, November 1918.

Oil's Part in the War, by A. C. Bedford—*Oildom*, November 1918.

Address at New York Convention, I. O. M. A.

Oil and America's Future, by H. F. Sinclair—*Oildom*, November 1918.

Collective Bargaining Outside or Inside? by Harry Tipper—*Automotive Industries*, October 24, 1918.

Should collective bargaining be between manufacturer and outside labor union or inside employees' organization?—The most suggestive of a series of articles by Mr. Tipper in the same periodical, weekly from Oct. 10 to Nov. 14 and more to follow.



Answer the
Red Cross

Christmas Roll Call

All you need is a heart
and a dollar

Join



When Distress Calls the Red Cross Answers "HERE!"

NOW the Red Cross calls! The annual Christmas Roll Call of members will echo throughout the land the week of December 16th to 23rd.

Membership in the Red Cross now is more than duty—it is an honored privilege, and an evidence of loyalty. When that Roll is called, your conscience, your sense of right and justice, your love of country and your devotion to the highest ideals of unselfish service all suggest that you answer "HERE!"

All you need is a heart and a dollar

These entitle you to membership for one year.

When you wear your button, signifying that you are a member, you will not be asked to join again this year—it means that you have answered the Roll Call.

Join—be a Christmas member—but just join once.

Our soldiers and sailors look to the Red Cross for comforts. They have never been disappointed.

The Red Cross looks to you for the moral support of your membership. Answer "HERE!" when the Roll is called.

Join the Red Cross



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