

PLAINTIFF'S EXHIBIT

MBL-290

THE FLYING RED HORSE
1950 - 1959

446066



7 WHO DIDN'T DIE

That many employees escaped death last year because of safety program which makes Company safer than your home

SEVEN MEN AND WOMEN working for the Flying Red Horse Companies this minute have no business being alive, statistically speaking. And 368 more able-bodied members of the Socony-Vacuum organization should have suffered disabling injuries last year, under the law of industrial averages, while those seven were being killed.

The difference between life and death in these cases, and between accident and escape, is the difference between the Company's safety record and that of American industry generally.

Which raises the question: What with accidents killing 90,000 and injuring 8,900,000 in the homes, on the streets, in the air, on the water, and in the industries of the United States last year, where can you be safe?

Answer: surrounded by millions of gallons of gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil, waxes, and other petroleum products in process and in storage. Preferably in Socony-Vacuum's Paulsboro, New Jersey, Refinery.

You wouldn't be perfectly safe there, of course. But you would be about nine times as safe at Paulsboro as on the average job in American industry. Safer than performing household chores, too. And certainly safer than walking across, for example, Wilshire Boulevard, Michigan Boule-

vard, or Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street.

In fact, for two years in a row the Paulsboro refinery has been the safest large refinery in the entire world. There's a bare fraction more than one accident for every million man-hours worked.

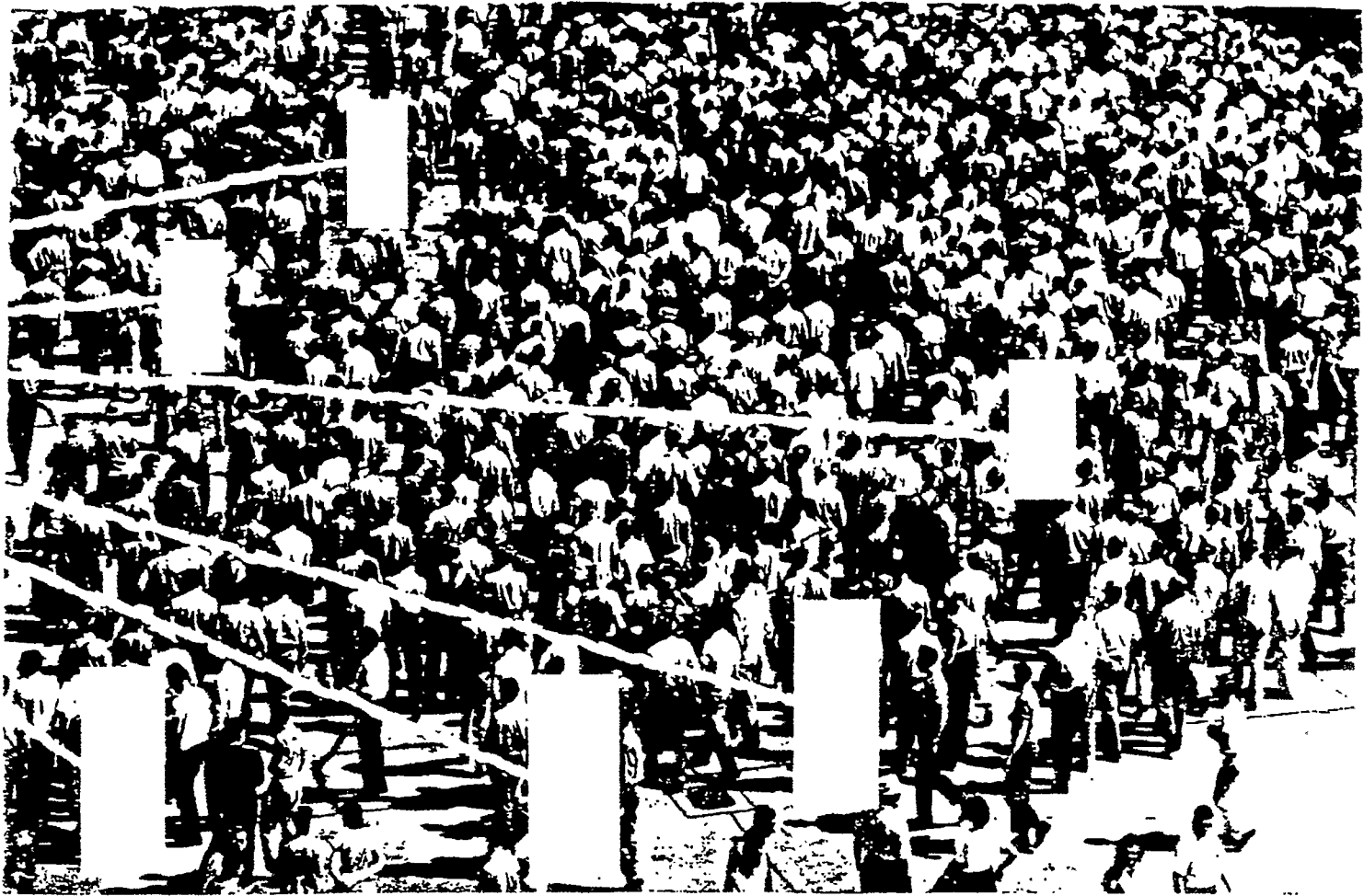
The average job in all Socony-Vacuum operations is a pretty safe proposition, as a matter of fact. Three times as safe as the average of all industrial jobs in the United States.

That overall safety record for Socony-Vacuum is, of course, made up of records established in each operation of the Company. A man working in producing is twice as safe as the average worker in American industry. He's three times as safe as Mr. National Average if he's working in Socony-Vacuum's wholesale marketing operation. And he's eight times as safe if he's holding a job in Flying Red Horse manufacturing.

Those figures aren't just dry-as-dust statistics. They involve human beings—you, for example. If you're reading this, you're obviously among those who didn't die last year.

Listen to the story of two Flying Red Horse employees who came within a hair of being among those seven, or at least among those 368. They're John Kedzior and Jim Shaw. They work at the Olean Refinery, where Paulsboro is





FREDERIC LEWIS

is safety supervisor. E. R. Alden, head of the Company's Claim and Safety Department, will tell you about them.

"Kedzior was walking under a scaffold. A pound-and-a-half, razor-sharp steel chisel fell 12 feet and struck his protective hard hat. He wasn't even scratched. In the same week, at the same refinery, a 15-pound box of nuts and bolts plummeted 12 feet from another scaffolding and hit Shaw's hard hat. The blow staggered him, but he wasn't injured."

Perhaps even more dramatic was the case of George B. Surface, who was helping extricate a boom truck from a ditch at the White Eagle pipeline in Kansas, when the boom touched a high-tension wire. The driver was insulated from the current, but Surface, holding a steel cable, fell rigidly to the ground.

"The driver pulled the boom free," according to D. G. Burrill, White Eagle's overall safety supervisor, and L. H. Tomlinson, pipeline safety man. "H. D. Holmberg, a welder, immediately started artificial respiration. Others massaged Surface's body to restore circulation and covered him with blankets to keep him warm. They restored him to consciousness before the ambulance could arrive. Every one of those men had undergone extensive training in first aid. It sure paid off there. Another 30 seconds of delay in this sort of

situation might have been fatal."

Alden and his associates throughout the country can cite dozens of cases where the safety program has paid off in what they call "human dividends."

But the record still isn't good enough for Alden, or for his assistants, J. L. Risinger, in charge of safety and fire prevention, and W. J. Maxwell, in charge of workmen's compensation. Or, for that matter, for the managers, supervisors, and foremen of the far-flung Flying Red Horse organization. Upon these men in the field rests the responsibility for the safety program, and to them goes the full measure of credit for its success.

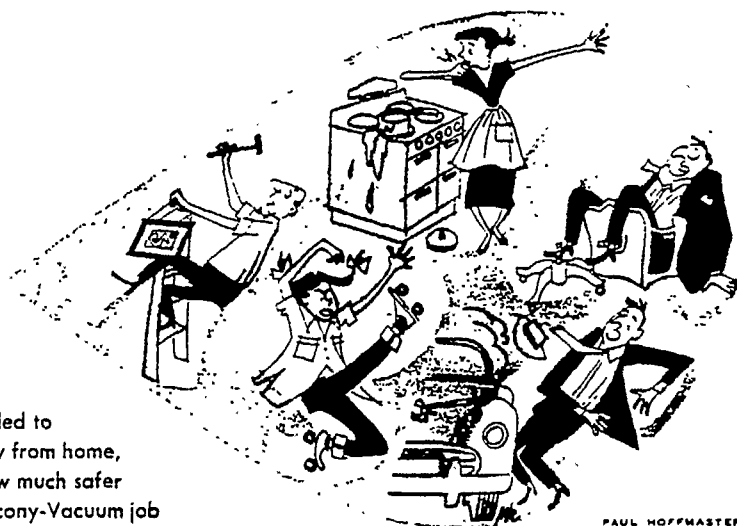
"Our department formulates and advises on accident prevention activities," says Risinger, "but unless safety has become an integral part of every job, our program can make little progress."

The department also tabulates and charts the frequency and severity of all accidents. But behind every figure and behind every line on a graph, Risinger sees the faces of living people, the flesh and blood of Socony-Vacuum.

"Two of Socony-Vacuum's affiliates reduced their accident rates sharply in 1950 over the year before," he says. "General Petroleum, where John McKenzie coordinates



This isn't intended to scare you away from home, but to show how much safer you are in a Socony-Vacuum job



PAUL HOFFMASTER

safety activity and Mark Milam supervises manufacturing safety, came up with a 32.6 per cent reduction. Magnolia Petroleum, with W. J. Kent at Dallas and P. C. Folse at the Beaumont refinery, cut its frequency rate 16.6 per cent. The overall reduction for all our operations was 16.7 per cent.

"We'll never eliminate all accidents, of course. Human beings will always make mistakes, regardless of precautions and instructions and safety devices. But we're driving toward an absolute, irreducible minimum."

How is it being done? With every known technique for making people conscious of hazards on their jobs, around the clock. With conferences. With refresher courses. With contests on intra-company, national, and world scales. With constant research and with meetings, annual award dinners, and demonstrations in a continuous year-round cycle. No detail of a safety plan escapes full treatment.

"The man or woman on a job knows its hazards best," says Risinger. "Our people write their own safety manuals. They even take the photographs. We pay for the paper, printing, and binding, and we offer guidance. That's all."

He'll show you a dozen representative booklets. Each division has its own. They're packed with practical thinking. "And you can imagine the interest our people have," he says, "in something they've produced themselves. You can understand their pride."

THE manuals in many cases give almost step-by-step instruction in how to do a job—and do it at a minimum of risk to life and limb. How to operate a cracking unit safely. Precautions to take in welding, in operating machines and electrical equipment. How to load and unload tank cars, boats, and barges. The correct way to handle a motor vehicle, to work in a laboratory, to deliver fuel oil to a home. And a thousand other detailed, self-imposed safeguards.

"In the event of an accident," Alden explains, "the fact that we're self-insured means that we can deal directly with our own people, rather than through an outside firm. We're closer to our own people, naturally, than anyone else could be, and we can make certain that nothing will be

left undone to see that the injured person is restored as quickly as possible to normal health and activity.

"We're doing everything humanly possible to stop accidents. When they do happen, though, we want to be on the job ourselves in taking care of those who get hurt."

The cornerstone of the program lies in the fact that the Board of Directors has made safety its own special province. The program comes directly under the Board—and has ever since the day the Board passed this resolution:

"Socony-Vacuum people shall have a safe place in which to work; safe methods by which to work; and safe tools with which to work."

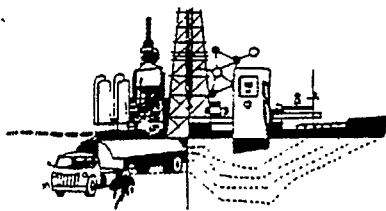
THAT policy has paid off and, in the process, has shattered some long-held industrial theories. The belief, for instance, that new employees, because of inexperience, will have more accidents than older employees. The opening lecture and instruction given new members of the organization have pretty much equalized the hazards of any job for new men and veterans. Just as the continuing emphasis on safety has sharply reduced the frequency—the number of accidents for each million man-hours of work—throughout the Flying Red Horse organization.

The wholesale marketing division, as an example, has cut its accident frequency from 8.13 to 5.13 per million man-hours in 10 years. Manufacturing operations reduced their accident frequency from 4.42 to 2.05 in this span.

"Of course, as I said, we'll never be able to halt all accidents," Alden says, "but we *are* making headway. The oil industry as a whole has a safety record one and a half times better than the national industrial record. And, too, we're making injuries less severe."

But, as glad as he is that so many lives have been saved and so many injuries prevented, they're all in the past for him. It's tomorrow's, and next week's, and next year's plans that keep him engrossed. He says:

"If we could get our program to the point where there would be only one accident a year, we'd still have a job to do."



ON STREAM

THE FLYING RED
HORSE
Winter 1957-58

NEWS AROUND THE MOBIL WORLD

WOMAN DIRECTOR: Mrs. Jaiyeola Aduke Moore, a Nigerian lawyer who served as legal advisor and later as Secretary of Mobil Oil Nigeria, becomes first woman director of a Mobil company. She joins boards of both Mobil Oil Nigeria, a marketing company, and Mobil Exploration Nigeria.

VENEZUELAN PIPELINE: The longest 20-inch crude pipeline in Latin America, running 210 miles from Barinas area to a half-mile-long pier near Puerto Cabello, went on stream November 21. The 26-million-dollar artery, financed by Socony Mobil and Sinclair, has initial capacity of 100,000 barrels a day, potential of 150,000. It culminates 10-year effort to find outlet for oil from Venezuela's western plains, where Mobil discovered Silvestre field in 1947. Socony Mobil de Venezuela will operate the pipeline.

PLASTIC CREDIT CARDS: They'll reduce to an average 55 seconds (from 111 seconds) the time a Mobil customer must wait for his charge slips to be filled out. The new "slide-in-and-punch" system, effective January 1, means coast-to-coast convenience for Mobil's 2,500,000 credit-card holders.

BOATING TRIUMPH: World speed record for propeller-driven hydroplanes fell November 29 to the Hawaii Kai, piloted by Jack Regas of Seattle. Speed: 194.649 m.p.h. Donald Campbell's Bluebird holds jet boat record (239.07 m.p.h., set on England's Lake Coniston, November 7). Both craft were Mobil fueled and Mobil lubricated.

200,000th SHAREHOLDER: She's a youngster from Oshkosh, Wis.—but nobody's sure whether it's Kay or Carole Hathaway. Each sister received bequest of shares at same time. Puts Socony Mobil among eight U. S. companies with more than 200,000 shareholders.

OIL IN LIBYA? Mobil's first deep-test well in this North African country was last reported 2,650 feet down, in desert 175 miles south of coast. Mobil Oil of Canada has concessions in Libya totaling 18,000,000 acres. Company is cautiously optimistic this will become big oil producing area. Earlier drilling in the Fezzan area produced gas blowout.

BETTER TRUCKS: No more climbing on top of gasoline transport trucks to load and unload—that's a big advantage of new "bottom loading" system the company is putting through final tests at Buffalo. Self-sealing hose connections, like those used for mid-air refueling of jet planes, make technique practical. Also promising: aluminum truck transports with 8 percent more payload; Mobil has 42 under test.

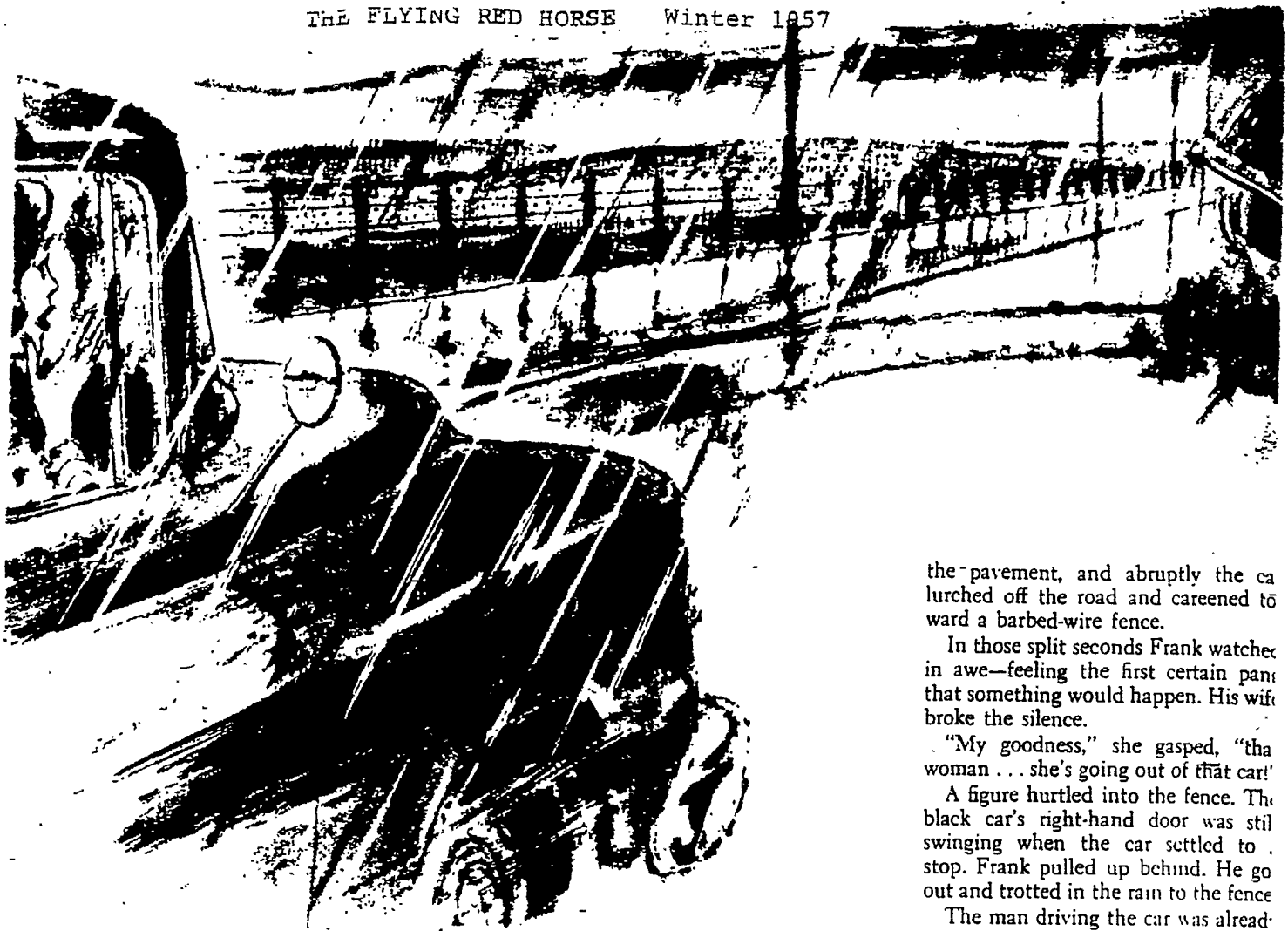
TRACKDOWN: Mobil's weekly TV program "is a showcase" for "acting talent of lasting significance," says TV Guide in praising star Robert Culp. Ratings indicate program is seen in 8½-9 million homes.

BETTER HEATING OILS: Building still more quality into Mobil heating oil—that's the aim of new multi-million-dollar hydrodesulfurization unit at Paulsboro Refinery. Also being built at Paulsboro: a 19,000-barrels-a-day delayed coker to upgrade heavy residual oils into gasoline and fuel oils.

MODERNIZING PAYOFF: The first Civil Defense "plant-protection award" ever given an eastern-U. S. refinery went to Mobil's Buffalo refinery. The honor reflects safety built into seven-year modernization program which began in 1952; also reflects safety training, first-rate medical equipment and personnel.

SPACE SATELLITE: How is it placed in orbit? What keeps it up there? What can scientists learn from it? A special issue of OIL-POWER magazine (published for Mobil industrial lubrication customers) makes this timely subject easy to understand. For a copy, write Educational Services, Socony Mobil, 150 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CORRECTION: Crude oil imports supply about 7 percent of the total U. S. market for liquid and gaseous hydrocarbons—not "less than 3½ percent" as reported erroneously in Autumn issue of The Flying Red Horse. It's still a relatively small percentage, but we wanted to put the record straight.



TOURNIQUET!

*Drama of a piece of rope, a torn shirt,
a screwdriver—and a man fighting time.*

BEAUMONT, TEXAS — Now the high-legged beach houses clustering at Caplen began falling behind. Ahead the road went on and on, empty and straight, across the prairie that splits the Gulf of Mexico from Galveston Bay.

It was 7:30 a.m. and starting to rain.

At the wheel Frank Fuller whistled softly. It felt good to be alive and to have a wife and five kids and a holiday. It was good to feel the stubborn tug from the trailer of lumber hitched on the back of the pickup. Frank Ful-

ler, a carpenter at Magnolia Petroleum Company's big Beaumont, Tex., refinery, was en route to an off-day's work on the beach house he and his family were building.

Then he felt the presence of another car on his left, and a couple in a black car whirled around in front. It was raining steadily now, but still not hard. The highway barely glistened. But it was slick. It must have been.

The black car was suddenly whipping about. Frank watched it straighten, then skid again. Its right wheels left

the pavement, and abruptly the car lurched off the road and careened toward a barbed-wire fence.

In those split seconds Frank watched in awe—feeling the first certain pang that something would happen. His wife broke the silence.

"My goodness," she gasped, "that woman . . . she's going out of that car!"

A figure hurtled into the fence. The black car's right-hand door was still swinging when the car settled to a stop. Frank pulled up behind. He got out and trotted in the rain to the fence.

The man driving the car was already there, stooping over the woman entangled in the fence—a young woman 25, maybe 26, obviously his daughter. He had her by the hand trying to pull her free. The woman was limp.

"Man, don't pull her . . . please."

Frank said that, remembering a Magnolia first-aid course he'd had eight years back. *Don't move the victim.* He didn't remember much about the course, but he remembered that much.

"Oh, she's not hurt," the man said. He seemed dazed.

Frank looked at the woman. A few scratches on the arms. A nose or two. No sign of bleeding. Face and head all right. But she'd been thrown along a 15-foot stretch of barbed wire, and most of her was hidden by a shirt and blue jeans. She could be hurt in a lot of ways. Frank wasn't sure.

"Sure," he murmured. "I'll be a right." Gently he rested the man from tugging his daughter out of the wire. "But don't pull . . . man. We don't want to move her."

With his wife, Frank's attention straightened the woman's head, then to let her lie flat. He tried to move it—her left leg, like . . .



up the side of her jeans and swallowed hard. A chill tickled his shoulders, and it wasn't just the cool rain that did it.

It was the sight of the bone, white and ugly, the skin shredded away where the calf of her leg should have been. Blood was streaming out fast.

"Get an ambulance," he said.

Behind him stood a woman who'd driven up moments before. "I'll phone from down the road," she said, and hurried away.

Other cars were starting to pull up, but Frank wasn't waiting for help. In his truck he found a short strand of rope he used for tying things down. This he put around the woman's leg, just above the knee. He tore up an old shirt and made a knot out of the cloth. He slipped the knot under the rope to put pressure at just the right point.

Then he grabbed a screwdriver, nosed it under the rope and twisted.

The flow of blood slackened, then stopped. Frank held tightly and looked at his watch. *Wait five minutes*, he told himself, *then loosen the tourniquet to keep circulation. Then tighten it again.*

How did he feel? Wet, for one thing. The rain was steady and it trickled through his collar down his back. He wasn't going to be sick, though he wasn't too sure for a few moments there. What surprised him was how much he remembered from that first-aid course at Magnolia. It was eight years ago—but eight years didn't really seem such a long time ago now.

But then he guessed that after getting drilled two hours a day, five days straight, you're bound to remember something about first aid.

"Here, let's prop her head up," a woman behind him said. She'd brought a pillow from her car.

Frank said no.

"Best leave her flat, to get blood to her head," he explained. Frank Jr., 14, a Boy Scout, suggested they elevate her feet. Frank agreed and they did it. He'd already had blankets brought to cover the woman. The rudiments of a lecture called "treatment for shock" were coming back to him.

Frank looked at his watch, then let up on the tourniquet—now for the third time. He tightened it again. The minutes crept by. Tighten and hold. Watch the time. Loosen, then tighten again. *But the rain—what if she catches cold?*

Doctors can cure colds, even pneumonia. *You just buy time for her, Fuller, that's all you can do.*

Some 15 or 20 cars by the side of the road now formed a long and jagged line. Fuller looked at his watch; it was 8:15.

And then from the flatlands to the west came the wail of a siren.

In moments it was over for Frank Fuller. He passed his hurriedly improvised tourniquet into the hands of an ambulance attendant, who cast a darting glance in search of a quick substitute for the screwdriver.

"That's all right," Frank said. "Keep it." Then she was borne to the ambulance and they were gone. The crowd began breaking up.

A bystander stopped Frank as he started to walk away. "Mister, where'd you learn what to do?"

Frank gazed for a moment at the disappearing, screaming ambulance, then looked back and said, "Magnolia."

He felt tired. But it was a good tired feeling, all the same. He walked back to the truck. The Fullers still had a beach house to build.

—Reprinted from *Minuteman*, employee publication of the Beaumont refinery.

Why Safety Comes First

THAT FIRST-AID COURSE which helped Frank Fuller save a life was part of a company-wide safety program.

Teamwork on safety has brought results. At General Petroleum Corp., for example, it reduced the on-the-job injury rate in 11 years from 14.42 lost-time injuries per million manhours worked to only 2.14 last year.

Throughout the Mobil world, this emphasis on safety has kept serious injuries well below the industry average.

Why does the company help keep employees from getting hurt?

- Because it wants to spare employees and their families grief.

- Because it wants Mobil employees to spread good safety attitudes, so that other people—including the families of employees—will be safer.

- Because it wants to make a profit.

If the third "because" surprises you, remember this: It's part and parcel of free enterprise that proper pursuit of profit tends to produce human benefits. And a human approach to business, in turn, tends to produce more profits.

The same injury that causes an employee pain and sometimes reduction of income is almost always costly to the company, too—for a substitute must be found to replace him. In an industry like oil, where seismic crews handle dynamite and many people work with volatile liquids and gases, the cost of injuries—to employee and company alike—could get out of hand if it weren't for sound safety programs continuously applied.

Trouble is, with too many people, safety still stops at the plant gate. For every lost-time injury on the job, there are five times as many off the job.

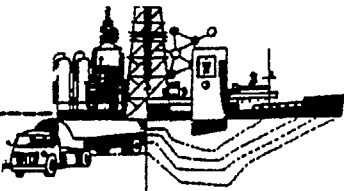
That's why the company is cooperating with many organizations on off-the-job safety—for example, with the Boy Scout "Safety Good Turn" program. Scouts everywhere will be earning credits through projects to become safer pedestrians, safer bike riders; they'll be learning first aid, water safety, small raft safety—education designed to rear a generation of safer Americans. Give them your support.

The Flying Red Horse

Spring-Summer 1958

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ON STREAM

NEWS AROUND THE MOBIL WORLD

IMPORT SITUATION: Further cuts in crude imports were begun by Mobil April 1st to comply with latest voluntary quotas set by U. S. government. Previous formula allowed company 87,100 barrels of overseas crude daily for areas east of the Rockies. New formula will push imports down to 57,200-barrel-per-day level by Sept. 1st. West Coast quota stays at 25,500 barrels daily.

SMALL BOATS, BIG BUSINESS: About a fifth of all marine supplies for America's 7 million small-craft are Mobil products. Company now has some 800 marine outlets on U. S. waterways. Top quality products are backed by extra customer services that range from tide tables and cruising guides to aid in planning marina layouts.

MOBIL AT BRUSSELS: Only corporation to be a major exhibitor in the U. S. Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair is Mobil Overseas Oil Company. Mobil exhibit is co-sponsored with Society of Industrial Realtors, shows U. S. trend toward industrial parks—planned, attractive factory areas, usually in suburbs or open country. Industrial parks are made possible by oil-powered transportation which gives greater choice in factory site selection.

"OIL RUSH" IN ALASKA: Not gold in the Klondike, but oil in the Kenai region has made Alaska a "hot play" area. General Petroleum Corp. has opened a land office in Anchorage, already has exploration rights to nearly 100,000 acres.

NEW LINE-UP IN MIDWEST: For greater marketing efficiency, Socony Mobil's Central Region has dissolved 2 divisions—Wadhams and White Eagle—and created 2 new ones. New **TWIN CITIES** Division, with headquarters in Minneapolis, includes 4 districts from White Eagle, 3 from Wadhams. Two remaining Wadhams districts have joined **CHICAGO** Division. New **KANSAS CITY** Division includes remaining White Eagle districts. Two divisions, otherwise unchanged, have been renamed: Lubrite to **ST. LOUIS** and White Star to **DETROIT**.

SAFETY RECORD: Supervision of 1 million man hours without a lost time injury brought honors in March to Donald James MacLaren, foreman of the laboratory at General Petroleum's refinery in Torrance, Cal. MacLaren's record, first in General Petroleum history, stretches over the past 13-years and is still uninterrupted.

REFINERY TV: Vidigage, a new device for quick measurement of metal thickness, helps spot corrosion at Magnolia Petroleum Company's Beaumont Refinery. A pick-up crystal, moving along equipment surfaces, sends sound waves into metal. Speed of bounce-back from the other side is recorded in lines on a portable 14-inch TV-like screen. Thickness of metal indicates degree of corrosion.

S/S MOBIL LUBE: Newest tanker in the Mobil fleet was launched in October, made her maiden voyage from Beaumont to New York in January with a million gallons of aviation gasoline, 8 million of Mobilheat. The 29,000-ton Mobil Lube has a normal cruising speed of 17.5 knots, carries a 48-man crew, and is the sixth vessel of her general size built primarily for Mobil's coastwise trade in the past 5 years.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION: Mobil geophysical crews are in northern and western Nigeria on an intensive search for oil after a 2-year preliminary surface survey... In Somalia, Standard-Vacuum Oil Co. (a 50-percent-owned Mobil affiliate) will begin similar operations shortly on a 10,300-square-mile concession... See pages 16-20 for latest news from Libya.

EDUCATION AID: 345 employees completed courses under Educational Refund Plan during 1957, slightly more than in 1956. Total refunded by the company to these scholars was \$62,612, including payments to 167 at General Petroleum, 116 at Magnolia.

SULFUR SUPPLY: Up to 80 tons of marketable sulfur can be produced daily by a new sulfur recovery plant at Paulsboro Refinery. The plant not only saves a valuable amount of a needed chemical but aids in air pollution control.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY: Magnolia's Field Research Laboratory celebrated its Twentieth Anniversary Week in March. Started in 1938 by a single scientist with a few test tubes, lab now has a 380-man staff in 26 buildings on a 144-acre tract southwest of Dallas.

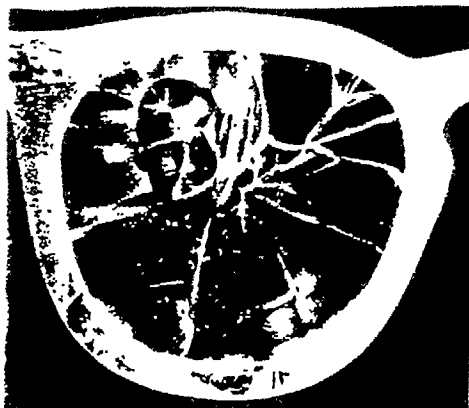
The Flying Red Horse



Autumn 1958

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Beaumont Refinery Machinist Leon McArthur was extracting a tap recently, using pliers. Suddenly the metal parted, spinning a fragment into his left eye . . . nearly. Nearly, except for a pair of company-issued, non-prescription safety glasses — and the fact that he bothered to wear them. Leon still has 20-20 eyesight.

Desert Enterprise

On pages 4-11 in this issue is a background piece on the Middle East. Space did not permit more than a fleeting glimpse of this fascinating and turbulent area—but for readers who would like to probe deeper, we recommend a new book by David H. Finnie. The book is called *Desert Enterprise: The Middle East Oil Industry in Its Local Environment*. It was published this summer by the Harvard University Press.

Mr. Finnie is a member of Socony Mobil's Middle East Affairs Department in New York. A 33-year-old Yale Law School graduate, he researched the book while on a two-year fellowship in the Middle East, sponsored by the Ford Foundation. He wrote the book during a year at the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at Harvard. Mr. Finnie joined Socony Mobil last year.

H. A. R. Gibb, noted Middle East scholar, says of the book in a brief foreword: "... into (an) area of impassioned feeling, Mr. Finnie brings a calm, disciplined, and wary mind."

Oil Over Manhattan

When S. J. Dickey, retired president of General Petroleum Corp., was reading the last issue of *The Flying Red Horse*, he came across the article on storage tanks ("Ball Game in an Oil Tank," pages 6-7).

The article concluded: "In the U.S.

alone, Mobil has a combined capacity to store about 118 million barrels. That's enough oil to cover Manhattan Island to a depth of 45 feet."

Mr. Dickey gasped and reached for his slide rule. A few adroit slips of the stick confirmed his suspicion — 118 million barrels sloshed over Manhattan Island (22.3 square miles) wouldn't much more than cover the shoes of New Yorkers.

Our thanks to Mr. Dickey for calling this blooper to our attention. Also to John Casper, economics editor of *The Oil and Gas Journal*, who figured the correct depth — just about one foot.

We're now enrolling in a night-school course in arithmetic. —ED.

End of an Era

The only employee whose working life spanned the entire history of General Petroleum Corp. has retired after 47 years of service. Harry D. L'Hereux, manager of the Building Department, started as an 18-year-old bookkeeper-clerk with the Esperanza Consolidated Oil Co., earliest forerunner of General Petroleum. He was the last Esperanza employee still active on the company's payroll.

New Assignments

Four men have been named to new management positions at Socony Mobil headquarters. They are:

► Arnold Stebinger, who takes on a special assignment in connection with the company's overseas operations. Mr. Stebinger was manager of the Department of Middle East Affairs, has held several overseas posts since coming with Socony Mobil on graduation from Columbia in 1938.

► Rawleigh Warner Jr., manager of the Economics Department, who succeeds Mr. Stebinger as manager of Middle East Affairs. Mr. Warner was with Mobil Overseas Oil Co. before taking over the Economics Department in 1956.

► Thomas W. Phelps, who succeeds Mr. Warner. Partner in charge of research and economist of Francis I. du Pont and Co. before joining Socony Mobil in 1949, Mr. Phelps was manager of the Public Relations Department and assistant to the chairman of the board.

► Paul Wollstadt, who succeeds Mr. Phelps. Mr. Wollstadt came to Socony Mobil from *National Petroleum News* and *Platt's Oilgram* in 1951.



Look, Ma, No Horse!

The Model T Ford Club of Chicago held its second annual overnight tour recently in an effort to prove absolutely nothing, except that motoring can be fun. Fueled and lubricated by Socony Mobil, which also believes that motor-

ing can be fun, 36 cars (average age: 35, average speed: 25) spluttered 80 miles through the countryside.

The 1920's were the Golden Age of the Model T, and the "flapper" in the photo is dressed to suit the era. But she's snuggling up to the wrong car — it's a 1906 Model N.

The Flying Red Horse



AUTUMN 1959

MAGAZINE OF THE MOBIL WORLD

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THE DANGER HOURS

*Why does a skilled carpenter—with a 30-year
safety record in a Mobil refinery—go home
to his small workshop and shave away a thumb?*

AT QUITTING TIME in a Mobil natural gasoline plant not long ago, one man was running late—"whistle-bit," as they say at the plant. Still wearing coveralls and hard hat, he hustled out to join his car pool, climbed into the "suicide seat" next to the driver. Before reaching home he understood why that seat carries its name.

The car was involved in a collision. He was catapulted into the windshield, then slammed back with a jolt. Dazed but unhurt, he stared with new fondness at his metal helmet—jammed to the brim in the shattered windshield.

The "Take Safety Home" campaign going around Mobil nowadays had

MOBIL REFINERS
stream through Paulsboro, N. J.,
plant gates. Company's
"Take Safety Home" campaign
shows up in sign.

TRY SAFETY
AT HOME FIRST

Little Red car
HOTCHA

04169

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The Danger Hours *Continued*

gained another ardent fan.

Men to whom hard hats, safety goggles and steel-toed shoes are old, old friends are being reminded often these days—though in gentler fashion than the auto collision—that dangers don't punch clocks. They see it on jumbo posters, bulletin boards and in plant publications. They discuss it in meetings. They puzzle over it in contests. As never before, safety men are trying to clobber the quirk in human behavior that makes a skilled carpenter work safely on the job for 30-odd years (as was the case recently in a Mobil refinery), then shave away a thumb in his small workshop at home.

Such irony is scarcely uncommon. A few years ago a producing man in Wyoming, while conducting a safety meeting, sheepishly explained the bandage over one eye: He was working in the yard; his son was cutting the lawn; the power mower's whirling blades hurled a rock like a bullet...

A West Coast supervisor set out to paint his house, slipped from the bottom rung of a ladder and spent three weeks in bed.

A mechanic in the Midwest got into a sandlot ball game to pass the time of day—and passed 38 days in idleness after a wicked slide into third.

Truck drivers roll up mile after mile of accident-free commercial driving, then smash up the family car on a Sunday afternoon. Men who clamber around oil derricks go home and fall down stairs.

Strange as it might seem, oil men are

safer at work—even around flammable or hazardous materials—than they are barbecuing steak in the back yard (just this summer a Brooklyn employee trying to ignite charcoal briquettes poured on gasoline, made the lost-time list when the ensuing whoosh set his britches on fire).

Last year, while three of the 43,000 Mobil people over the U. S. and Canada died as a result of injuries suffered on the job, 22 were killed away from work. Mobil people average 10 to 15 times as many injuries off the job as on.

The cost in pain and grief is impossible to measure. The cost in dollars is too involved to guess at. Off-duty injuries run hospital bills into the millions; they swell insurance premiums. They require the training of relief personnel; they add to the workloads of others.

Those facts partly account for the company's current effort to spread accident-consciousness into the private lives of its people. Partly it's tackling the job because the job needs tackling, and the modern oil company, a veteran of decades of war on industrial injuries, has the organization and safety machinery to do it.

In 1958 Mobil people finished their safest on-the-job year in history—4.43 lost-time injuries for every million hours worked. That's a third better than the oil industry as a whole, two-thirds better than all types of manufacturing.

Behind that record are more than 30 years of steadily expanding safety work in the company's refineries, oil

fields, truck and tanker fleets and terminals. Nowadays protective equipment is a constant companion of the average Mobil employee. Safety's sermon follows him always. He has the proper tools, the know-how, and the awareness that a split second of improvising, short-cutting or just plain carelessness is all it takes to lose an eye or a limb or a life.

Why can't he—or doesn't he—take that knowledge and awareness home?

"That's exactly what we're urging him to do," says James H. Herbert, Socony Mobil safety director. "In every way we can, we're trying to make the safety momentum we've built up go on and on—around the clock."

For years shop safety meetings have focused on accident prevention in refineries and field work. More and more of late, room is made on the agenda for such subjects as:

Traffic Safety, the nation's biggest hazard (last year 36,700 people were killed on U. S. highways; nearly 3,000,000 were injured).

Boat Safety (in some states these days the boom in skippering claims more lives per week end than car wrecks do).

The "Do It Yourself" Trend (which since World War II has led to countless millions of electrical shocks and amputations by power tools).

Child Poisoning, Bike Accidents, Plastic-Bag Dangers, and similar hazards involving members of the family ("A guy with his wife or kid in the hospital," notes one safety man, "is just about as disabled as if he were there himself").

After hours, in some areas, Mobil families get together for clambakes, barbecues and potluck dinners—and they top off the evenings with talks or films on safety. One employee, Chemist Basil Bilder of Vernon, Cal., often makes safety a topic of family discussion and conversational games during the dinner hour.

Into employees' homes go special letters and pamphlets on subjects ranging from power saws to sunburn. For several years in some places, each man starting a vacation has received a letter from the boss, wishing him a good time but reminding him, "We'd like you back like you left."

Safety men constantly urge "do-it-yourselfers" to purchase machine



guards, fire extinguishers and other safety gear for home use. They point out you can even buy shatterproof prescription glasses for everyday wear.

Telephone quizzes on home accident prevention—aimed at getting the whole family into the act—are stirring interest among West Coast refiners and East Coast pipeline people. When one Maine housewife was called and asked to give the safety slogan of the month, she thought for a moment, began to sniff, rushed to the kitchen, took a roast from the oven, returned and announced, "Safety begins at home," won \$15.

So goes the message of safety: through contests, posters, publications, reading racks, speeches and films—reaching families (and often entire communities) with much the same techniques that have helped industry beat down its internal accidents. Specific examples of Mobil people working at it total in the thousands.

In Kansas, Augusta Refinery Safety Man C. P. Burford and Chemist Robert E. Puckett go before schools and civic groups with a table-top demonstration of how to handle petroleum products safely.

In New York, Marine Transportation Department's Ray Perry served as area chairman of "Safe Boating Week" this year.

And over much of the thousand miles of Eastern Seaboard he covers, Eastern Pipe Line Division Safety Man Paul Edwards has given his snapshot-and-flannel-board "Story of Joe" (see photos at right). This October he's to present it at the National Safety Congress in Chicago.

Results of all this? It's too early for statistics to answer.

But the real answer, safety men insist, can be found in such instances as when a man off-duty runs over his foot with a power mower—and the blade clanks harmlessly against the steel plate in his safety shoe. Lately it's happened more than once.

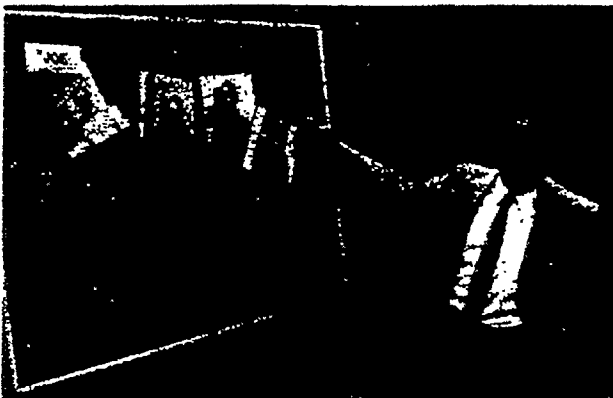
Or you might ask Walter Burrill for an answer. A blender at Mobil's East Providence, R. I., refinery, he was working in his yard when he heard the crack of an air rifle; a BB pellet smacked him in the eye.

"Now that's interesting," he told the plant safety man later. "You'd never think anything like that would happen, would you?"

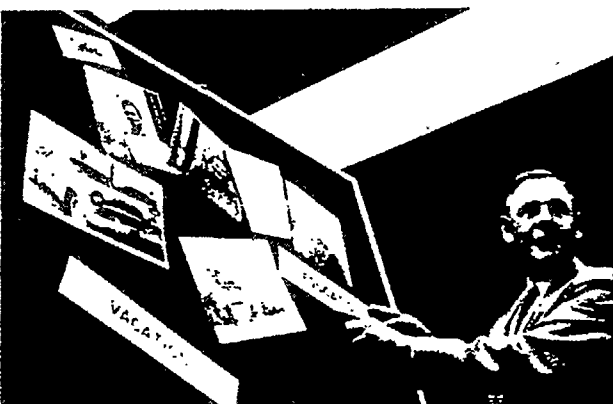
Of course you never know. But all Mr. Burrill needed was a new left lens in his shatterproof glasses.



MEET JOE. Joe is the man on the flannel board. Paul Edwards, safety man for Mobil's Eastern Pipe Line Division, has just put him there — beginning a brief picture story about "an average sort of guy" who heads home from work and sees his world collapse.



"Joe's smart, hard-working, has a wife and couple kids," Mr. Edwards points out, building his story with photographs he took of neighbors and friends. He tells the story to pipeliners, family gatherings, civic groups, as part of Mobil's around-the-clock safety campaign.



"Joe's got a car, he's buying a home, and he's putting away some money for the years ahead. Gradually he's building a world for himself and his family that he wouldn't change for anything.



"But he does change it, in a fraction of a second while driving home from work. He changes this picture first—the car, a total wreck. Joe's lucky — luckier than the thousands who never even live till they get to the hospital. Joe lives. But he can't walk any more . . .



"He can't work any more. And quickly all the pictures change. Piece by piece, his world tumbles down. I wish Joe's story had a happy ending. It doesn't, except in that you may remember it. Remember it happens all the time to guys like Joe