



Where Does the World Get Its Supply of Oil?

Three Nations Control Output of Industries' Lifeblood.

Discussion of oil embargoes in connection with the Italo-Ethiopian war raises the question: "Where does the world get its oil?" Petroleum deposits have been found in every continent except Antarctica, but well-defined pools are widely scattered. Actually, a very few nations control the supply of this lifeblood of modern industry.

"Three countries produce about 81 per cent of the world's petroleum output," says the National Geographic society. "These are the United States, Soviet Russia and Venezuela. If all three should cut off their oil supplies, many steamships, trucks, automobiles, armored tanks, airplanes and railroads all over the world would be stopped, as well as industries depending on oil for fuel or lubrication. Great Britain, through her control of distribution of oil produced in her dominions and colonies, and in many other countries, also is a powerful factor in the world's oil situation.

Italy Produces Little Oil.
"A general oil embargo would practically threaten Italy's motors with starvation, for Italy, in the entire year of 1934, produced only as much oil as the United States does in about two hours.

"Almost 99 per cent of the world's oil comes from only twelve countries. Italy is but one of the many nations which would have to combine their petroleum resources to make up the other 1 per cent.

"While the three leading nations are making production history by their thundering progress along the oil trail, four others follow them in a group, although many laps behind

—Rumania, Iran (Persia), Netherlands Indies, and Mexico. Almost neck and neck, five more follow along: Colombia, Argentina, Peru, India, and Trinidad, which produce less than 1 per cent of the world's annual output each.

Oil Also Found Under Water.
"The distribution of petroleum seems to show a slight preference for the western hemisphere and for the northern side of the equator. Nevertheless, it is found in such extremes as Iraq, where Iron-muscled Kurds work in July heat at 128 degrees in the shade, and north of Point Barrow in Alaska, where frozen clods of oil-soaked earth are burned as a substitute for coal.

"Water, as well as earth, may lie above petroleum. Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo, black with oil, is studded with derricks which workmen reach by bridges of narrow planks from the shore, and is supervised from a floating camp on a barge. The Summerland field of Santa Barbara county, California, extends beyond the shoreline of the Pacific, so that derricks wade into the ocean to draw up oil from several hundred feet below sea level.

"The United States leads the world in oil production. Recently a diamond jubilee marked the industry's seventy-fifth anniversary since Col. Edwin Drake sank the country's first oil well 70 feet into the rich Appalachian field at Titusville, Pa. Oil is still produced in Pennsylvania, especially for the manufacture of lubricants.

Texas Fields Date From 1901.
"In 1901 the rich Texas oil fields were brought in, starting a branch of the industry which in 1934 produced \$36,000,000 worth of oil, more than the combined production of the two next richest areas, Oklahoma and California. The latest spectac-

ular development is that of the Louisiana Gulf coast, which doubled its production in 1934. One geologist estimates that the United States, already producing 61 per cent of the world's oil from its two million acres of oil fields, actually has more than a billion acres untouched.

"Running second, Soviet Russia's government-controlled oil production rose in 1934 to 166,000,000 barrels, with acres and acres of oil seepages undeveloped or even unprospected.

"Venezuela keeps third place at a gait which is amazing. In view of the fact that commercial production began there less than twenty years ago, Petroleum constitutes 75 per cent of the country's exports. Rumania, taking fourth place from Iran in 1934, still has many undeveloped areas.

Advice of Old Usable for Straight Thinking Today

When we become angry our thinking gets crooked, and when we grow too fond of ways that are not right we cannot properly judge what is the true course to follow. Archbishop Adalberto, when presiding nearly a thousand years ago at an assemblage for the choice of a king for Lower Lorraine, in what is now France, warned his hearers of these obstacles to clear thinking by saying:

"Let us act in such sort that hatred stifle not reason, and affection distort not truth."

Could there be a better expression of what should be the attitude of folks today?

Dog Saved 40 Persons

One of the most intelligent dogs was "Barry," a St. Bernard belonging to the famous St. Bernard Hospice in the Swiss Alps. Before he was shot by a man who mistook him for a wolf, he saved the lives of 40 travelers who were lost and near death in snowstorms, one being a little girl whom he carried to safety.

15,000 Parts in Car

There are about 15,000 separate parts in the modern automobile.

A Lucky New Year's Error

By LUELLA B. LYONS

IN ABOUT three hours it would be New Year's eve, but to Eve Blair that meant nothing but heartache, for she was packing to leave Stephen, and was going back to mother. Hadn't Steve said she had mistreated his elderly Aunt Ann, and had been selfish, and a lot of other hastily-said things. Her tears were watering the things she packed, but the phone shrilling out its call, forced her to swallow that ferocious lump in her throat.

"Eve?"
"Yes."
"Listen, here at the New Year's committee headquarters we are swamped with calls for singers. I thought of you, so I wonder if you and Bud won't go out to the Lubberman Home and sing a while for the old folks there. A few old hymns and a few old, sweet ballads, to last from 6:30 to eight bells. Can we depend on you, Eve?"

"You just bet you can. We'll be there," and the phone clicked as the other party hung up the receiver with a thankful sigh. "Must be that Steve offered our services on some other occasion and forgot to tell me about it. Wonder how she knew we used to nickname him Bud? Oh, well, I'll postpone going home to mother till morning; no use in letting these folks down because of our inability to get along." Eve was already digging out Steve's old accordion, her old guitar, some old song books and a hymnal.

It was while Steve and Eve were returning from the old people's home, where they had spent a very happy evening, that Steve fished a letter out of his pocket and held it toward Eve. "Let's burn this old farewell note together when we get home, honey. We can forget and forgive, can't we?"

Eve nodded happily as she snuggled against him as he drove. The trip of cheer had paid many kinds of interest for both the older folks and for Steve and Eve.

"Who could be calling at this time of night?" they wondered as they entered the apartment to hear the phone jangling, demanding.

"Eve?"
"Yes, of course."
"Well, you see it was this way: I was to call Bud and Eve Blair and one of my helpers got you on the phone. It was a coincidence of course, especially after the way you took the request. Just a few minutes ago I discovered the mistake and phoned the Ho's only to be told that we had better never try to send them any other entertainers but you two, so it seems you made a grand hit with them and are elected for the job again real soon, if you're willing . . . and I went the other way and the explaining.

The little god of peacemaking, his job finished, left the scene content with his day's work. Eve held close in Steve's arms, all thoughts of a separation gone, perhaps, forever.

TURNING A NEW LEAF

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

THE glow of soft lamps lent their charm to the living room. Comfort and beauty were two words that symbolized the interior of the Sexton bungalow. Eleanor and Dick, home for the holidays, seemed to be enjoying it all. Eleanor was munching from a box of home-made candy.

"Isn't it nice to be home, Dick?" she murmured. "Mother and dad are precious, making things so comfy."
"Yes, they are," Dick answered thoughtfully. "I wonder if we really show our appreciation. By the way, where are they now?"

"Oh, mother is putting the last finishing touches on my dress for tonight. And dad is packing the freezer of cream that he made."
Dick was silent for a moment, then he jumped quickly from his chair. "Do you know, Eleanor, that we're two pretty selfish children?" he cried. "Here we sit around, doing nothing, leaving mother and dad the burden of everything on their shoulders."

Eleanor's face showed concern. "You're right, Dick, we really ought to be ashamed. . . . But it's not too late to help. Let's surprise them. How about us fixing the sandwiches and salad for the party? Mother planned to do it while we were dressing."

In a minute they were in the clean, white kitchen, taking things from the refrigerator. Very carefully, they fixed the brown and white sandwiches, wrapping them in wax paper. Deftly, too, using mother's recipe, Eleanor



They Washed and Dried the Dishes and Utensils Used.

made the big bowl of fruit salad and set it away. Dick helped with everything, and they washed and dried the dishes and utensils used.

Just as they had put things away, mother looked in the door. "Why—what are you doing, children?" she asked wonderingly.
Eleanor rushed over and gave her a big hug. "We've just woke up," she whispered. "Dick and I have been pretty selfish, sitting around while you and dad worked so hard. But we're going to be different from now on—and we're going to have lots of fun, helping you and dad."

"Well, the cream is all set up," dad said, as he opened the door leading from the basement, "and it's going to be pretty good."

Eleanor rushed to his side and kissed him. "Dad, you've been just a darling," she exclaimed. "Dick and I have just woke up to how much you and mother have been doing for us. And we hereby solemnly declare that we're turning over a new leaf for the New Year."

Western Newspaper Union.

"THE BELLS of AVALON"

A New Year's Story
By ALICE B. PALMER

NORMAN TREAT was sorting over his music at the radio station and wondering what he was going to sing on the New Year's program. Boyishly enthusiastic and filled to the brim with the New Year's spirit, he hummed, "The Bells of Avalon," over and over again.

"I have it, Norm! I have it!" shouted his manager. "You're to sing a complete program of 'Bell' lyrics. We ought to be able to hunt them up and go over them in no time. Let's see, there's the Bells of St. Mary's, a beautiful song, then there's the good old-fashioned 'Blue Bells of Scotland.' And oh, yes, the best of all, Norm, 'The Bells of Avalon!' So get busy and practice up, old boy, and be all set for 'ten bells' by the clock, on New Year's eve."

Thus the manager hurried out and on to other worlds to conquer. Norman sat stupefied. He did not mind the old time "Blue Bells of Scotland" or "St. Mary's," both lovely songs, but the "Bells of Avalon"—that was the catch. How could he do it? What if Charlene should hear him? It had been her favorite song and many a time he had sung it to her accompaniment on the piano. "The Bells of Avalon!" What memories that particular piece stirred within him! How they both had adored it! Then suddenly without explanation she had become engaged to another and Norman had been "out in the cold" ever since.

At precisely "ten bells" on New Year's eve the following announcement came over the air: "We are now to hear a fifteen minute program of delightful 'Bell' songs, appropriate for the occasion, by none other than our celebrated tenor, Norman Treat."

Norman had arranged his "Bell" songs in order, leaving "The Bells of Avalon" until last. He did not know why he had done this, but he had. Soon the rich tones of his lovely tenor voice were floating over the air in one glorious "Bell" song after another. Last of all he sang with tender, heart-rendering expression,

"The Bells of Avalon!" "I wonder if you hear the bells, my dear?" he sang directly to Charlene. Then the deep-toned studio bell accompaniment chimed joyously in a reminder of the midnight hour.

The much enjoyed program was over and Norman heaved a deep sigh of relief. Still filled with the lovely vision and presence of his lost sweetheart, he turned to leave the studio when a telegram was thrust into his trembling hand. He hardly dared open it, but when he did, he read:

"I heard the 'Bells of Avalon, Norm! Won't you spend New Year's with Charlene?"

Norman's eyes were fixed on the telegram. He hardly dared open it, but when he did, he read:

Western Newspaper Union.

WHEN TIRE DELAYS STOLE PROFITS— SENT DELIVERY COSTS SKYWARD . . .

THEY CHANGED TO Firestone GUM-DIPPED TIRES



TIRE delays were playing havoc with this man's business. Treads wore down fast—they failed to hold on slippery pavements. The situation was serious—something had to be done to lower costs and maintain on-time deliveries.

So he changed to Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires! And now his troubles are over! For Firestone Tires are built with patented construction features and stand up under most gruelling conditions.

The Gum-Dipped cord body prevents internal friction and heat—chief cause of premature wear and blowouts. The two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords securely lock the massive non-skid tread and cord body together. These patented features are used in no other tire.

See your nearby Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer. Start reducing your operating costs today.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks or Nelson Eddy—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

© 1935, F. T. & R. Co.

ON-TIME SCHEDULES
FASTER, MORE DEPENDABLE SERVICE
LOWER OPERATING COSTS