



The Luskkin Line

FOURTH QUARTER, 1938 * Vol. XVII * No. 4

CHRISTMAS TIME

At Christmas time, these are the things I know:

Fragrance of pine; air frosted, keen with snow;

Laughter of children, raised in glad surprise;

Breathless expectancy; the smiling eyes

Of friends with gifts white clad and ribbon tied;

Odor of good things cooking. There abide

The dearest things I know in all the earth:

Home, and the loved ones, friendship, song and mirth.

*Lufkin
wishes all a very
Merry Christmas*





EAST GATE TO THE CITY OF DELFT

HOLLAND, *the Picturesque*

By LYNN SWAIM

HOW OFTEN we find a "place" or "thing" much touted or advertised is what catches and inflames the imagination of the public-at-large, and we see a swarm of tourists hurrying eagerly toward the much discussed locality, while spots quite as interesting and worthwhile from a standpoint of beauty, culture and history are entirely passed by: I have in mind the picturesque kingdom of The Netherlands.

Are you a seasoned traveler? Then, you will revel in the charm of this beauty-spot off the "beaten track" and if you are but newly started on your 'round-the-world travels, no better beginning could be made than in this land of much enchantment. Come—take my hand—and I'll guide you through this principality of quaint fascination.

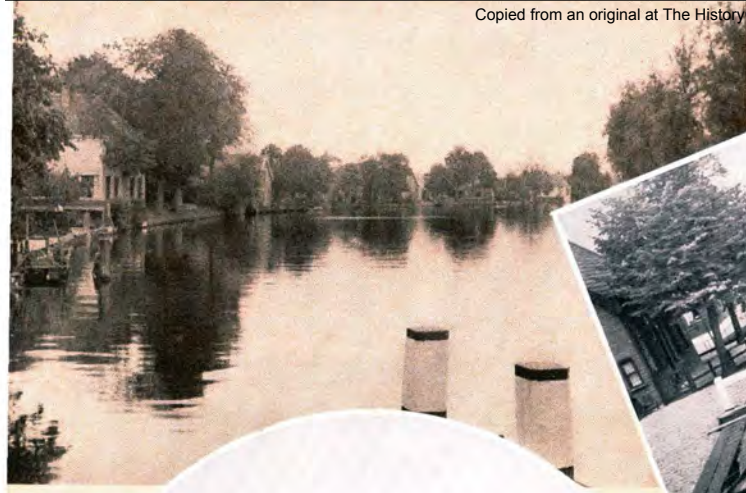
It is old—very old—this tiny kingdom, and much colorful history has sponsored its being. The entire country claims but 12,582 square miles (exclusive of possessions in the Dutch East Indies and South America), yet every foot of it serves a purpose. No end of guidebooks have been edited, giving travel advice from the usual commercial angle—that is, recommending in stereotyped form "comfortable hotel 'this' or 'that.'"

and, in a condensed way, listing art museums, shops and beach resorts; yet, after one has breathlessly "done" the country according to ye latest tourist guidebook one has an unsatisfied feeling as of having "looked but not seen." Let's be leisurely—you and I—as we go through The Netherlands. The country is quiet and hesitant, to the stranger within its gates who would be intolerant of its customs and on flying feet go through its borders, but extends welcome fingers to that one who quietly pauses to absorb the mellowed beauty.

Spring and Summer is the ideal time in The Netherlands—from April to August—not alone because of the

THE QUAIN OLD WIND-MILLS of Holland are fast being replaced by electric pumping, but in many parts in the country such a scene is typical.





TYPICAL SCENES. Upper left: Along one of the big canals—typical of most any place in Holland. Center: One of the smaller canals—note boat load of flowers. Lower left: Old style hand-operated canal bridge near Aalsmer. Lower right: Old church near Delft where Piet Hein, the admiral who captured the "Silver Fleet" from the Spaniards is buried. Delft was a thriving town as far back as the Thirteenth Century.

exhilarating purity of the air, fresh and salt from the sea, but also because at this season in "bulb-land" the flowers, especially hyacinths and tulips, are spendthrift of their beauty. Fields and fields of waxen tulip cups spread in far-reaching carpets of shimmering rainbow hue, with here and there a plot of vivid crimson that, when the sun hovers in warm, caressing mood, softly glows a fragrant flame; while hyacinths shyly offer their beauty in unfathomable shades of mauve and violet.

We shall dock at Rotterdam—largest seaport in all of Continental Europe—and for that, if for no other reason, worthy of our notice. As we drift slowly through the Waterway to the dock observe the shipping activity. If you are commercially minded you cannot fail to be impressed by the gigantic spectacle displayed; if you are of artistic temperament, of equal interest is the colorful harbor scene: the impatient wind ruffles the dull blue

water into choppy, little waves topped by curling white foam; long, slender fingers of dark steel cranes feel out across the harbor; tapering medieval church spires of needle fineness are etched against a slaty sky, while innumerable craft crowd the water, yet in orderly confusion; trim yachts, with trimmings of burnished copper, ride at anchor, and among the somber browns and grays of seasoned fishing boats and ocean-going craft, the smaller boats of bright reds, blues and greens dart here and there, which, with the immaculate white of the majestic liners, makes a vivid picture—one that will endure on memory's canvas.

We must be sure and see one of the large fish markets as fishing is one of the chief industries and also because the markets are today conducted very much the same as in years gone by. All manner of fish are displayed on enormous wooden blocks presided over by typical fish-

FOR TOURIST ONLY. These people from the quaint fishing villages of Holland earn their living posing for photographs. . . Tourists keep this style of dress in fashion. There is enough cloth in one trouser leg to make an ordinary suit of clothes.

A. V. Simonson with the Myrna Loy and Greta Garbo of the Island of Marken.

Two young matrons of Volendam.

Inhabitants of the quaint fishing village of Volendam.

These three old "topers" earn their living by posing for photographs.





Left: Groote Kerk - The Great Church of Delft, built in the Fifteenth Century. Center: Salvation Army headquarters at Volendam. Upper right: Canal scene alongside Groote Kerk - A. V. Simonson and Mr. Van Weelden in foreground. Lower right: Typical residence street of Amsterdam, these homes, well furnished and steam-heated may be had very reasonably.

ermen's wives, their clapping wooden shoes impervious to the stream of water that continually flows along the concrete floor.

You will look about eagerly for the canals, of course, and as some of the largest in The Netherlands flow through Rotterdam you will find much upon their surface that is unusual and very typical of the country. The large canals (one enters Holland on one of the largest) are really the main commercial arteries of the nation and there is constant and varied traffic upon their waters. As we watch, a long, clumsy boat—piled high with merchandise—slips along the canal, towing by a long, steel cable another of like dimensions, followed by another—and yet another; while moored at the canal's edge is the craft of a skipper, who uses his boat for transportation purposes, and who is one of hundreds such in Holland. The children play hide-and-seek amongst coils of rope and other ship equipment; the family washing flutters from the boat, and a woman emerging from the tiny cabin drops a bucket over the side, draws up water and

calmly proceeds to wash her face and hands entirely oblivious of the passing traffic and as unconcerned as though she were safe from curious eyes in her own home—which, indeed, she is the latter—the only home she will ever know.

We will linger awhile in The Hague and its environs, for, not only is this city the seat of government and brimming with historical buildings of faded date, but its beauty is representative of all The Netherlands. Several days will be required for viewing the collection of paintings in the various museums, notable among them the Mauritshuis—the Royal Art Museum. Many Dutch painters of renown are represented in these galleries, also artists of many other countries. Much time is required in these hallowed places in order that our lives may be enriched by the flowing beauty in line and color that has been dedicated to posterity by these men of genius.

History causes us to look with avid interest upon the Binnenhof (the inner courtyard of the government build-

A beautiful girl of Volendam who could not speak English—unfortunately.



The Village Milkman



Fishing boats of Volendam



Home-made bicycle trailer with twin babies—note windshield.





THIS MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE houses the general executive offices of the great "Royal Dutch" or "Bataafsche" organization.



ANDREW CARNEGIE'S GIFT dedicated to World Peace . . . the Peace Palace or World Court of International Peace at The Hague. This edifice, erected at a cost of more than \$1,500,000 was completed in 1914 just prior to the greatest war of all times.

ings—buildings which have stood since medieval times); the *Ridderzaal*—now used for Parliament, but formerly the *Knights' Hall*. As we pass under, and through, the massive doorway something of the old, old days unfolds us, and it is no effort for imagination to sweep aside the years and once again to people this hall with the centuries-gone nobles of Holland who many times gathered here to discuss matters of grave moment or lofty and noble deed, clad in gleaming armor and bright coats of mail. A hush falls upon us as we view these time-worn buildings, consecrated by the devotion and sacrifice of noble lives in order that these structures—and the symbol for which they stand—might endure unscathed.

Beneath the entrance of the Gevangenpoort (the prison gate) thick shadows are softly piled, and all seems touched with regret as though a nation ever mourns because of the ruthless sacrifice of two of her bravest sons who loved their country unto death, and who—history vividly records for us—were dragged through this portal some three centuries ago and torn by the hands of a misunderstanding people. We pay tribute to the memory of these lives, with their nobility of spirit, in the words: "Greater love hath no man than this . . ." We are shown through the massive prison, dark with memory and scarred by time. To us of modern times the mouldy and rusted torture chambers with their gruesome devices seem but a lurid dream, vaguely remembered, yet it is educational and vastly interesting to view the "wheel," the "rack" and various others, and ever after

seems more real the pages of history and story wherein is recorded that the cruel, white hands of Borgia princesses turned many a "wheel" and the whim of a noble sent many to the "rack."

We linger a while at the Vijver (in reality a beautiful "water" garden) the better to absorb the unusual setting: the velvety green water mirroring in its tranquil depths the stately architecture—mellowed by time—which centuries ago was the palace of the Counts of Holland; and, as we note the plummy, trailing willows softly weeping in the water, while snow-white swans make graceful tableaux, we are reminded that much of tragedy, heroism and sacrifice, in and around this spot, combined to make Holland the courageous, far-sighted and enduring nation she is today.

Let us walk through the woods the better to steep our senses in their varied offering. Many woods there are in The Netherlands: in practically their virgin state they have been preserved throughout the years by a country thoughtful of her people, of their comfort and pleasure. We pass from the extreme of forest depth, with its moist, sweet breath and lush vegetation, where the towering tree trunks are thickly powdered with cool, green moss out into crisp sunshine where are broad inviting walks by narrow canals gay with bright-hued flowers, or a sweep of lake with drooping foliage where saucy ducks preen their iridescent feathers or with satin-smooth motion swim tirelessly about.

The Huis-ten-Bosch (House-in-the-Woods) is hidden away in one such woods and our hearts are imbued with

Statue of Liberty at The Hague.



Inner courtyard of the government buildings and of the Knights Hall.



The famous prison gate



Water garden and government building at The Hague.





Above—PRINCESS BEATRIX: Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernard



Right—PRINCESS BEATRIX: The beloved Queen Wilhelmina, Crown Princess Juliana and Princess von Lippe Biesterfeld (mother of Prince Bernard).

the spirit of long ago as we stand before the palace, recalling that this ancient dwelling, since the 16th Century, has ever been a favorite retreat of the rulers of the House of Orange and who, when a national crisis was at hand, or a question of monumental weight to be decided, sought strength, comfort and guidance from the beauty of this quiet haven. We express our admiration for Nassau rulers, for selfless devotion to their subjects, for the almost miraculous preservation of their country, for sacrifice of self beyond the usual, by softly murmuring the "so fitting" motto of their Home—"I will maintain."

Many public and historical buildings invite our attention—not only in The Hague but in all the provinces of The Netherlands: with old world charm and mouldering ivy-clad exteriors each presents a page from history that is very worth while and eagerly read by the interested seeker. We will see the Peace Palace, of course, not alone because of the unique purpose it serves among the nations of the world but because of the rare works of art it contains and the beauty of its decoration.

Holland! Incongruous blending of the old and the new. Through the narrow, cobbled streets passes a queer pageant of traffic: milk boys still wheel their carts from door to door through crowded business districts, the highly polished copper containers glinting back the sun—in many cases the faithful dog assisting at the task; here and there teams of workmen lean against their leather harness as they draw heavily laden carts through the winding streets; and the sleek, purring limousine shares the roadway with the flower or fish vendor, whose capacious baskets demand much room as he stolidly trudges along, his heavy wooden shoes heralding his

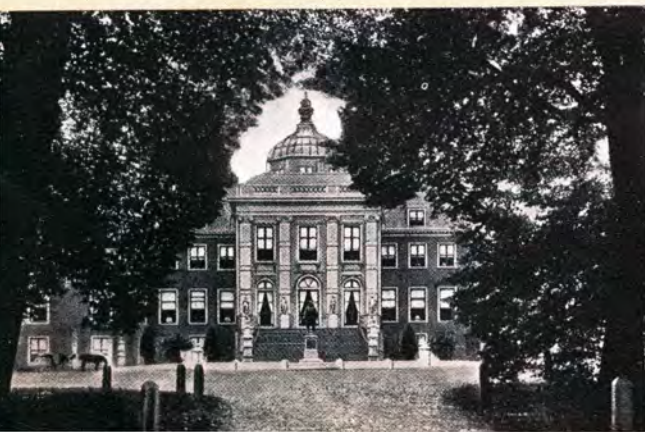
advance; or, it may be that along the canal's bank plods the boatman, his shoulders bent to the effort of pulling his boat through the water. Strange, indeed, it is to see this custom of a by-gone age still being used as a method of transportation. As he swings rhythmically from side to side we fancy we can hear the echo of the boatman's songs which, in the long ago, used to fill the air with their ringing melody.

A unique experience for the last; a canal trip through the country. A different mode of travel than one can find in any other land. We arrange for the trip, hiring a boat and crew at any one of the shipping centers. The pilot is typical—a weathered face, a kindly smile; the boat is small in order that we may navigate some of the smaller canals. A miniature cabin, just large enough for fragrantly clean cots, and just enough deck space for one to move about comfortably. Our clothes are appropriate for "roughing it," the always essential, waterproof coats and hats along. As we step over the boat's side a feeling of the "novel" possesses us and we are held in that spell of adventure and the beautiful unreal until we reach journey's end. The motor throbs, the boat sighs softly through the water and we are started.

The trip cannot really be detailed, but the changing scenes are so many and often they would be startling were it not that our boat moves lazily, which gives us

▪ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S HOME "House-in-the-Woods" at The Hague.



ROYAL ART MUSEUM at The Hague—Right: Ancient Church tower at Dordrecht — built about Fourteenth Century.



NIEUW AMSTERDAM



THE FIRST KEELPLATE of the Nieuw Amsterdam was laid January 3, 1936; she was launched April 10, 1937, and made her maiden voyage, Rotterdam to New York, May 10, 1938. Length overall, 758.6½ feet; height keel to top funnels, 147 feet; gross registered tonnage, 36,287; total passenger and crew capacity, 1,880. The Nieuw Amsterdam has a total of eleven decks.

"This is a very good Land to fall with, and a pleasant Land to see."

IN REPORTING this voyage of discovery in the Halve Maen, in 1609, Henry Hudson, the British explorer, used these terms to describe the island of Manhattan to his principals, the Netherlands East India Company in Amsterdam, and continued: "This is a very pleasant place to build a towne on."

The enterprising Dutch caught fire from his enthusiasm, and soon ships put out from the Zuyder Zee to make their stumbling way across the broad Atlantic. History tells the rest, Nieuw Amsterdam was born. The early colonists were good builders. They laid the foundation of a community that has developed into one of the world's most modern and progressive cities, New York.

Their cousins in the old country continued to devote their interests to the sea. And in their chosen element they would, at least, seem to have kept pace.

The new Holland-America Line flagship "Nieuw Am-

sterdam" represents more than the emphasis on historical association that her name implies.

She is a modern spiritual counterpart of her contemporary city-godparent—a vibrant youthful expression from the old country to the youth of the new; bringing the common heritage of each into the vivid spotlight of the present.

The breadth of vision, and the novel treatment of traditional problems of marine architecture complement, in an amazing manner, the vigor, bold enterprise, and confidence, that are the dominating characteristics of twentieth century Manhattan.

Sixteen architects, judiciously chosen from the younger generation, were entrusted with this task. Working independently with their own staffs of artists, they solved their own problems in their own way. The result is comparable to the finished performance of a massed choir with all its component parts in proper relation to the whole. Its character is simultaneous, for it emanates from a common impulse, unencumbered by a diversity of treatments and borrowed styles with which contemporary schools often endeavor to express themselves. It breathes the very spirit of a nation.

Dining Salon



Deluxe Suite — Cabin Class



Staircase showing typical modernistic design of ship



As I Saw

HOLLAND



By **W. C. TROUT**

PRESIDENT, LUFKIN
FOUNDRY & MCH. CO.



IT WAS my first trip to Holland! Our export manager, A. V. Simonson and I had just spent a glorious six days on the magnificent *Nieuw Amsterdam*, enjoying all of the conveniences of this new flagship of the Holland-American lines—and we were ready to see and visit friends in this “wonderland” of Europe. And, by the way—we can wholeheartedly recommend the *Nieuw Amsterdam* to those seeking passage abroad.

One quite naturally expects to find here in Holland, great and beautiful old-world buildings with their rich historical associations—the picturesque old houses with their quaint old rooms and corridors and appealing courtyards—Rembrandt prints—narcissi, the hyacinths, tulips, lilies, and others of the bulb family in all their loveliness.

But it is the exceptional and unlooked for—commonplace things—that impress the visitor—and therefore I should list, first of all, the *cleanliness* of the whole country—particularly the cities with their clean streets—

■ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



SHIP SPORTS—Add to our enjoyment of the *Nieuw Amsterdam*.



A Lufkin "NATURAL" FOR SHALLOW PRODUCTION

LUFKIN TC 55-7-A ASSEMBLY

Polish Rod Capacity: 10,000 Lbs.

Gears: Double Reduction Herringbone

Strokes: 22", 32" and 42"

Rating: 11.1 Nominal A.P.I. H.P. at 20 spm

Weight: 11,660 Lbs. Complete

Due to an increased demand for small pumping units for shallow production, Lufkin has designed the TC-55-7A unit of 11.1 horsepower capacity. It is believed that this unit will fill the need for economical and substantial installations and will, in most instances, replace powers and jacks.

This unit is built along the same lines as larger Lufkin units and is made of the same quality material in every detail. Also there has been built into it the same quality of Lufkin workmanship that makes it the "Leader in the Field."

The unit is equipped with a modified design of Trout counter-balance crank. The counter-balance can be easily changed in a few minutes by one man by sliding the weights along the crank.

The pitman end of the beam is equipped with universal bearings all on the same center line and also in line with the center bearing. All beam and pitman bearings are Bronzoid bushed, dust proof and oil sealed.

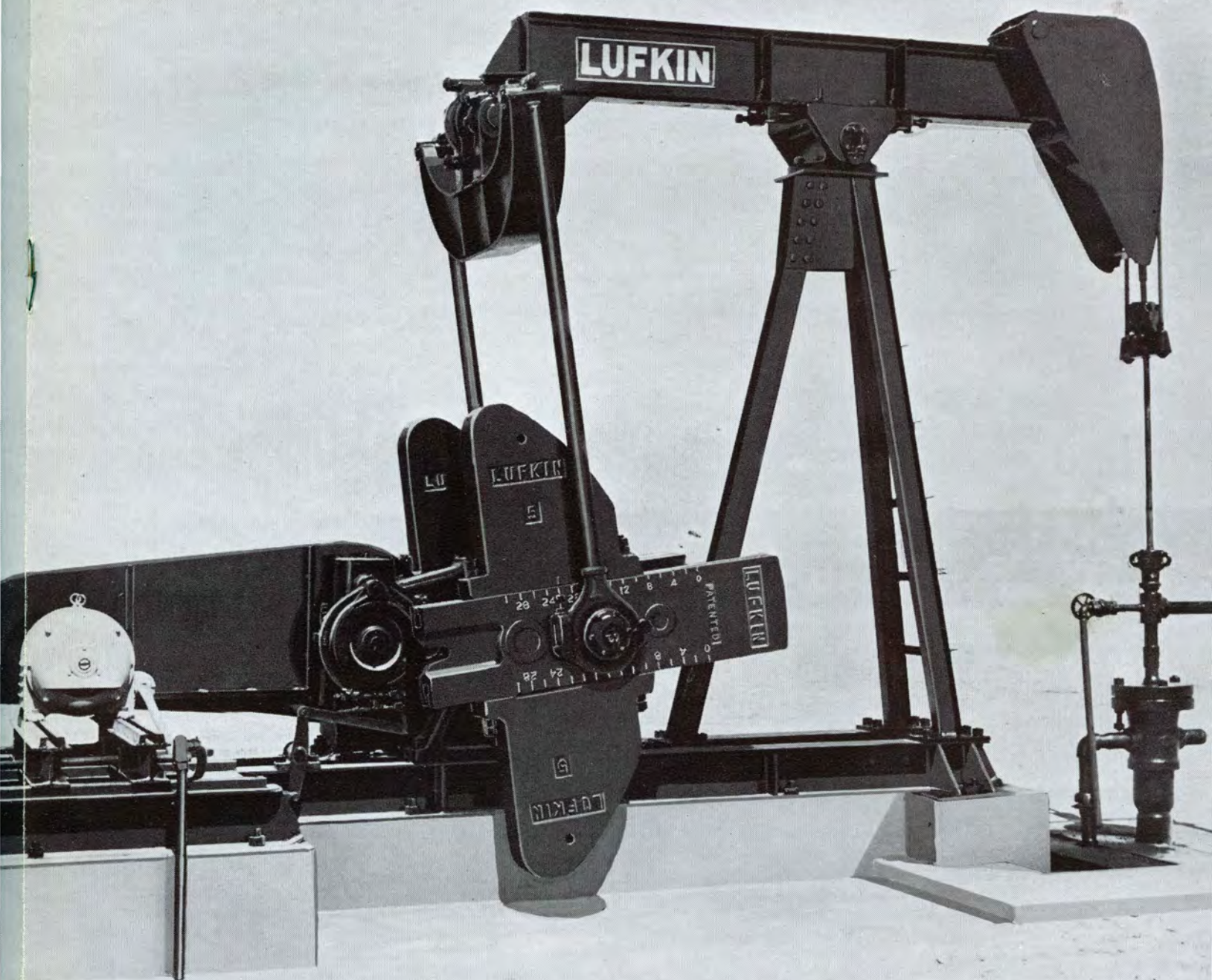
A standard type braking arrangement is furnished which includes a locomotive type brake control lever.

A complete assembly includes wire line hanger, counterweights, slide rails, belt cover, belts and motor sheave, but does not include polish rod clamp or foundation bolts.

The structural base is regularly furnished with an "L" extension to take a multi-cylinder gas engine.

It will be noticed that this unit is of unusual rugged construction and is considerably heavier than other units of the same horsepower capacity.





Other Popular Lufkin Shallow Production Units Include:

LUFKIN TC-66-5-A	POLISH ROD LOAD 8,000 LBS.
LUFKIN TC-77-3	POLISH ROD LOAD 6,000 LBS.

LUFKIN PUMPING UNITS

LUFKIN UNITS are manufactured in Lufkin, Texas, by the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company. Branches in principal oil centers



Left: STERN OF THE CHINESE JUNK "HUMMEL" and the crew . . . Nick Perminoff, left, and Victor Ermoloff, right.
Center: THE HUMMEL HUMMEL comes to rest after 85 days of battling the elements.
Right: BROADSIDE VIEW of the "double" HUMMEL—A \$250.00 honeymoon boat that crossed the Pacific in 85 days. Note the bamboo pole for mast. As this goes to press the boat is docked in the yacht harbor in Los Angeles and the Russians are watched by Federal men and not permitted to leave the dock. It is reported, however, these two men speak English fluently and in appearance could pass for Wall Street bankers.

"HO HUMMEL" HMM

... or the tale of what a guy can do on a honeymoon

By BOB CASSON

LEIF ERICSON, Vasco DeGama, Magellan, Christopher Columbus, all you other great navigators—move over. Shift your comparatively huge barques to a new anchorage on Great Navigator's Row: make room for Doctor Peterson, one of the nerviest of you all.

Doctor Peterson is the doughty Captain who, with his Japanese bride for First Mate, and two adventurous Russians, Victor Ermoloff and Nick Perminoff, for crew, sailed the thirty-six foot Chinese junk, the HUMMEL HUMMEL clear across the Pacific Ocean in eighty-five days! Take a look at these pictures of the HUMMEL HUMMEL. The only sizeable thing about it is its name, and they had to say that twice to make it count. More than one observer has declared he'd be afraid to sail to Catalina Island in it, much less to China. But the intrepid Doctor Peterson loaded a few pounds of grub, a little water, a portable phonograph, his bride, his crew and a vast determination aboard his cockle shell and set forth on High Adventure with a song in his heart. For he was culminating the dream of years. No fear had he of wind and wave, just a great desire to conquer the majestic Pacific; and conquer it he did. How small, how frail his little vessel must have looked out on the broad reach of ocean. How mountainous those long Pacific rollers must have seemed from the low-lying deck. It was a Great Adventure, and though a sober-minded, conservative public may question their wisdom, it cannot help but admire the magnificent courage of the little group.

But perhaps they were not as foolhardy as first glance would have them. Notice in the stern view the husky strength of the boat. The writer had the privilege

of knowing quite well another doughty seaman who conquered the Pacific not once but twice in small boats. This great sailor was Captain George Waard, who in the early twenties sailed a Chinese junk across the ocean from China, and later repeated in 1930 with a Chinese-built Gloucester type schooner. Captain Waard, whose wife was Chinese, and whose son recently graduated from one of our Eastern Colleges, sailed the China Seas for years. He often talked to me about the almost miraculous seaworthiness of the Chinese junk. He sailed both types of vessels across the Pacific and he should know. He declared that the saucer-like construction of the junk enabled it to ride over the seas so that it maintained a comparatively even keel and stayed much drier than a boat whose lines forced it to cut through, rather than over, the waves. His statement is borne out by the experience of Doctor Peterson. So if someone forces you to cross the ocean in a tiny boat, have them furnish you with a junk.

One of the interesting sidelights on the affair is the cordial reception accorded the be-whiskered Russian sailors. After being at sea for a mere eighty-five days, with one stretch of thirty-five days of continuous storm, the gallant HUMMEL HUMMEL sailed into port, tied up to the dock and—the crew stayed aboard. Although they could almost touch terra firma they had to remain in their little ship. Uncle Sam, as represented by Immigration authorities, would not even let them stretch their legs on the float. It took a week of red-tape cutting to get permission to allow the boys to go ashore paroled in the custody of Doctor Peterson.



Mr. Eastman of Sunray Oil Co. poses with the crew of the Hummel Hummel.

CALIFORNIA CAMERAMAN

ED TROUT, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Foreman's Meeting, Coastal Division, Ventura, Calif. Top Row, left to right: Scott Kunkle, Ben Guse, Clyde Brock, Norman Sherwood, Dr. Guy Edwards, Ray Selby, W. C. Killingbeck, Bob Carlos, Charley Goffs, Mickel—Associated Oil, Fred Leodebaer; Program Speaker, Prof. Jackey; Spike Saxe, Mose Keith, Bill Williams, Bill Higginbottom. Middle Row, left to right: Yale Jordan, Al Morrison, Warren Gage. Bottom Row, left to right: Bill Young, Henry Koeches, Art Forbes, Ted Schermeyer, Bob Kettenburg, Jim Davis, Johnny Landers, Charley Neuhaus, Walt Frank, Jim Hanker.



Featured with Bob Burns in one of the most important roles she has had in a long time, Jean Parker is playing the feminine lead in Paramount's "The Arkansas Traveler." Miss Parker is shown in a recent photo.



Gus Pongratz, President Pongratz Pet. Co., Dutch Pet. Co. and Gus Pongratz Oil Co.



Frank McAteer, Supt. and Mr. McGee, Caminol Oil Co.



Shell's Engineer, R. B. "Bony" Dugger after fishing Monarch Lake at 8500 feet in High Sierra, Calif.



Al Sands, Texas Company Supt., Long Beach, Calif.



Shell's Engineer Roy Hershberger, and hot geyser in Owens Valley, Sierra Country, Calif.



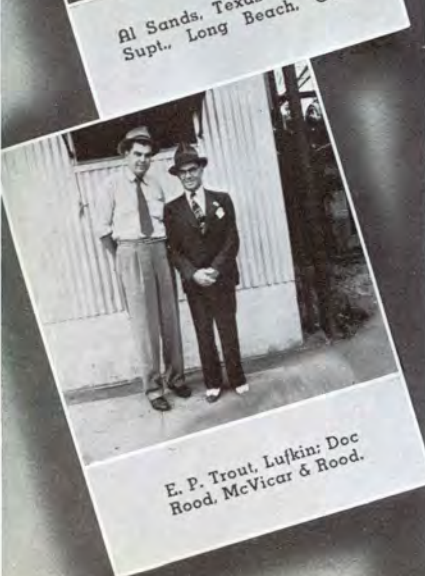
Associated Oil Co.'s Bill McNaren, Production Foreman; G. V. Kersten, Petroleum Engr., North Belridge, San Joaquin Valley, Calif.



Left hand No. 41 Unit on Hilldon Oil Co.'s Bixby-Pool No. 1.



Roy Pickings, Supt. Montebello Reservoir Oil Co. and Montebello Wesco Oil Co.



E. P. Trout, Lufkin: Doc Rood, McVicar & Rood.



Jesse Riley, Texas Company Foreman, Long Beach, Calif.



Geo. Coffee, Supt. Universal Consolidated Oil Co.



H. M. Fish, Prod. Supt., A. S. Johnston Drilling Co.



Hilldon Oil Company's Chas. Hall, Prod. Supt.



Out of 47 gorgeous girls—themselves picked from 750 beauties—Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr. chose Gwen Kenyon to portray "Miss America" in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad." Gwen is a native of Hollywood.

SNAPSHOTS

WITH THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



1. Erecting a Lufkin Unit, with native laborers in Trinidad by the United British Oilfields of Trinidad, Ltd.
2. Phillips' pumper G. N. House, Fitts Pool.
3. Phillips' S. S. Shivers, general maintenance man.
4. Phillips' Tom Hamilton, H. S. Kelly, Judge Walker and second from left, Lufkin's Doug Reid.
5. Paul Doran's Illinois Superintendent, J. H. Jerrell.
6. Arkansas Fuel Oil's Charles McMullins' production foreman for East Texas.
7. R. W. Kurth, brother of Lufkin's Vice President, J. H. Kurth, Jr., displays samples of woodworking art—a hobby in which he excels.

8. Visitors to our Lufkin plant, Left to Right: Gulf's Youngblood, Atlantic's Critenden, Lufkin's Pete Little, Gulf's Robinson and Needham, Atlantic's Rogers and Lufkin's Walter Trout.
9. Arkansas Fuel Oil's R. W. Sole, left, and T. K. Franks, East Texas District.
10. Deep Rock's J. O. Lugar and 6' 3" tarpon, weight 103 lbs.
11. I.T.I.O.'s "Connie" Taylor; Lufkin's Doug Reid and 100-lb. tarpon—Reid also fished.
12. Left, Sun's Jack Pew. Right, Humble's John Suman.
13. M. L. Brown and W. E. Winn.
14. Bill Bowden, Tyler; Ray Richards, Luling.

A.P.I. Tests

USE LUFKIN UNIT



ENGINEERS MAKING TESTS WITH LUFKIN UNIT. Left to Right: Mr. Hays, Associate Professor of Engineering, A. & M. College of Texas; Tom Thorley, Antonio SansAngero and Milan Arthur of Standard Oil Company.

The California section of the Topical Committee on Production Practice of the Division of Production of the American Petroleum Institute is conducting tests on the efficiencies of well pumps with respect to the factors of submergence and plunger speed. The liquid displacement characteristics are being investigated for a range of pump sizes and for oils of several gravities.

This A.P.I. project is sponsored by Mr. E. K. Parks of the Standard Oil Company of California. The administrative committee for the test is comprised of:

Mr. E. P. Tallant, Union Oil Company of California.
Mr. Ned Clark, Shell Oil Company.

Mr. E. V. Watts, General Petroleum Corporation of California.

The equipment has been assembled by the cooperation of the oil companies and the equipment manufacturers at 5959 South Alameda Street, Los Angeles. Interested parties are very welcome to visit the test site. Mr. M. G. Arthur of the Standard Oil Company is superintending the performance of the tests for the administrative committee. Personnel of many interested companies have assisted in conducting the work.

In order to eliminate confusing variables the study is made in a system employing a shallow well and surface pressure equipment which affords a fine control of submergence pressure and plunger load to simulate actual well conditions. A wide range of conditions is obtainable.

The application of this study of optimum plunger speed, efficiency and conditions within the pump should



RICHFIELD OIL COMPANY'S LUFKIN INSTALLATION at the Wilmington harbor in their refinery area

LUFKIN INSTALLATION

Convenient to Docks

"Where the turf meets the surf" is the slogan of Bing Crosby's horse-racing emporium at Del Mar. This famous meeting is now paralleled by the oil industry in the Wilmington-Long Beach field where they may say, "Where the well meets the swell."

This juxtaposition of petroleum and shipping has resulted in several innovations. Illustrated here is a new type of mooring cleat that one of the oil companies has developed to make fast the mooring lines of their tankers when they tie up to the dock. It is a little more expensive than the old type cleat and they have a little difficulty throwing their lines over them sometimes, but they have other advantages. One of these is the incidental production of several thousand barrels of oil a year, a factor that has no doubt influenced the company in adopting this style of mooring device.

The company has been considering having the pumpers wear sailor hats but so far this has not been done. There has been some confusion on the ships too: when the skipper orders "All hands aloft," the sailors have been surprised to find an occasional derrick-man helping them furl the sails. No, we wouldn't furl you. Ouch, let's keel-haul the swab!

enable operators to more thoroughly understand pumping problems and to specify pump size and plunger motion with more assurance. These factors, of course, influence choice of surface equipment. Investigation of low input heads should result in securing useful data on capacity pumping.

As I Saw HOLLAND

■ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

the well kept homes with windows shining, and beautiful gardens.

Another very striking thing is the apparent lack of poverty. One is impressed with evidence of prosperity, and while it is understood they have a program for the unemployed similar in character to our own W.P.A., it is pointed out, in contrast, that it does not compete with private enterprise. One quickly has the feeling that here is a well-governed country—intelligently guided by the very gracious, kindly and charming Queen Wilhelmina who has very rightly earned the love and warm affection of all her subjects.

The average layman thinks of Holland as a land of wooden shoes and colorful clothing. It is for this reason that the fishing villages of Volendam and the Island of Marken are attractive to the tourist. Except for these quaint villages the Hollanders' dress very much in the style of the Western World. Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague, cities ranging in size from five to seven hundred and fifty thousand population are most attractive centers and are connected by super-highways and streamlined Diesel and electric trains. It is interesting also to know that while Holland is noted for its canals which carry most of its freight transportation, a surprising number of automobiles and trucks are in operation and over four and one half million bicycles registered.

There are many beautiful buildings, art galleries and charming old-world Cathedrals to see and visit in Holland, but the average American is most interested in the

Peace Palace at The Hague, better known as the World Court of International Peace. This magnificent edifice, dedicated to the furtherance of world peace, is the gift of our own Andrew Carnegie and was built at a cost of more than one and one half million dollars. Many agreements between nations have been reached here and its contribution towards world peace will eventually be felt.

One is well repaid for a visit to this wonderland of Europe.

It was Henric Hudson, we are reminded, who in 1609, sailing the ship "Half Moon" discovered the river—afterwards named for him—here it was that the city of New Amsterdam was founded. It was for this property we paid the equivalent of \$24.00 and later named it Manhattan Island.

We are reminded too that we have had three Presidents of these United States who came from Dutch descendants, namely Van Buren and the two Roosevelts, Theodore and Franklin Delano, and that in 1784, under the presidency of John Quincy Adams we were loaned two million Guilders by this fine nation—and that was a huge sum of money in that day.

We, of America, owe much to these happy and industrious people—to this little country which, while only one twentieth the size of Texas supports a population of eight and one half million people.

To the travel-minded I urge you to see Holland—a veritable wonderland.

HOLLAND, the Picturesque

■ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

time to appreciate one before trying to absorb the other. To one, the most delightful experience may be the vivid landscapes, which are masterpieces all in this land of dykes and windmills; one moment passing meadow-land, emerald green, where black and white cattle contentedly graze and age old windmills, misty blue, majestically turn their latticed wheels; where narrow canals, like ribbons of blue and silver, cut through the countryside and profuse foliage offers a background of warmth and drowsy content—or, it may be that Nature, in a whimsical mood, swathes all the landscape in veils of pearl-white mist; the breath of growing things fills the air; moisture clings to the verdure along the canal's edge, and through broken patches of leaf and mist one catches scattered glimpses of far villages, revealing in soft outline houses and church towers of medieval dignity, making us believe it is indeed a "story book come true." Others may feel the most interesting feature is the unique experience of passing through the towns and cities, each with its own peculiar interest. The views of

the massive, one-time "gates to the cities"—before we sweep under them onto the canal that was once a "moat"; the draw-bridges (still existing in some places); the leaning houses, as in Delft and Dordrecht; the architecture in some of the oldest places where the dwellings are built much as a doll's house as to size and appearance, and not unlike a "patch-work quilt" with their gay, soft coloring . . . these all whisper of the old, the past, the romantic.

As we pass through the country, we cannot fail to notice the costumes peculiar to each province: the elaborate and flaring lace head-dress of Zeeland; the lawn-covered gold head-dress with enormous jeweled pins of Friesland; the fisher costume of Scheveningen, with their blue capes and crimson lining, and the still-existent wooden shoes of the farmer folk and peasants.

On this trip we will go to Volendam and the Island of Marken. They are the typical show-places of The Netherlands and are vastly intriguing even though they are so "touristized" one can scarcely differentiate between the

natural and the affected. The Volendam costume is the one we of other countries more often associate with The Netherlands—or, to us, “Holland”: men with baggy, pleated pantaloons, as full as skirts, wooden shoes and tiny, round, flat caps. The girls have the snowy white hoods with long, pointed ends.

Marken offers several novelties, one of which is that the natives are very clannish and will intermarry with none other than the inhabitants of their own, small island, which is so small that one can stand at any shore line and look across all the land to the ocean beyond on the far side. Another peculiar feature is the manner in which all the buildings in Marken are constructed. Owing to the fact that part of the time this small island is covered with water, the houses are on “stilts” to admit of the water passing under at high tide or flood season; at such times it is, literally, a village resting on the sea. Fascinating, indeed, it is if one is fortunate enough to be at the island at a time when high water is expected. At such times the natives are all busily engaged in placing perishable farm equipment where it will be “high and dry,” and herding all domestic animals—cattle, sheep, pigs, etc.—up improvised gangways into the houses. The

The Cover . . .

Study of a windmill on the Sjaarne, near Haarlem. Without its windmills Holland would hardly be itself, but these fine old land-marks are fast being replaced by electric pumps.

—Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

bright, fanciful costumes and the hurry and bustle throughout the village, as all lend a hand, makes this a most novel setting.

Much, much more could be written of The Netherlands and its people, but each must see for himself in order to appreciate how “steeped-in-beauty” is this small country. Just as one convincing proof, may I remind you that this nation (miniature though it is) has provided the largest percentage—for its size—of masters of brush and palette. There must be unusual beauty to inspire and develop so much genius. There is! . . . Come and see!

The “ROYAL DUTCH”

THE HAGUE is a place of peculiar interest to oil men for, though there are no oil wells in Holland, it was there that one of the largest petroleum organizations had its inception. For a moment let us digress from the main travel theme and look into the formation of that company, but we must delve back into history and geography for the facts. In the Langkat District of Sumatra, back in the late 80's, a tobacco planter, by name one De Ruyter Zylken, discovered some oil seepages on his property. He lacked capital for their development and appealed to the Netherlands East Indian Government. Strangely enough the appeal was answered and a paying well was developed, to which fact the Royal Dutch indirectly owes its birth. Oil, too, was discovered in nearby Java and Borneo just about that time. J. B. August Kessler, astute business man and close student of the possibilities for oil development, organized in 1890 at The Hague a company which has since become world famous as Royal Dutch. One of its first steps was the acquisition of the original Sumatra well. Kessler was soon made managing director of the new company and, shortly after, Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, though not at that time a Knight of the British Empire, became associated with him in a junior capacity and he it was who has since become the most influential figure in the oil world of today. Four years after starting with Kessler, he was appointed in charge of the sales organization of Royal Dutch for the Far East. His first move of significance was to make a deal with Marcus Samuel, head of the Shell interests, so that there would be a common

bond between the two concerns in the fight for oil supremacy.

Here is where we find out why the company is named Shell, and it's a fanciful enough reason. Samuel's father, when Marcus was still a boy, took the family to the seashore and the youngsters, as children will, gathered a collection of sea shells, but unlike other kiddies they fell to decorating empty boxes with the shells. The father, quick to see the appeal of such a novelty, started to sell these boxes in his humble shop in Houndsditch, London. The demand grew and grew, so that finally he started to import mother-of-pearl and rare shells from the Far East. Then other items were added to the list of importations and his business flourished until he had quite a fleet of vessels. The oldest son, the present Lord Bearsted, came into the business, and oil became to the son what shells had to the father. Soon the son formed a merger with a young oil company which had no means of transporting its product, and from that early beginning has been built a large fleet of tankers whose house-flag may be seen all over the Seven Seas. M. Samuel & Co.'s first steel screw steamer for carrying petroleum in bulk, the *Murex* of 3450 net tonnage, was launched at Gray's shipyards in West Hartlepool in 1892. Five years later saw the birth of the Shell Transport & Trading Co., and from then on the Shell interests have prospered mightily. Originally it had a local business in the Netherlands East Indies, and then in association with the Shell Transport & Trading Co., and the Rothschild interest of Paris, it has since become an international holding company for many other companies.



Tide Water Launches NEW TANKER

A NEW 13,000 ton 13-knot tanker of ultra-modern design and accommodations was launched recently for Tide Water at the yards of her builders, the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Chester, Pa.

She was christened "Associated" by her sponsor Mrs. Edward L. Shea, wife of the executive vice-president of Tide Water, in the presence of a group of company officials and guests, including Mr. William F. Humphrey, president of the company.

The new tanker has a length of 462 feet, a beam of 65 feet and a draft of 28 feet 4 inches. She is powered by steam turbines developing 3600 horsepower which will maintain a speed of 13 knots. Her carrying capacity is 4,200,000 gallons.

The interesting feature of the vessel, however, is the excellent quarters provided for the crew of forty men. The crew sleep in staterooms, no more than two men to a room. Each room has hot and cold running water, wall plug for radio, and a plug beside the wash basin for an electric razor. In addition, there is a crew's recreation room and lounge, fitted with easy chairs, couches, card tables, a radio, games, and other attractions. The ship is particularly well equipped with bathing and messing facilities.

The captain's and officers' quarters are arranged on the bridge while engineers are accommodated in the deck house on the poop. Petty officers and crew have quarters below the poop, all being outside rooms.

Top Left—FORE VIEW of the "Associated" in the ways before the launching.
Top Center—PART OF THE OFFICIAL LAUNCHING PARTY (Left to right): George Cameron; Miss Walbridge; Miss Mary Rouss; William F. Humphrey, President Tide Water Associated Oil Company; Mrs. Edward L. Shea; Mrs. L. B. Haney; Mrs. L. D. Jurs; L. D. Jurs, Vice President and Director, Tide Water Associated Oil Company. Back Row: Noel Robinson, Vice President and Director, Tide Water Associated Oil Company; Mrs. Anthony Walbridge; L. D. Haney; Mrs. George Armsby; Miss Evelyn Jurs.
Top Right—AFT VIEW of the "Associated."

Right—THE "ASSOCIATED" gets her first taste of water.

Bottom—AND IS NOSED BACK to the dock for finishing touches.



The "Associated" is equipped with modern safety devices and the latest types of navigation instruments including a radio direction finder, Sperry gyro-compass, and an electric depth finding device. With her excellent facilities for the rapid handling of cargoes she is an outstanding addition to Tide Water's fleet of ocean-going tankers.



The Lufkin Line

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AL E. CUDLIPP, Editor

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No. 4

DID YOU KNOW—

... that 40 percent of the 1937 business of one large chemical company came from products unknown 10 years ago?

... that net earnings of American corporations over a ten year period were only about two-thirds the amount of their total tax bill?

... that the trailer industry, born during the depression, now includes 350 manufacturers employing thousands of workers?

... that since 1920, volume production and scientific research have made possible a reduction in the price of gasoline, without taxes, from an average of 30c a gallon to 14½c a gallon?

... that in 1849 workers in manufacturing industry were called to work at sunrise, allowed forty minutes for breakfast and lunch and worked till 7 P. M.? Today the average work week is less than forty hours.

The head of a large business house bought a number of those "Do it now" signs and hung them up around his offices. When, after the first few days of those signs, the business man counted up the results, he found that the cashier had skipped out with \$20,000, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the stenographer, three clerks had asked for a raise in salary, and the office boy had lit out for the west to become a highwayman.

—Colville's Printalk.

Two men had just made their exit from a theater, and evidently it had been a very poor picture by the expressions on their faces. One turned to the other and said, "You know, it certainly is wonderful how pictures have advanced these last few years."

"How so?"

"Well, first there were the silent pictures, then there were talkies and now this one smells!"

EVEN AS YOU AND I

Little Girl—"What happens to Santa Claus after he hands out all the presents, sis?"

Big Sister—"He's left holding the bag!"

Hope never fades away; it is only shifted from one year to the next.

Now that electric razors are buckling down to the competitive stage, what public utility company will offer one to every customer who will agree to use its current exclusively?

A REAL TEST!

"And do you love me so much that you would leave home for me?" she asked, her head on his shoulder.

"I love you so much," he answered, "that for you I would leave a baseball game in the ninth inning with the score —tied, three men on base and two out."

"Why are you taking that whistle with you tonight?"

"I have a date with a football player."

The only dependable fortune teller I have ever known is the life insurance salesman. He tells you what is going to happen—

And it does.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

The product most susceptible to advertising, the experts say, is hair tonic. Then perhaps, bald-headed men are susceptible to something besides blondes.

Scotland, an advertiser says, gave us golf, but he fails to remind us that it also provided the necessary ingredients for a successful nineteenth hole.

I HOPE that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace.

—Benjamin Franklin.

Lufkin

SELECTION

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