



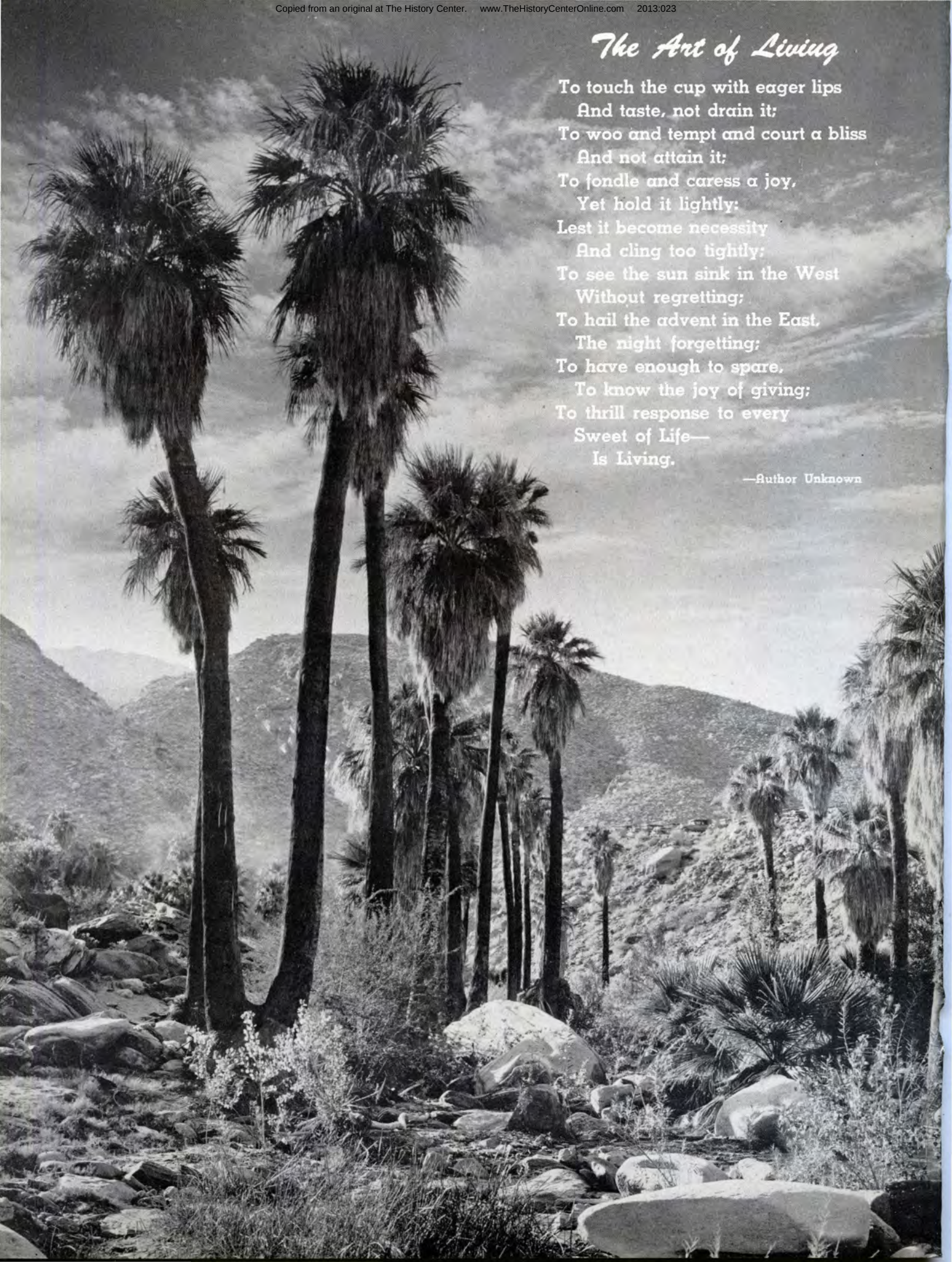
The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXV...NUMBER 3

The Art of Living

To touch the cup with eager lips
And taste, not drain it;
To woo and tempt and court a bliss
And not attain it;
To fondle and caress a joy,
Yet hold it lightly:
Lest it become necessity
And cling too tightly:
To see the sun sink in the West
Without regretting;
To hail the advent in the East,
The night forgetting;
To have enough to spare,
To know the joy of giving;
To thrill response to every
Sweet of Life—
Is Living.

—Author Unknown



The Lufkin Line

Published to promote Friendship and Good Will with its customers and friends and to advance the interest of its products by the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, Lufkin, Texas.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, Editor

Volume XXV

MAY-JUNE, 1950

Number 3

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We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on the hot stove lid. She will never sit down on the hot stove lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more.—**Mark Twain.**

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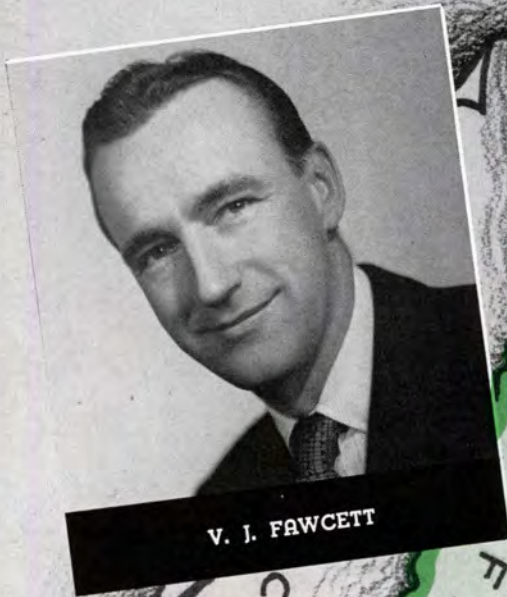
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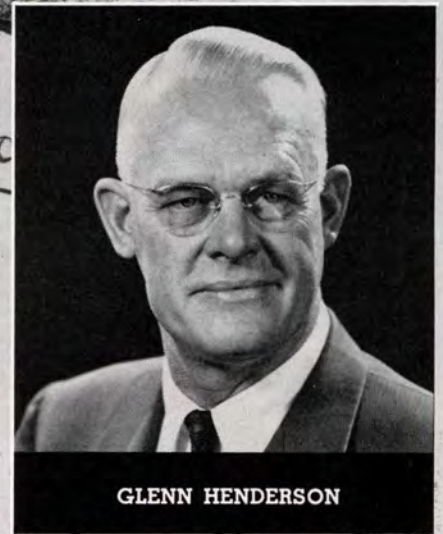
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Lufkin, Texas
Phone LD-5
L. A. Little, Vice President &
General Sales Manager

CALIFORNIA DIVISION PERSONNEL



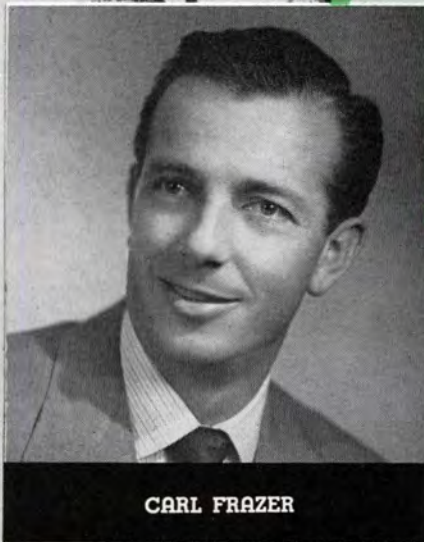
V. J. FAWCETT



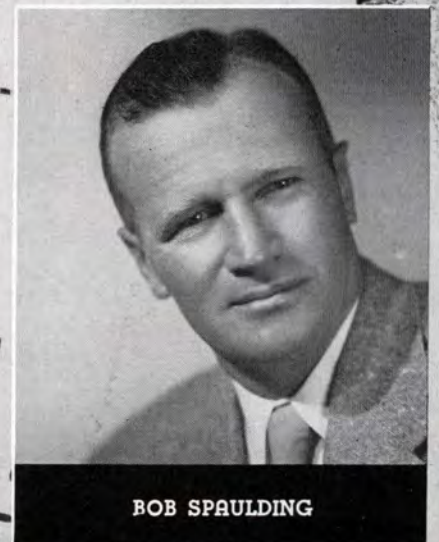
GLENN HENDERSON



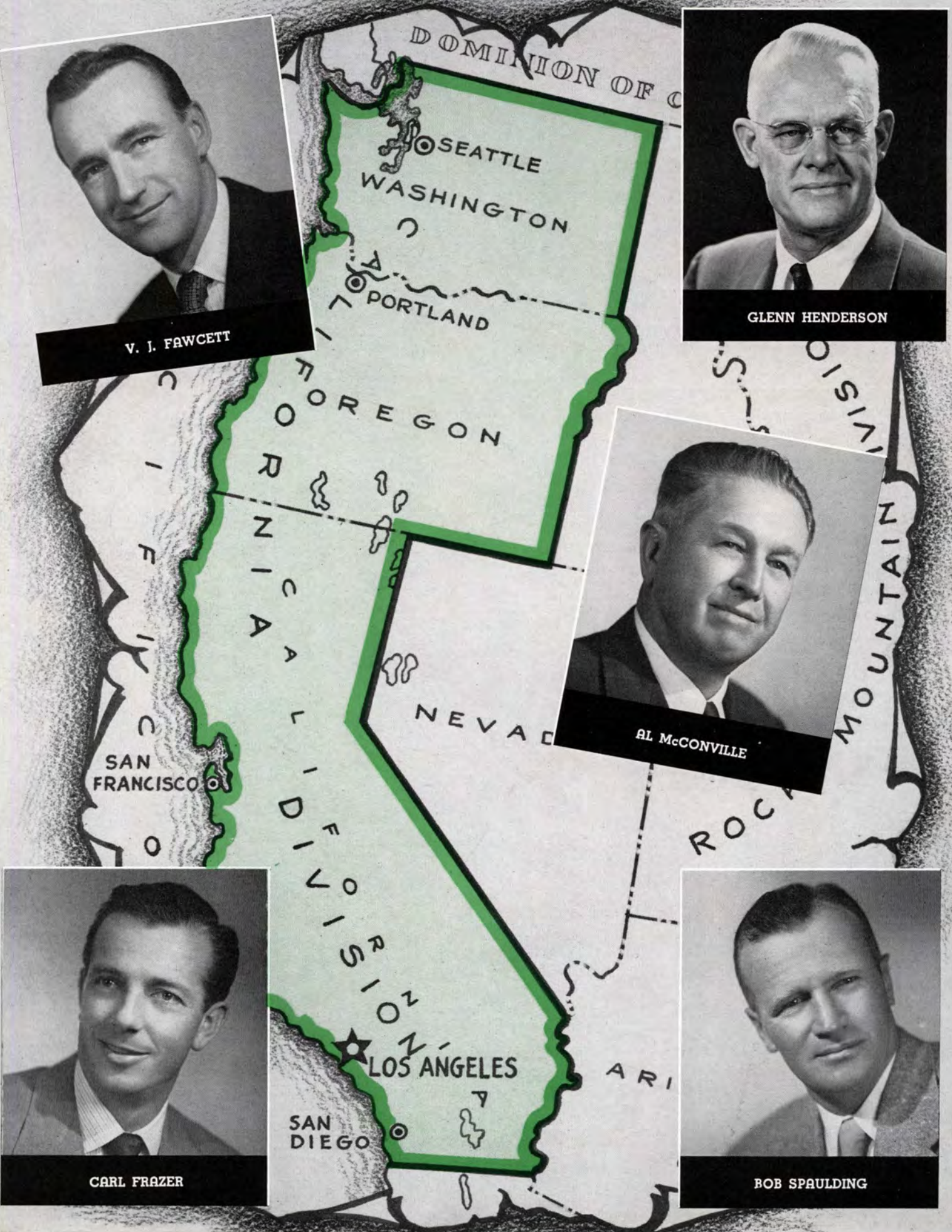
AL McCONVILLE



CARL FRAZER



BOB SPAULDING



Service . . .

VIA MOBILE TELEPHONE

NO LONGER can Bob Spaulding, Lufkin's service engineer in the Los Angeles office, drive peaceably down one of sunny California's palm-lined seashore drives and feel that he is away from everyone, off duty, and free to have an evening all to himself.

No, sir! Bob's got a new gadget on his automobile that means service de luxe to Lufkin customers but it also means good-bye to that "get away from everything" feeling which Bob might have sometime.

As another means of giving service where service is required in the quickest possible way, the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company has installed a short wave mobile telephone unit in Bob's car. Now this service engineer is as close to California oil men as the phone on their desks. It's as simple as lifting the receiver, dialing the operator and asking for ZM6-2203.

Vic Fawcett, Lufkin's Los Angeles representative, explains this mobile telephone installation as an effort to increase service coverage.

"Our office is able to keep in constant touch with Mr. Spaulding, thereby expediting any necessary adjustments or service that might be needed," Mr. Fawcett states. "We also feel that in this way much travel time and back-tracking will be avoided. Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company has long believed in service after the sale. The installation of a mobile telephone unit is simply another step in that direction."



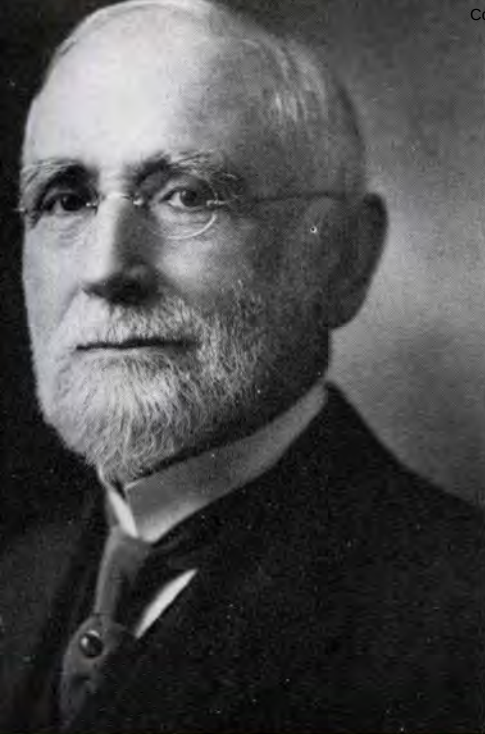
LUFKIN'S BOB SPAULDING sits behind the wheel of his car and converses—we suppose—with oil men concerning service needed at some Lufkin Unit installation.



AT A DEMONSTRATION of the new mobile telephone unit, Lufkin's Vic Fawcett writes down the engineering information T. R. Tinker, district foreman of Union Oil Company, is getting via the short wave phone. Production Foreman Harold Keans of Union Oil Company sits in the car waiting his turn to "try out the new gadget."



IT MUST BE GOOD NEWS that Bob Spaulding is hearing over his short wave mobile telephone unit which has been installed in his car to expedite service needs.



LYMAN H. STEWART, co-founder of the Union Oil Company of California and its president from 1894 to 1914. He was known as the father of the Western petroleum industry.

—Art Streib Photo

UNION OIL OF

A Striking Drama of Free En



THIS IS UNION'S famous Lake View No. 1 shortly after it began gushing March 14, 1910. When the well ceased flow-

THOUSANDS OF MEN who fought, starved, and met violent death seeking fortunes in the California Gold Rush overlooked more potential wealth than they ever coveted even in their wildest flights of fancy.

Crazed as they were by the glittering metal, they paid little attention to the evil-smelling tarry substance that got on their boots and fouled up their drinking water. Oil was simply a damned nuisance and they cursed it with a right good will.

Since then some three billion dollars worth of gold has been taken from California's hills and streams. But petroleum has long since passed this impressive total. The yield of California's oil wells alone this year will approach in dollar value the output of all the state's gold mines since gold's discovery.

The oil industry of the West has grown so fantastically it is virtually impossible for even oil men to understand how it all came about. No other industry has so changed the lives of Americans. This amazing development may be called "The Black Bonanza." The story of this behemoth of an industry which reaches into every community and into nearly every home is far more exciting than the highly publicized gold-seeking Forty-niners.

To preserve the color, romance, and achievements

of Western oil, the Union Oil Company of California in June opened a museum at Santa Paula. This California Oil Museum, as it is called, is a non-commercial affair, with exhibits on an industry-wide basis to provide an objective, over-all picture of petroleum's important place in the history of the West. Permanent site for the invaluable collection of letters, pictures, documents, pioneer drilling and refining equipment is the sturdy building in which Union Oil Company was founded October 17, 1890.

Union, which is celebrating its sixtieth anniversary, is the oldest independent oil company west of the Mississippi, yet for years after it was created there were few, indeed, who expected it to survive. It was formed through the merger of three tiny, poorly-financed producing companies organized as early as 1886 by Lyman Stewart and Wallace Hardison, experienced Pennsylvania oil men who had come west after making fortunes near Titusville and Bradford, Pennsylvania. Their luck ran out quickly. They dropped every cent they owned and nearly every cent they could borrow when their first seven wells were dry holes.

In retrospect, it is difficult to see how the founders of Union Oil survived the early years. Though they were licked time after time they never seemed to know it—or if they did they refused to recognize it.

F CALIFORNIA

Enterprise in America

By EARL M. WELTY



ing 18 months later, it had produced 9,000,000 barrels of 32 gravity crude.

HARD-HITTING, DYNAMIC Reese H. Taylor, president of Union Oil Company of California since October 24, 1938.

—Rex Photo

Their achievement, aided by those who followed after them, in putting together one of the country's great oil empires, is a striking drama of opportunity in a free enterprise world. They struggled for financing, for production, for cheaper transportation, for markets—and they whipped about every obstacle that nature, geography, and man could conjure up.

From the little wildcatting operation begun near Santa Paula in 1883, Union grew, like the U. S. oil industry as a whole, until it became a flourishing enterprise.

Though Union's first seven holes were dry ones, some of its later drilling produced world-famous producers. Take Lake View No. 1, for instance. Up in California's San Joaquin Valley, four partners, with little capital but a big hunch, held a lease between Maricopa and Taft, calling their operation the Lake View Oil Company.

Hard luck dogged them from the start. They had only enough money for a single string of tools, and when the cable snapped and the tools hit bottom, they called on a nearby Union Oil crew for help. Then, at 1800 feet, the partners were strapped. They asked Union to take over. To help the unfortunate quartet, Union agreed to complete the well in spare time, if and when crews were idle.

The partners kept 49% of the well, with Union taking 51%.

Working odd hours, Union's crews punched the well down to 2200 feet. No one expected much from the hole. On the night of March 14, 1910, when Union's nearby test well sanded up, the midnight tour was told to go over to the Lake View job and do some drilling.

Two hours later they pulled the bailer and found it dripping with oil. By dawn, water, sand and shale began burbling out of the hole. At 8 a.m. a column of gas and oil roared hundreds of feet high. Hour by hour the tremendous stream doubled and redoubled in size. No one knew how to cap such a stupendous geyser. Every man for miles around was called to throw up temporary reservoirs around the well. In no time these were overflowing and desperate calls for help went out as the gusher roared on.

Crews moved to lower ground, throwing up a giant reservoir covering 16 acres. Just as it was nearing completion an earthquake shook apart walls of the first sumps, and the river of oil poured down into the giant reservoir from which a four-inch pipeline was laid two miles in four hours to reach eight 55,000 barrel tanks. These tanks relentlessly filled as crews rushed a new 8-inch line to Avila on the coast.



THIS LUFKIN UNIT is operating in the Brea Field of Union Oil Company of California.
—Will Connell Photo



BIRTHPLACE AND FIRST HOME of the Union Oil Company. This building is located in Santa Paula, California, and has been converted into a museum that contains many relics of early-day pioneer petroleum production.
—Will Connell Photo

Within the first 24 hours Lake View hurled out 125,000 barrels of crude. Thirty days after the first gush, the flow was gauged at 90,000 barrels a day. For many months that, daily production remained constant at 50,000 barrels a day.

This torrential flood hit the oil market like a sledgehammer. Prices were driven down day after day as the roaring flood of petroleum kept on. Then, on September 9, 1911, while preachers and the flocks prayed that the oil might not cover the world and bring flaming destruction, Lake View suddenly ceased as abruptly as it had begun. In that 18 months it had yielded 9,000,000 barrels of 32 gravity crude.

That wasn't Union's first gusher, by any means. An historic document to be exhibited at the new museum states that "in February, 1892, well No. 28 in Adams Canyon, drilled by Union Oil Company, came in with an initial flow approximating 1500 barrels per day. This was the first big well in the state, so that no preparations had been made for taking care of so large a production. Before arrangements could be made to control the flow and provide sufficient tankage, the oil had run down Adams Canyon to the Santa Clara River and thence to the sea . . ."

"Firsts" for Union are many, for it is a pioneer of western oil. It spearheaded in the field, the re-

finery, the market. Without seeking to list them all, here are some of the "firsts" of which the company is justly proud.

Union laid the world's first pipeline from oil fields to tidewater; first spanned the Isthmus of Panama with a pipeline to carry western oil to eastern markets; built the first oil tanker on the Pacific; perfected the first oil burner and converted the first western locomotive to oil. Its drillers punched the first deep wells and were the first to cement wells to shut out water.

Union established the first petroleum laboratory in the West and organized the industry's first oil geology department. Its refiners made the first printer's ink from California crudes and produced the first highway asphalt from western petroleum. Union's scientists first found a way to separate asphalt and waxes from western crude to make the first paraffine-base lubricating oil from such stock. They devised the revolutionary new method of extracting oil from shales. These and a dozen more "firsts" are all part of the Union story.

As Union Oil enters its seventh decade, Reese H. Taylor, its dynamic president since 1938, heads a company that has come a long way since 1890 when its production was 84,421 barrels of the state's total of 307,360 barrels.



AN AERIAL VIEW of the Los Angeles refinery of Union Oil Company. This is one of four modern plants operated by this pioneer, western petroleum organization. Last year the Company processed 43,000,000 barrels.

—Fairchild Aerial Photo



THIS ABSORPTION PLANT operated at Santa Maria by the Union Oil Company extracts carbon dioxide from its crude oil and turns it into commercial dry ice.

—Will Connell Photo

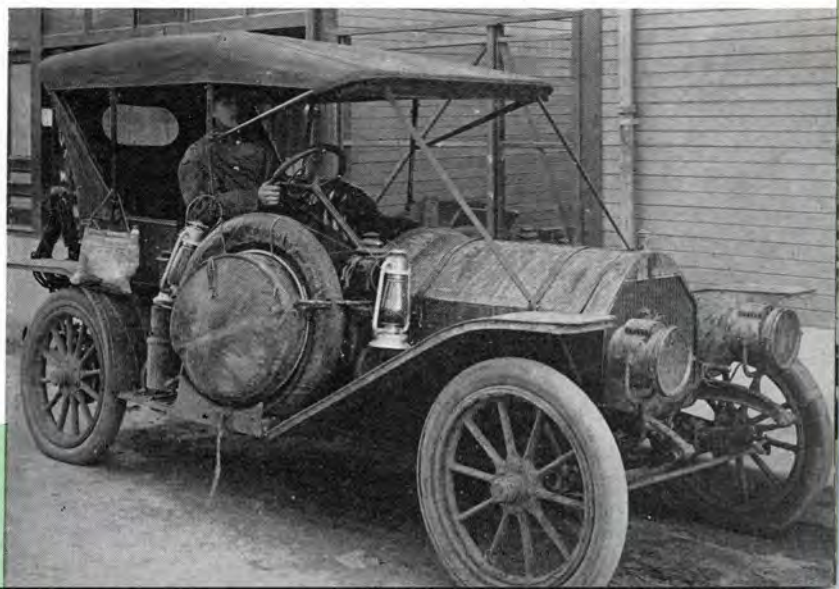
Last year Union's production was 26,000,000 barrels, after deducting interests of others. Its reserves were up 74,700,000 barrels to 588,000,000 barrels, not including another three billion or so in its Colorado shale holdings. Sales were 48,000,000 barrels. Its four modern refineries processed 43,000,000 barrels; its 1200 miles of pipeline transported 65,500,000 barrels; its tanker fleet carried 44,000,000 barrels.

This year the company's new \$5,000,000 research center at Brea will be opened. Covering 22½ acres, the center will be one of the best equipped and most modern petroleum laboratories in the country.

"The 35,186 owners of Union's common shares are typical of the millions of Americans who have combined their savings in order to make possible the industrial progress of this country and the consequent high standard of living of the people," says President Taylor, in pointing out that "approximately two-thirds of the people who own Union Oil live in the West."

Scanning the horizon of the future, Union's management, buttressed by the experience of 60 years in oil, sees prospects unlimited.

The complete saga of how men of courage and vision built this company will be told in "Black Bonanza," a full length book being published in September by Whittlesey House of New York. This book, based on extensive research, is a collaboration of Frank J. Taylor and Earl M. Welty, and is reported to upset a number of long-standing legends of the western oil fields. Some of the documents, letters, and other material discovered by the authors during the many months of research will be shown at the California Oil Museum.



THIS WAS THE FIRST "official" automobile operated by the field department of Union Oil Company in 1909-1910. The headlights rarely worked—hence the lanterns.

SNAPSHOTS



ATTENDING the spring meeting of the Production Division of the American Petroleum Institute last May were, left to right: John Hills, General Petroleum Corp., Los Angeles; R. F. Corey, Fellows, Calif.; T. W. Bell, Los Angeles; L. E. Chatfield, Sacramento, and J. A. Biren, Long Beach, all of the Texas Company; and Glenn E. Henderson, Lufkin's California representative, Los Angeles.

POSING AT Brea, California, are, left to right: Lufkin's Bob Spaulding; Harold Keans, T. R. (Tink) Tinker and Lyle Nichols, all of Union Oil Co. of Calif.; and Lufkin's Vic Fawcett.



KENNY DALE, Signal Oil and Gas Co., Los Angeles.



DOROTHY BURNETT, receptionist, Signal Oil and Gas Co.



CHARLIE PERKINS, Union Oil of California, Los Angeles.



STELLA HULIHAN, Charlie Perkins' secretary, Union Oil Co.



MARSHA TOMKA, receptionist, Union Oil Co.



LOIS JOHNSTON, receptionist, Shell Oil Co.



MARTHA PIMENTAL, receptionist, Shell Oil Co.



DICK SMITH, Signal Oil and Gas Co.



BILL HOUSE, Signal Oil and Gas Co.



BOB McCAMENT, Signal Oil and Gas Co.



BOBBIE ROBERTS, Walter Greenfield's secretary, Signal Oil and Gas Co.



WALTER GREENFIELD, Signal Oil and Gas Co. Any indication that this or other oil men have been scalped is due purely to camera technicalities not thoroughly digested by the cameraman.



LARRY LEIDHOLM, Signal Oil and Gas Co.



PAUL ANDREWS, Signal Oil and Gas Co. More evidence of camera technicalities.



PAUL HUGGINS, Western Western Gulf Oil Co.

BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



VISITORS at a recent meeting of the Los Angeles Chapter Nomads include, front row, left to right: E. N. "Whitey" Mitchell, Philippine Oil Development Co.; E. W. Hannay, Arabian American Oil Co.; R. H. Deem, Shell Oil of Colombia; V. E. Freel, Drilling and Exploration Co., Brazil. Back row: F. Vermersch, S.C.P., French Morocco; Gerard Landroit, S. N. Rapal, Algeria; H. G. Karnes, Iraq Petroleum; E. L. Coker, I.P.C., Syria.



A NICE QUIET game of dominoes was interrupted by our cameraman at the Petroleum Club of Los Angeles in the Biltmore Hotel. Obliging, in spite of the intrusion, are, left to right, A. H. "Ham" Bell of Bell-Burden Co., Ed Bartosh of Bankline Oil Co., J. G. "Jim" Leovy of Western Gulf Oil Co., and Paul Broxom of Western Gulf. "Ham" wears his coat inside-out for good luck.



ROY FLY, Western Gulf Oil Co.



FLORENCE RENAULT, receptionist, Western Gulf Oil Co.



R. A. KENNARD, Amerada Petroleum Corp.



E. H. "BUCK" WEAVER, Union Oil Co. He's modeling his latest crew haircut, compliments of the cameraman.



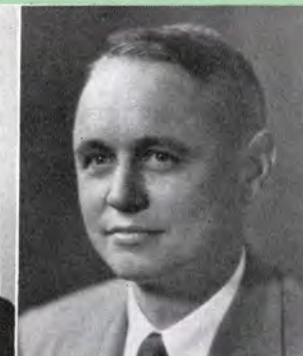
R. D. "DICK" HOLMAN, Amerada Petroleum Corp.



ED GALLAGHER, Shell Oil Co.



AL MORRISSON, Shell Oil Co.



E. C. BABSON, Union Oil Company.



B. P. KANTZER, Union Oil Company.



OTTO GILLINGHAM stands beside the first pumping unit to be installed in Washington.



VIC FAWCETT, CARL FRAZER and AL McCONVILLE, Lufkin's California representatives, at a recent API meeting at the Los Angeles Biltmore.



JESS BRANDT, BOB WILFERT and DICK CHAMBERLAIN, Richfield Oil Company, San Joaquin Valley Division at Cuyama Valley, California.



BOB SPAULDING, Lufkin's California service engineer, and JESS BRANDT, maintenance superintendent, Richfield Oil Company, Cuyama Valley, California.



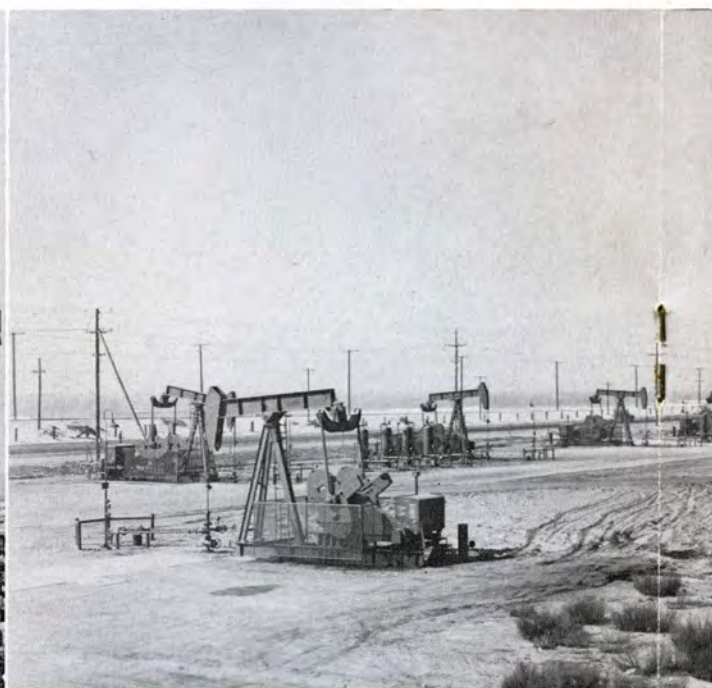
DICK CHAMBERLAIN, production superintendent, Richfield Oil Company, Cuyama Valley.



CLYDE ALLISON, superintendent, Barnsdall Oil Company, Coalinga, California.



Along the Southern California coast near Huntington Beach, LUFKIN TC-2-35 Units operate on Signal Oil & Gas Company lease.



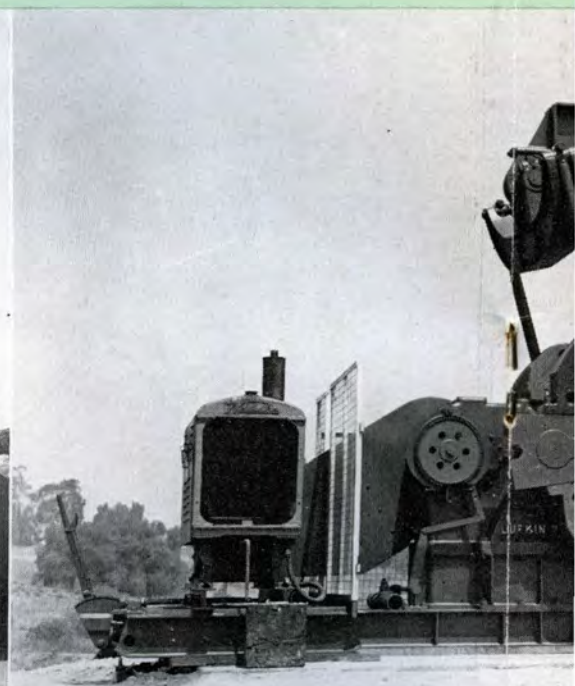
Sand dunes and the blue Pacific serves as backdrop for Company's LUFKIN TC-2-35 Installations at Huntington Beach.

Lufkin California

At Long Beach Harbor, LUFKIN TC-1-41B Units on Long Beach Oil Development Company's lease, work uninterruptedly while the Battle Wagon "Big Moe" stands by in the background.



LUFKIN TC-33-22G Unit operating on Union Oil Company's Stearns' Lease at Brea.





backdrop for Signal Oil & Gas
Huntington Beach, California.



Faintly visible snow-clad Tehachapis of the Sierra-Nevada Mountain
Range loom behind LUFKIN T5A-7B Units working on British-American
Oil Producing Company's Tejon Ranch, San Joaquin Valley.

nia Installations

g on Union Oil Company's picturesque
e at Brea, California.

Colorful shipping scenes serve as background at Long Beach, California,
Harbor for battery of various size LUFKIN Units operating for Long Beach
Oil Development Company.



A FIRST FOR *Schlumberger*

OIL FIELD MEN may look twice when they see Schlumberger's Trailer Van Number 1 highballing down the road.

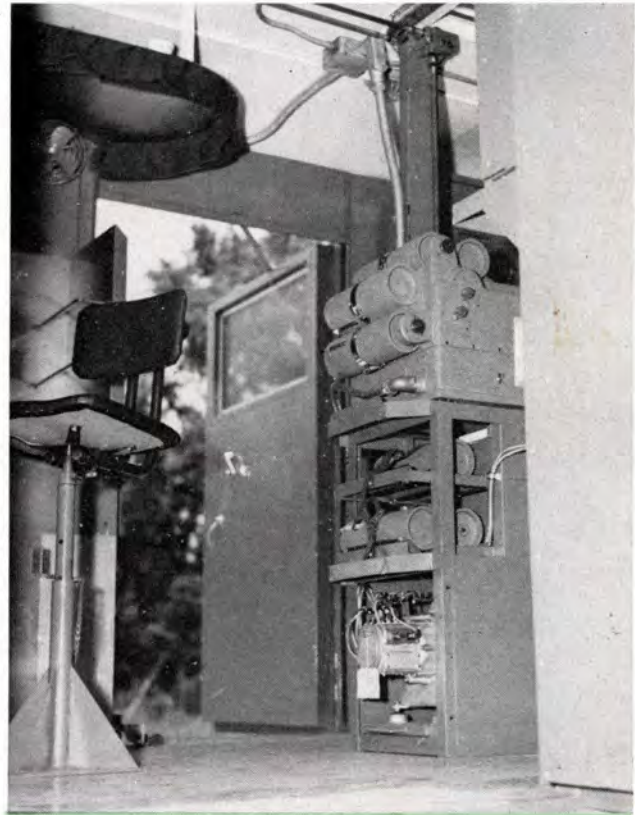
"Has Schlumberger gone into the long-distance freight hauling business?" they may ask.

Well, not exactly. A quick look inside the van would identify it as the newest type of well surveying unit to be put in the field for this electrical well logging company.

This trailer, manufactured by the Lufkin Trailer Division, is a standard van, but built to Schlumberger's specifications. It is 28 feet long, 6 feet and 6 inches high from floor to ceiling, and about 7 feet and 6 inches wide. It has a load capacity of 40,000 pounds, and is equipped with an oil field rear axle. The axle is similar to those used on the regular surveying trucks for use on rough roads.

The standard water winch—the first one built—was simply mounted in the rear of the van. The winch has its own 150 horsepower, diesel power plant, and the standard diesel Onan generator.

The surveying cab is the roomiest ever built. It is 13 feet long by 7 feet and 6 inches wide, with



AN INTERIOR view of the new Trailer Van Number 1, showing a portion of the well logging equipment compactly and conveniently arranged.

all the latest well logging equipment including a recorder, field printer, running water, and extra large propane heater capable of 20,000 BTU's.

Best of all, according to Schlumberger personnel, there is a bed in the front of the cab, complete

Continued on Page 22

SCHLUMBERG'S TRAILER VAN Number 1 is something new in the field of well surveying equipment. Although a standard van, it was built by Lufkin Trailer Division to exact specifications of Schlumberger.



Introducing LUFKIN'S TRAILER PLANT

From log wagons to aluminum refrigerated vans
is the success story of another of the Lufkin Line



THIS 16-WHEEL TRAILER was built by the Martin Wagon Company before Lufkin Foundry took over the concern. This trailer was used for heavy duty moving that had to be done off the highways in the fields.

SINCE THE FIRST Lufkin pumping unit was manufactured in 1923, the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company has steadily increased its scope of operations and progressed in each phase of its allied endeavors.

And since its first publication date 25 years ago, the LUFKIN LINE has been devoted almost entirely to the pumping unit division of this Company. Occasionally, there would be mention of our gas engines, and more recently, our herringbone gear speed reducers and increasers, and heavy duty winches.

Now, we intend to include in this publication stories and articles pertaining to the Trailer Division of this Company. From this issue forward, there will be four additional pages in each LINE devoted to phases of this department which will be of interest to the oil industry.

The Trailer Division had its start as The Martin Wagon Company which began its existence with the manufacture of an 8-wheel, horse-drawn log wagon. At the time this plant was taken over by the Lufkin

Foundry and Machine Company in 1939, they were building truck-drawn pole and pipe trailers.

The Lufkin company immediately instigated changes and improvements. To the oilfield pipe and log hauling trailers, they incorporated many modern features including the slip-spring assembly. Soon they began building new type floats and vans.

But just as Lufkin engineers were about to see their blueprints emerge into new, well-constructed trailers to serve the transportation needs of an oil field, World War II was declared and their blueprints had to be folded and put away for the duration.

During those years of war, the Company manufactured such war materials as gun mounts, final drive assembly gears for the General Sherman tanks, 1000 horsepower reduction and reverse gears for L.S.T.'s, generator gears for the destroyer escort program and 300 horsepower drive gears for Army transport ships.

The Trailer Division, too, was called into the war

LUFKIN TRAILER PLANT has been building this tandem, self-loading standard oil field float longer than any other type trailer. Because of its primary interest in the oil industry, Lufkin perfected a float for moving oil field equipment or machinery.



THIS SPECIAL TRAILER was built for a special purpose. In this instance, weight was not the problem, but loading space was the deciding factor. Built to serve the particular requirements of this company, this custom-built van is only one of the many manufactured by Lufkin.





LUFKIN'S TRAILER DIVISION SALESMEN. First row, left to right: Kermitt Gammill, Corpus Christi area; A. E. Cudlipp, vice president, Lufkin Foundry; Floyd Rogers, Lufkin area; C. J. Schuller, manager of Trailer Division; Jimmie Ramage, Houston area. Second row: O. K. McCauley, San Antonio; Robert B. Pirtle, Houston; Bill F. Mayfield, Austin; Glen Foy, Dallas. Third row: C. V. Wilkinson, Dallas District manager; Leroy Greene, Dallas; Sam L. Jones, Sweetwater; Layton Wilson, Waco. Fourth row: Walter W. Trout, president of Lufkin Foundry; C. W. "Lefty" Alexander, sales manager; Bruce Bates, Houston; J. C. Lowe, Houston District manager; and J. F. "Tex" Smith, Fort Worth-Wichita Falls area.



THIS MODEL MIGHT be referred to as a combination oil field bed. It can be used with a single or tandem self loading float, with single or tandem pipe trailer, or as a bed job for local purposes.

THIS MODEL MIGHT be referred to as a convertible. It can be used either as a single or tandem self-loading float, or as a single or tandem pipe trailer, or as a bed job for local purposes.



effort. From its plant came truck trailers, laundry units, gasoline transports and other miscellaneous equipment to serve the needs of the Armed Forces.

At the conclusion of the war, the blueprints were taken out once more, dusted off, and regular production was begun. As a result of the war, more changes and improvements were made, and soon this Division was manufacturing all-steel, all-aluminum, and stainless steel vans, truck-trailers built especially for heavy hauling and floats for every need.

At the present time, Lufkin builds all standard units known to the transportation industry. In addition, Lufkin manufactures custom-built jobs to fit the most exacting specifications, whether the customer desires a trailer to house honey bees or a unit to transport well logging equipment.

As part of its effort to serve the rapidly growing transportation industry, the Trailer Division has built one of the largest paint-drying ovens in the Southwest. The oven is 40 feet long and 13½ feet high.

Drying time on a paint job is no longer dependent on prevailing weather conditions with this oven which heats up to 750,000 BTU's per hour.

The air in the oven is heated by a gas-fired unit and is circulated constantly by a blower fan through

directional ducts to all parts of the oven. Temperature is maintained at 190 degrees for the entire period by automatic temperature control equipment, drying the primer coat to desired hardness in approximately 60 minutes.

The finish coat is then sprayed over the primer in the paint booth and the unit returned to the drying oven for another 60 minutes.

The Trailer Division is especially proud of its new aluminum refrigerated vans. They are of riveted construction designed specifically for the transportation of fresh frozen foods.

To cope with the age-old problem of weight versus pay load, the Trailer Division has developed a light weight steel van considered to be the lightest on the market today. To perfect this model, Lufkin Foundry purchased and installed the latest spot welding machinery. Through the use of this equipment, the old problems of rust, as well as rattles and other undesirable noises, have been eliminated.

C. W. "Lefty" Alexander is sales manager of the Trailer Division with headquarters in Lufkin. Other sales offices are located at Houston and Dallas. Sales representatives are in Corpus Christi, San Antonio, Waco, Sweetwater and Austin, Texas; Shawnee, Oklahoma, and Newport, Arkansas.



Above right: A NEW BODY, glistening and clean, emerges from Lufkin's giant paint oven. Capable of 750,000 BTU's per hour, the oven is 13½ feet high and 40 feet long. At 190-degree temperature, primer coats can be dried in 60 minutes.

Below: LUFKIN'S NEWEST BABY is this aluminum refrigerated van considered to be the lightest on the market today. It is used to transport such commodities as fish, shrimp and beef halves which require a temperature of zero or less. Also frozen fresh foods are hauled in these vans.



HOLIDAY ♦ ♦ ♦ In HANGCHOW

By Christine Moore



About the Author

Mrs. Christine W. Moore was sent to Shanghai, China, in December, 1947, by the Foreign Service Division of the State Department. She returned in January, 1949, along with other members of the diplomatic staff ahead of the Chinese Reds. She is now in Washington.

She is a journalism graduate of The University of Texas. Prior to her graduation, she attended the field school in Saltillo, Mexico, of Texas State College for Women. She was married to the late Victor I. Moore, Jr., of Austin, Texas, eldest son of the late Dean V. I. Moore of The University of Texas.

She is author of "So You're a Widow" published in WOMAN'S LIFE and "Gringás Go South" which appeared in an earlier issue of THE LINE.

(Editor's Note: Although this is no time to take a holiday in Hangchow, China, we thought you would enjoy reading a first hand account of a holiday spent in a city that was once referred to as "a city in Paradise.")

IT WAS SUMMER IN HANGCHOW. We were avid with curiosity, gleeful and eager to absorb all we could of this lazy little 500,000-peopled lake town 120 miles from Shanghai down the East China Coast. A temple bell sounded in the distance. A haven it was for tourists, both foreigners and Chinese, and far from the maddening bustle of Shanghai's pedicab-jammed streets.

Marco Polo once compared it to "a city in Paradise." Emperor Yu in 2198 B.C., who traveled over this Hangchow Bay and Yangtze Delta, gave it its first name of "Yu-hang," the "hang" meaning boat, thus the boat landing of Yu.

In 606 A.D. Yang Su, later made a Prince by the Emperor, built its first city wall—13 miles long—and gave it the name that finally survived, "Hangchow," and made it famous for its monasteries, temples, and pagodas. The feudal chief, Ch'ien Ch'iu, in 893 A.D. rebuilt and extended the city walls, and encouraged the construction of the Chien Tang River seawall 110 miles long that protected the city and countryside from floods and strong tidal waves.

Dynasties had risen and fallen since Arab traders anchored here in the T'ang Dynasty days 618 to 907. Then in the Twelfth Century it flourished as a center of foreign trade and residence of the Emperors. Much of this splendor we tried to capture in imagination, for our guide told us the town had flourished and died many times through the hands of the Mongol hordes, enthusiasts of the Ming Dynasty who destroyed the early Christian church, and later the T'ai P'ing rebels who launched their reign of religious fanaticism.

Today its broad streets, modern buildings, and lotus-covered West Lake please the vacationer whose thoughts are geared to relaxation. The town itself, where most of the shops are located, is separated from the waterfront's restaurants and hotels. Indeed, it is a holiday town, for one has the feeling townspeople are considerate in not vying with the inviting sampans for attention. If one must buy, he can go seek out fancy fans, woven silk pictures, carved soapstone ornaments (jade's poor relation), and other such curios.

But monasteries, temples, pagodas are often up winding, tree-canopied paths, and sudden-like you come to a grotto whose walls hold carvings of a hundred Buddhas, or climb a rugged hilltop and rest by the side of a moldy, seldom-used, but still romantic pagoda.

But none of this walk-until-you're-dead sight-seeing, for there's always a tea pavilion just around the corner. Even before I came to China I liked tea, but never had I drunk tea every hour or less—hot, always boiling hot. Jasmine tea served in little crystal tumblers that are refilled constantly from a big brass kettle by a Chinese lad pattering along in his soft, black cloth shoes.

Answering my query about so much tea-drinking, our Chinese guide told me "We Chinese drink tea in the winter to warm us up, and in the summer to cool us off." To an iced-tea-enthusiast, I wasn't sure this made sound logic.

When sundown ends a day's tour, there is always the moon-lighted lake where one can listen to the rhythm of the sampan oars.

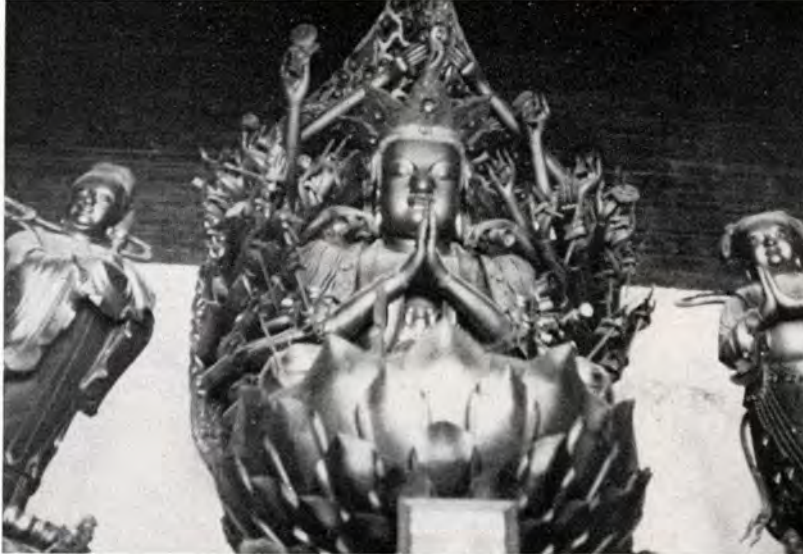
In Hangchow, I felt I could waste the summer away in this quiet, sunny, lazy resort town, built around West Lake at the foot of a circular range of small mountains green with ferns, bamboo groves, and Chinese tallow trees.

STONE HOUSE CAVE, whole walls are lined with 500 brightly painted Buddhas carved into the walls of the grotto, is one of the many attractions seen by visitors.

THE THOUSAND-HAND Buddha which adorns one of the temples.

THESE IMPRESSIVE incense burners are found in temple gardens.

LORD OF THE NORTH, holding a reptile of magic power, and Lord of the West, with his umbrella which opened, "brings universal darkness."





TEMPLE OF YAO FEI, a valiant general of the early Southern Sung Dynasty (960-1279 A.D.)



TOMB OF YAO FEI of the usual conical type customary for persons of high rank.

From our Lakeview Hotel, snuggled on the side of a foliage-covered hill overlooking the lake and reached by a winding, cobble-paved road, we had all the comforts any foreigner can expect. Built along modern lines, and with oleander-edged terraces, the hotel caters to both foreigners and Chinese, and one can be at peace with himself knowing he will get reasonably clean American-style food and boiled water.

Having insatiable appetites for Chinese food, we ambled down from our hotel to one of the famous Chinese restaurants on the waterfront and had the delectables that only the Chinese can prepare: sweet-and-sour pork, little balls of crisp pork bathed in a ginger-soy-sherry sauce, Mandarin fish, also drenched in a sweet-sour sauce, shrimp and peas seasoned with oil, whole chicken roasted crisp and brown and chopped in morsels befitting our chopsticks, then our inevitable little bowls of wonderfully steamed rice onto which we dipped with our chopsticks whatever pleased our palate.

Not only is the meal interspersed with cups of hot, hot tea, but Shao-shing, the Chinese rice wine served hot and copiously in tiny salt-dip-size porcelain cups which are lifted instantly at the sound of "Gambei" (like "gam-bay"), meaning to us "Bottoms up."

At the end of the meal came a cauldron of steaming duck soup, which nuts-to-soup custom I've come to sanction as a very sensible one. But being foreigners, we begged for sweets and were happily appeased when they allowed the meal to end with little glasses of almond custard.

There are twelve or more temples and monasteries with such inviting names that one is tempted to traipse through them all. Some of these are the "Monastery of Pure Compassion," "The Tiger Run Monastery," "The Jade Buddha Temple," "Monastery of Buddha's Image," "Temple of the Sacred East Mountain," and one of the most famous, the Monastery of Ling Ying, which means to foreigners "Soul's Retreat."

For three hours or more we followed an agreeable and pleasant guide from one temple or monastery to another, with low roofs, upturned eaves and sweeping curves, carved wooden altars gaudily decorated in black, red, and gold. Mi-Lei-Fo, called the Laughing Buddha by foreigners, usually sits fat and jovial, scantily attired, occupying in most temples the center of the entrance hall.

In the corners are the four colossal statues representing the Heavenly Kings. Ponderous and powerful looking are these brilliantly painted Temple Guardians vested supposedly with authority to carry out the laws of Buddha. Representing the deities of seasons, the Lord of the North holds a huge reptile of magic power, while the Lord of the South "creates the wind with his magic sword," the Lord of the East with his giant mandolin "controls the gales," and the Lord of the West is symbolized with his umbrella which "opened brings universal darkness." As I stared at his fierce face, I wondered if he were the reason my mother never allowed me to open an umbrella in the house.

In many temples, Sakyamuni, the Great Buddha who is the historical founder of Buddhism, often highly gilded and sitting on a lotus leaf, is flanked

by nine Lo-han, who have not yet reached full Buddhahood, but represent eighteen principal disciples.

Most beloved of all Buddhists is Kuan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, shown in various beautiful forms and decorating almost every temple and home. She represents the "divine Intercessor for those suffering in purgatory, comforts and dispenses pity to those who believe in her." And she is equally beautiful in or out of temples, for I've seen lovely lamps made from a Kuan-Yin of pure white porcelain. Prices for her range from the equivalent of fifty cents upward, depending on quality and size.

In one temple, she left us speechless as we gazed upon her in a vividly colored wall fresco in relief, standing on a crocodile, and surrounded by lesser deities also implanted on various sea animals.

Aside from the eighteen Great Lo-han, who are often grouped in 500 or more, are saints with their individual names and stories patronized daily by burning incense and lighted candles.

Not daring to miss anything, we enthusiastically yielded to the beckoning of a gentle old Chinaman who motioned us to a huge iron gong, and with devout assurance promised that one sound of the gong would make our wish come true. What more could we ask and wasn't it worth the \$20,000 Chinese money we dropped in his alms cup? After that, if we wanted to call on the gods, we could burn joss sticks and light candles to the God of Fortune, who would make us so rich we could feed all our kin. So joss sticks we burned and candles we

lighted and left the temple happy as singing larks.

We were lucky for at our next stop we saw Buddhism in action. As we strolled along, we heard in the distance plaintive sounds of thin, quaint music. So following our ears and the encouragement of our guide, we found in a temple garden and were gleefully surprised to find a group of musicians hired for the occasion sitting placidly around a table playing music to appease the god whose birthday it was. Eight gown-clad men, ranging from middle to old age, leaned over the table, some quite joyous looking and some with somber faces, played for the god, whose huge clay, painted image stood close by.

Not wanting to offend, nor take the chance of losing our curiosity-filled heads, we treaded softly and waited for the musicians to motion us to come closer and enjoy the celebration and birthday festivities.

One of the musicians played an over-grown guitar, one strummed a mandolin, another a Chinese violin, which has no likeness to a Stradivari, but more nearly resembles a No. 2 Del Monte through which is drawn three catgut strings. An old man with a kind face, though like stretched goatskin, with eyes stoic and expressionless, plucked a lute. At intervals the mandolin player would turn his eyes heavenward and utter his part in a shrill feminine voice, then his fellow entertainer across the table would answer in an equally effeminate tone. Soon all eight would join together voice and instrument in gay harmony, accompanied by grunts of approval coming from a nearby table of Chinese

A TYPICAL SCENE is this caravan of sedan-chair boys on their way to a tea plantation.



OF PARTICULAR DELIGHT is West Lake with its many lotus. Here a Chinese sits in his sampan cutting blossoms.



The Lufkin Line

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men gathered around to sip tea on the god's birthday.

Again we had to collar our guide for an interpretation of such weird sounds, and found out that these entertainers were singing an old play, each man taking a different part, and these female sound-makers, like the players in Elizabethan England, were impersonating women, since early Chinese drama disapproved of female actors.

All during the ceremony people would file in to the red satin, embroidered hassocks provided in front of the huge black-bearded, fierce-eyed, red-faced god and salaam three times, rise up, put palms together, point toward the god, then four more salaams and their respects had been paid to the great mud god.

Occasionally a happy looking Chinese papa would fetch his unimpressed little two-ish tot up, bend him awkwardly over the hassock, beseeching blessings for his little son. But after a few unsuccessful trys at prodding him to participate, he would

drag him away, expression unchanged, and make room for more worshippers, many of whom came heavy laden with bananas, strawberries, tomatoes, roasted pig and fowl, rice wine and tea, and devoutly laid them at the god's feet.

Not wanting to profane their religious ceremonies and overstay our welcome, we slipped out of the temple garden amid flickering candles and burning incense.

Feeling in a less reverent mood now that we were out of the incense-filled air, we again took to the sampan and soon were rowed placidly out to a little curved-roof tea house provided for leisure-hunters. Here we sat in calm retrospect, looking out over the quiet, blue lake, having visions of pagodas high on the hilltops, monastery gardens filled with big bronze incense burners, heavily carved altars holding flickering candles, all punctuated by deep tones of temple bells. Here we ate lotus pudding, pink and pretty, made from the blossoms of lotus that clung profusely to the lake's surface, and drank hot jasmine tea. Tea it was and tea ever it will be, we thought, as the Chinese boy trotted along refilling glasses. Tea to open the dawn, to warm the heart, and bring to close the perfect day.

ALL ALONG THE OUTSKIRTS of Hangchow, such scenes as these Chinese women planting rice can be seen.



A First for Schlumberger

Continued from Page 14

with rubberfoam mattress. There's also room for two pallets on the floor.

The tractor was made from Truck 251. Actually, this truck is being used only for experimental purposes while testing the unit in the field. If the tests prove successful and the field men are satisfied, a larger and more powerful tractor will be provided.

The entire unit is 32 feet long, and weighs 21 tons, fully equipped.

The trailer can be disconnected from the tractor by jacking down two legs under the front of it. Since the trailer is an independent unit, with its own power plant, it can go right on surveying without the tractor.

Schlumberger hopes that the trailer van type of surveying unit, which encloses men and equipment, will be useful under conditions of extreme cold.

(Our thanks to Downs Matthews and Schlumberger for this article.)

Let's Laugh

Concerned wife: "My husband runs around at night. Can you suggest a way to keep him at home?"

Psychiatrist: "Well, some women use window weights, while others use hammers. Personally I would suggest a pink negligee."

A Maiden's Plaint

If you like 'em
You kiss 'em;
If you kiss 'em
You love 'em;
If you love 'em
You let 'em;
If you let 'em
You lose 'em.
Damn 'em!

"What party do you affiliate with?" the election judge asked the mountain gal.

"Has I gotta answer that?" she frowned.

"If you want a ballot you do."

"Wa-al, then I don't want no ballot, 'cause the party I affiliates with ain't divorced yet."

He: "Why do you take that terrible old Indian squaw with you on your hunting trips?"

His Friend: "Well, when she begins to look good to me, I know it's time to go home!"

Sometimes, the immature simplicity of the youthful mind makes a shrewd guess at the truth, as in a group of babes discussing their arrival on this planet.

One said that the doctor brought him; another that his mother bought him at a store. One little girl said modestly: "My mother was too poor to buy me; I was home-made."

A man named Snow married a girl named June. What? Snow in June. Ridiculous!

He: "How about joining me in a cozy weekend in a quiet downtown hotel?"

She: "Knowledge garnered from the illuminating pages of the Kinsey survey and awareness of your pejora-

tiveness in the more esoteric aspects of sexual behavior preclude you from such erotic confrontation.

He: "I don't get it."

She: "That's just what I said."

The zoo attendant walked up to see a bewildered young school teacher and a group of unhappy youngsters standing in front of the monkey cage.

"It's empty," she moaned. "And I promised the children I'd show them the monkeys. Where are they?"

"Back in their little houses there, ma'am. You see, this is their mating season."

"Oh . . ." Her face clouded, then brightened with a happy thought. "Do you suppose they would come out if I threw them some peanuts?"

"Well, now, I dunno, but, begging your pardon, ma'am—would you?"

The following is an actual speech at a women's meeting in Omaha, Nebraska:

"We will have what men have. It may not be much, but we mean to have it. (Cheers) If we cannot have it without friction, we will have it with. If we cannot have it through our organizations, we will have it through our combinations, or without, if necessary. (Cheers) We refuse to be poked in the galley anymore, but insist upon being placed on the floor of the House. (Prolonged Cheers) That drunken loafer in the house says "Down with the petticoats." I say, "Up with the petticoats and down with the pants. Then things will be visible in their true light. (Howls of applause.) We must get together. As long as women are split up as they are, the men will always be on top. (Cheers.)"

A man came home one evening, raving about his new secretary. She was so efficient, and good looking besides.

"Really a doll," he exclaimed.

His little daughter spoke up at that remark: "Does she close her eyes when you lay her down, daddy?"

Sue: "I like this summer resort. All the men are full of passion."

Lou: "Passion, my eye! This is a health resort for asthma victims."

Mrs. Richbee was very proud of the medallion she had purchased in a little shop while in the Orient and wore it proudly around her neck and never failed to show it to new friends. She considered it her good luck charm.

Attending a top flight social function in Washington, she was introduced to Mr. Sin Yu, the Chinese Ambassador, and grasped at the opportunity to learn the meaning of the Chinese inscription on her neckpiece.

The Hon. Mr. Yu was reluctant to translate the inscription, but Mrs. Richbee insisted that she must know.

"Very well, Madam, if you insist," said the Ambassador. "It says: 'Licensed Prostitute, City of Shanghai.'"

MARIE WILSON, who for many years has held the title of Hollywood's pin-up champion, wears a bathing suit for the first time on the screen in "My Friend Irma Goes West."



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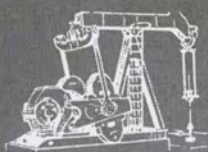


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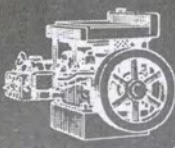
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