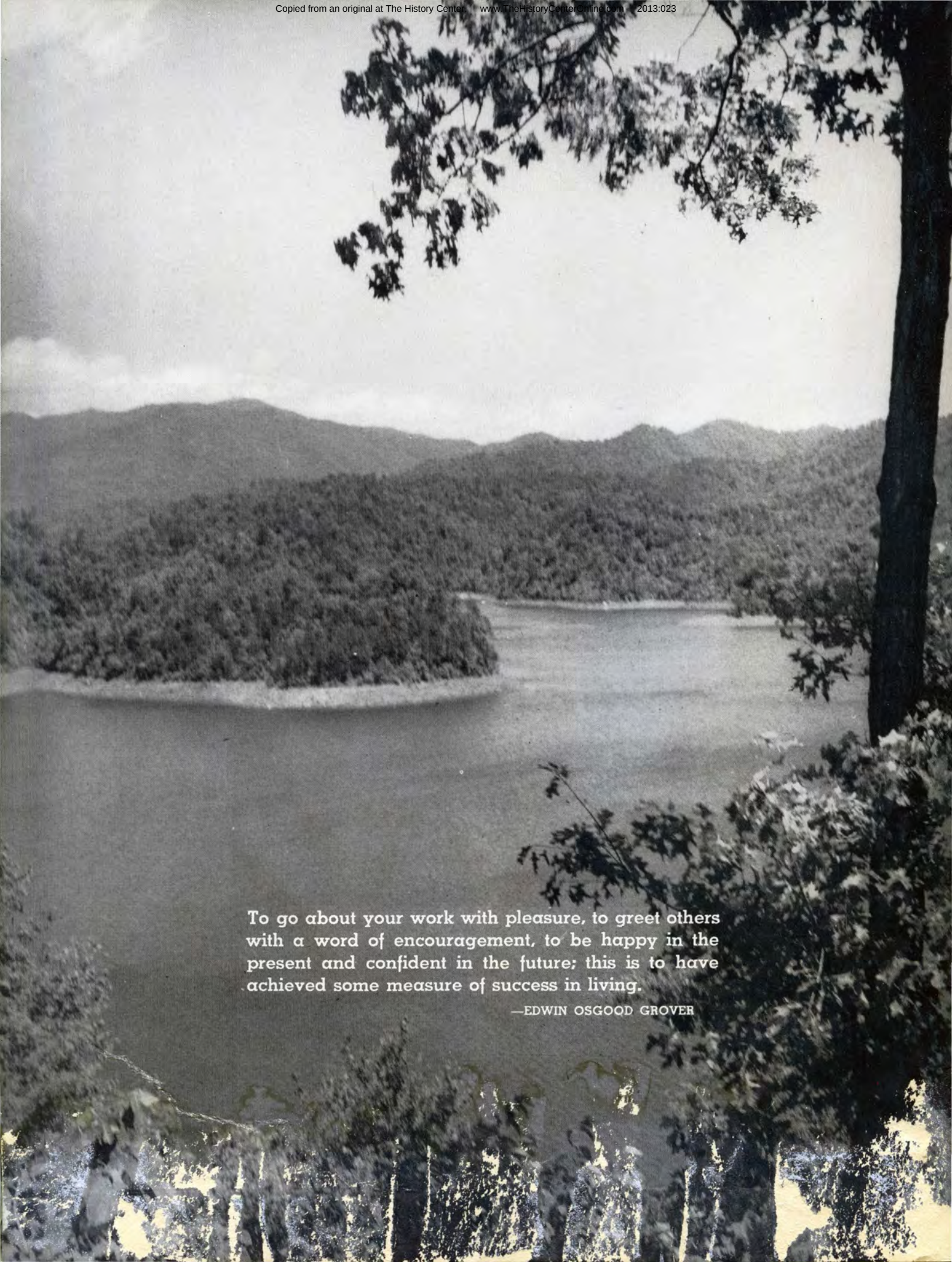




The Lusk Line

VOLUME XXVI...NUMBER 4



To go about your work with pleasure, to greet others
with a word of encouragement, to be happy in the
present and confident in the future; this is to have
achieved some measure of success in living.

—EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

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 XXVI

July-August

Number 4

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TRUTHFULNESS

It is good to be truthful, but there is both a lovely and an unlovely way of telling the truth. It is necessary at times to tell people things that are unpleasant, but the telling need not leave them stripped of the raiment of pride and self-respect.—Cleda Reyner

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This Hughes McHie No. 1 was the discovery well in a field at Corsicana, Texas, before World War I.

Giants in the Earth

By Harold B. Miller



AT SPINDLETOP, Texas, on the morning of January 10, 1901, the most fabulous oil well that any man had ever seen roared into existence. For months, Captain Anthony Lucas had braved every hardship and discouragement, drilling always deeper in the unswerving conviction that his well would "come in." Now, suddenly, the earth rumbled, mud and rocks shot skyward, and a geyser of oil rose to twice the height of the derrick. For nine days it ran wild, spouting hundreds of thousands of barrels of the churning black liquid before it could be controlled. Spindletop had come in—and with it the dawn of America's industrial might.

True, there had been big wells before, but never one like this. Spindletop was the first of the giants. In the 41 years since Col. Edwin L. Drake had drilled the world's first commercial well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, America had produced an estimated billion barrels of oil. Yet only eight years after Anthony Lucas opened Spindletop that total had been doubled, and four years later, tripled. On the land surrounding Lucas' original well, a forest of derricks sprang up overnight; before the half

century was out some 1,300 of them had produced the staggering total of 130 million barrels of oil from a few square miles of scrub and sage.

Captain Lucas had timed his strike perfectly. America was restive. The inventive genius that was to give her industrial supremacy was probing, testing, seeking new ways to free men from their age-old servitude of toil. In 1884, a practical gasoline engine was developed, and the following year the gasoline-powered pump made its appearance. In 1893 Duryea drove the first successful gasoline automobile in America, and the idea so stirred the public's imagination that by the turn of the century New York witnessed its first automobile show.

In this same year—1900—the tractor was first manufactured commercially, and in St. Louis, Dr. Diesel's famous engine already was in operation. The Age of Power had opened, and that power was generated by oil.

Every one of these events had been spurred by the birth and growth of the infant oil industry, and many people looked confidently ahead to a flood of new inventions depending for their energy on this same source. Some, however, were not so

sanguine. An estimated two and a half billion barrels of proved reserves lay beneath the ground, but already, by 1900, some 8,000 horseless carriages sputtered and chugged on the nation's streets. At this rate of increase, how long would it be before the demand for oil—and particularly for gasoline—outran the supply? No one knew. What every far-seeing oil man did know, however, was that unless tremendous impetus were given to production, that time was not far off.

Anthony Lucas, with his unswerving faith and determination, provided that impetus. Spindletop proved to the world that America "had not even scratched the surface." But Spindletop was only the beginning. It was merely the first in a series of fabulous strikes that sent new and powerful lifeblood coursing through America's industrial veins.

Eight months after Spindletop, in August of 1901, Scott Heywood brought in the first producing well in Louisiana and thereby founded the Jennings field. The race was on. A year later it was the West Columbia field in Texas and Red Fork in Oklahoma. In 1904 it was Texas again with the Humble field. In 1905 the pendulum swung back to Oklahoma—this time it was the fabled Glenn Pool. In the first five years after Spindletop the nation's annual production of crude oil had averaged 102,083,000 barrels—almost twice the annual average for the preceding five-year period. Surely no one could have doubts now. The oil industry had shown that it could satisfy any and all demands. But still there were wagging heads. The oil companies were losing the race, they said. All you had to do, they added, was to look at the figures. And, indeed, the figures gave food for thought.

If the number of "gas buggies" in 1900 had caused concern, by 1905 many an observer was professing complete distress. From 8,000 they had grown to 77,400 passenger cars and 1,400 trucks—a tenfold increase. Nor was there any prospect of relief. Literally dozens of automobile manufacturers were springing into existence. One of them, a young man named Henry Ford, had sold his first car only two years before but already was talking about producing a "model for the multitude."

There were other signs, too. Back in 1893 oil burners had been used to heat the buildings at the Chicago World's Fair. Now the experiment was being multiplied by the hundreds. Oil-fired stationary power plants were increasing. And, for every new wheel that turned, the demand for lubricants soared.

There was another omen—one that only a hand-

ful of dreamers and visionaries had thought worth noting. Six months after Ford had invaded the automobile market, two brothers named Wright had flown a contraption called an aeroplane at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Of course, they had used up only a few quarts of gasoline—but who could tell? The demand for fuel for flying machines might grow to gallons—even, some said, to barrels.

Yet, somehow, the emergency never developed. In this very year of 1905, the price of petroleum tumbled. Despite the predictions of a shortage, production had shot far ahead of consumption, and still the roll-call of mighty producing fields went on. In 1906, it was Caddo in Louisiana and in 1907, it was Goose Creek in Texas. In 1908, when America's production of crude oil was nearing half a million barrels daily, an official of the United States Geological Survey estimated that within 35 years the nation would have virtually exhausted its then known reserves.

Yet, even as he spoke, new records were being established. In 1909 California's Buena Vista field roared in, followed in 1911 by Texas' mighty Burkburnett, and in 1913 by Oklahoma's Cushing and Healdton—the almost legendary pools of power to which America could now turn for strength. Indeed, in 1914, 32 new fields were

The first Drake well resembled a ramshackle cabin with an extra large chimney. This picture was taken in 1861, two years after the discovery of oil at Titusville, Pa. Col. Edwin Drake, wearing the top hat, is talking with Peter Wilson, a Titusville druggist-friend.



The Lufkin Line

opened up in Oklahoma alone, and by year's end this single state was contributing a large proportion of the world's entire output of high-grade crude oil.

As World War I neared—the conflict that was to test America's productive capacity to the limit—another epic development took place. In the tiny town of Whiting, Indiana, two oil company chemists, Drs. William M. Burton and Robert E. Humphreys, perfected the technique of subjecting crude oil to high degrees of heat and pressure and thus obtaining an increased quantity of gasoline from a given amount of crude. This process, called "thermal cracking," had the effect of doubling American gasoline production without requiring that a commensurate number of wells be drilled. The result of all these factors was that, in 1914, supply so far exceeded demand that in the Cushing field—the greatest the world had ever seen—more than 20 per cent of the yield went into storage unsold. Surely, this was not the long-heralded "shortage!"

Still the skeptics were unconvinced. Automobile and truck registrations had risen to 1,763,000, and it was estimated that motor vehicle production for the 1915-16 season alone would exceed one million, compared to 700,000 for the preceding year. Tractors on farms were multiplying, and oil was supplying a greater and greater share of electric power. Then, adding its burden to all these swelling demands, came the war.

The British and American navies had begun to convert their ships from coal to oil, and the world's merchant fleets were quick to follow suit. Now Britain was cut off from many of her chief sources of supply, and she, along with her allies, turned to the United States. The effect of increased domestic and export demands was to raise the price of gasoline, and the results were immediate. Newspapers throughout the country took up the cry that America was "running out of oil." The director of the United States Bureau of Mines predicted that the country's reserves would be exhausted within 27 years. Bills were introduced in Congress to prohibit exports and fix prices. Every element of the industry was threatened with investigation.

Once again, however, the oil men showed that they had their affairs well in hand. The very rise in prices which had touched off the clamor made it possible for oil companies to pursue their exploration and drilling programs with renewed vigor. In Texas, the mighty Mexia field was opened. Annual national production soared to three hundred million barrels. Congress and the public forgot their fears. The "shortage" was over.

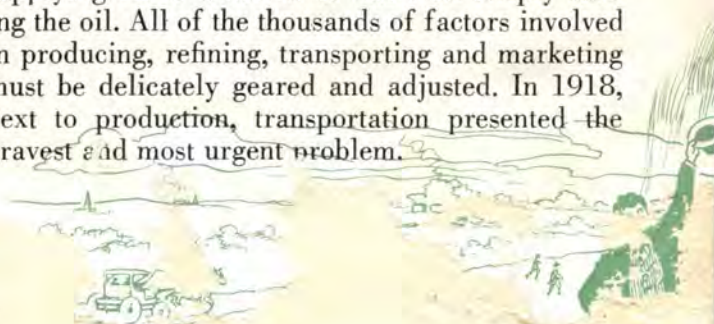


Transportation, in the early days of oil, was a tough problem. The first carriers were flat bottom barges used to float the barrels of oil down stream. The oil industry now uses railroad and truck tanks, barges, pipelines and sea-going tankers to move its products.

Yet it seemed that no sooner had the oil companies settled one "emergency" than another took its place. In April of 1917, America entered the war, and almost overnight the industry was faced with its greatest challenge. This was a mechanized war. Not only must we continue to export huge quantities of gasoline to our allies, but fuel our own mammoth war machine as well. By midsummer the task already was assuming staggering proportions.

Naval and merchant marine tonnage was at an all-time high, and Liberty ships and coastal patrol vessels slid down the ways by the hundreds. For the first time in any war, fuel had to be found for new and deadly weapons—submarines, tanks and planes. On the home front the cry went up for increased farm production—"Food Will Win the War!"—but to raise more food the farmer must have more gasoline and kerosine to power his equipment. Among those who recognized the vital need for machine power, the grim truth remained: "Oil Will Win the War!" And the country was getting the oil.

American oil men had not waited to be told. At the very outbreak of hostilities they had stepped up drilling operations to an unprecedented pitch, and in 1917 alone, had increased the daily average production by nearly 100,000 barrels. The great Ranger field in Texas came in, and with it, the Eldorado field in Kansas and the Montebello field in California. Yet it was not easy. There is more to supplying oil to a nation at war than simply finding the oil. All of the thousands of factors involved in producing, refining, transporting and marketing must be delicately geared and adjusted. In 1918, next to production, transportation presented the gravest and most urgent problem.





The first railroad tank cars were put in service in 1865. They were merely two huge wooden tanks or vats mounted on a flat car, holding 40 to 50 barrels of crude oil. Today's tank car holds 10,000 gallons.



This scene of a hillside overlooking Pioneer Run in 1866, is typical of the booming days after the Drake discovery well in 1859. Scenes like this are part of history, for the modern oil industry spaces its wells.

The railroads, already strained to capacity by movement of troops and materiel, were unable to handle the quantities of gasoline which the nation's six million cars and trucks consumed. By August, the pinch was so tight that the Oil Administrator requested motorists to forego pleasure driving on Sundays. The effect was instantaneous. All over the country the question was asked: "Are we running out of oil? Will there be enough to see us through the war?" Some people prophesied the end of the automobile and the return of the horse. But these direful predictions, like the premature announcement of Mark Twain's death, were highly exaggerated. Within seven weeks the "Gasless Sunday" order was rescinded. By year's end, with the war won, the industry could report the highest production and the greatest proved reserves in its history.

What part the oil industry played in the victory can be summed up in the statements of two of our allies. In September of 1918, when the fighting was at its height, Senator Barenger of France was quoted as saying: "On the battlefield, on the land, on the sea, or in the air, a drop of petrol is equal to a drop of blood." Two months later, with the struggle won, British Foreign Minister Lord Curzon said: "We might almost say that the Allied cause floated to victory upon a wave of oil."

But if the shooting was over, the sniping was not, at least insofar as the oil companies were concerned. In May of 1919 the chief geologist of the United States Geological Survey stated: "There are many well-informed geologists and engineers who believe the peak in the production of natural petroleum in this country will be reached by 1921 and who present impressive evidence that it may come even before 1920."

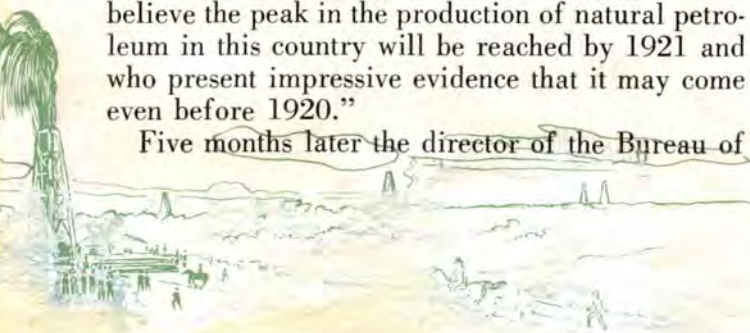
Five months later the director of the Bureau of

Mines once again made headlines, this time with the announcement that "... within the next two to five years the oil fields of this country will reach their maximum production, and from that time on we will face an ever-increasing decline."

As though to refute these dark forebodings, the figures for the year showed that, for the first time in history, the nation's average production had shot up to more than one million barrels daily, and that proved reserves had climbed to six billion, seven hundred million barrels. But, to the man in the street, the most authoritative figures held no such fascination as repeated warnings of doom.

In May of 1920, the Geological Survey made public its estimates that only seven billion barrels of oil remained in the United States and Alaska combined. Meanwhile, the well-publicized concern felt by the State, War and Navy Departments became front-page news when the American Ambassador to London presented a note to the British Foreign Secretary, protesting exclusion of American oil interests in the Middle East. The final straw came in the form of a prediction by Sir Edward Edgar, a British oil promoter, to the effect that in ten years Americans would be buying five hundred million barrels of oil annually from British companies and paying at least \$2.00 a barrel for it.

The fears thus fanned in the public mind found their expression in Congress, where the debates were described as "almost hysterical outbursts." One bill proposed to have the Government form a "United States Oil Corporation" to develop oil resources in foreign countries. Another called for an embargo on oil exports, still another for an embargo applying to any country discriminating against the United States. Meanwhile, the price of crude oil hit an all-time high—higher, incidentally,





This crude section of a leading oil company's refinery is part of a gigantic network of refineries which covers the land across America from coast to coast.

than it has ever been since—and wild rumors of gasoline rationing and the return of the horse began all over again.

Not until 1923 did the "John Bull Scare" end. By then the facts were so overpowering that even the shrillest warnings of "shortage" fell on deaf ears. In California, oil prospectors and producers had brought in the Elk Hills, Huntington Beach and Santa Fe Springs fields. In Oklahoma they had found Hewitt, Tonkawa and Burbank. In Arkansas it was Smackover; in Texas, Big Lake. Crude oil production for 1923 totaled 732 million barrels, double the wartime peak of 1918! Proved reserves stood at seven billion, six hundred million barrels. Another "shortage" was ended, and the cry was not to be raised for 20 years—not, indeed, until proved reserves totaled 20 billion barrels. But by now the industry was used to alarms in the midst of plenty. As always, it met this new chal-

lenge with the only answer at its command—and the only answer that mattered—results.

During the two decades from the "John Bull Scare" to America's entry into World War II, the chief problem of the oil companies had been not under-production, but over-production. This situation was dramatized in 1930, when C. M. ("Dad") Joiner brought in the tremendous East Texas field, the greatest deposit of oil the world had ever known. This strike, which to date has produced more than 21½ billion barrels, nearly wrecked the entire industry in a flood of oil so cheap that drilling costs could not be recovered, and hundreds of companies were driven out of business. Although a normal balance between supply and demand returned within a few years, not until the fateful months following Pearl Harbor could even the gloomiest observer raise his voice.

But now the U-boat struck again, slashing at our ships from New York to Key West, from the Gulf to the Caribbean. For hundreds of miles along our eastern coast an oil slick lapped along the shore—mute evidence of the flaming death that had claimed the life of one out of every six tankermen. This frightful loss of men and ships, combined with the necessary diversion of a large part of the fleet to the trans-Atlantic service, all but eliminated what was virtually the only means of transportation from the producing areas of the southwest to the automobiles and homes of the northeast. By autumn of 1942, every oil man could see danger ahead—not from a shortage of oil, but from a shortage of transportation. By October the danger struck, and by November it was at its peak. Still, through the superhuman efforts of thousands of oil transporters and marketers, the homes of New England remained warm, the wheels of its factories turned, and its trucks and automobiles kept moving.

There had been no "shortage," but the seeds of doubt were sown, and the prospects of a tightening supply, particularly on the east coast, were dinned into the public consciousness. The publicity attendant upon continued tanker sinkings, rationing, and the building of the Big Inch pipeline from Texas to the east emphasized the race between supply and demand. Senator Richard Russell stated that "the end of the war will find our own deposits practically exhausted."

Finally, when in November of 1943, the Government proposed to build a pipeline from American-discovered oil fields in Arabia to the Mediterranean coast for the purpose of making these foreign reserves more "accessible," many people were convinced that the situation justified almost



anything—even Government intervention in the sphere of private business.

Industry spokesmen, meanwhile, did their best to let the facts be known. They pointed out that exploratory drilling was handicapped by shortages of equipment and manpower, that official ceiling prices on oil frequently were insufficient to cover operating costs, and that once these conditions were set to rights the country could expect both increased production and the continued discovery of underground reserves.

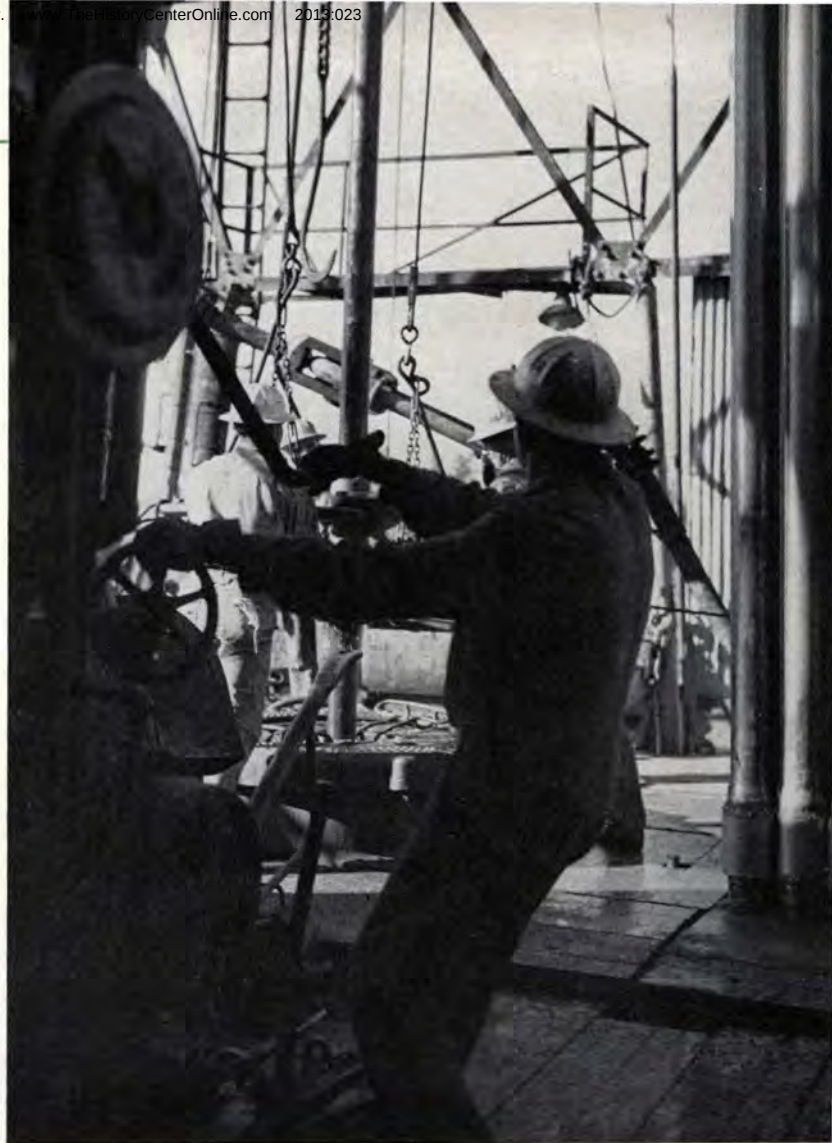
Even as the dispute went on, it became abundantly evident that the industry would meet every demand of battlefield and home front alike. By August of 1944, the peak of the scare had passed. As that year ended, crude oil production stood at 1,678,000,000 barrels, and proved reserves came to more than 20 billion barrels. Despite all obstacles, America's oil companies had found, refined and delivered all the oil and oil products necessary to victory. The war, said Fleet Admiral Nimitz, was won on "oil, bullets and beans."

With the magnificent achievement of World War II added to that of World War I, and with the tremendous advances made by the industry in its 86 years of existence, one might have thought that now, finally, the oil men had "proved themselves." The end was not yet, however. The coming of peace had brought a cessation of nearly all military requirements for petroleum, but instead of the expected decline in demand, the public's requirements rose more and more. Despite the strain it had suffered during the war years, when shortages of men and materials had prevented needed repairs and expansion, the industry satisfied every need.

Then came the bitterly cold winter of 1947-48. In 1946 alone, American manufacturers had turned out more than three million oil stoves and space heaters for the home, and, when the blizzards struck, demand for this fuel was so sudden and heavy that for a while some persons believed the oil companies could not meet it. Another "shortage!"

Once again it was proposed that the Government step in and regulate the industry. More bills were introduced in Congress, more investigations begun. The head of the House Armed Services subcommittee stated flatly that "only about a 12-year supply of oil remains." The Departments of the Navy and Interior, thoroughly alarmed, called for an immediate program to produce synthetic fuels from oil shale and coal at the rate of two million barrels a day. Now what would happen?

Even as the alarm was raised, the country's oilmen were proving it to be groundless. With the first



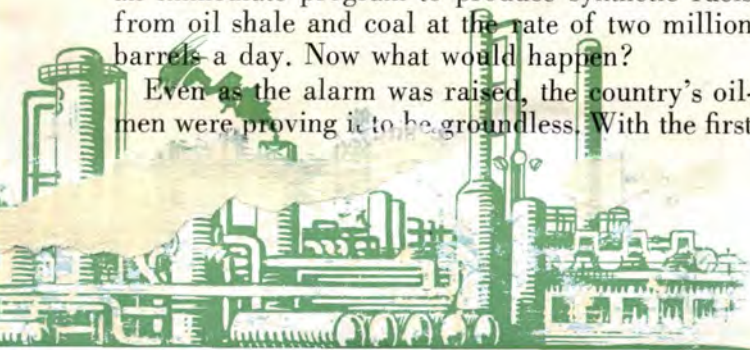
The million and a half men and women of today's oil industry make possible the feats which the American public has come to expect. Shortages are not feared.

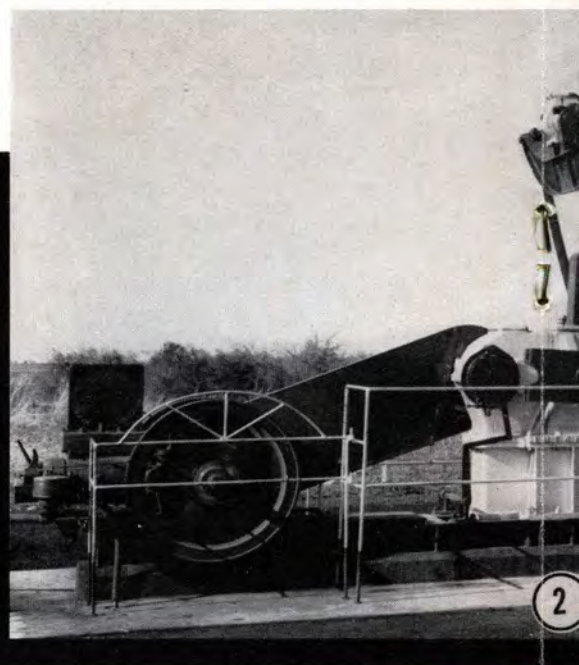
—Photo by Dick Whittington.

indications of the new scare, they had assured the Government that their industry could and would "deliver the goods," and it soon was evident that they would do just that. The winter passed, and with it, the "shortage." As spring came, the greatest program of expansion in the industry's history was launched. Exploration was pressed forward. Production and refining records tumbled. By year's end proved reserves of crude oil had climbed to more than 23 billion barrels, production to more than two billions. The oil companies' record was still bright.

Dozens of companies were drilling for oil beneath the ocean floor, in the snows of mountains, and in the sands of the desert. In a few months a prospector in Scurry County, Texas, was to discover another of the world's great fields—another giant in the earth. At Cuyama Valley and Russell Ranch,

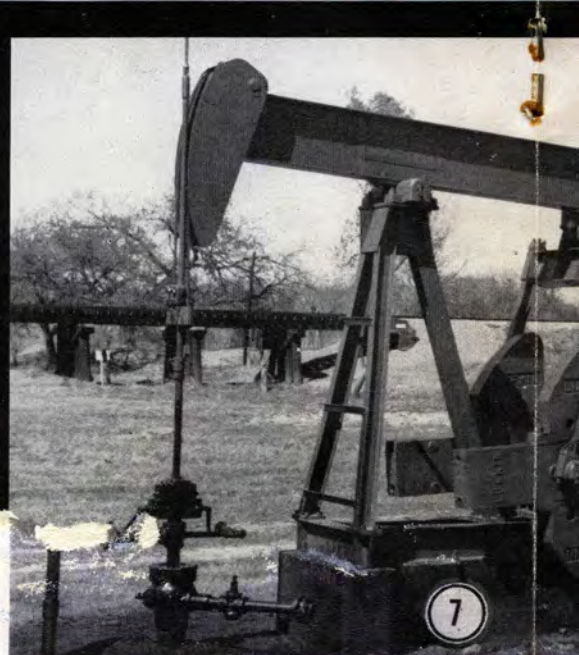
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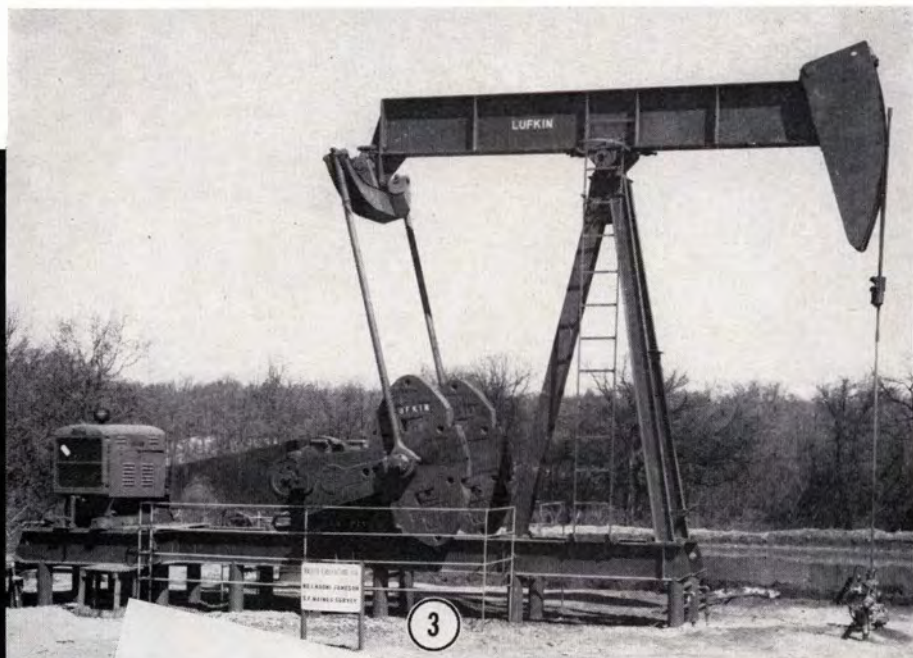




LUFKIN INST

- 1 LUFKIN TC-44-24 Unit. Cole lease. Bay Petroleum Company, Nocona, Texas.
- 2 LUFKIN TC-44-15 Unit. Brown lease. Standard Oil Co. of Texas. Sherman.
- 3 LUFKIN TC-2AL-35A Unit. Jameson lease. Bluff Creek Oil Company. Montague.
- 4 LUFKIN TC-33A-18B Unit. Sewell lease. The Texas Company. Montague, Texas.





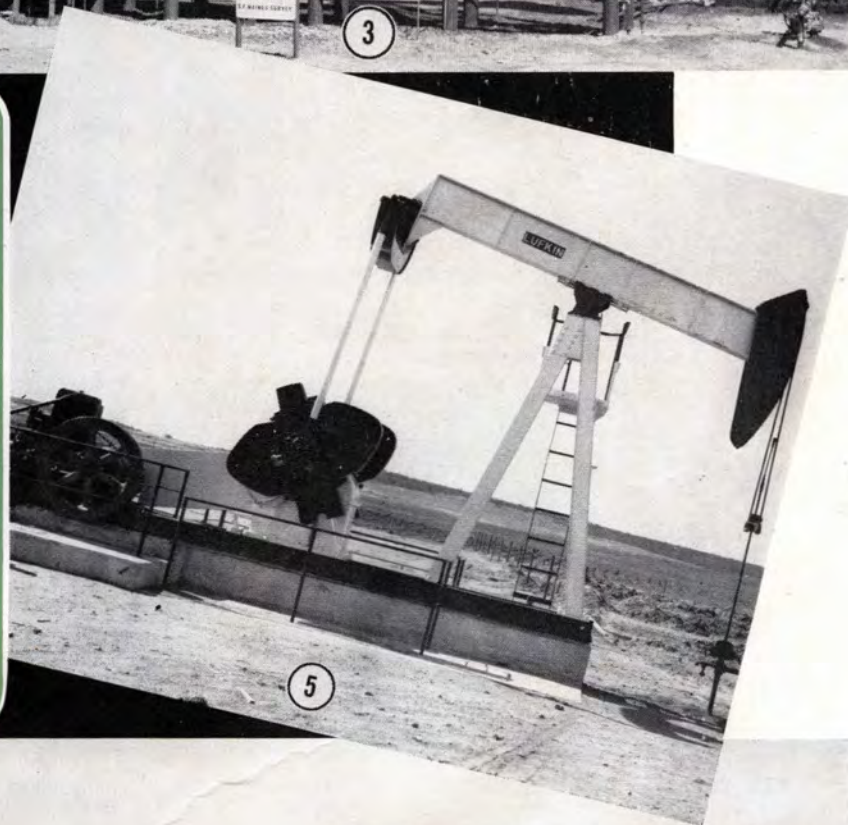
TALLATIONS

5 LUFKIN TC-33-A-22G Unit. Quillen lease. Magnolia Petroleum Company. Montague.

6 LUFKIN TC-33AL-22G Unit. Votsberger lease. A. R. Dillard, Inc. Wichita Falls.

7 LUFKIN T6-9A Unit. Johnson lease. Seitz, Comegys, and Seitz. Gainesville, Texas.

8 LUFKIN TC-33AL-22G Unit with LUFKIN H-333 engine. Wabash Oil Co. Nocona.





A portion of the guests at the opening. In the lower right foreground are K. L. (BUSTER) WATERS, Tennessee Dairies, and CHARLIE WOOLDRIDGE, Red Ball Motor Freight Company, both of Dallas.

Gala opening

for

Lufkin Trailers



MR. and MRS. BILL PARRISH of Bendix-Westinghouse Air Brake Company, and MR. and MRS. POND of Truck Equipment Company, all of Dallas.



W. O. HARRINGTON and M. E. COOKSTON of C. H. Transportation Company, Dallas; and FRANK LEACH, The Texas Company, Dallas.



MR. and MRS. JIMMIE GORDON, Dallas County Rigging and Erecting Co., Dallas; and HERBERT HARSHAW, Frozen Food Express, Dallas.



SLIM KINSEY, White Motor Co., and MR. ZALKOVSKI, Bekins Van & Storage Co., both of Dallas.



Left to right: LLOYD BARNES, Williamson & Dickie Manufacturing Co., Ft. Worth; DON HUDGINS and BILL HUDGINS of Hudson Cartage Co., Ft. Worth; and MRS. T. E. BARNES.



Left to Right: O. G. OSBURN, Dallas; BOB STROUD, Lufkin; TED FERGUSON, Dallas; (LEFT) AL ANDERSON, Lufkin's Trailer Sales Manager; and W. B. RICH, Dallas; all of Texas Power & Light Co.

It was a big and happy day for Lufkin Trailers last May 24. With plenty of old-fashioned barbecue, cold drinks, and entertainment, the official opening of Lufkin's new sales and service office in Dallas was celebrated.

On these two pages are snapshots of many of Lufkin's friends in the trucking, oil and allied businesses who attended the event.

Reports are that everybody had a big time.



L. A. (PETE) LITTLE, Lufkin's sales manager; DEWEY JORDAN, Atlantic Refining Co., Dallas; and C. W. (LEFTY) ALEXANDER, Lufkin's Trailer sales manager,



MR. and MRS. CHARLIE JONES, Griffin Tank & Welding Company, Dallas.



W. G. SMAUDER and L. B. BLALOCK, Texas Power & Light Company, Dallas.



JOHN WRIGHT, Kroehler Furniture Company, Dallas.



E. J. LEIDOLF, D. S. COFFMAN, W. WYLIE, all of Texas Power and Light Co., Dallas, and E. C. LAWHORN, Tyler.



W. G. BUTTON and JOHN WADE, T. P. & L. Co., Dallas.



MR. and MRS. J. B. MALONE, Belmont Motel, Dallas.



Left to right: TOM COLLINS, Collins Equipment Co., Dallas; MR. WATKINS, International Harvester Co., Dallas; ER W. TROUT, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Dallas; NATHA, AMS, First National Bank, Dallas; and FRANK U., The Texas Company, Dallas.



BILL WHITSON, Whitson Foods, Denton, Texas; A. D. GEFORNER, Texas Deliveries, Dallas; CHESTER DORPHIN, Dorph's Trailers, Dallas; V. L. MOFFETT, M. C. Trucking Company, Dallas; and MR. ALLEN, Texas Transportation Company, Dallas.

Beautiful Hotel Estacion dominates Buenaventura. Its atmosphere exemplifies Spanish hospitality and luxurious living.

—GRACE LINE Photo.



Buenaventura

. . . Half awakened port of Colombia

By KRIS WILLIAMS

BUENAVENTURA, Colombia, is a sprawling, primitive, half-awakened port today. Tomorrow, it will be the gateway to Colombia. Already it has more tonnage in import and export than the two major ports of Barranquilla and Cartagena. Oil and coffee are understood here, but passengers create a minor furor to officials as well as the lowliest barefoot native.

Situated on an island, Buenaventura is separated from a dense jungle on the north by an unnamed tropical river. The majority of the population of 40,000 are of negroid extraction, imported in past

years from Jamaica and surrounding islands. Only 500 of the inhabitants are white; of these, only 10 are Americans other than the consulate who represent American interests in this area.

Although commerce is becoming aware of the strategic geographical location of Buenaventura and are developing transportation facilities, the citizenry remains unchanged. The contrast is sharpest in barefooted black stevedores unloading shiny, streamlined late model American automobiles—or a dirty, ragged urchin decked in smart Air Corps sun glasses.



These stevedores control Buenaventura. Their salary approximates \$300 per month, yet they live in the utmost squalor. Their homes are palm-thatched huts with dirt floors, hidden back in the hills just outside the town.

During any of their many fiestas, the natives stream from mountains and jungle to congregate by day at the church, and by night at the cabarets. All work ceases. Any vessel unfortunate enough to be caught in port during any fiesta must remain while the natives worship and play.

In this raw, uncultured South American port town, there is much that is ugly and vicious, but there is also great beauty. The city faces the wide sweep of the Pacific, and is backed by the eternal mountains and enfolded by the green and mysterious jungle on either side.

The beautiful Hotel Estacion dominates the city. Its rose and beige colors, graceful balconies, walks and vivid landscaping exemplify the old school of Spanish hospitality and gracious way of life. Here wealthy Colombians spend their holidays, and American residents make their home.

In true Latin style, the most exclusive night club in Buenaventura looks like a chicken coop and is directly around the corner from the architectural perfection of the Estacion. Its roof is corrugated tin and its walls are palm trees. Inside, a 10-piece Latin band plays customary rumbas, sambas, and congas. But American influence is strong enough that, with encouragement, a hot trumpet player may sound off with "Sweet Sue" or "Sleepy Time Gal," with real American riffs and rides.

A daily event of great importance in Buenaventura is the departure of the steam engine locomotive. It leaves at six o'clock in the morning and erstwhile tired natives manage to crawl from their beds to witness this miracle of the white man's genius.

With a blast of the whistle from the proud engineer, the little train heaves into motion, jerkily gathers speed while the passengers, hanging out the windows to their waists, wave frantic farewells to the chattering, excited spectators. These same spectators, as they drift away still chattering, will return to see the same train arrive back again later in the day.

Buenaventura has a modern customs building and a fine church, but schools, hospitals, or even adequate warehouses are something they have not as yet thought to establish. Merchandise is unloaded into the streets to await shipment inland. The free lance taxi drivers honk their horns on each corner to let other drivers or pedestrians know they are rounding a crate of goods.

—GRACE LINE Photo.



Luxurious Hotel del Prado with its picturesque swimming pool makes Barranquilla a tourist stopover point.



Something new for Buenaventura is this railway depot. This modern mode of travel leaves natives unchanged.

Barranquilla, neighboring port of Buenaventura, thrives on tourist trade and exports. This is one main street.



...SNAPSHOTS...



W. O. HUGHES, JOHN BUNCH,
T. W. BYROM, and G. L.
SMITH, Cont. Oil Co., Bowie.



M. T. JOHNSTON, British
Amer. Oil Co., Riverton, Wyo.



FRED KUMPF, WALLY WAL-
SETH, and EARL WHITAKER,
General Petroleum Corporation,
Worland, Wyoming.



HUGH RILEY, Cities Service
Oil Company, Graham, Texas.



W. W. WEEMS, Kimbell &
Sims, Gainesville, Texas, and
JACK GISSLER, Lufkin's Wich-
ita Falls, Texas, representative.



Left to right: MELVIN RICHARDSON, S. T. HOFFMAN,
FRANK WEST, HOLT SPAIN, and H. R. SHAW, Con-
tinental Oil Company at Bowie, Texas.



J. R. WEYLER, Pure Oil Com-
pany at Worland, Wyoming.



KEEVIL BROWN, Magnolia
Pet. Co., Gainesville, Texas.

. with the Lufkin Cameraman



R. N. WRIGHT, Standard Oil Co. of Texas, Sherman, Texas.



R. L. BAILEY, J. M. GARLICK, J. B. DAVIS, A. B. OTTINGER, M. M. DURHAM, E. N. DURHAM, and J. W. ROCHE, Shell Oil Co., Wichita Falls, Texas.



BUCK J. MILLER, The Texas Company, Wichita Falls.



↑
CLAUDE PEAVY, Phillips Petroleum Co., Denver, Colorado; L. A. (PETE) LITTLE, Lufkin's Sales Manager; and MARSHALL FAGIN, Editor, "Petroleum Engineer," Dallas, Texas.

JOHN TYNAN and FRED CLEMENT, Continental Oil Company, Denver, Colorado. →



ALAN SEITZ, Independent Producer at Wichita Falls, Texas.



E. W. MORAN and A. R. DILLARD, A. R. Dillard Co., Wichita Falls.



LEON SANNER and HOUSTON CARR, A. R. Dillard Company at Wichita Falls, Texas.



As the oil industry has progressed, modern cracking plants like the above can be seen across the country.
—Union Oil Co. of California Photo.

GIANTS IN THE EARTH

Continued from Page 9

California, drilling crews working round-the-clock were to bring in two more. America would not want for oil. By the turn of the half-century America's total all-time production would surpass 40 billion barrels—an ocean of oil vast enough to bring happiness to a continent.

These figures alone did not tell the whole story. Over the years the science of conservation had been wedded to that of production. New and intricate devices had been designed to put an end to wild, unchecked “gushers” and to guard against the slightest loss. Where derricks once rose like forests over each new “strike,” wastefully draining the reservoirs beneath, wells today are scientifically spaced to assure the greatest possible lifetime yield. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that from the

moment oil is located in the ground to the time it is consumed, it is one of the most carefully guarded of all our resources.

None of these things surprises the million and a half oil men and women whose skill and devotion make possible the feats which the American public has come to expect of them. These men and women have no fear of shortages—because they have dedicated themselves to the principle that shortages shall not occur. They have faith in their industry—in its ability to serve the American public through the years to come. They are ready—for whatever the future may require.

On the afternoon of September 1, 1859, a thoughtful observer stood in an excited crowd just outside Titusville, Pennsylvania. For some time he watched a bearded man in a stovepipe hat direct a queer and unusual operation—pumping a dark, greenish substance from under the surface of the earth. After a while he left the scene, went to his room in the town's one hotel, and began to compose a letter:

My dear Brother: This man Drake from New England who has been here drilling a Hole in the Ground, has bored through to a spring of Rock Oil. It is true; I saw him pump out several Bbls. yesterday and even more today. I am determined to try my own hand at this, and if you want to join in the Venture, come at once. By all means, hurry before Drake has got it all out. Of one thing you may be certain, the Supply is fast diminishing. Therefore, Brother, make haste . . .



Banta . . . THE SHY SOPHISTICATE

Wanted: A perfect definition of the expression on the face of Lufkin's East Texas representative, Tommie Banta.

Banta insists that it's a smile of shyness and embarrassment. However, oil men in the Kilgore area label it a “grin of contentment” and an “egotistical smirk.”

In spite of Tommie's avowed timidity, he hastened to decline the many offers to “trade places.” Even though he admitted that he could use extra cash for a vacation trip, he firmly rejected all monetary offers for his seat among the beauties.

(Just in case you might be interested, identification of the lovelies may be found on the opposite page.)

LET'S LAUGH

—The Lufkin Line

Jane: "My goodness, that boy friend of mine is certainly trying at times."

Susie: "That's nothing. Mine is trying at all times!"

He: "If I asked you to be my secretary for \$100 a week, would you say yes?"

She: "A dozen times a day, if necessary."

"What shall I do?" wailed the sweet young thing. "I'm engaged to a man who just can't bear children?"

"Don't worry, dear," answered her elderly aunt, "you mustn't expect too much of a husband."

Taffy and Jane were discussing various dates. "Why didn't you go to that good-looking fellow's apartment?" Jane asked Taffy.

"Because," Taffy replied, "all I get when I go to his apartment is rum and coax."

The young married couple lived right across the street from a grass widow and when the husband ran over there to borrow something, it usually took him longer than his wife thought it should.

One time, while he was over there, the wife called the widow on the telephone and after a considerable delay, the widow answered.

"I'd like to know," demanded the wife, burning with jealousy, "why it takes my husband so long to get something over there?"

"So would I," said the widow, "but this interruption isn't helping any!"

Guests at a New York dinner party were invited to come dressed to represent the title of some famous book. An elderly lady was unanimously awarded first prize when she appeared with a large picture of the Dionne quintuplets pinned across her gown. She represented Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here."

This is an
written

letter
at the

dorm, too. I weigh 120 stripped, but I don't know whether those scales down in front of the drug store are right or not."

"Look, mister, just how long is your car going to keep stalling like this?"

"Just as long as you do, baby."

The three girls had known each other for quite a long time and eventually two of them married, leaving the other one blissfully single. Thereafter they continually annoyed their spinster friend with tactless remarks about her unhappy condition. Good-naturedly she laughed off their comments until at a social gathering one afternoon, they went a bit too far.

"Now, tell us truthfully," they twitted her, "have you ever really had a chance to marry?"

The unmarried woman glanced embarrassedly at the other guests, and then turning on her adversaries

with a withering look, she retorted: "Suppose you ask your husbands."

A young steno had just returned from a summer vacation trip through Old Mexico. She was excitedly telling her friends all about it.

"Did you learn much Spanish while you were there?" one of the girls asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I found out that Manana means tomorrow and that pajama means tonight."

Resisting a man's advances is female strategy for blocking his retreat.

A shapely young thing made this remark when trying to convince a boy friend to do a favor for her: "I'd really be grateful—and I have so much to be grateful with."

A lady opened her refrigerator door, and a rabbit was sitting there. She said, "Well. What are you doing here?"

The rabbit said, "This is a Westinghouse, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the lady.

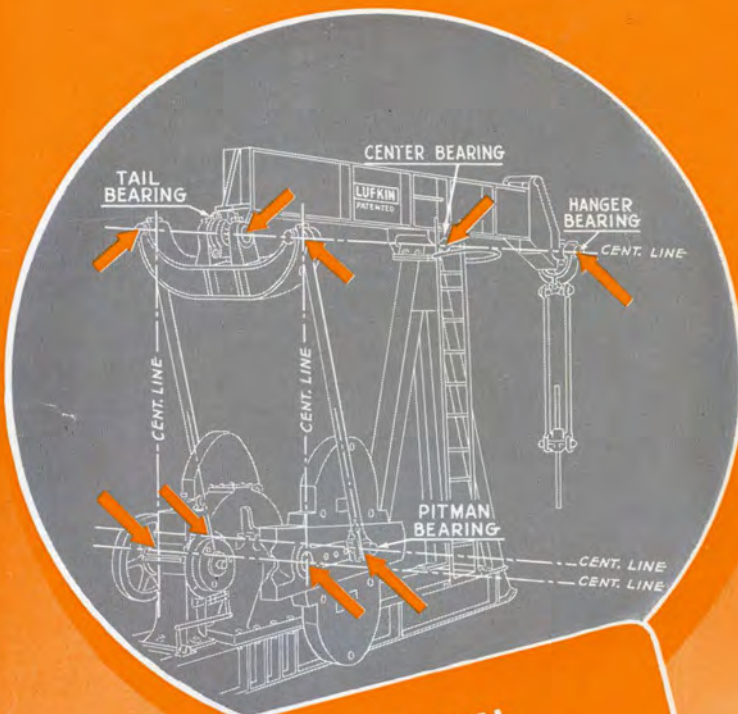
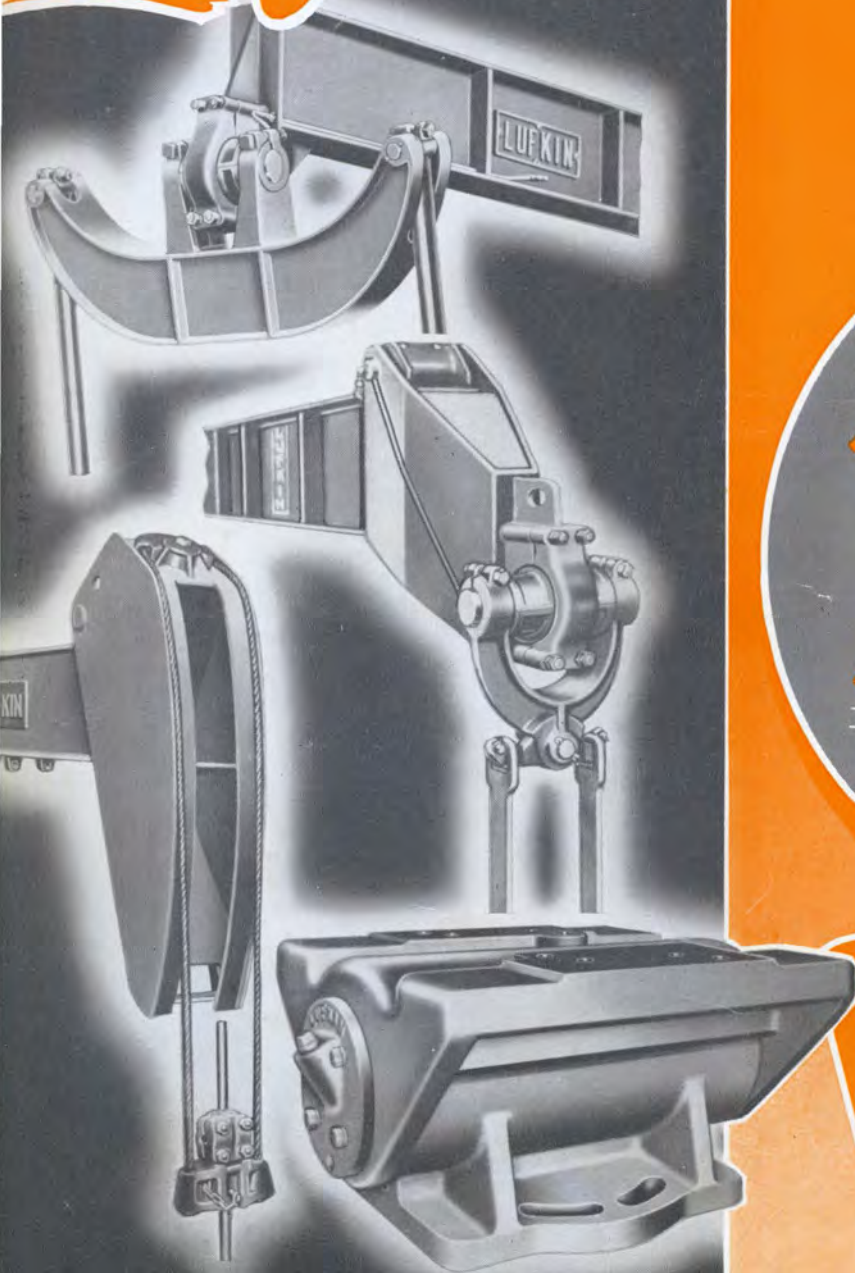
Then the little rabbit said, "Well, I'm westin'."

Why men go swimming is a question easily answered by this one photo. Left to right, the comely lassies are Barbara Ann Sutton, Ann Ramey, Joy Holland, Nola Jean Little, Jeannine Walker, June Billue, Sharon Henry and Wilma Mason. They are students at Kilgore Junior College.



Lufkin

CENTERLINE CONSTRUCTION GIVES STRENGTH... ALIGNMENT



LUFKIN UNIVERSAL CENTERLINE CONSTRUCTION

places the walking beam bearings in a straight horizontal line plane with resulting minimum stress in the beam. This also has a tendency to smooth out the pumping cycle and eliminate beam twist. Inherently the Lufkin Beam has a very high load carrying capacity, being made of wide flange beam sections with stiffeners for added strength. The walking beam is mounted on a bronze bushed, oil bath, center iron.

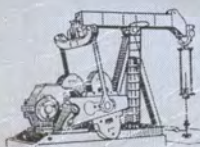
LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

LUFKIN, TEXAS

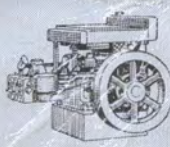
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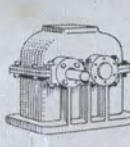
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