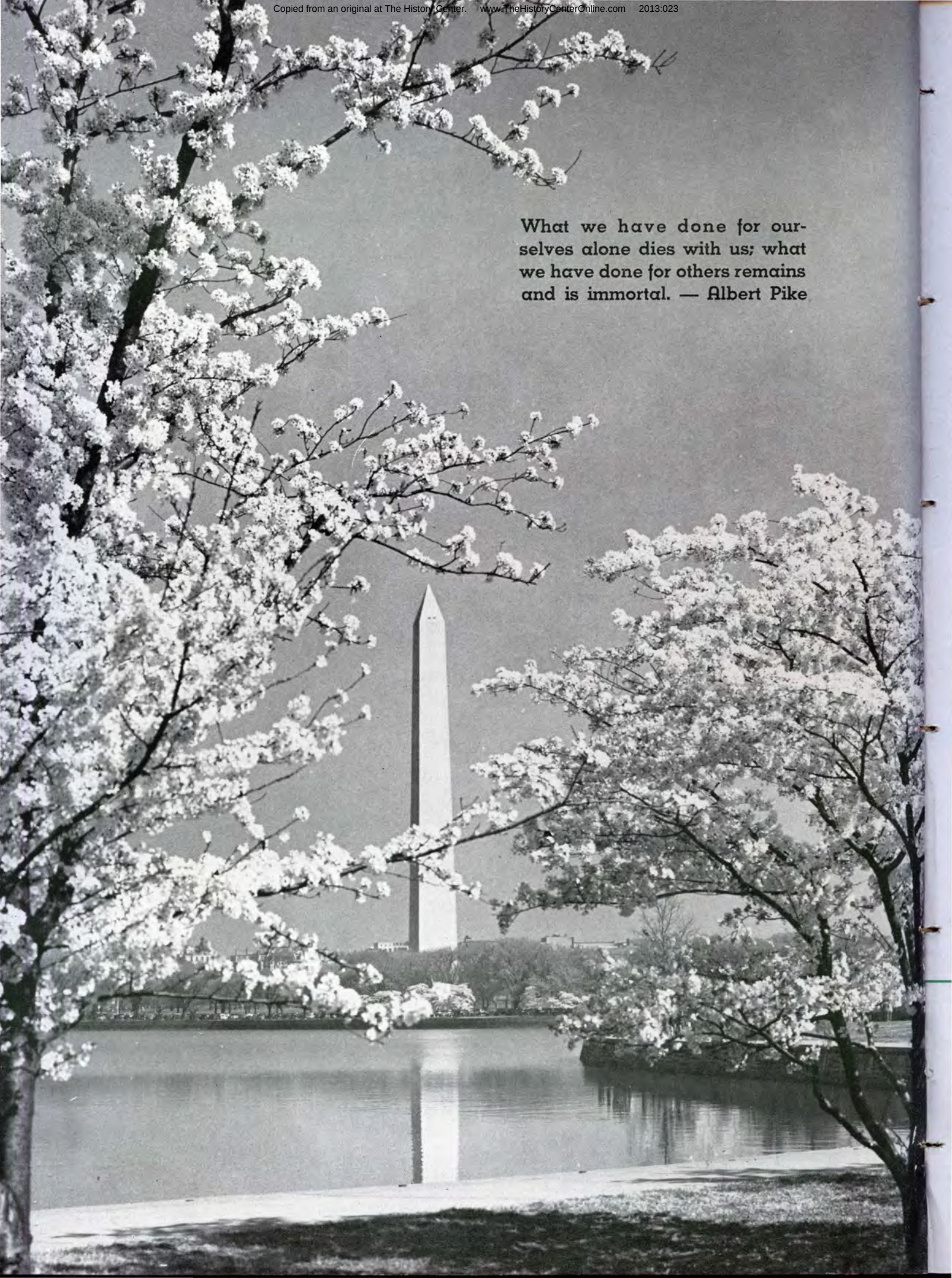


The Duffin Line

VOLUME XXVIII . . . NUMBER 2



What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others remains and is immortal. — Albert Pike



THE *Lufkin* LINE

MARCH-APRIL, 1953

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COVER: A. Devaney, Inc., New York

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Corson from A. Devaney.

Young men in any business who are wistfully eyeing the so-called big man's job will do well to prepare for it by being extremely teachable, extremely courteous, extremely simple, extremely busy, extremely enthusiastic, and extremely loyal; for rare is the big businessman who is not all of these.

—Norman Schlichter.

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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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A statue of Christopher Columbus overlooks Caracas, Venezuela, which he visited during his third discovery voyage.

—GRACE LINE Photo

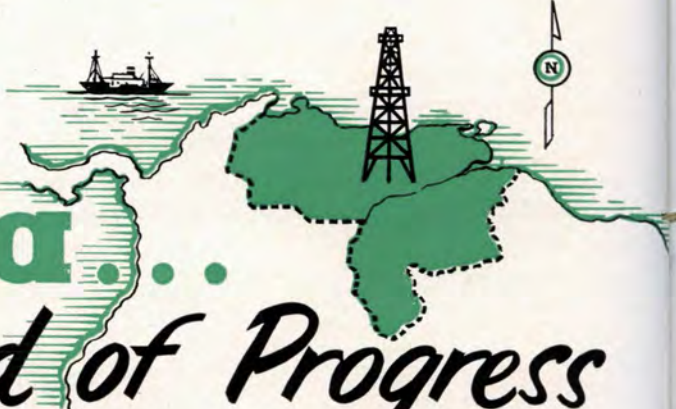


The Plaza Republic is marked by this monument in Maracaibo, petroleum headquarters.

—GRACE LINE Photo

Venezuela...

Land of Progress



SOMETIME this year, a Venezuelan workman will tamp down a patch of steaming asphalt, and one of the world's most modern and spectacular highways will be ready for all the cars that will speed over its bridges and through its two, mile-long tunnels. It is the new *autopista*, a four-lane superhighway that slices through the craggy sierra between the Caribbean seaport of La Guaira and the mountain capital of Caracas, cutting the ten and a half mile trip from more than an hour to less than fifteen minutes.

To Venezuelans of an earlier generation, the *autopista* would probably seem a beautifully engineered mirage. For one thing, its cost is six times

greater than Venezuela's total federal budget in the years when early explorers for oil traveled the country's remoter regions with mules and machetes.

Today, the oil discovered by these explorers has brought benefits that have seeped into almost every phase of the country's economic and social life. Imbued with a progressive spirit, the nation has become prosperous. It is telescoping an age of industrial growth into a few years.

Venezuela's 1952 budget was \$585 million, 62 per cent of which was derived from the oil industry. It was the highest budget in Venezuelan history.



Market scene in Maracaibo, a city on Lake Maracaibo where oil derricks puncture the surface.

—GRACE LINE Photo



Church of Chiquinquirá dedicated to the patron saint of Maracaibo, honored each November with a fiesta.

—GRACE LINE Photo

Venezuela today has no external debt. She is the largest exporter of crude oil in the world, and these exports enable her to trade freely in any currency. Backed by more than 100 per cent gold holdings, the bolivar, Venezuela's unit of exchange, is as acceptable in international trade as the U. S. dollar. In the past ten years, foreign trade has increased more than 700 per cent, and Venezuela is currently spending almost \$600 million a year for goods produced in the United States.

The growth of Venezuela's finances closely parallels the growth of her oil industry. Last year, the country's wells produced 1,800,000 barrels of crude oil a day—the highest production in her history.

The rise of oil production has also helped to stimulate the rise of business activity throughout the country. This can be seen most vividly in the beautiful white city of Caracas, where old Spanish homes and museums containing cultural treasures stand side by side with new skyscrapers.

The population of Caracas has increased 84 per cent during the past ten years; and to relieve traffic problems resulting from such rapid growth, a complete system of superhighways and freeways is under construction. In order to widen the Avenida Bolívar, a 12-block section of colonial Caracas was

demolished to make way for four different levels of traffic including a subterranean express highway, two large underground garages, and a terminal accommodating almost a hundred buses. Along this rebuilt section, twelve blocks of modern structures are being erected which will include shops, restaurants, and office buildings.

Several new hotels have been added to those which have been greeting guests in Caracas; and

Workers' camps, such as this one in Lagunillas, are seen throughout oil-producing Venezuela.

—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo





In Caracas, city of perpetual spring, there are many hotels for visitors. This one is the luxurious Avila.

—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo

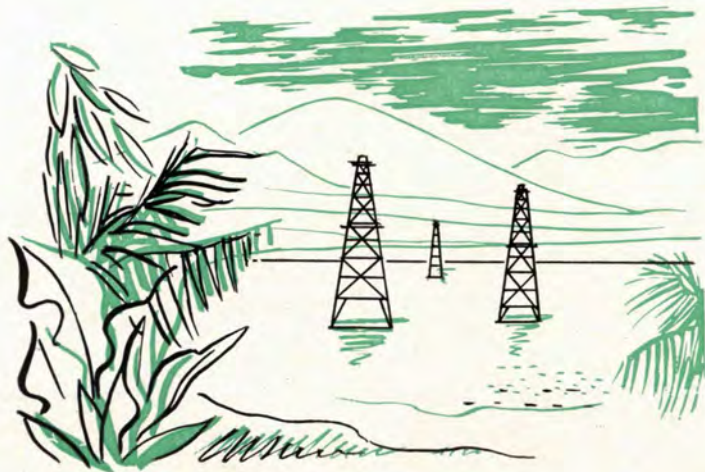
the new \$6 million four-hundred-room Tamanaco, largest and one of the most luxurious of them all, will be opened in time to receive delegates of the Tenth Inter-American Conference which will be held in the city this Fall. Work is being stepped up on buildings still to be completed in University City, so that space will be available in the Administration Building, Library, Museum, and the University Theater for the various meetings of the Conference.

Business is booming in this city of perpetual spring, and the reason lies in a policy formulated nearly twenty years ago.

That policy is best expressed by the phrase: "Sow the Petroleum," a national slogan that means oil revenues should help Venezuela take her place in the community of industrial nations.

It has been the stated policy of Venezuelan governments over the years to use revenues from her largest industry to help develop smaller ones. Public agencies have spent millions helping businessmen and farmers to finance industrial plants and increase food production. Other public works programs have also aided industry by providing cheap power, and have helped both industry and agriculture by building new transport facilities. Vast public social projects, such as the building of hospitals and schools, largely paid for by oil revenues, have paved the way for many local enterprises whose prosperity in turn has given rise to other new businesses.

Today, at the peak of her prosperity, Venezuela has two fundamental economic problems. The first arises from the fact that a high percentage of consumer goods has to be imported from abroad.





From the tiny, dusty farms workers have come to huge refineries that the oil industry has built.

—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo



A storage yard at La Salina is evidence of the vast changes oil industry has made in Venezuela.

—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo

Consequently, prices are high. As the economy continues to prosper, however, factories and plants are springing up to produce goods locally. Some of these turn out products identical to those imported, for many U. S. manufacturers are combining with Venezuelan investors to build factories in Venezuela. Venezuelan industrialists also are building their own plants to manufacture for the booming local markets.

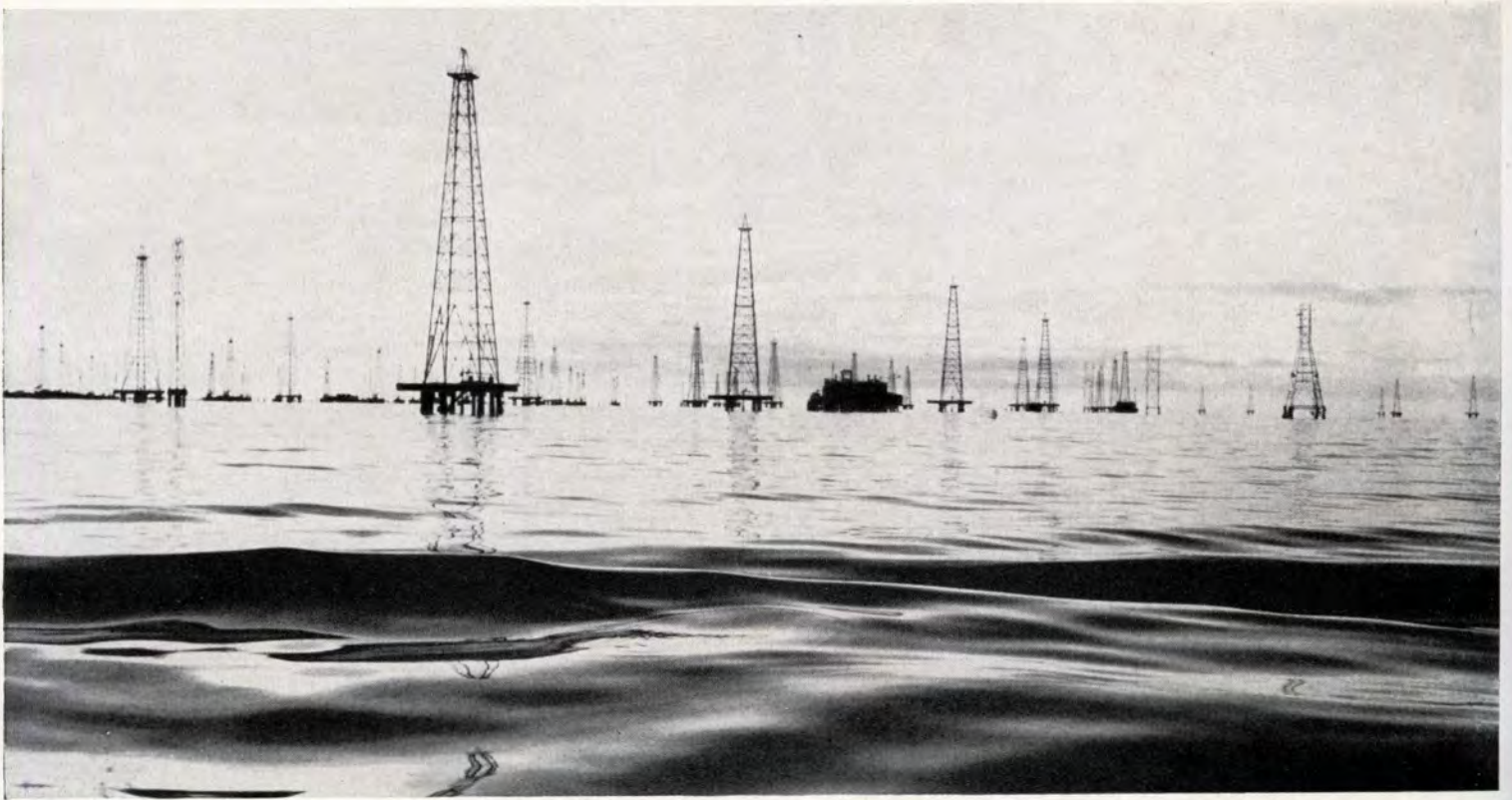
The second problem concerns the imbalance of an economy overly dependent upon one industry. The government is now searching for ways to develop greater diversification.

Ever since oil revenue began to swell the national treasury, a high percentage of it has gone into the building of roads that would withstand heavy floods and open up the country to commerce. In addition, the oil companies have built more than 1,500 miles of roads, most of which are now used as public highways.

But many roads are still too narrow and too devious for heavy traffic. This is reflected in the mottoes, such as "Patience—life is like that," painted on the front fenders of commercial trucks. A considerable amount of freight is also carried by the Venezuelan airlines. They haul everything

This aerial view of Maracaibo looking northward shows the new modern Avenida Los Haticos.

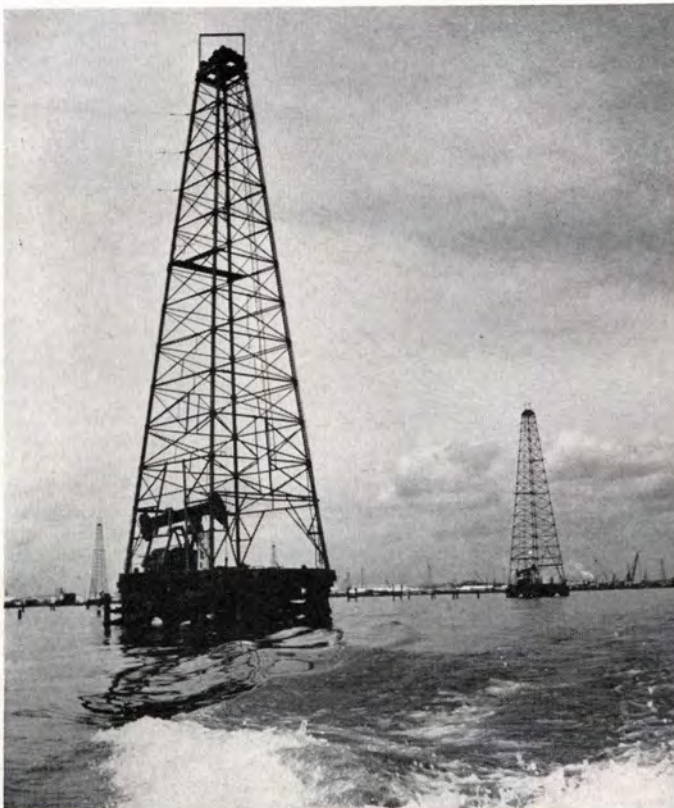




Tia Juana Field is a sight to be seen nowhere else in the world. Miles of derricks line the water's surface.

—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo

Lake Maracaibo is one of the world's richest oil producing regions. Tourists revel in this unusual sight.



from electric refrigerators to hothouse grapes, and they cover almost every part of the country. Commerce and agriculture will move ahead even faster, however, when Venezuela opens up more of the country with good roads.

Though Venezuela has "sown its petroleum" into almost every phase of public welfare, its nation-wide health program has yielded the most abundant harvest of results, at once immediate and far-reaching.

For example, malaria, which used to be the leading cause of death in Venezuela, has been all but eliminated through a campaign that stalked anopheles mosquitoes from one end of the country to the other and snuffed them out with DDT. Other public health campaigns, while not as dramatically successful as the malaria campaign, are making marked inroads against malnutrition and such diseases as typhoid fever and dysentery.

Today there are public health units and clinics throughout the country, bed-care facilities in all the larger cities and modern clinics in many of the villages.

Oil company doctors and the Venezuelan health authorities work together, and both groups make their findings available to doctors throughout the country.

An agrarian country for centuries, Venezuela has only recently begun to apply scientific techniques to her farms.

There are still hundreds of *conucos*, the tiny, dusty farms of the interior, on which families eke out a meager living with primitive tools. In contrast, however, are the big experimental projects, many of them publicly financed, where Venezuelan farmers are learning the use of modern machinery and the best methods of farm production. Research programs, sponsored by the Agricultural Institute, are making headway in fields vital to Venezuela's farm prosperity: soil conservation, flood and weed control, development of better grasses for grazing, and soil chemistry.

A sizeable share of the federal budget—more than \$100 million in the past ten years—goes into these projects, all of which are directed toward achieving higher production of Venezuela's traditional crops of coffee, cocoa, corn, sugar cane, rice and a greater diversity through new crops.

In the pastoral days before the oil derricks began to rise out of the yellow-green waters of Lake Maracaibo, few but the wealthy in Venezuela had a chance to go beyond grade school.

In recent years, however, with a budget based largely on oil revenues, Venezuela has put on a program to spread the light of knowledge throughout the land. More than 400,000 pupils are now attending Venezuela's 6,500 public schools, most of which have been built within the past fifteen years. There are now modern, well-equipped high schools in all the principal cities. At the same time, a concentrated drive to improve literacy is spur-

ring many adults to go to evening classes.

As Venezuela moves into the industrial age, interest in higher education is also growing. There are three public universities supported by the nation. The oil companies have long followed a policy of encouraging promising young Venezuelans by offering a number of scholarships.

To do the work of the industrial age, Venezuelans are learning new skills for new jobs, and the consequent changes in their lives are making a deep imprint upon the social fabric of the country.

White collar workers, for example, were unknown to the agrarian society of thirty years ago. Today, working in the offices of government ministries and businesses that have grown up in recent years, they comprise a whole new segment of a middle class that is having an increasing influence upon Venezuela's development.

A similar change has taken place in the lives of the workers who once toiled on the land and are now working in the new factories, plants and oil fields. Altogether, there are nearly a million wage earners in Venezuela today. Many, of course, are employed on farms and great coffee and cocoa plantations, as their fathers were before them, but to a large number of Venezuelans the oil prosperity of recent years has meant a new way of life.

This article was made available to THE LINE through the courtesy of The Standard Oil Company (N. J.) and Grace Lines.



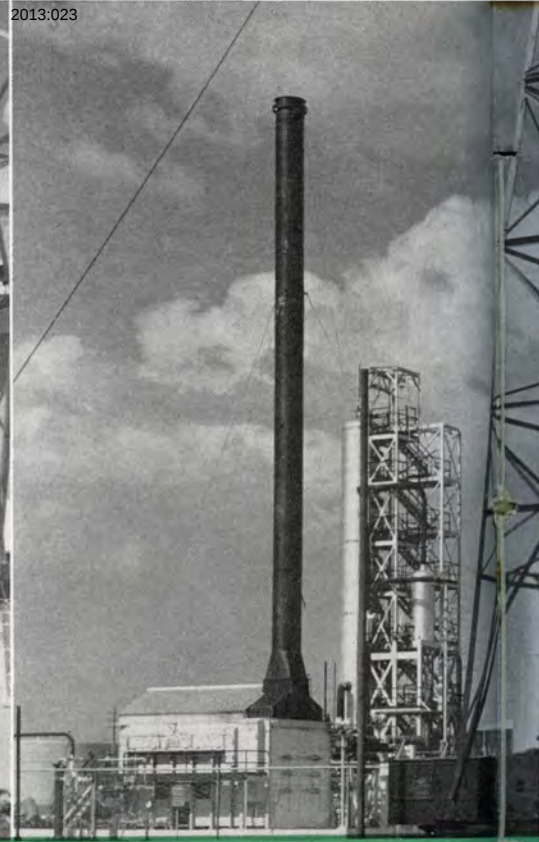
Oil companies hold night classes in primary education for workers who had no schooling.

—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo



Indian villages like this on Lake Maracaibo was why discoverers named it "Little Venice."

—GRACE LINE Photo

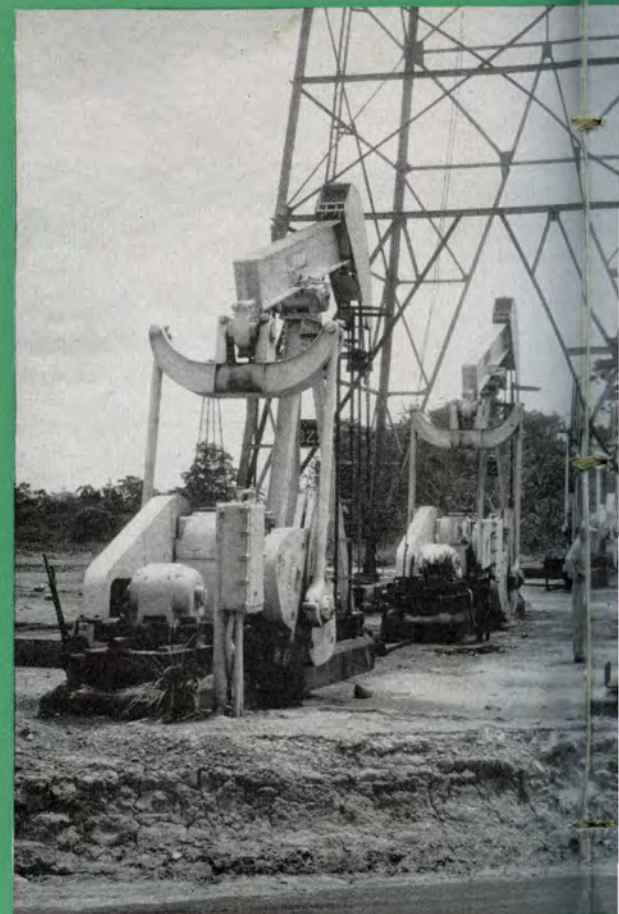


Lufkin

①

INSTALLATION

- 1** LUFKIN T7-3B Unit on display in action at the entrance to the Exposition of the Petroleum Industry building during the celebration last fall of the 400th birthday of Barquisimeto, Venezuela.
- 2** LUFKIN TC-3-22 Unit at a refinery at La Salina in western Venezuela.—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo.
- 3** LUFKIN TC-44-15 Unit in Quiriquire field in eastern Venezuela.—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Photo.
- 4** LUFKIN TC-3-22 Units in a four-well installation for Creole Petroleum Corporation in Quiriquire Field.
- 5** LUFKIN 3520 Hydraulic Unit operating in the Boscan Field near Maracaibo, Venezuela.
- 6** LUFKIN Unit in front of The Venezuelan Oil Concessions, Ltd., at Lagunillas, Venezuela.



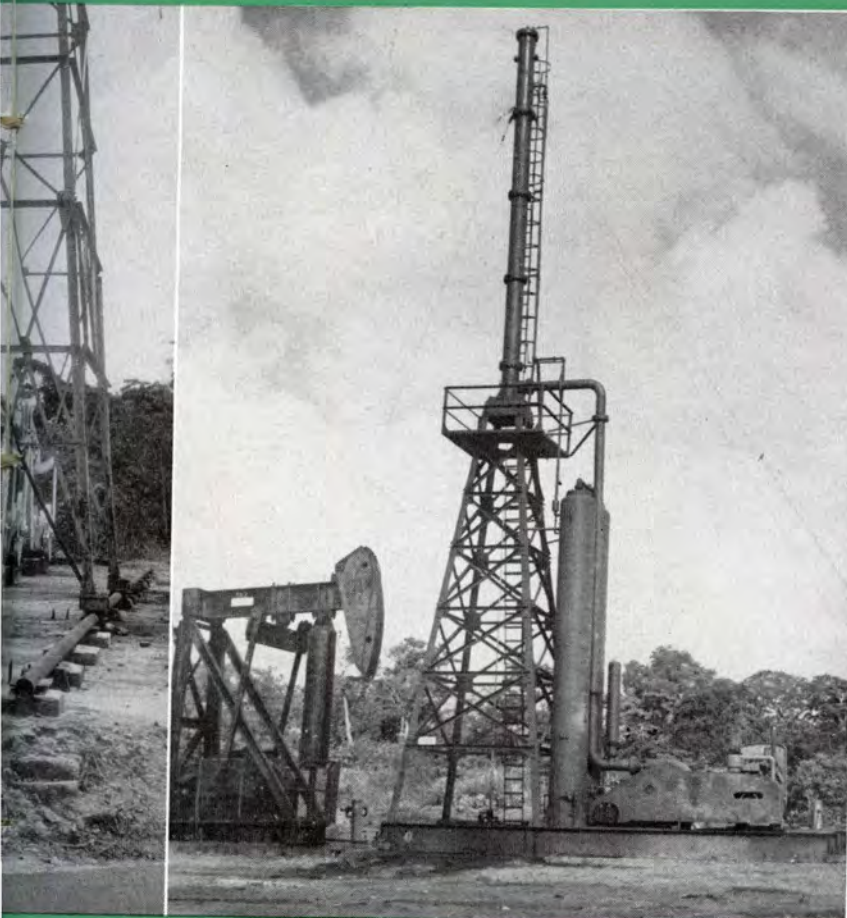


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AL SHEWMAKER, left, CHARLIE VERACO, center, ERNEST TRAHAN, Creole Petroleum Corp., Lagunillas, Venezuela.



Left to right: BILL TROXTLER, JOHN JACKSON, DONALD DEAN, EARL GRACIER, Richmond Exploration Co., Maracaibo, Venezuela.



RAY COUVILLON, left, TONY GULEZ, center, GUY Le BOURGEOIS, Richmond Exploration Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela.



Left to right: M. S. KENRICK, DR. GUILLERMO ZULOAGA, DR. SIRO VASQUEZ, A. T. PROUDFIT, president, all of Creole Petroleum Corp., Caracas, Venezuela; and OSCAR IRIZAIRI, editor, "Petroleo Interamericano," Tulsa, Okla.



Left to right: HUGH WYNNE, Creole Petroleum Corp., H. R. REIDELL, Mene Grande Oil Co., W. F. G. L. STARRENBURG, Royal Dutch Shell Companies, and HARRY A. JARVIS, Creole Petroleum Corp., all of Maracaibo, Venezuela.



J. S. McCORMACK, Creole Petroleum Corp., Lagunillas, Venezuela.



DOYLE MILLER, Creole Petroleum Corp., Caracas, Venezuela.



D. E. DAVIS, left, Standard Vacuum, New York; B. O. WINKLER, center, Standard Vacuum, The Hague, Holland; OSCAR SERRATT, Esso Productos de Petroleo, S.A., Buenos Aires, Argentina.

MAX SPEARS, Mene Grande Oil Co., Las Maroches, Venezuela.



Among the group arriving at Maracaibo's airport for the Producers' Technical Meeting were: A. T. PROUDFIT, Creole Petroleum Corp.; R. H. SHERMAN, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.); HUGH WYNNE, Creole Petroleum Corp.; J. L. FORD, Creole; H. A. JARVIS, Creole; I. S. SALNIKOV, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.); E. D. REEVES, Standard Oil Development; G. M. KNEBEL, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.); H. W. HAIGHT, Creole; SIRO VASQUEZ, Creole; H. F. MOSES, Carter; and J. W. GWINN, Standard-Vacuum.



BO FLOOD, left, HARRY MOORE, center, AL PETERS, all with Creole Petroleum Corp., Lagunillas, Venezuela.

GEORGE NASH, left, DICK VAN DEN BURG, Caribbean Petroleum Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela.

AL FREIE, left, Creole Petroleum Corp., New York; JOHN REYNOLDS, Creole Petroleum Corp., Maracaibo, Venezuela.

EDUARDO HINOJOSA ACHA, Yacimientos Petroliferos Fiscales Bolivianos, La Paz, Bolivia.

SHOTS... fkin Cameraman



RAY SHIELDS, Creole Petroleum Corp., Lagunillas, Venezuela.



Back Row, left to right: BOB ARMSTRONG, GUY LeBOURGEOIS, EARL GRACIER, DON DEAN. Front Row, left to right: EVERETT MAYBERRY, JOHN JACKSON, ART NICHOLS, WILLIAM TROXTLER, Richmond Exploration Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela.



Attending the Producers' Technical Meeting held at Hotel del Lago, Maracaibo, Venezuela, in February, were, left to right, D. P. ROTH-ROCK, Carter Oil Co.; D. G. MEYER, Creole Petroleum Corp.; C. B. SCOTT, Carter Oil Co.; W. H. DAWSON, Carter Oil Co.; R. J. WATSON, Carter Oil Co.; L. C. MARLANE, Creole Petroleum Corp.; and P. JACOBSON, JR., Creole Petroleum Corp.

PEDRO TERAN, Creole Petroleum Corp., Quiriquire, Venezuela.



Arriving at Maracaibo's airport to attend the Producers' Technical Meeting were, left to right, back row: F. G. BOUCHER, Carter Oil Co.; L. W. WELCH, JR., Carter Oil Co.; R. N. MEINERT, Carter Oil Co.; B. M. BRADLEY, Carter Oil Co.; J. T. WILSON, International Petroleum Co., Ltd.; J. W. BARCLAY, Creole Petroleum Corp.; C. B. SCOTT, Carter Oil Co.; L. C. REED, Standard-Vacuum Co.; J. H. L. WENNEKERS, Standard-Vacuum Co.; O. SERRATT, Esso Argentina. Front Row: H. F. MOSES, Carter Oil Co.; G. M. KNEBEL, Standard Oil Co. (N. J.); and G. G. WALTON, Carter Oil Co.



SNAPSHOTS . . .

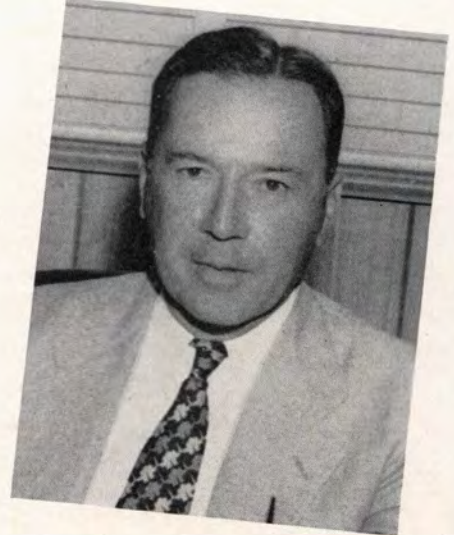
with the Lufkin Cameraman



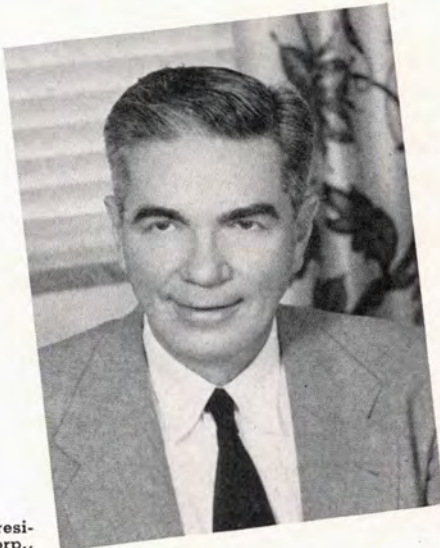
EUGENE HOLMAN, President, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), New York, New York.



JOHN R. SUMAN, Vice-President, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), New York, New York.



L. P. MAIER, President, International Petroleum Co., Ltd., Coral Gables, Florida.



ALBERT WRIGHT, Director, International Petroleum Co., Ltd., Coral Gables, Florida.

A. V. SIMONSON, Manager, Export Division, Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co., New York, New York.

BEN C. SARGENT, JR., South American Representative, Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co., Maracaibo, Venezuela.

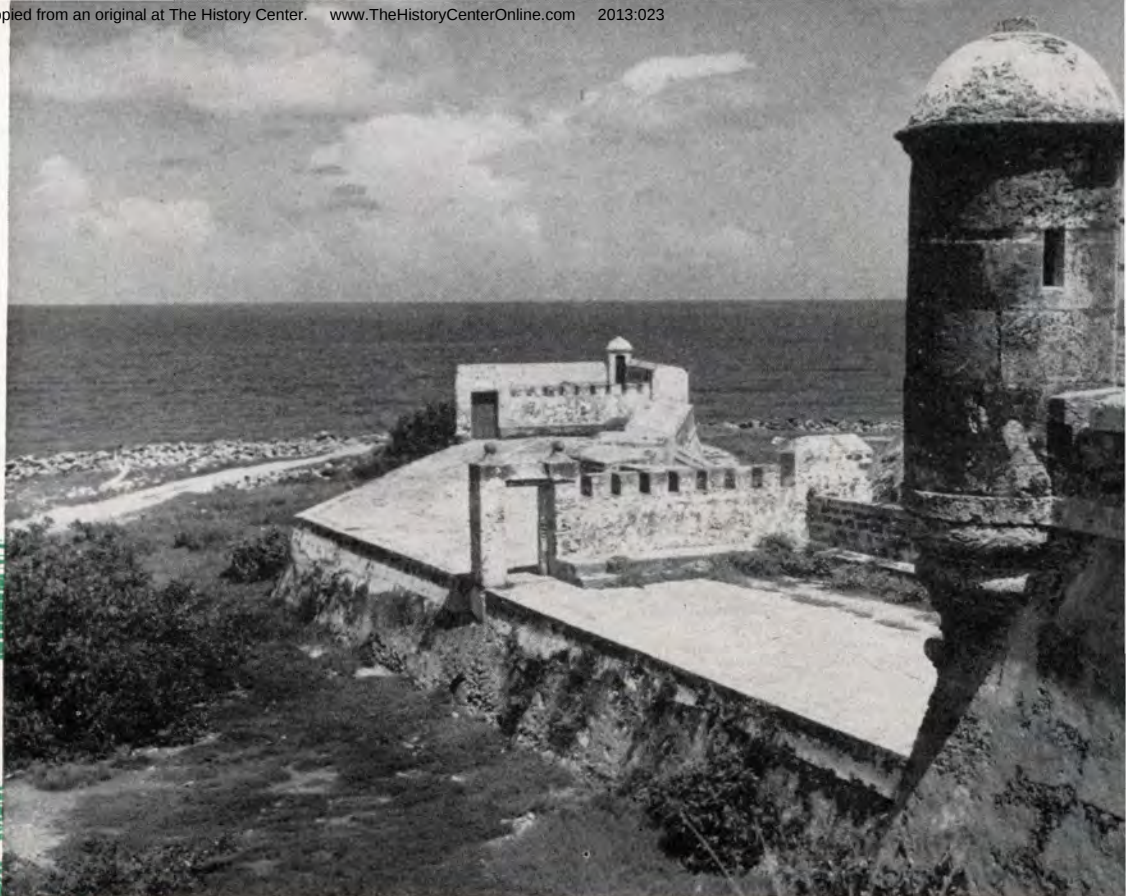


GEORGE L. STEWART, President, Imperial Oil Limited, Toronto, Canada.



ARTHUR T. PROUDFIT, President, Creole Petroleum Corp., Caracas, Venezuela.

The Fortress of La Tenaza was built in the 16th century to guard the port of Cartagena.



Cartagena MEDIEVAL MAGINOT

By EDNA MAE STARK

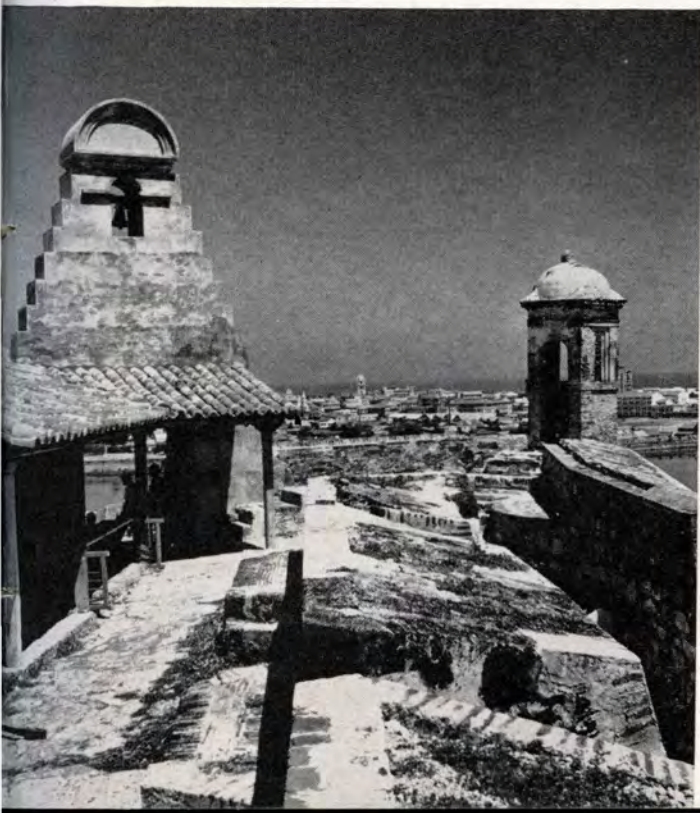
UNIQUE among New World ports is Cartagena, Colombia—a 16th century walled town surrounded by the modern commercial buildings and beautiful residential districts of a city which is one of Colombia's chief shipping points.

Cartagena was founded in 1533, and soon gained fame as an important trading post and one of the chief "Treasure Ports" in Spain's newly discovered lands. It was the duty of these ports to assemble the Spanish King's share of the loot taken from Inca palaces of Cuzco and from the fabulously rich mines of the Andes and to store and guard these priceless treasures until the Spanish fleet called to collect them.

In order to protect their city, coveted alike by pirates and foreign nations, the early defenders built around it a veritable "Maginot Line"—a series of walls and forts which took two hundred years to build and which cost more than \$60 million, a colossal sum for those days.

Several of the most important forts and a major portion of the massive walls still stand; while snugly encased within, is the original town whose narrow balconied streets and delicately tinted buildings look just about as they did 400 years ago.

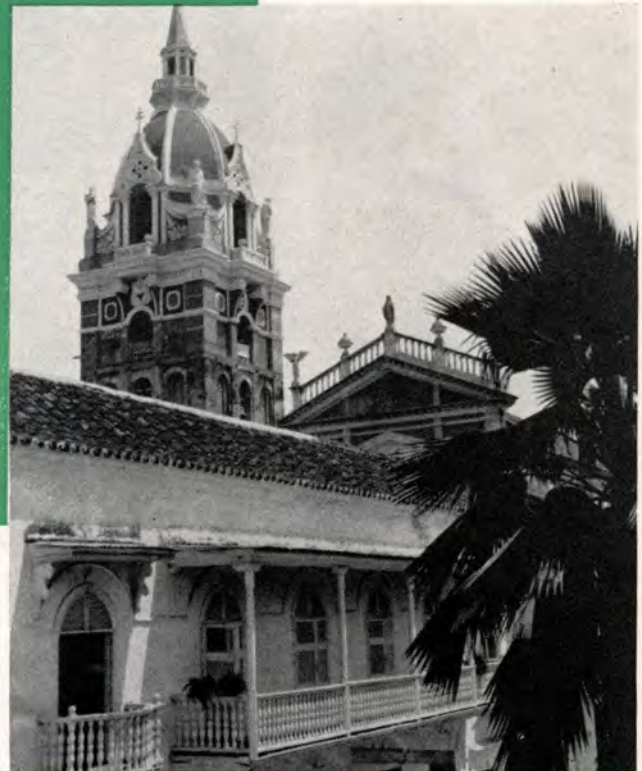
Many warnings have sounded from the bell tower on the Fortress of San Felipe in conquistadore days.





Left: Church of San Pedro Claver stands as a monument to the canonized patron saint of the republic.

Below: The oldest house in Cartagena with its cathedral tower is a tourist spectacle in Colombia.



Most interesting section of the walls is that facing the sea near Cabrero Beach. In its base are the vault-like *bovedas* which served as political jails and were connected by an underground tunnel and drawbridge with one of the forts guarding the town from attacks by sea. On its top is the reservoir which was responsible for collecting the town's water supply. Nearby is the ramp up which cannon once were rolled. Today, this ramp serves as a means of ascent for sight-seeing cars, which can drive four abreast along the wall top, so wide is it at this section.

Stealing the spotlight among the forts is that of San Felipe—in its day the most important fortress in the Western Hemisphere. Twenty-seven years of labor and \$11 million went into its construction—it was a masterpiece as defense works go. Above the ground its battlements rise in terraces topped by a watch tower and a chapel. The ruins of the belltower are in the process of restoration. In colonial days the big bell was one of the most important features of the port's fortification, for it was responsible for warning the townsfolk of impending attack.

Below, the fort was honeycombed by subterranean chambers—eating and sleeping quarters, hospital rooms, treasure vaults and prison cells—

strung along tunnels which extended to strategic points in the city and to forts guarding the entrance to the harbor. Most of the underground construction has been filled in, but several tunnels still remain open so that today's visitors can do a bit of exploring on their own.

Sightseeing is the big pastime here—for first-time visitors, at least. In addition to the fortifications, other attractions held over from colonial days are: the Cathedral, one of the three oldest ecclesiastical edifices in the New World; the church of San Pedro Claver, self-styled "slave of the slaves" who spent his life ministering to the blacks brought over from Africa; the House of the Inquisition; Government Palaces; the Museum, markets and shops; and the old chapel on La Popa Hill which offers an excellent panoramic view of the old and new sections of Cartagena and of the gamut of fortifications which invading fleets were forced to run when trying to gain access to the city.



Chapel of "Our Lady of the Candles," left, and the watch house, right, on the summit of La Popa Hill. The little watch house still is lookout point for approaching ships.



Above: Hotel del Caribe, Cartagena's new resort.

Below: A street in the oldest section of Cartagena.



Spread outside the walls of the old town and around its fortifications is an attractive modern city. Its beautiful residential suburbs with the handsome villas, smart clubs, and fine beaches extend along canals and lagoons, lending a decidedly Venice-like touch to the harbor. Its latest big-time acquisitions are a \$3 million port works, a fine waterworks and sewage system, and a pipeline bringing oil from fields 350 miles in the interior to tankers waiting to receive it at the dock.

There is plenty to keep guests amused in Cartagena—bullfights, cockfights, and races, tennis, golf, swimming and sailing, good cinemas, theaters, and sports clubs. And for those who wish to extend their operations, there are intriguing, not-too-far-away objectives for fishing, hunting, yachting, and motoring trips.

As an inducement for visitors to linger in the city, Cartagena has added a fine new hotel to its other hostleries—El Caribe. Located on a narrow curving peninsula with the ocean in front and Lake Bocagrande on the rear, El Caribe is practically surrounded by water and is so constructed that it captures every breeze. Furnishing thoroughly modern accommodations, fine food and service, and providing facilities for swimming in ocean or lagoon, sailing and fishing—it is one of the most popular hotels on the continent.

All Photos Courtesy GRACE LINES



BUILT FOR HEAVY DUTY

THIS is one of the several giant low-boy trailers built by Lufkin for export to the many foreign oilfields of The Texas Company.

Before these trailers are shipped from the United States, they are equipped with huge engines, drilling rigs, cranes and other special equipment.

This trailer is 45 feet long, 12 feet wide, and weighs approximately 27,000 pounds. It comes equipped with eight giant 1200 x 24 16-ply tires.

This particular trailer will haul a fixed load of approximately 100,000 pounds, while some of the other trailers are built for 120,000-pound loads, and weigh as much as 37,000 pounds.



LOVELY MISS HOPEFUL—Pretty Marian Stafford of Pasadena, Texas, is hopeful for a career in TV and the motion picture field. Considering all angles, we believe she will realize her dream.



A troupe of show girls were entertaining at an army camp. They had been at it all afternoon and were getting tired and hungry when the major finally asked them, "Would you girls like to mess with the enlisted men this evening?"

"Sure!" said the blonde, "but we've got to have something to eat first."

She: "Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

He: "Not me, lady. I work on a turkey farm."

The uplifted bosom is the modern girl's idea of a hope chest.

Statistics: Of the men who get up out of bed during the night, 12 per cent get up to take sleeping pills; 13 per cent get up to go to the bathroom; and 75 per cent get up to go home.

An actress, seeing a questionable dame passing, sweetly remarked: "There goes the original good time that was had by all."

Whereas after the old-fashioned girl took two drinks she went out like a light, the modern girl takes two drinks and out goes the light.

Oh, George, let's don't park here.

22	22	22	22	22
22	22	22	22	
22	22	22		
22	22			
22				

He: "Are you going to work overtime again tonight, dear?"

She: "Yes, I made a mistake last night and the boss wants me to do it over again!"

Maybe Adam didn't have a funny bone, but he had lots of fun with a spare rib.

Heard on the beach: "My goodness, isn't that Fanny Brown over there?"

Didya hear about the ram who jumped off the cliff? He didn't see the ewe turn.

Joe: "What's masseur?"

Blow: "He's a guy who gets paid for what guys like us get slapped for."

Salesman: "I think she's price-less!"

Friend: "I know she is. I tried it!"

Sne couldn't understand why she was blessed with twins, since she'd never been on a double date.

Then there is a nurse who is so conceited that, when she takes the patient's pulse, she subtracts ten beats for her personality.

The apple of the average man's eye is usually the little peach with the prettiest pair.

The girl was putting on airs, and asked the waiter to suggest something good for lunch.

Waiter: "How about some of our special baked brains?"

She: "I wouldn't think of eating anything that come out of some animal's skull!"

Waiter: "Well, how about some nice sliced tongue?"

She (shuddering): "Certainly not. That comes out of some animal's slimy mouth. Just give me a soft-boiled egg."

A young man and a young lady were the proud parents of a newly born boy weighing less than four pounds. Some of the friends were teasing them about it and the young lady replied: "Well, what can you expect? We've only been married three months!"

The screen door had been left open all morning, and the young couple were busily swatting flies.

"How many did you get?" the wife asked, pausing for a moment.

"Eight," replied the husband.
"Four males and four females."

"What? How ridiculous! How could you tell the males from the females?" the wife asked.

"Easiest thing in the world," grinned the husband. "Four were on the sugar bowl—and four were on the mirror."

He sat down on the park bench and kissed the woman sitting next to him.

She: "What's the idea?"

He: "Oh, pardon me. I thought you were my wife."

She: "I am your wife, you dope!"

He rounded the bend at close to sixty. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together unhurt beside the completely demolished auto. He put his arm around her waist, but she drew away.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with five chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

The two men were discussing their place of employment. "I'm a gardener at the Lakeview estate," one of them said.

"Oh," said the other man, "you work for Mr. Hills?"

"Certainly not!" replied the first haughtily. "Mr. Hills works for me. He gets up at 7:30 every morning and goes down to the dirty, stinking city to make enough money to keep the place and me going."

Boss: "I'm afraid you won't do."

Applicant: "Did I say I wouldn't?"

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