



THE *Luffkin* LINE

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THE *Lufkin* LINE

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THERE are many scenes like this along the moon-swept shoreline of Lake Maracaibo

—Photo by Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

Black Gold

By JOHN LAVIN*

IT WAS DUE solely to petroleum, her greatest natural resource, that Venezuela emerged during the twentieth century as a solvent and progressive nation. For four centuries the land of Bolivar had struggled through wars and poverty and had lived from hand to mouth. In 1908, when Juan Vicente Gomez took upon his shoulders the burden of a whole century of debts incurred by former governments, no one in Venezuela, least of all the dictator himself, envisaged petroleum as the new life-blood of the republic. No one could foresee that it would transform a backward, poverty-stricken land into a prosperous and healthy nation.

No one visiting Mene Grande comfortably today, leaving Maracaibo by ferry boat and then driving for three hours on the Palmarejo-to-the-Andes road, can imagine how difficult it was to get there in 1914. It took a full night and a day, riding a launch from Maracaibo to the Motatan River, then another launch up the river, then a burro to the camp site. All materials were transported the same way until the end of 1915, when a pier was constructed at San Lorenzo and a narrow road to the camp was cut out of the jungle. With the successful completion of half a dozen wells, a pipe line, a refinery of 2,000-barrel capacity at San



THIS IS the Tia Juana Field on Lake Maracaibo, currently producing 450,000 barrels of oil per day

—Photo by Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

Lorenzo in 1917, the Mene Grande became Venezuela's first producing oil field.

The business of exploring for, or prospecting for, and locating oil was the first step in the long process of producing, refining, and marketing. During the first decade of intensive exploration effort, starting in 1921, surface geology was the only exploration tool existing; the geophysical branches of surface exploration as well as aerial reconnaissance and photography, were yet to come. As surface seepage was the all-important criterion of oil-bearing territory, exploration work therefore began in the Maracaibo Basin where many seeps were known to exist. Yet a great deal of unrewarding jungle combing had to be carried out, which was not wholly confined to the boundaries of concessions held.

Thirty years ago, even fifteen years ago, what could be called roads did not exist in the lake area. Only burro trails led out of Maracaibo, and these were quagmires of mud during the rainy season. Transport of exploration parties was by boat down the lake and up the major rivers, then by burro,

and in the swampy and inaccessible areas, by foot.

This was no picture-postcard country. Rather, a varied sort of disenchanting terrain faced the exploration parties: North of Maracaibo were salt and gypsum flats that gave way to great expanses of sand dunes; the periphery of the lake was mangrove swamp which broadened out to scrub and cactus and vast areas of dense jungle; the foothills of the coast range and the Sierra de Perija were more jungle interspersed with grass-covered savannas; the higher points were rain forests. Each type of terrain presented its own problems and its own particular brand of vicious insect and reptile life.

WHILE transport and terrain presented formidable problems in themselves, there were still others to be reckoned with. Throughout this tropical region disease was rife, and the death rate among the inhabitants was heavy. With dysentery and malaria taking the heaviest toll among the city dwellers, one can imagine the hazards that must have beset the man in the field where malaria swamps and bad water were ever present. It was



THESE are Venezuela's towering Andes over which Bolivar's Army trudged for war with Spanish Royalists

*John Lavin, who is associated with Creole Petroleum Corporation in Tia Juana, Zulia, Venezuela, is the author of "A Halo for Gomez," an historical biography of Dictator Juan Vicente Gomez. The accompanying article is a condensation of a chapter of the book entitled "Black Gold," which covers the discovery and development of the petroleum industry in Venezuela.

"A Halo for Gomez" is not only the all time best seller in Venezuela in its English version, but has been published in Spanish and sales are expected to top 100,000 copies. The book, published by Pageant Press of New York in November, 1954, received second award in the "Best Book of the Year" contest conducted by Pageant. It has been proclaimed in both the United States and Venezuela as the most authoritative book on Venezuela ever published in English.





CHILDREN enjoy school recess time while pumps lift the black gold from Lake Maracaibo's depths

—Photo by Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

no wonder that Maracaibo's wealthy spent much of their time in the more salubrious climate of Caracas or the Andes.

Extending along almost the entire length of the Perija range and foothills of western Zulia, and south across the Rio de Oro into Colombia, there is a vast tract of forbidding primeval jungle that has never been explored by civilized man. In its deep recesses flourish palms and treeferns, cedar, mahogany, and oak, which hang heavy with lichens, airplants, orchids, and huge python-like masses of lianas. It teems with deer, jaguars, tapirs, and monkeys, raucous parrots and colorful, singing birds. It throbs with palpitating rhythms and it exudes the pungent, death suggesting, yet enticing scent of lush and strange vegetation.

Oil men and government agents, farmers and missionaries, have skirted its fringes. Some have traveled across it by plane, but very few men who

have ventured into its depths have returned alive. It is jungle inhabited by the Motilone Indians, the most elusive and fiercest savages known to man, according to anthropologists of the American Museum of Natural History, who spent months attempting to ferret them out to study their culture and language. They not only failed to see a Motilone, but they were nicked by arrows for their trouble.

Probably no one has seen these Motilones, certainly no one can describe them, yet they are known to exist there in great numbers. For over three decades oil men have attempted to penetrate this region in search of oil. They have actually gone up its rivers in daring launch forays and have drilled wells on its very edges. In almost every instance each venture has been a costly one; the Motilone shoots a six-foot arrow with deadly accuracy. It is an arrow that can penetrate a steel-



THIS is Creole Petroleum Corporation's La Salina camp, their largest, on Lake Maracaibo

mesh jacket that is made to stop a .45 caliber bullet. It is sped on its flight by unseen hands, and it flies to its target when least expected.

No one has tabulated how many oil men have died from Motilone arrows, but it is certain that the number of deaths on both sides of the border have been many. When one Caribbean engineer, heading a field party, was pierced by an arrow, his companions retreated in fright. When an armed searching party found his body hours later, it was minus head and hands and the heart had been cut out. Farmers have been picked off in the fields and even in the doorways of their huts. Not even missionaries have been spared. As in the days of the viceroys, detachments of troops patrol the jungle borders from time to time. Yet, such is the Motilone's craving for salt, he still slips unseen through every barrier, makes off with his loot, and leaves a trail of dead behind him.

Other than that the origin of these aborigines is

believed to date back thousands of years, not much more is known of them now than four centuries ago when the Spaniards first charged their jungle stronghold. There are some bows, arrows, loin-cloths, and aerial photographs of their homes. Other than numerous queer footprints, long since erased, there is nothing else. The photographs reveal that the Motilones are not one large integrated tribe, but live in groups in large communal houses set about fifteen miles apart. Set in a clearing planted with corn and yucca, the house is almost all roof, which is round and palm-thatched and slopes down from the center almost to the ground. It is large enough to shelter from fifteen to twenty families.

It was the queer footprints that set the experts to thinking. The big toes were bent almost at right angles to the foot. This furnished the clue as to how the Motilone speeds his arrow with such terrific force. He uses his iron-hard black palm



SO FAR AS the human eye can see, there are steel derricks rising from the waters of Lake Maracaibo

—Photo by Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

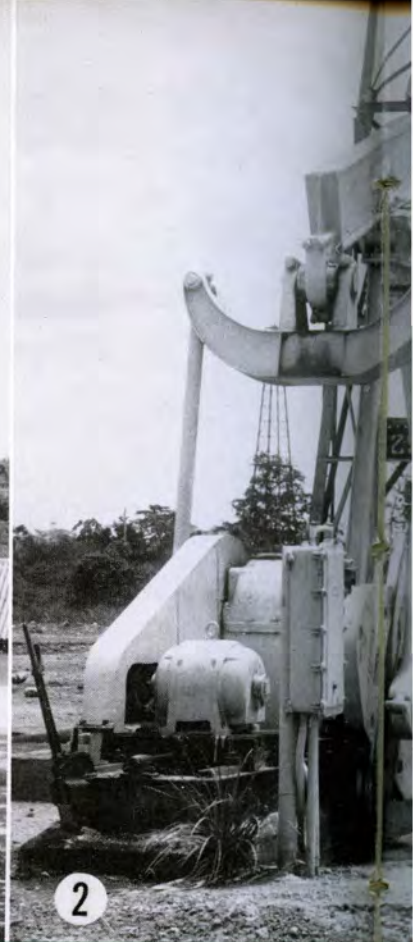
bow like a catapult. Sitting on the ground he braces the ends of the bow between the first two toes of both feet and draws back the arrow and cord with both hands. One Motilone arrow completely pierced a driller working seventy yards inside an electrically charged fence.

There have been tales of cast-off Motilone braves picked up and befriended by missionaries. There have been stories of a Motilone boy picked up many years ago by employees of the Texas Company. It was said he grew up strong and handsome and loved to wear colorful clothes.

Where these civilized Motilones are today is anybody's guess. Probably they are figments of someone's imagination. In recent years a group of Capuchin priests with the cooperation of the Creole Petroleum Corporation have been trying to win over the Motilones with airborne gifts. So far, all attempts to subdue or convert them have been repulsed. The Motilones seem to have only the utmost contempt for the white man's civilization.

FROM a late start, Venezuela's petroleum industry made rapid strides, and foot by foot, man kept hacking away at the jungle fastness of the Motilones. By the end of 1925, when annual production had risen to over twenty million barrels, the industry was firmly established and growing stronger.

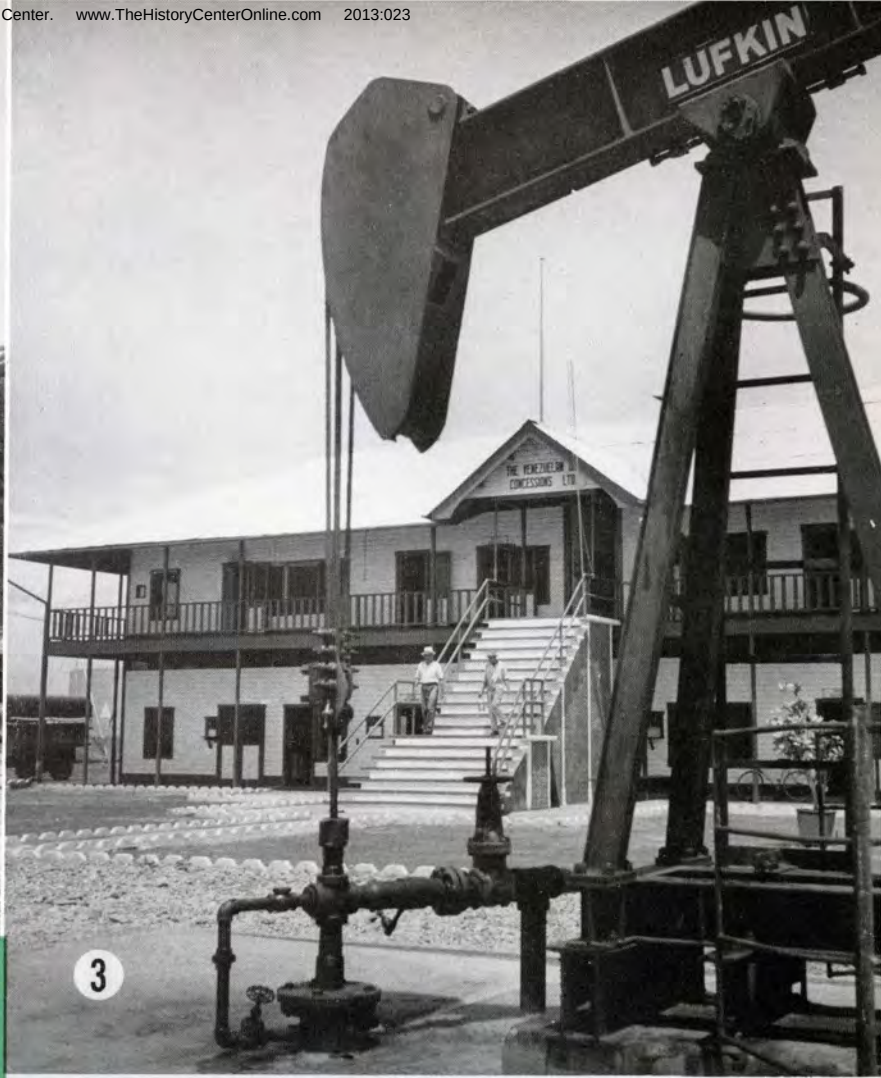
In the mid-nineteen-twenties, a full development of the oil fields began in earnest in several states, but it was in Zulia that activity rose to a feverish pitch. The hiss of steam, the hum of engines, and the roar of bulldozers echoed from deep in the jungle. Vast tracts were cleared, swamps were drained and piers were built to accommodate the fleets of floating craft and tankers. Buildings and shops sprang up to form new villages and towns which became the hub of networks of new roads to drilling locations. Towering above the surrounding jungle and scrub and extending along the eastern lake shore and into the very lake itself, there sprouted and grew a forest of steel derricks.



Lufkin installa

- 1 LUFKIN TC-44R-15B Unit, Compania Petroleo Ganso Azul, Peru, South America.
- 2 LUFKIN TC-3-22 Units in a four-well installation for Creole Petroleum Corporation in Quiriquire Field.
- 3 LUFKIN Pumping Unit in front of The Venezuelan Oil Concessions, Ltd., at Lagunillas, Venezuela.
- 4 LUFKIN TC-44-15 Unit in Quiriquire Field in eastern Venezuela. (Standard Oil Co. N. J. Photo).
- 5 LUFKIN A-912D-120-30 Air Balance Unit, Richmond Exploration Company, Boscan Field, Maracaibo, Venezuela.





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FROZEN FOOD EXPRESS

← CY B. WELLER is owner of Frozen Food Express, one of the Southwest's largest haulers of perishable food stuffs

FROZEN FOOD EXPRESS drew its first breath under the direction of Cyrus B. Weller in 1946. During the next nine years, it was destined to grow into one of the Southwest's largest trucking concerns, transporting perishable food stuffs throughout 17 states.

In 1946, Frozen Food Express was operating only within the borders of Texas. Early in 1947, the Company began to do interstate business, and today they operate in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and California.

Offices of the Company are located in Chicago and Springfield, Illinois; St. Louis and Kansas City, Missouri; Omaha, Nebraska; Memphis, Tennessee; New Orleans, Louisiana; Los Angeles and San Leandro, California; and Brownsville, Pharr, San Antonio, and Dallas, Texas. The home office is in Dallas.

The Company operates 120 units, all of which are refrigerated vans capable of maintaining temperatures ranging from zero degrees to 70 degrees. Many of these are Lufkin vans. Frozen Food Express operates trailers designated as LTL's on which are two refrigeration units. One unit maintains a temperature of zero degrees in the front half of the trailer, while the other unit keeps the back half of the trailer at 45 degrees for food stuffs that are not frozen.

"For small shipments, we maintain what we call holdover trailers in key cities such as Chicago, Memphis and Dallas," Mr. Weller explained. "These are used in the same way as terminals are used in the general freight hauling business. Frozen goods are brought to these standby trailers where they can be stored until a complete shipment is received."

To keep these 120 refrigerated vans in top-notch condition to assure fast, dependable service, Frozen Food Express maintains the most extensive mechanical refrigeration service facilities in the South or Southwest, Mr. Weller pointed out.

Another means of providing deluxe service to shippers are the seven teleprinter and one teletype machines that occupy one room in the offices of Frozen Food Express located in the Alford Warehouse in Dallas. These teleprinters are in direct contact throughout the day with offices in key cities across the nation.

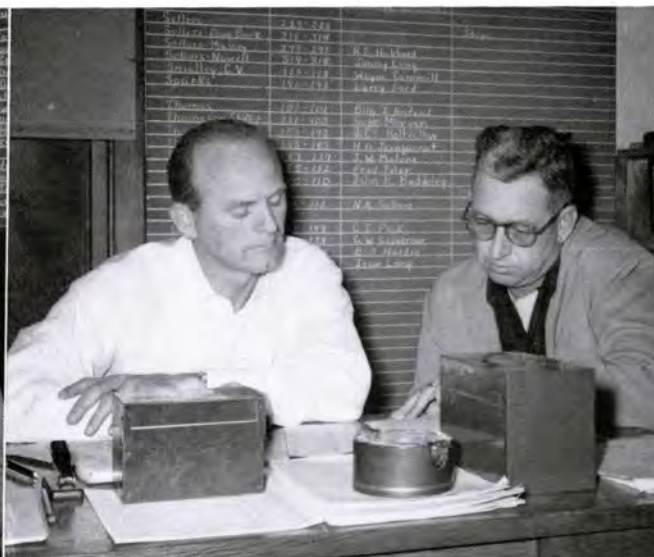
Part of the offices is occupied by personnel whose responsibility is to execute trip sheets. This involves a multitude of data, since there are several reports to be filed on each truck as it passes through different states.

"Each state has its own regulations and forms to be completed. We have three people in our organization who do nothing but file these reports," Mr. Weller explained.

Another extremely important and necessary



LEWIS BRADFORD, left, leased operator and Director of Truckers Assoc., talks with **CHUCK WATERS**



CARL BROWN, left, personnel director, and **JIM DICUS**, president, F.F.E. Truckers Association

phase of the business involves tariffs. Mr. Frank D. Dollarhide is in the Dallas office and does all the figuring of freight charges for Frozen Food Express.

One of the most interesting and unique characteristics of this Company is their organization called Frozen Food Express Truckers Association. All the tractors that pull FFE's freight are leased from individuals. These individuals, with the backing of FFE, have formed an Association that handles all the service work, the hiring and firing of operators, the discipline on driving matters, etc.

This association was chartered November 1, 1954. "Lufkin was good to us in the early days by offering convenient financing to some of our operators who wanted to own their own vans," said Carl Brown, personnel director of the Association.

Jim Dicus, president of the group pointed out many advantages of such an association. "We are able to promote co-op buying among our members; we promote our own safety regulations; have our own credit union; and promote closer understanding and cooperation between the drivers and the Company."

Mr. Dicus went on to say, "This Association makes each operator a business man for himself. He has a personal stake in FFE. If he handles his vehicle safely and expedites the delivery of his merchandise, he knows that he will benefit himself as well as his Company, for each month there is a safety bonus paid to the operators. This is distributed through the credit union on a seniority



THIS is typical of the many **LUFKIN** refrigerated aluminum vans in the fleet of Frozen Food Express

basis. The amount depends on the safety record of all operators. That money which is not used to pay claims is returned to the employees as a bonus."

Among the benefits of the Association to the employees, beside the safety bonus, are group insurance, a sick fund, lower prices for merchandise for their tractors through co-op buying, and lower maintenance costs.

So unique and successful is this Association that owners of trucking companies throughout the country have come to Dallas to study the framework and benefits of this group, with the thought of duplicating it in their concerns.



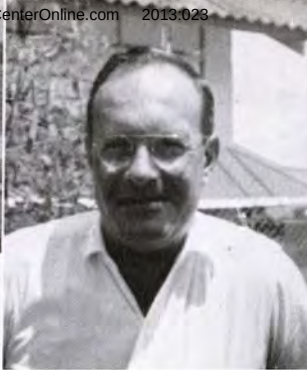
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JIM TORBERT
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BILL TROXTLER
Richmond Exploration Company
Maracaibo, Venezuela



JOHN WILSON, left;
GEORGE COLEMAN,
International Petroleum Company
Talara, Peru



HARRY MOORE, left;
ARCH PEERY,
Creole Petroleum Company
Tia Juana, Peru



ING JORGE CARRANZA, left;
ING. RICARDO PEREZ,
Compania Petroleo Ganso Azul
Aguas Calientes, Peru



MILO ERHARD, left;
CLARENCE NIELSON,
International Petroleum Company
Talara, Peru



JIM VAN DER KOOI, left;
SIB DE WIT,
Compania Shell, Casabe
Barranca Bermeja, Colombia



DON TURPIN, left;
JOE JOHNSTON,
Creole Petroleum Company
La Salina, Venezuela



Left to right: **DICK SCHUURMAN,**
DON HERRERA, AART VAN DEN BERG
Shell Oil Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela



WALT LARRICK
Shell Oil Company
Los Angeles, California



DON DAWKINS
General Petroleum Corporation
Vernon, California



DICK MCEWEN
General Petroleum Corporation
Vernon, California



Left to right: **DR. ENRIQUE APARICIO,**
DR. GABRIEL CUERVO, DR. EUSEBIO GOMEZ
Empresa Colombiana de Petroleos
El Centro, Barranca Bermeja, Colombia

W. J. KOCH
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International Petroleum
Company, Talara, Peru



MARTIN VAN DYCK
Compania Shell, Casabe,
Barranca Bermeja, Colombia

PHOTOS by Lufkin Cameraman

LAUREANO GARCIA, left, Empresa Colombiana de Petroleos, El Centro, Barranca Bermeja, Colombia; BEN SARGENT, JR., Lufkin's South American representative, Maracaibo, Venezuela.



Left to right: JESS TAYLOR, R. E. HOPKINS, MARVIN KINGSLEY, JACK POINTER, M. A. BEESON, Colombian Petroleum Company, Tibu, Cucuta, Colombia



JOSE DIEHS
International Petroleum
Company, Talara, Peru



MANUEL CARRERA
Petroleo Peruana
Talara, Peru



FRED SNITZLER
International Petroleum
Company, Talara, Peru



DR RAFAEL ARANGO
Empresa Colombiana
de Petroleos, El Centro,
Barranca Bermeja, Colombia



R. L. OSBORNE, left,
C. E. MALLORY, Colombian
Petroleum Company, Tibu,
Cucuta, Colombia



REUBEN HURT
Compania Petroleo Ganse
Azul, Lima, Peru



JOSE SESSARAGO
International Petroleum
Company, Talara, Peru

A. J. WACKER, Empresa
Colombiana de Petroleos, El Centro,
Barranca Bermeja, Colombia

DIRK JANSSEN, Compania
Shell, Casabe, Barranca
Bermeja, Colombia



Front row, left to right: BILL J. FAULK, Shell Oil Co., Los Angeles, California; BURRELL L. WALTERS, JR., Ohio Oil Co., Bay City, Texas; JIM SHART, Sun Oil Co., Carthage, Texas; VINCENTE MARTORANO, Companhia Tecnica Internacional, Brazil; WILLIAM SHERIDAN DILLON, JR., The Atlantic Refining Co., Greggton, Texas. Second row, seated, left to right: WILLIAM ALBERT BILBRO, Sohio Oil Co., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada; BILL LEWRIGHT, Pure Oil Co., Houston, Texas; RICHARD HARRISON LINAM, Shell Oil Co., Westwego, La.; EVERETT CLINTON MOORE, Gulf Oil Corp., Kilgore, Texas; RALPH EMERSON FLANDERS, Imperial Oil Co., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; HAROLD HARRISON KNAPP, Ohio Oil Co., Cement, Okla. Back row, left to right: JIM CONWAY, Petex, Austin, Texas; J. L. TALLANT, National Tank Co., Greggton, Texas; ROBERT EUGENE BERRY, C. E. Starret Co., Refugio, Texas; JAMES K. SCOTT, Creole Petroleum Corp., Maracaibo, Venezuela; CAREL SNETHLAGE, Compania Shell de Venezuela Ltd., Maracaibo, Venezuela; JIM NEVILLE, Great Plains Oil Co., Red Deer, Alberta, Canada; BILL ANFELT ERICKSON, Imperial Oil Ltd., Camrose, Alberta, Canada; GUY N. RUMBAUGH, JR., Creole Petroleum Corp., Caracas, Venezuela; DON BOLING, National Tank Co., Shreveport, La.; JIM HAKEMAN, Tret-O-Lite, Kilgore, Texas; C. J. MOSLEY, Petex, Greggton, Texas.





PERUVIAN aborigines can send curare-tipped darts from blow-guns with great skill, killing birds and small game at great distances

BASTIONS *of Heaven*

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

ROMAIN WILHELMSSEN, of Pasadena, Calif., has an attention-getting reply for friends who inquire casually: "Done anything interesting lately?"

"Well, yes," the handsome, 29-year-old explorer answers, "recently I stood on the 'Bastions of Heaven' and saw the work of men who died a hundred centuries ago."

And Wilhelmsen isn't kidding. He can prove his statement by showing more than 5,500 feet of color movies he photographed in a fantastic lost city perched on a three-mile high, mist-shrouded peak in the Peruvian Andes. He is believed to be the first white man to visit the place since Spanish conquistadores stumbled on it more than 400 years ago.

Young Wilhelmsen, a noted explorer-archeologist who has made many successful Mexican and Guatemalan explorations, recently returned from a seven-months expedition into the wilds of Colombia, Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru. He brought back priceless artifacts and films from the legendary lost city of Huasachugo, a square-mile ancient metropolis, and its sister city, Acque, a smaller but equally remote mountain fortress. Both cities are situated nearly 16,000 feet above sea level. Though a few rugged explorers have visited Acque, the only other white visitor known to have seen

Huasachugo was a Spanish soldier who found it in 1540. The Spaniard returned to Lima and wrote an account of the lofty city which Wilhelmsen found in Peruvian historical archives. It was from this document that the Pasadena explorer positively identified his find.

"The names 'Huasachugo' and 'Acque' are from ancient Inca words meaning 'brother' and 'sister,'" Wilhelmsen explained. "About two thousand years ago they were among the most important political and agricultural centers in Peru. Huasachugo, the 'brother' city, however, was a larger and more progressive metropolis than 'sister' Acque, according to Peruvian legends."

Discovery of Huasachugo came as a victorious climax to a gruelling 20-day trek during which the athletic Wilhelmsen lost 35 pounds. Leaving the civilized portion of Peru, he journeyed up rivers aboard ancient stern-wheeler riverboats like those that once plied the Mississippi River before 1900. Then, with three Indian guides, he crossed blistering desert areas and finally reached an ancient Inca trail skirting a deep abyss on one side and a series of lofty overhanging cliffs on the other. Using a tracing of the faded primitive map made by the 16th Century Spanish soldier, Wilhelmsen's little party climbed craggy mountainsides, crossed scorching deserts and cut through dense under-



THIS photo of Wilhelmsen and his three Indian guides was taken of "Bastions of Heaven" by timing device

growth for several weeks without encountering a sign of human life. The faint trail petered out eventually and, after a three-day futile attempt to pick it up again, Wilhelmsen decided that perhaps Peruvian savants at Lima were correct when they had advised him not to waste his time in quest of the lost city. "Huasachugo has certainly mouldered into dust over the centuries," they scoffed. "You'll never find a trace of it!"

"I was about to admit defeat," Wilhelmsen recalls, "when suddenly one of my guides pointed to the sky northward and exclaimed in native dialect: 'Behold! Behold! The Bastions of Heaven!'"

"A gust of icy wind parted the everlasting mist and there before us was revealed a sight I'll never forget. High overhead and due north was a tremendous peak (later proved to be 15,750 feet above sea level) topped by the battlements of Huasachugo—a mighty citadel perched in majestic loneliness above the clouds like the illustrations in fairy tale books. Giant condors wheeled in spirals over the silent city like guardian angels watching over a ghostly kingdom. It was truly an unearthly spectacle," Wilhelmsen declared.

Another two days of hard travel passed before the young explorer stood at last on the fabulous "Bastions of Heaven." But he feels the effort was well worth while because Huasachugo remains in

a remarkably good state of preservation. Though no sign of original woodwork is evident, most of the finely executed stone construction is in as good a state of preservation as the day it was built, about 20 centuries ago.

The city, about a square mile in area and surrounded by a 30-foot-high, 12-foot-thick stone wall,

SKULLS and a clay kettle which probably contained Mayan beer 2,000 years ago, found by Wilhelmsen





THE beginning of a gruelling 20-day trek that cost Wilhelmsen 35 pounds before he found Huasachugo

is a formidable fortress, indeed. At regular intervals on the wall are huge battle turrets and the wall itself is topped by hundreds of tremendous boulders poised in delicate balance—apparently as an ever-ready defense against surprise attack. Narrow streets, laid out in geometrical patterns, criss-cross the site and are lined with thick-walled stone buildings, market places and huge Inca shrines. Though no mortar was used in construction, the buildings are solid and many boast roomy interiors. One structure, erected solely of big granite blocks piled one upon the other without bonding material, is three stories high with windows and doors at each level—a genuine rarity in Inca architectural design.

From Huasachugo's massive ramparts two lower peaks are visible on each side of the city. These were Inca equivalents of suburban development. Terraces below the city obviously were used for farming purposes. Faint traces of ancient irrigation ditches still can be seen from above.

Discovery of some hitherto unknown pre-Inca civilization was made when Wilhelmsen dug into the rubble for relics—a find that has created a new mystery for ethnologists and archeologists to unravel. About 20 feet below the foundation courses of Huasachugo, he uncovered still another set of foundations indicating organized community life of far greater antiquity than the newer city atop it. The sub-surface foundations were of an entirely different architectural pattern than that of the known Inca culture. Wilhelmsen believes it to be the remains of a ten-thousand-year-old civilization.

How does he set the time of this city's existence? His theory will be a hard one to explode, the young

explorer insists, because it is backed by simple analysis of the material forming the geological strata between Huasachugo and the city beneath it.

"My ground samples show that the layer of earth material, forming the 'meat' of this geological 'sandwich', is almost entirely of pure volcanic ash—in an area where the last volcano erupted about seven thousand years ago!" Wilhelmsen explains. "Therefore, unless the accepted geological timetable is in gross error—and that seems hardly likely, scientists agree—then I must have found real clues to bolster the growing belief that man trod the Western Hemisphere at least a hundred centuries ago."

It's not Wilhelmsen's first contribution to this latter-day scientific school of thought. Several years ago, when on a Mexican exploration, he filmed the uncovering of a pyramid which had been completely swallowed up by an erupting volcano. At that time, scientists found indisputable evidence that the volcano had been "dead" for not less than 8,000 years!

But, probing deeper into the Huasachugo area's hoary mysteries was impossible for the young archeologist during his stay, since he was alone—except for the three guides—and he had only a few hand tools to use in excavating. He spent several weeks in filming the lost city's wonders and poking about the ruins but finally was forced to return to civilization when his food supplies and film were exhausted.

Returning to Lima by a slightly different route, as indicated on his ancient map, he made one of the white man's rare visits to Acque, sister city of Huasachugo, but many days' travel southward. He postponed extensive explorations there, however, until his next Peruvian expedition planned for 1956 when he'll return with special equipment and additional manpower to resume and extend his scientific snooping.

"I've more than just archeological reasons for wanting to return real soon," the tall, boyish-looking Wilhelmsen admits. "Another explorer recently turned up a half million dollars worth of gold artifacts, bullion and a pint jug of pink pearls while he was scouring around the remains of a Peruvian village once occupied by relatively poor Incas. I believe Huasachugo was an upper crust community populated by members of the ruling classes. That suggests the existence of an Inca-style First National Bank somewhere in that maze of stone buildings. If so, I want to be first in line to present my withdrawal slip at the cashier's window!"



Driller: "I accidentally caught a glimpse of the maid today in her pajamas. Do you know, honey, she's got almost as fine a figure as you have?"

Wife: "That's what the chauffeur tells me."

'Tis said that many young women leave nothing to a man's imagination and everything to his self-control.

For a man to tell whether he really likes the style and color of a woman's nightgown, it must be at body temperature.

The elderly oil man retired early at his hotel to get a good night's sleep. No sooner had his head hit the pillow than there was a knock at the door. Opening it, he was confronted by a beautiful blonde.

"Oh, excuse me," said the young lady, "Ah must have knocked on the wrong doah."

"Not only that," said the old gentleman, "but you knocked 40 years too late."

Have you heard about the manicurist who stepped out with the barber and ended up with a little shaver?

Minister: "Really, my dear, you should wait more than two months after your husband's death before marrying again."

Young Widow: "Yes, but you forget, Reverend, that he was completely paralyzed for eight months before he died."

"So he met this girl on a blind date and finally married her?"

"Yes, he said that on their first date they didn't know what to do

for entertainment, so he flipped a coin."

"Wonder what they did?"

"Don't know exactly, but they got married the next day and they named their first baby 'E Pluribus Unum'."

Two girls were, as usual, discussing men. Stated one: "Men are all alike."

The other gal, from the deep South, replied, "Men are all Ah like, too."

"Is your baby like his father?"

"I hope not. My husband would be furious."

He: "It was a beef stew marriage."

She: "What do you mean?"

He: "He was always stewed and she was always beefing."

Large truck with this large sign on its large rear end: "Watch my behind, not her's!"

Lindy Lou: "Have you ever been a maid of honor?"

Cindy Sue: "Oh, sure . . . until I met Tom."

Barney: "Psychologists say a hysterical girl is most efficiently quieted by a firm kiss."

Billy: "And do they say how to get them hysterical?"

Waitress: "I'll have you know, sir, I'm a good girl."

Tool Pusher: "Who asked you?"

Waitress: "No one."

Tool Pusher: "No wonder you're a good girl!"

Leadfoot Louie, our Heaven's gift to the Ladies, says: "The ways of pleasing young girlies most, are not always sanctioned by Emily Post."

When he met the ex-wife at a party and they had a few drinks he suggested that they have another try at marriage.

She sneered: "Over my dead body."

He sneered: "So you haven't changed a bit."

Maizie: "I was getting fond of Ed—until he got fresh and spoiled it."

Daisie: "Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

A sign in the window at 4317 N. Sycamore read: "WANTED: Experienced girl for kitchen work; must work part time in panty."

I love my little sweater girl,
She snuggles when we waltz
And any day I hope to learn
If she is true or false.

A woman bought a \$300 suit at Hattie Carnegie's and then was appalled to see what appeared to be her suit at Ohrback's for \$32.50. She rushed right back to Carnegie's and told them about it.

"But, Madam," said the saleswoman, "the Ohrback copy probably wasn't 100 percent virgin wool."

"At these prices, I don't care what the sheep do at night!" screamed the customer.

His wife was not buxom, and, as he watched her adjust a new brassiere, he asked: "What did you buy that thing for? You haven't got anything to put in it."

His wife retorted: "You wear shorts, don't you?"

"I'm going to have a little one."

Said the girl, so gay and frisky.
And when her boy friend up and fainted,

She told him she meant whiskey.

"I wish you'd wear a gown in the second act that is not quite so daringly cut," the stage manager told the star of the show.

"But this is the latest style and I paid a fortune for it," she pouted. "Why must I change?"

"Well, in that serious scene when your husband says, 'Woman, you're hiding something from me,' the audience laughs. They just can't figure out what he means."

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