



CYR

**THE** *Luffkin* **LINE**

MARCH-APRIL • 1963



Imagination was given to man to  
compensate him for what he is not;  
and a sense of humor was provided  
to console him for what he is.

— anonymous



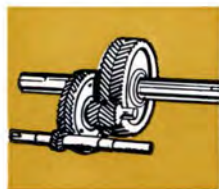
## MACHINERY DIVISION

*Sales and Service Offices*

OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

# THE Lufkin LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



MARCH • APRIL, 1963  
Volume 38 Number 2

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

### EXPORT ISSUE

THE NOT-SO-DARK CONTINENT .....	4- 7
SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN .....	8-11
LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS .....	12-13
SAGA OF BELL TRANSPORTATION .....	14-15
HERE & THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLKS .....	16-17
TURKEY—LAND OF VARIETY, COLOR, EXCITEMENT— Daniel Kurt .....	18-21
LET'S LAUGH .....	22

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OPPOSITE PAGE: Live Oak tree, Highlands Hammock State Park, Florida

—Gene Ahrens Photo, New Milford, N. J.

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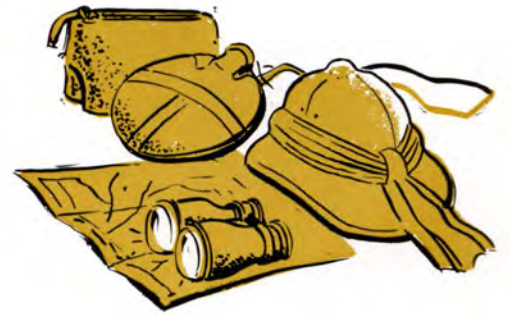
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Sales Manager



TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED

# The NOT-SO



**JUST** a little more than 70 years ago, Johannesburg was a collection of tents and shanties. The world's largest gold strike transformed it into a modern city

**THIS** is Commissioner Street in Johannesburg, the Fifth Avenue of South Africa



# - DARK CONTINENT

Leopoldville ■



Johannesburg ■

Kimberley ■

■ Durban

Capetown ■

**J**OHANNESBURG, land of the primitive and the ultra modern, of gold, diamonds and wild game, of vast lonely plains and teeming cities, offers the traveler as much in variety of experience as anywhere on earth.

South Africa plays host to more than 100,000 visitors a year and is remarkably well organized to show itself off to the visiting traveler.

Working closely with the South African Tourist Corporation and with the South African Railways, a handy outfit that will book you by car, rail, bus or air, a Pan American World Airways plane can set you down in Africa, gun in hand, to shoot a lion or an elephant. In less than two days from New York, it can send you 6,000 feet into the bowels of the earth to watch natives mining gold. It can send you into an 8,000-square-mile park, camera in hand, to "shoot" a full grown lion calmly examining its reflection in the highly polished sides of your car. It can set you down on the brink of the mile-wide Victoria Falls, twice as high as Niagara, where the Zambesi River spills 75 million gallons of water a minute into a spectacular series of gorges.



**TOURISTS** in Durban, South Africa, do their sight-seeing in a rickshaw drawn by a Zulu, resplendent in feathers and beads

Americans like South Africa. U. S. influence is inescapable. In Johannesburg it ranges from hamburgers to automobiles, from advertising techniques to jazz music. Most of the movies in the theatres are from Hollywood; best selling books in America are also tops in South Africa. The climate on the great table land, where the altitude is almost 6,000 feet above sea level, is much like Denver.

But more important, South Africa is a booming, growing nation and its people, like Americans, are still building for the best that is yet to come. They have big ideas and a characteristic optimism.

Geologists say that eons ago a great river ran into a lake where Johannesburg now stands. Both



**THE Drakensberg mountains tower above a typical South African Government tourist hostel in the Royal Natal National Park**

of trips up-country, into the bush, that you can take from either Accra or Leopoldville, and they are fascinating, but not for tenderfeet.

“You can get almost anywhere in the Gold Coast and Nigeria by West African Airways, and in the Congo by the Belgian airline, Sabena. We stayed one night at a missionary station in the heart of the Congo, at a place called Boende, three hours by air from Leopoldville. If naked savages appeal to you, this is a good place to go. Further on there are the pygmies, in the deep Congo forest near Beni, and still further on (but only a few hours by air) the giants. These are the Watutsi warriors whom you may have seen and admired in the movie ‘King Solomon’s Mines.’

“The terminal stop of Pan American in Africa is the great city of Johannesburg. From the air, approaching at night, it looks almost like Chicago. It seems inconceivable after the darkness of so much of the continent that there can be such galaxies of electric light in Africa.

“From Johannesburg, by the admirable South African Airways system, you can progress farther into the Union. We visited a round dozen cities, and had memorable experiences in them all. In Lorenzo Marques, the capital of Portuguese Mozambique, we found what was by all odds the most chic department store in Africa, and had a good time eating grilled prawns in small restaurants along the shore of the Indian Ocean. In Durban, the seaport of Natal, we rode in rickshaws borne by Zulu warriors (they may have been warriors once) and in the peninsula near Cape Town, the southernmost tip of Africa, baboons crawled over our automobile. Flying over Kimberley, we saw the diamond mine that is called ‘The Greatest Hole on Earth,’ and in Windhoek, the capital of South West Africa, we drank German beer as good an any ever found in Munich, Pilsen, or Milwaukee.”

Hunting big game with a gun is a costly affair in Africa today. There is little of it to be had in the Union of South Africa, but the airline can book a tour of two weeks into Northern Rhodesia if you’re interested in elephant, lion, cheetah and buck. Kenya and Tanganyika are also big game areas.

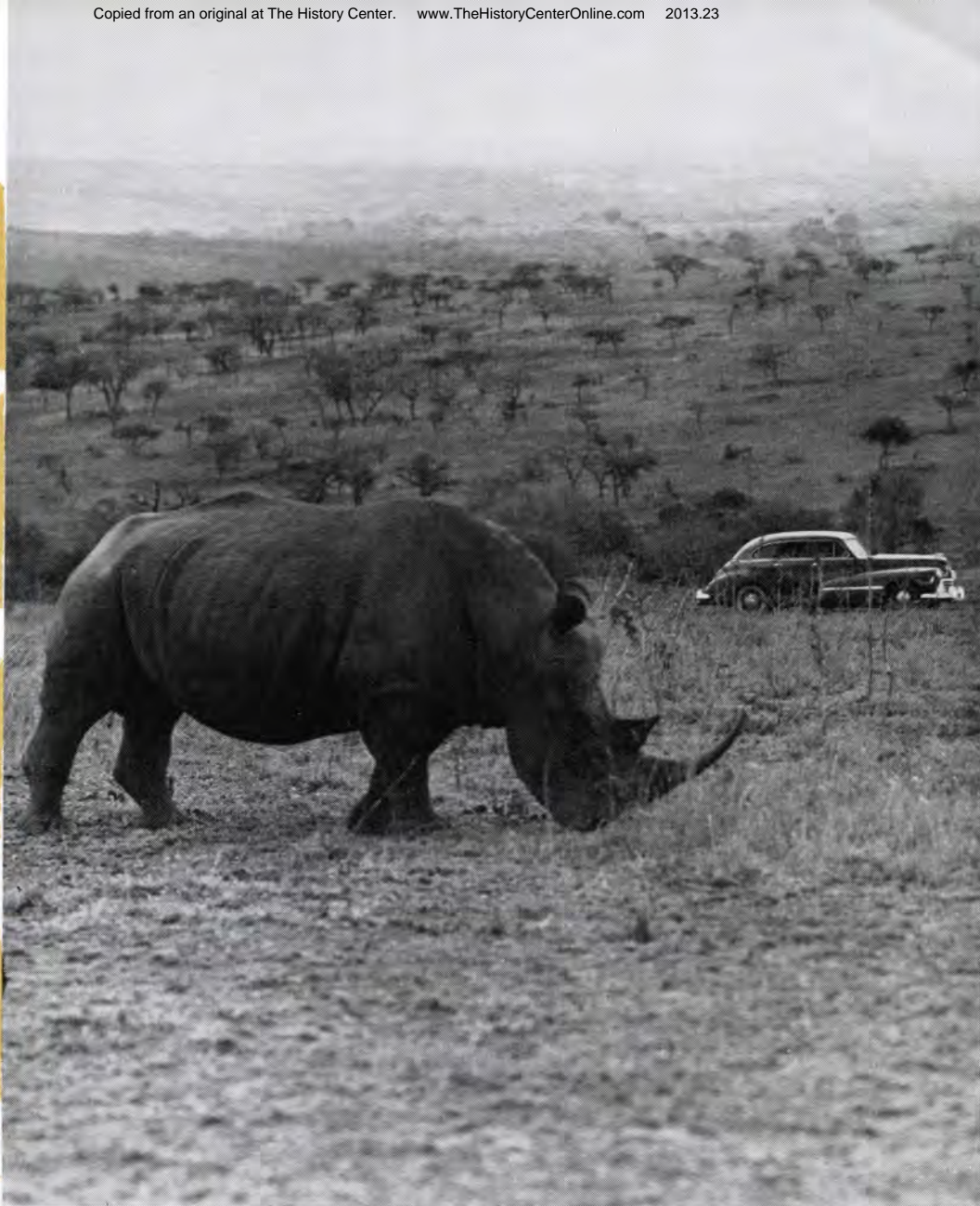
About the best place in all Africa for lion hunting is an area just west of Lobatsi, in the British

lake and river have now disappeared leaving a “reef” of gold in the shape of a huge bowl. Since 1866, more than \$10 billion in gold have been extracted. Today the underground workings reach great depths, some of the shaft systems extending 9,000 feet underground.

Almost \$50 million in diamonds are produced each year from the mines around Kimberley, 250 miles southwest of Johannesburg. Here is the “big hole” said to be the largest man-made excavation in the world, an open mine which in 44 years produced over a billion dollars worth of diamonds.

John Gunther wrote the following paragraphs after he toured Africa to collect research material for a new book:

“If you can spare the time, there are all manner



**KRUGER National Park, a day's drive from Johannesburg, is in reality a zoo in reverse. Tourists are driven through the park to watch the animals in their native haunts.**

protectorate of Bechuanaland, about 250 miles from Johannesburg. There are costly three-week safaris into the Chicquala Cuala district of Portuguese East Africa where buffalo, lion and elephant may be shot. These top safaris, however, have all the comforts of a luxury resort hotel.

For the camera fan, the attractions are far greater and they can be had as inexpensively as the hunter likes. With patience and luck, the camera enthusiast in the Kruger National Park can stalk and photograph the trumpeting elephant, the charging rhino, giraffe by the dozens, zebras and wildebeeste and the lion and the leopard on the prowl. Like our own national parks, Kruger has accommodations for thousands of visitors. Huts, camp sites and guest houses dot the 8,000 square mile area.

At night, the traveler is shut into his guest camp, but during the day he travels by car through hundreds of miles of winding roads. For some reasons, even the fiercest animals will not charge an automobile. A lion may affectionately lick the headlight of your car, but unless you break the law and tempt the animal by getting out, you are perfectly safe.

The seasons are reversed south of the equator. South Africa's fall and winter—the dry season—corresponding to our spring and summer is the best time of the year to visit. Whether it's Cape-town with its Dutch colonial atmosphere and its nearby beach resorts, or Durban with its colorful Zulu reserve, or the Royal Natal National Park, an area of spectacular mountain scenery, the traveler can be sure of a friendly welcome.



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**JIM THOMAS**  
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New York, New York



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Left to right: **OMAR GARCIA**, **OSVALDO CALCAGNO**, **ALEJANDRO LUPPI**, **JAMES LEM**, all with Pan American Argentina Oil Co., Comodoro Rivadavia, Argentina



Left to right: **CRAIG NORTON**, **BARTOLOME BRUERA**, **ART LINKLETTER**, **ROSS CABEEN**, **HAL WEBB**, **BILL KING**, **A. C. DALEY**, all of Cabeen Exploration Corp.; **SAM CURTIS**, Lufkin Representative, Buenos Aires, Argentina.



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**HERBERT CLAUSEN**, Astra Compania Argentina de Petroleo Comodoro Rivadavia, Argentina



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**WILSON SLACK**  
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# APSHOTS

*Lufkin Cameraman*



**BOB DAVIS**, left, **JIM NUNAN**  
Pan American Argentina Oil  
Co., Comodoro Rivadavia, Argentina

Left to right: **C. W. BLACK**, **J. P. TRIMBLE**,  
**R. L. PALMER**, all with Tennessee Argentina S.A.  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

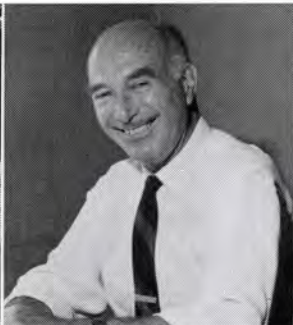


**JOHN BRUTON**  
Aguila Compania de Petroleo  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

**B. C. FRIHART**  
Argentina Cities Service Development  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

**CARLTON SPALDING**  
Mobil Oil of Argentina  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

**EDUARDO HINOJOSA ACHA**, left, Matpetrol  
Lufkin Representative; **PAUL BALBIN**, Tennessee  
Argentina S.A., Buenos Aires, Argentina



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**JACK BATES**  
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**M. S. HOUSE**  
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**FRED EARL**  
California-Texas Oil Corp.  
New York, New York



**GUIDO DELGADO**, left, Matpetrol, Lufkin  
Representative; **PATRICK N. F. LOGAN**, Aguila  
Compania de Petroleo, Buenos Aires, Argentina



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Batman, Turkey; all with Turkiye Petrolleri, A.O.



Left to right: **C. J. NEWTON**,  
**MAX FESS**, **RAY SIEFERT**, all with  
Oasis Oil Co. of Libya, Tripoli, Libya



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**BOB MEDARES**, both with Esso-Standard  
Libya, Inc., Benghazi, Libya



Left to right: **BOB GIFFEN**,  
**JOHN CASSAR**, **PAUL NAUT**, all with Esso-  
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**JOHN JACKSON**, Richmond  
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Maracaibo, Venezuela



**TEX STOVALL**  
Colombian Petroleum Co.  
Tibu Field, Colombia



**BOB ECKART**  
Colombian Petroleum Co.  
Tibu Field, Colombia



Left to right: **RICARDO CARDIVIOLA**, **A. ORLANDO**, **H. F. CIVALERO**, **RICARDO PEREIRA**, **ORLANDO COSSANI**, all  
with Pan American Argentina Oil Co., Comodoro, Rivadavia.



Left to right: **DON HEARD**, **BILL KAHLA**,  
**HERB SMITH**, all with Oasis  
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**SIMON NIJKERK**, Shell  
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**KEN LYLES**  
Esso-Standard Libya,  
Inc., Benghazi, Libya

**FRANK MARETICH**  
Mobil Oil of Canada  
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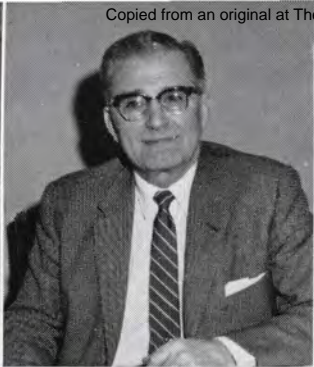
**JIM SNEED**, Phillips  
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Tripoli, Libya

**LEWELL ADAIR**  
Libyan Atlantic Co.  
Tripoli, Libya





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FRED BRIGGS  
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# SNAP SHOTS



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PAUL WESTRUP  
Cabeen Exploration Corp.  
Buenos Aires, Argentina



MARCEL CASTELAIN, left,  
JOE NICAISE, Finapetro Argentina  
Comodoro Rivadavia, Argentina



N. C. (NEWBY) SIMPSON  
Gulf Oil Co. of Libya  
Tripoli, Libya



Left to right: PHILLIP D. IRWIN,  
HULUSI BERILGEN, BILL LEDFORD, all with Mobil  
Exploration Mediterranean, Inc., Ankara, Turkey



Left to right: JAMES CUNNINGHAM,  
MIKE WEDDERBURN, JOHN DRAKE, all with  
American Overseas Petr., Ltd., Tripoli, Libya



Left to right: A. M. HADRIZ,  
BOB POWERS, L. R. BIRBECK, all with  
Pan American Libya Oil Co., Tripoli, Libya



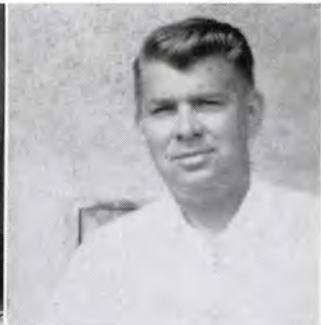
SELAHADDIN OZKAN, left,  
RIFAT BAYAZIT, both with Turkiye  
Petrolleri A. O., Ankara, Turkey



B. C. HOUSEEL, left, New President,  
B. C. CLARDY, Retiring President, Argentina  
Cities Service Development, Buenos Aires, Argentina



ARMANDO VENTURINI, Astra  
Compania Argentina de Petroleo  
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HERMAN VAN KASTEEL  
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JIM BEAKY  
Colombian Petroleum Co.  
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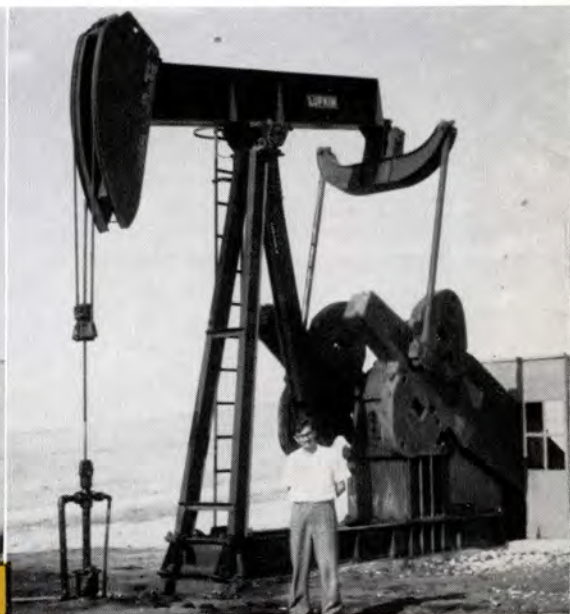


ALLAN WILLS  
Kuwait Oil Co.  
Ahmadi, Kuwait



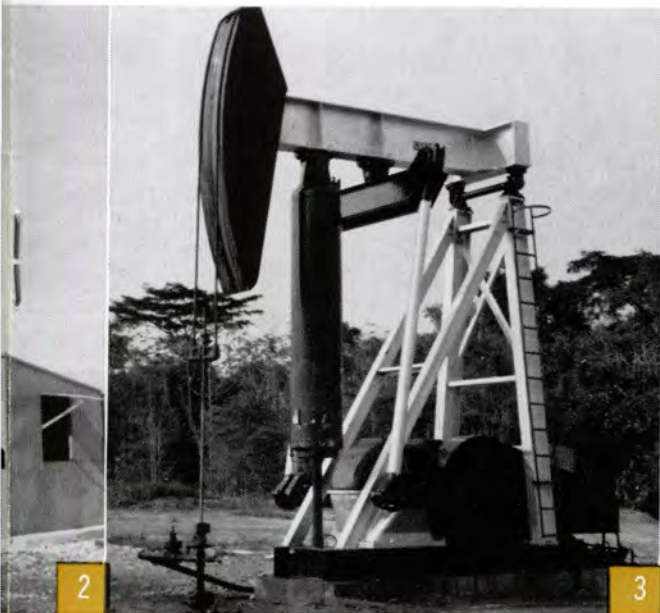
JOE WEBB  
Brown & Root  
Tripoli, Libya





# LUFKIN

- 1 LUFKIN C-640D-1  
Bati Raman Field,
- 2 LUFKIN C-228D-7  
Garzan Field, Turk
- 3 LUFKIN A-912D-1  
Petroleum Compan
- 4 LUFKIN C-640D-1  
Garzan #21, Turk
- 5 LUFKIN A-228D-  
Petrolleri, A. O., B
- 6 LUFKIN A-912D-1  
Exploration Comp  
zuela.
- 7 LUFKIN C114D-48  
Azul, Peru.
- 8 LUFKIN C-114D-4  
ern Venezuela. (St



# LUFKIN

# INSTALLATIONS

20-30 Unit, Turkiye Petrolleri, A. O., Turkey.

74-23 Unit, Turkiye Petrolleri, A. O., Turkey.

144-40 Air Balanced Unit, Colombian, Tibu Field, Colombia.

20-30 Unit, Turkiye Petrolleri, A. O., Turkey.

74-28 Air Balanced Unit, Turkiye Bati Raman Field, Turkey.

20-30 Air Balanced Unit, Richmond, Boscan Field, Maracaibo, Venezuela.

74-14 Unit, Compania Petroleo, Ganso

74-14 Unit in Quiriquire Field in east-standard Oil Co. N. J. Photo).





THE advent of J. Harold Bell into the oilfield transportation business took place in 1941, when he joined J. L. “Roy” Newlin in the formation of the Bell-Newlin Transportation Company. One of the older drivers recalled a statement made by Mr. Bell that exemplified his business philosophy—“If I’m going to be in the trucking business, I’m going to be in it in a big way.”

That philosophy was responsible for the formation of pipe storage yards, served by a rail spur, at South Chester. This was an innovation at the time, but one which met with the approval of the oil industry.

In 1945, E. Crews Bell joined the concern and in 1946, the partnership of Bell-Newlin Transportation Company was dissolved and the Bell Transportation Company was formed and incorporated. Harold Bell was now free to expand the business as much as he wanted to—and expand it he did!

The two brothers were a perfect team, different as night and day, but with those differences complimenting rather than clashing. Harold was the “born salesman” who never met a stranger, who thought and dreamed big. Full of quick enthusiasms, and realizing that like all good salesmen he was easily sold, he relied on Crews’ calm, cool practicality to help tame his enthusiasms and direct his dreams along workable channels.

Any of Harold’s many friends could describe his walk—it exemplified his hurry to get the job done so he could tackle the next one. It wasn’t a walk and it wasn’t a trot or a run, but somewhere

## SAGA OF

in between. It seemed to say “There is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it.”

In 1948, the North Shore Pipe Storage Yard was opened to catch the overflow of pipe which had by this time filled nine storage yards in the city limits of Houston. The South Chester Spur, where five cars could be handled daily, was no longer sufficient for the needs of the customers, so a fifteen-car spur was built at North Shore.

On January 6, 1950, Harold and Crews were returning from a hunting trip by car. They phoned in from Hempstead to have transportation at Harold’s home to take Crews to his home. While driving on homeward, they met a cotton truck which was passing another vehicle on the hills south of Hempstead. In trying to avoid a head-on collision, the Bells turned right into a field, only to have the approaching cotton truck turn left so that the left door of the Bell’s car took the impact of the crash. Both brothers were fatally injured.

With the initial impetus created by the founders, the Company could go no way other than forward.



**ABOVE** are shown two of Bell's lowboys required to move an extraordinarily heavy and cumbersome load.

**LEFT:** A portion of Bell's Fleet in which are many Lufkin oilfield floats.

# BELL Transportation

North Shore Yard had increased to 38 acres and it has been necessary at times to lease as much as 15 acres additional for the storage of pipe. The spur track outside the yard has had as many as 120 cars awaiting movement into the yard while the 15-car spur in the yard was full and crews were working around the clock unloading.

The number of employees has grown from 65 to 160 and the number of road trucks operated has increased from 25 to 130. In addition to the main office and terminal at Houston, terminals are being operated at five other points. The Company now serves 22 states and recently received approval of Division I of the I.C.C. to operate to and from Alaska.

In keeping stride with all facets of the industry, Bell Transportation Company has received 11 safety awards in the past three years.

The ownership of the Company has remained in the family, with Mrs. J. Harold Bell, president.

Lufkin is proud to count Bell Transportation Company among its friends and customers.



**THIS** was one of Bell's first pieces of equipment when the Bell Brothers formed the Company in 1946.



**ED WILLIAMS**  
Carl Sewell Motor Co.  
Odessa, Texas



**E. J. QUALIA**  
Midland, Texas



**JACK ENGLISH**  
Lewie Montgomery Trucking Co.  
Odessa, Texas



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**J. E. WISEMAN**, left, and  
**GLENN WISEMAN**, J. E. Wiseman  
Contractors Equipment, Houston, Texas



Left to right: **H. C. (BUCK) BLASCHKE**,  
**GRADY FOSTER**, and **LARRY KRUEGER**  
Blaschke Trucking, Houston, Texas



**GEORGE ROBERTS**  
R. B. Bowden Construction Co.  
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Rose Gravel Co.  
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**ALTON BRAZELL**, County  
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Lubbock, Texas



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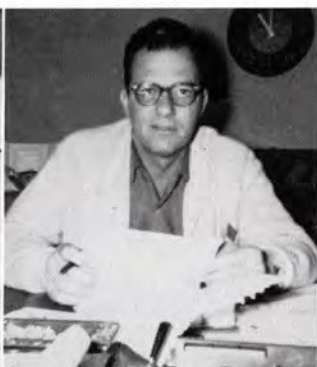
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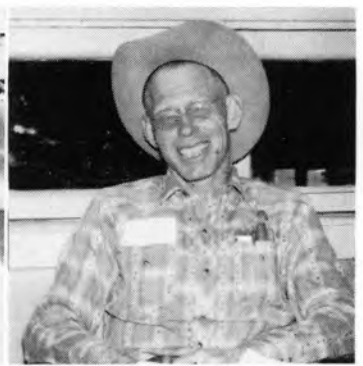
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GUY W. ARCHERD, Action Truck  
Line, Houston, Texas**



**CHESTER ECKHARDT, left, Eckhardt  
Bros., Fredericksburg, Texas; TED DOYAL,  
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**ROY MELLOR, Ransome  
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& Co., Midland, Texas; and TROY FARRIS  
Farris Trucking, Midland, Texas**



# Turkey ... Land of



By Daniel Kurt

WHEN an American girl dates a Turkish boy in Istanbul, she is likely to spend her evening against a background as romantic as any in the world. The travellers and the romantic-minded from all over are discovering the special and unspoiled attractions of lesser known places.

Speaking to a group of young Americans, I found that the things that pleased them in Turkey were as varied as can be imagined. One of them, an art student from Chicago, had one of the most pleasant evenings of her life in a rowboat on the Kucuk Su, a tributary of the Bosphorus, where

BELOW: All through Turkey, beautiful towns like Antalya offer the delights of rural life to the traveler



# Variety, **COLOR**, Excitement...

she caught five fish between dusk and midnight. Her companion, a Turkish student, rowed her out to a spot where fresh water meets salt, an especially good place for anglers, then he set a lantern in the prow of the boat to attract fish. She told how the little stretch of water was lit up with lanterns from a dozen rowboats, and how like a fairyland it was against the background of the mosque and minaret-filled skyline of Istanbul.

When she caught her first fish, a kind of red mullet, her Turkish friend cooked it on the spot over a brazier he had brought for the purpose. Vendors in boats, with oars hardly touching the water, silently glided back and forth. Making the least possible disturbance, they passed among the rowboats selling ears of hot, freshly boiled corn.

The young lady had eaten in the best restaurants of Istanbul, which are judged as good as any in the world, but she claims that her meal in the moonlight, floating between Asia and Europe, was the one she's least likely to forget.

Another American, a young traveller from California whose taste runs to tramp steamers, liked walking around Istanbul best of all, the kind of thing that the hometowner never blinks at but the outsider often finds more delightful than great palaces and museums.

He loved buying melon ice cream from the decorated carts that are to be found all over the city. The sherbet sellers were especially fascinating to him. They walked around with their ornate silver contraptions strapped to their backs. These portable soda fountains had spouts all around, one for each flavor and one for the water the vendor used to rinse his glassware. The word "sherbet" is Turkish, and in Turkey they are not the familiar waterices but are fruit drinks. The Californian insisted, however, that most of his nourishment came from the "boerek" vendor's cart, Turkey's answer to the American "hot dog" man. The street-seller's boereks are usually small rolls of soft, tangy cheese covered by paper-thin crusts of pastry dough.

He was amused by the little subway, the second



**NIGHT**-fishing in Istanbul's Kucuk Su, an inlet of the famed Bosphorus, is a sport for the romantic.



**FISHING** boats ply the winding waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn with the superb skyline of Istanbul as a backdrop.

where the tide carried him, and he was able to accomplish the “feat”—the Bosphorus is only a half-mile wide at his point-of-crossing—with practically no effort. He doubts that he is ever likely to swim from one continent to another in a more leisurely fashion, or in any fashion for that matter.

Another American tourist with whom I talked was a confirmed “off-the-beaten-track” man. He remembers with the most pleasure a Turkish bullfight in the small town of Artvin in eastern Turkey, some twenty miles from the Russian border. Though what he saw was in every sense of the word a bullfight, it had no relation whatever to what happens in the “plazas de toros” of Spain and Mexico.

He was visiting a Turkish friend who had been educated at an American university and now had settled down as a mining engineer. For a week he had been treated to the kind of hospitality that is reserved for strangers from afar. During the day he was taken on horseback through the countryside and up into the hills. Going to ever fair, festival and outing within fifteen miles, he discovered later that many of them were put on just to amuse the visiting American. Each night there was a banquet—Turkish style, ample, varied and cooked with an expert’s hand.

He told how he happened to be in Artvin at the time of the annual bullfight which brings out not only local inhabitants but almost the whole population of the surrounding area. People converge on the town in carts and automobiles, on horseback and on foot. Even the bazaar merchants bow to the spirit of the occasion and close up shop.

Fortunately for the crowds and the American, the day was warm and sunny. The arena was an ancient one with relics of an earlier civilization strewn about it. Stalls for the bulls were set up at the edges of the clearing. One by one the animals were brought to their proper places, each surrounded by its admirers.

Gradually, they cleared the field. He explained how no *impresario* is needed at these affairs; they have been going on for generations, and everyone knows exactly what to do. Two farmers walk to the center of the arena, each leading his bull. Then, the show begins.

The two animals are face-to-face. Bobbing and weaving, pawing the dirt, they finally lock horns.

oldest in the world, that ran a third of a mile up the hill from Galata Bridge to fashionable Beyoglu. Best of all, though, he liked the ferries that chugged between the Asiatic and European sides of Istanbul. Each day he would take a boat and get off at one of the little hamlets, which are part of Istanbul proper, that dot both sides of the Bosphorus.

His favorite was Bebek, a delightful little garden town made for summer afternoon pleasures. When not sipping tangerine liqueur at an open-air cafe overlooking the Bosphorus, he was climbing the hills that line the waterway. Just beyond Bebek is Rumelihisar—the Castle of Europe—a wonderful spot for the romantically-minded to recapture the medieval past. Five-hundred years ago, Mehmet the Conqueror built this impressive pile as a prelude to his successful attack on Byzantium. With history book in hand, the American tourist wandered among the battlements, stopping to gaze from time to time across the narrow ribbon of water to Asia.

His greatest personal triumph was swimming from Europe to Asia. Fortunately, he picked a spot



WITH brightly decorated ice cream carts, vendors roam streets and parks selling their wares for pennies

Much snorting by the bulls punctuates the cheers of encouragement from the onlookers. Suddenly, one of the bulls backs away, and a hush falls over the crowd. He reverses himself, trots rapidly in the direction of his adversary who takes to his heels scattering the crowd in wild, but good-natured, confusion. The battle is over for this pair of bulls who leave the field without bruise or blemish. As a matter of fact, there is very little bruising in these bullfights but that does not diminish the intense enthusiasm of the spectators.

Time and again, the bulls break the bounds of the arena and the crowds have to demonstrate expert agility to save their necks. Order is restored only when the owners of the bulls manage to impress Marquis of Queensbury rules on their recalcitrant beasts and bring them back to where they belong.

By nightfall, our American friend told how the bullfight gave way to a street fete. People join unaffectedly in the dancing and singing; many of them put on garments that are generations old thus adding to the gaiety of the occasion. Nothing is ever organized during these fetes, but the celebra-

tion goes on without a pause as if an expert master-of-ceremonies controlled the situation. Goaded on by their favorite musician—an impassioned drummer in this case—old and young danced and sang with spontaneity and a lack of self-consciousness.

When it was time to go back to his friend's home, the American was certain that he had spent one of the fullest and most satisfying days of his life. What's more, he claims to be the only American who can dance the "halay."

Many Americans leave Turkey with ineradicable memories—a dinner outside Ankara at the bottom of the Cubuk Dam; a donkey ride along the paths of pine-covered Buyuk Island within sight of Istanbul; a walk in the foot-steps of St. Paul along the 2000-year-old marble street of Ephesus.

Though Turkey is a very old country, it has its feet—both of them—in the 20th Century. It is a land of variety, color and excitement where one can view the past in up-to-date comfort. Thousands of Americans have visited Turkey since the end of World War II, and as word gets around, there's every indication that it soon will be a regular stop on the itinerary of even the most casual tourist.



Almost as pitiable as the fellow who was tried and found wanting is the guy who wanted and was found trying.

A teacher turned stripper and said she now has a new line: "Reeling, Writhing and Rhythmic Tricks."

Another name for a maternity dress is a "Slip Cover."

He: "Let's get married or something."

She: "Let's get married or nothing!"

The modern girl is the one who will hate her self in the morning either way.

The gentleman was gazing rapturously at "Spring," a large oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in a few leaves. Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for—autumn?"

One morning an oilman's secretary was showing off her stunning new tailored suit . . . a birthday present from her parents. Her boss stopped to admire it and then went on into his office to greet a caller who was waiting to see him.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he told the startled caller, "but I was just admiring my secretary in her birthday suit."

The girl was through with her bath and was just stepping onto the scale to weigh herself. Her husband happened to return home and entered through the back door. Seeing what his wife was doing as he passed the bathroom door, he exclaimed: "Well, dear, how many pounds today?" Without turning her head she re-

plied, "I'll take 50 pounds today and don't you dare pinch me with those tongs!"

When the oilfield truck driver got back from a long haul, he found that the waitresses in his favorite diner had been outfitted with new uniforms. Each girl had her name embroidered across the left breast pocket of her uniform. The driver's favorite waitress paraded for him and said:

"How do you like it?"

"I like it very much," he replied, "but tell me, what are you gonna name the other one?"

Oilman Slim says he used to live in a Boom Town . . . lots of shotgun weddings.

She: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

He: "You're gonna die when you hear what I have to ask."

"You've read that passage wrong, Miss Adams. It's All men are created equal, not All men are made the same way."

Some girls make friends quickly. With strangers it takes a little longer.

"If you don't stop this instant, I'll call the chaperone!"

"That's a good idea. You call her and I'll call my brother and we'll keep this thing going all night long."

So these fellers were having that one little drink at the bar before going home at the end of a hard day and, of course, they got to talking about business and things. One of the things, strangely enough, turned out to be the subject of women.

"Well," said one, "I may not know

everything about women but one thing I have learned in my long experience with the fair sex is that you just can't trust a woman who has brown eyes."

"Wow!" exclaimed one of the other fellers at the bar, "You know, I've been married two and a half years already and I just realized I don't know what color my wife's eyes are."

With that statement he plunked down the payment for his drinks, dashed out to his car and broke all speed limits on his way home. Once he got there he rushed into the house. His wife wasn't in the living room. She wasn't in the kitchen. She was asleep in bed.

By now the husband's curiosity could not be checked. He crept quietly close to his wife, lifted one of her eyelids and looked. "Brown!" he exclaimed.

Brown crawled out from under the bed and said, "How in heck did you know I was under there?"

After the lavish wedding reception, the newlyweds retired to their honeymoon suite. The groom turned down the lights and found something suitably romantic on the radio. Then he excused himself and returned in pajamas and robe. He opened a bottle of champagne and poured them each a drink, then he took his bride by the hand and tenderly led her toward the bedroom.

"Darn," she muttered, "everytime I go out with a guy it ends up the same way."

Fifth Grader: "Teacher, can my mother have a baby?"

Teacher: "Sure your mother can have a baby."

Fifth Grader: "Can I have a baby?"

Teacher: "No Mary, you can't have a baby."

Little boy, tapping Mary on the shoulder: "See, I told you that we didn't have a thing to worry about."

Then there's the sad, sad story of the little country lass who lives her life in methodical routine. Five days of the week she engaged in the back-breaking toil of the farm. On Saturday she journeyed to town to sow her wild oats. Sundays were always spent hoping for a crop failure.

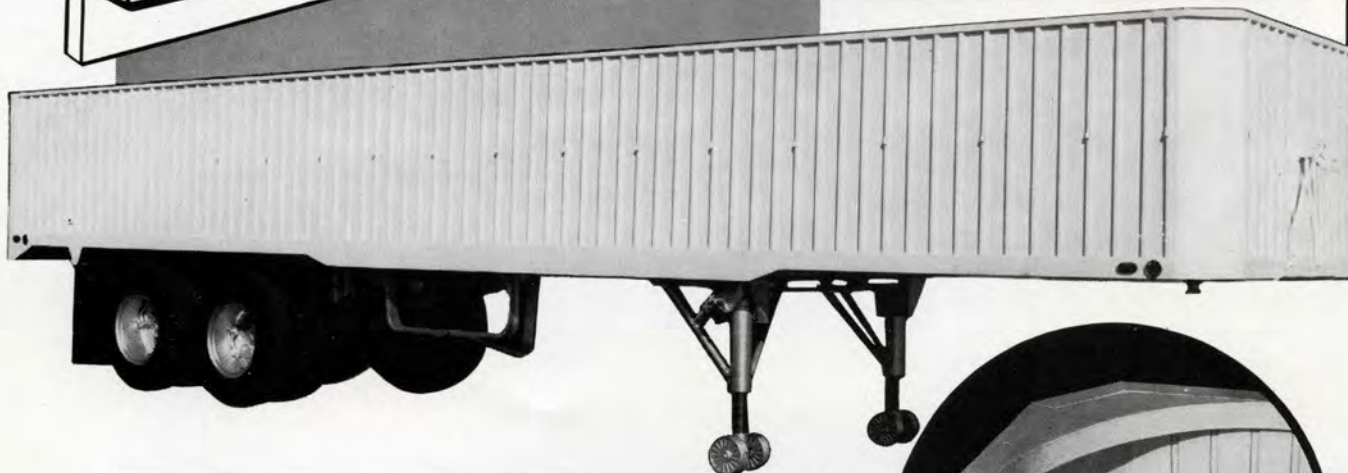
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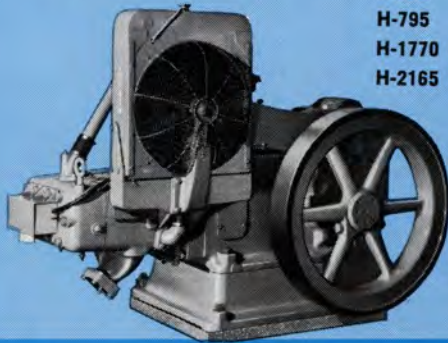


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