



Published monthly to advance and promote friendly service with the customers of The Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin, Texas

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No. 1

## Lufkin Equipment Interests Many at Petroleum Exposition

**R**EGARDLESS of rain and cold weather which was experienced most of the time during the Tulsa show the Lufkin Line of pumping equipment drew exceptional interest. A complete pumping Braden derrick with concrete floor, concrete foundation for units—a model oil well pumping installation, absolutely fire proof, was a surprise to many.

The derrick was equipped with one of our 5½" Intermediate units, a No. 4 Oklahoma type hoist, new Samson Post, Walking beam with new Trout pitman and was in continuous operation during the entire show—rain or shine. A "G. E." 20/50 oil field type motor furnished the power to run this equipment.

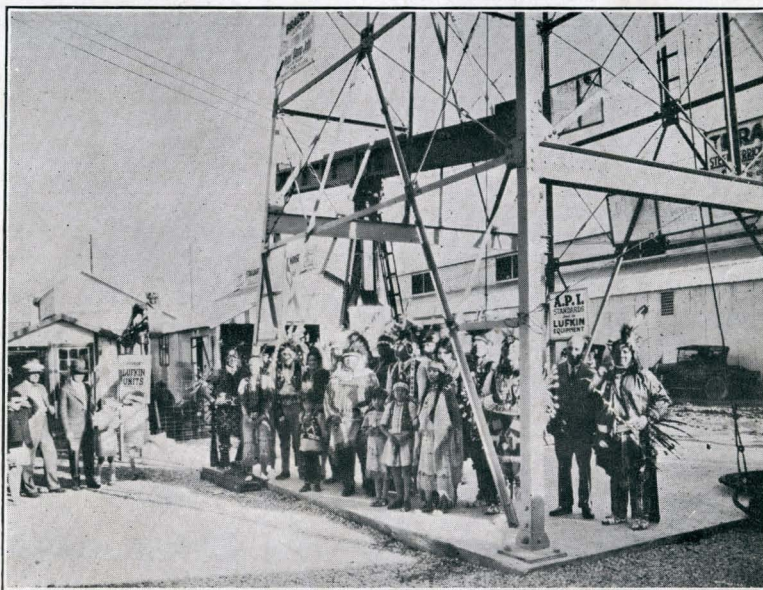
Near by one of our new Baby Units driven by a 7½ H. P. "G. E." motor was also in continuous operation and proved to be of great interest throughout the show—many commendatory remarks were made regarding this new unit and its great possibilities.

Inside the house one of our standard units was shown with top cut in half and operated by 1/6 H. P. motor with a fish line for belt, simply to show internal construction and how easy a Lufkin

Unit turns over—how little friction there is in an up-to-date worm gear.

On the derrick floor was one of our Oklahoma type hoists, with double brake drives, operating with a rod line weight to bring the line down—this proved to be of unusual interest to the crowds when

two or three people were carried to the top of the derrick for an aerial view of the exposition. The hoist was handled so well that a real thrill was experienced in the "fall" coming down only to stop gently—many women took the trip to the delight of the crowd, some prepared others not—it made no difference—to get a thrill was the big idea—of course a derrick man went along with a safety hold. Although the hoist only operated from the unit at pumping speed, field operators were pleased with the speed and its absolute control in operation.



Indian Friends Giving the Lufkin Exhibit at the Tulsa Exposition the "O. O."

Many of the original Americans shown in the picture took a ride to the derrick top and were like children with a new plaything—they never know when to stop and only shutting off motor ended the fun.

# The Origin Of Thanksgiving

*From Days and Deeds*

When, in 1621, after the ingathering of the first harvest in the new world, Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony, sent four men out to shoot wild fowl, that the settlers "might after a more special manner rejoice together," he little dreamed to what this pious act would lead.

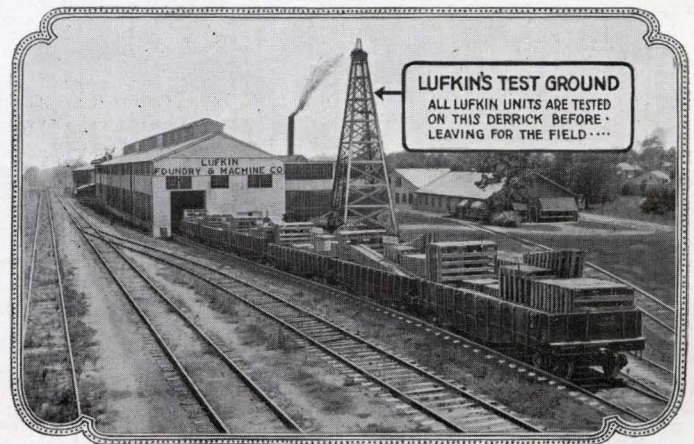
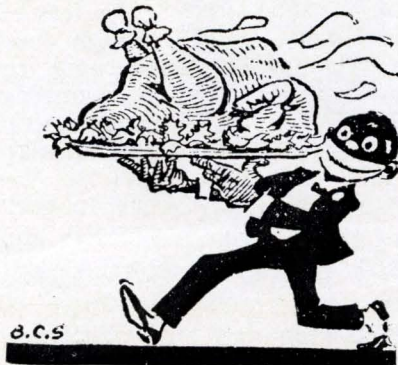
The exact date of this first Thanksgiving is not certain; but from the fact that it was an open-air feast, it is evident that it must have occurred in that lovely period of balmy calm, cool air and soft sunshine which is called Indian Summer, and which may be considered to range between the latter week of October and the latter week of November. Edward Winslow, in a letter dated December 11, 1621, thus describes the festival.

"Our Harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors.

"The four in one day killed as many fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week, at which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our governor, and on the captain and the others."

For many years after that first Thanksgiving the autumnal "feast of ingathering" was merely an occasional festival, as unexpected prosperity or un-hoped-for aid in adversity moved the Pilgrims or the Puritans to a special act of praise. It was not until the Revolutionary War that the feast became in any sense national, but after 1784 it was only occasionally observed except in New England. The first Thanksgiving proclamation from a President of the United States was issued by George Washington in 1795. But this custom did not become an annual one until the dark days of the Civil War.

The great struggle gave to the people of this country a new sense of oneness, and since 1863 the President has issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation regularly every year, setting apart the last Thursday in the month of November as a day of feasting, of thanks, and of prayer.



A Trainload of Lufkin Equipment Bound For Mexico

Puerto Mexico, is the destination of the shipment shown above which is being made for the Anglo-Mexican Petroleum Company. This is the second shipment to this point, this being a duplicate of one made a short time ago. Repeat orders for LUFKIN EQUIPMENT are always the best testimonials.

## Walter Trout Mistaken For Golf Player

Walt writes us from Oklahoma City:

"A few minutes after I checked in my room some one called and asked if this was "Gene Sarazen" speaking. I thought some one was trying to "kid me" so I told them "Hell no, this is Bobby Jones speaking." It seems Sarazen had just checked out of this same room.

From the opinion we formed of Walt's playing when visiting the home office this summer, our only remark is that this is the nearest he'll ever be accused of being a golf player.

## Too Hurriedly

The Browns were expecting a visit from their pastor. It was the custom of the latter to ask the small children of his flock three questions—their name, age, and, to test their knowledge of right and wrong, he asked them where bad little children went. Mary, the young daughter, had received full instructions from her parents and was quite ready to answer the questions.

The minister arrived and asked: "What's your name, little girl?"

In her hurry to display her intelligence, Mary answered: "Mary, sir; five years old; go to hell."

## More Trouble

Operator—The number you called is out of order.

Exasperated—That's funny, she was working all right last night.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

## Life's Little Joke

Take the average business man away from his desk, strap a bundle weighing twenty-five pounds on his back and start from any corner on a good hot day. Walk briskly. Stop every few hundred feet and make him stand for a minute or two. Then start again. Force him to continue in this fashion until a circuit of six or seven miles has been completed.

He will finish, if you can keep him going until the finish, in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. Nor is this entirely imagination. If the doctor takes inventory he will find evidence of severe fatigue, perhaps definite injury to the patient. Your patient is honest when he tells you that he would

not go through the grind again for a hundred dollar bill.

Yet he is willing to go through exactly these same motions every afternoon that he plays golf—and he gets a whale of a kick out of it.

It is the difference between work and play. If we do a thing because we want to, it is play, and the fine heat of enthusiasm carries us through without conscious effort and with no appreciable fatigue. If we do the same thing because we have to, it is work, and the cost in energy mounts surprisingly.

Just one of life's little jokes—and one of the reasons why systematic investment, that makes work during the afternoon of life a matter of choice rather than necessity, actually extends as well as enlarges life.



**DIVISION MANAGERS SIMMS OIL COMPANY**  
(Taken at a Recent Meeting, Dallas, Texas)

Top row reading left to right: D. W. Gee, Mexia, Texas; J. A. Pearl, Hebronville, Texas; H. R. Bean, Homer, La.; Ray B. McGuire, Navarro, Texas; L. E. Lewis, McCamey, Texas; J. C. Wells, Smackover, Ark.; R. W. Taylor, Archer City, Texas; C. F. Brooks, Homer, La.; J. W. Gammage, Hebronville, Texas; L. P. Blanton, Morris, Okla.; D. R. Biggers, Navarro, Texas; John A. Tulley, Breckenridge, Texas; F. Herzog, Mexia, Texas.

Front row reading left to right: W. L. Karns, Breckenridge, Texas; H. W. Scott, Smackover, Ark.; R. R. Foster, Corsicana, Texas; C. S. Fisher, Morris, Okla.; W. L. Todd, V. P. & G. M., Dallas, Texas; L. W. Richards, Sec'y, Dallas, Texas; I. M. Ament, Dallas, Texas; James L. Wright, McCamey, Texas; Jay Sandboe, Archer City, Texas; A. J. Mitchell, Smackover, Ark.

**The Simms Company Have Over Fifty Lufkin Units In Successful Operation and Are One of Many Large Producers That Have Standardized on Lufkin Equipment.**

# THE CHAIN WITHOUT A WILL

## *The Plant*



**The Plant** Over a quarter of a century of successful operation in the oil and lumber industries finds us better equipped in manpower and machinery and more eager to serve than ever. Our success, however, whatever it may be, is due only to our many friends and customers who have displayed those priceless—intangible assets—"Confidence" and "Good Will." We have the distinction of having the largest plant of its kind in the Southwest.

**The Product** Standardization of our equipment by so many large companies speaks volumes, and the fact that over 700 wells are being successfully operated by LUFKIN EQUIPMENT in the various oil fields of the United States and foreign countries, proves the popularity of, and the demand for, our PRODUCT.

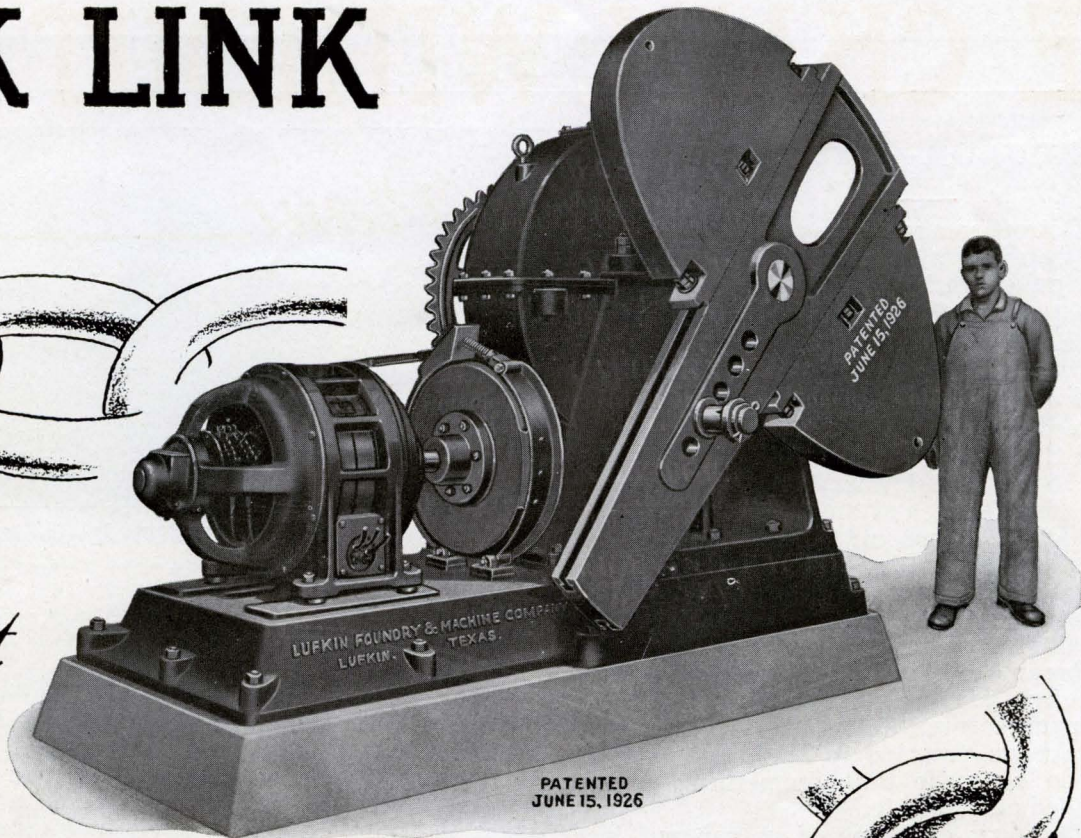
**The Personnel** The entire personnel of the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, with whom you deal in purchasing LUFKIN EQUIPMENT, is made up of experienced Oil Field Operators and Engineers. A carefully planned course through our factory is one of the requirements that our men must meet before they become field men and District Managers. This training enables them to give you service at all times.

With a PLANT such as we have—a PRODUCT that is the standard of comparison and a PERSONNEL especially trained to serve you, and an experience of over a quarter of a century as Engineers and Founders, we look forward to a continued happy relation with the industry that it is our pleasure to serve.

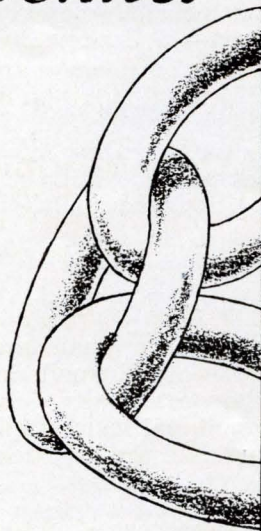
# WEAK LINK



*The Product*



*The Personnel*



## Branch Offices and Warehouses in Principal Districts

### GULF COAST

806 2nd National Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas  
C. B. EDWARDS, Manager

### MID-CONTINENT

806 Mid-Continent Bldg., Tulsa, Okla.  
W. W. TROUT, Manager  
Warehouse: Seminole, Okla.  
R. W. NOBLE, Manager

### WEST TEXAS

Warehouse: Odessa, Texas  
L. E. DOUGLASS, Field Man in Charge

### ARKANSAS

Warehouse: 804 E. Elm St. El Dorado, Ark.  
C. S. HARDIN, Field Man in Charge

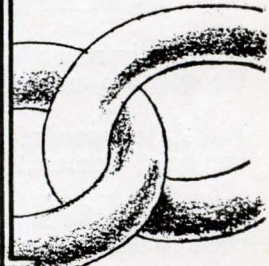
### CALIFORNIA

910 Petroleum Securities Bldg, Los Angeles, Calif.  
JOHN A. McATEER, Manager

### NEW YORK

Sales Office: 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
A. V. SIMONSON, Manager

**MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY**  
LUFKIN, TEXAS



## Be a Champion... At Something

Over in Detroit some years ago, a friend of the writer's was watching a mechanic while the latter adjusted the brakes on his car.

Never had he seen a fellow who took so much pains with his work—who was so particular to get every last little detail of the job just exactly right—and he said so.

"Well," replied the mechanic, "I suppose you would call me 'fussy;' a lot more particular, in fact, than I need to be. But I always wanted to be a champion at something, and since this happens to be the job that makes me my bread and butter, I decided I'd be a champion brake adjuster."

Was it surprising that, on investigating, my friend discovered that this mechanic was spoken of as "the best automobile repair man in Detroit?" Or that he later became chief tester, then special service man, and finally assistant purchasing agent, for a famous car manufacturer there?

He had always "wanted to be a champion at something." So he made that "something" every job he was called on to tackle.

That's the spirit each one of us can put into his or her work. No matter what that work is, we can be "champions" at it—and once we become champions, nothing can keep us from forging ahead to a champion's future!

When you hear a man sneering at success, it's a safe bet he's a failure.

Business does not prosper with hot air and industry never builds upon it.

Home is the place where you park the automobile occasionally.

Face powder will catch a man, but it takes baking powder to hold him.

Anyhow, a man can still take a chew without feeling that he should first offer one to a lady.

If your thoughts are not clear your discussion is muddy.

Good clothes don't make a gentleman but that is no reason for dressing like a hobo.

Lindy must have had some oil field experience. He was too smart to monkey with a fly-back.

After wondering thousands of years how to fix her hair, women finally decided to cut it off.

Of all the lazy guys—here's one who puts popcorn in his pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves.

An old bachelor says that a woman's tongue is an organ without stops.



MAIN STREET—SEMINOLE, OKLA.

## Initiative

INITIATIVE is the first step toward success. It is doing what should be done without being told. Brains and energy, with enough mental grasp and force of character to make every stroke count, are also initiative. The unthinking class is very large. It takes in those who don't know and therefore cannot think; and also those who do know but don't think. How much you think whether you can sacrifice your pleasures and comforts when they conflict with your aims and desires, should be your great life purpose.

Keep absorbing new ideas as well as new air. Good ideas are only seeds, they must be planted and tilled before they can produce. He can who thinks he can, so be sure nothing can stop you, and nothing can. The trouble with many men is when they accept a job they accept only a part of it. Initiative entails responsibility, and you cannot be successful if you avoid responsibility. You must have character to build initiative, so with ability to win it, and time and efforts to achieve it, you will find that initiative is the first step.—McCaskey Bulletin.

### Easily Discouraged

Customer: Waiter, one bite of this egg convinces me that it is terrible. Take it away.

Waiter: Don't give up so easily, sir. Start at the other end.

### Nature—Two Ways

A tourist came upon a small boy sitting on a rail fence by the side of the road and watching a great red glow in the western sky.

"My boy," he said, enthusiastically. "I am glad to see that you appreciate the beauties of nature."

"Yes, sir," assented the lad.

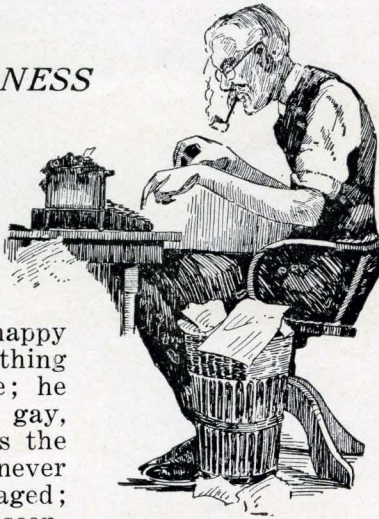
"There is nothing that equals a beautiful sunset," pursued the tourist. "Do you come here often to watch it?"

"That ain't no settin' sun!" replied the boy, turning a beaming countenance toward the other. "That's our school house burning down."

## Uncle Jarge's Musings

### on CONTENTEDNESS

Down in the Village Grocery, dishing out peas and beans, you will find Bill Grace with a smile on his face and a few clinking coins in his jeans. Bill is a real happy blighter—there is nothing that makes him sore; he whistles all day in a gay, cheerful way and kids the folks in the store. He never gets blue or discouraged; he's never the least discontent; he figures he's paid to wait on the trade, and the coin that he earns to be spent. The future means nothing to William—no regrets for the days passed by; he entertains folks with stories and jokes and he's called a "regular guy."



Down in the Village Drug Store, handing out dope and pills, you will find Jim Brook with a serious look and a wallet chuck full of bills. Jim is a serious devil—if you "razz" him he gets sore; he works every day and saves his pay and the "young bloods" call him a bore. Sometimes he gets blue and discouraged and frightfully discontent and longs for the day he can run things his way and he, himself pay the rent. Jim never tells jokes or stories—at repartee he is dull, tho his smile's seldom seen, folks find he's not mean and he has business sense in his skull.

And not in the far distant future, I'll bet you a half a crown that our friend Jimmy Brooks with the serious look will own half of the town.

And Bill, who's contented and happy and living right up to his means, will be telling his jokes that entertain folks and still be dishing out beans.

Cows that are always contented are the best producers, I guess, but, believe me, the gent who is always content will never become a success.

## THE LUFKIN LINE

Published By

LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.

LUFKIN, TEXAS

The "Lufkin Line" is not a new publication to oil men but is the renewal of publication of our monthly magazine which was discontinued about a year ago.

We hope to make this little magazine interesting to you if possible and welcome all contributions to its pages by our oil friends. This issue is only intended as an introduction with the hope that it will entertain you and at the same time prove of value to you. We welcome new names to our mailing list and may we suggest you drop us a card giving us the names of any you may think would be interested in receiving a copy of the "Lufkin Line" to whom it will be sent free of charge.

## Echoes From the Old Standard Rigs

A young fellow who hired out to a butcher was asked if he could dress a chicken. "Not on three bucks a week," was the come-back.

### Anything Wrong

"May, I'm surprised! Your dress barely covers your body."

"Well, what's the matter with my body?"

A new clerk dictating a few days ago, was in doubt as to the use of a certain phrase, so he said to the stenographer: "Do you retire a loan?" and the wistful-eyed one interrupted rather sleepily:

"No, I sleep with mamma."

"So Bess married a Scotsman. How does he treat her?"

"Reluctantly."

"I'm something of a mind reader. I can tell at a glance just what a person is thinking of me."

"But don't you find it embarrassing?"

An optimist is a man who makes \$18.00 a week and marries a woman who says she is fond of children.

Curious: Why do they call sail boats "she"?

Cautious: Because they make a better showing in the wind.

If these forest fires keep up we may soon be out of the woods.

Ole Olson, track-walker, was supposed to be testifying after a bad head-on collision.

"You say," thundered the attorney, "at ten that night you were walking up toward Seven-mile crossing and saw Number 8 coming down the track at 60 miles an hour?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And when you looked behind you, you saw Number 5 coming up the track at 60 miles an hour?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye got off the track."

"Well, but, then, what did you do?"

"Vell, aye say to mineself, 'Dis bane h— of a way to run a railroad.'—Illinois Central Magazine.

"Pa, did you go to Sunday School when you was a boy,"

"Yes, my son. I always went to Sunday School."

"Well, Dad, I think I'll quit goin'—it ain't doin' me any good, either."

W. C. Trout, while on a tour of the North and East this month will attend the meeting of the National Founders Association Convention of which he is a member of the Administration Council, which meets in New York City Nov. 16, 17 and 18.

# LUFKIN BABY UNIT

ELECTRIC MOTOR  
GAS ENGINE



Lufkin Baby Unit complete as shown or may be furnished without walking beam rig.

This unit has been designed to fill a demand for individual service on wells where powers are not practical, especially in rough country.

*Individual Units Mean Greater Efficiency and Increased Production*

(Specifications and Other Information Upon Request)