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THE LUFKIN LINE

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

Vol. 1 June-July, 1921 No. 6

Impressions of Old Mexico and Tampico Oil Fields

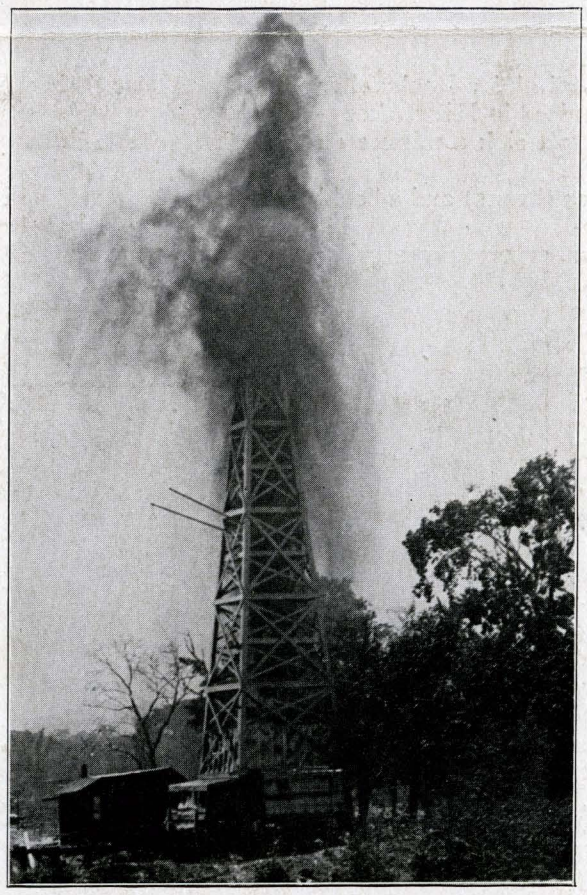
By W. C. Trout

In response to a wire from our Beaumont Manager, Mr. C. B. Edwards, then in Tampico, the writer takes a hurried trip to the Mexican Oil Fields, and gives his impressions.

VA-MOOSE! Yelled the conductor and the long mixed train pulled out for Monterey, and from the tail end of the Pullman I looked back at Matamoras, sun bathed and lazy, sprawling indolently longside the historic Mexican border, the Rio Grande.

After an uneventful night's run from Houston to Brownsville, about five hours wait, Mexican Custom Officials searching our baggage and every nook and corner of our Pullman for ammunition and firearms, checking you up to see if you looked like the photo on your passport, and that you carried in no silks. I was glad to be on my way, even if I did feel rather timid and already lonesome for the glorious U. S. A.

Our train consisted of one fairly good logging engine uncleaned, one water tank car, two box cars, one with lookout for bandits that the soldiers occupy, and one for mail and baggage, two light day passenger coaches, such as we use on our interurbans for trailers and the Gulf Coast Line Pullman—Houston to Tampico.



AMERICAN GUSHER IN MEXICO THAT MADE 110,000 BARRELS PER DAY

The soldiers (?) have a red band of ribbon to distinguish them, but I venture most of them would run if bandits approached. Yet, about twenty accompany each train for protection from such. Some prospect!

The first and second class day coaches—filled with peons, men, women, children, baggage, baskets, cooking utensils, bedding, all packed in like sardines in seats, aisles almost impassable—was some sight to behold, to say nothing about the smell, for truly Mexico is, among other things, the land of smells.

Our Pullman had two porters, one good hard working "Shine" for the broiler and a Mexican porter, and a conductor who spoke English; but, somehow, you feel just a little different when you in **their** country — which, after all, might be expected. Still the service is remarkably good, considering circumstances.

Just when you settle down to the torrid heat and dust, getting nothing off the mesquite

OIL FIELD NUMBER

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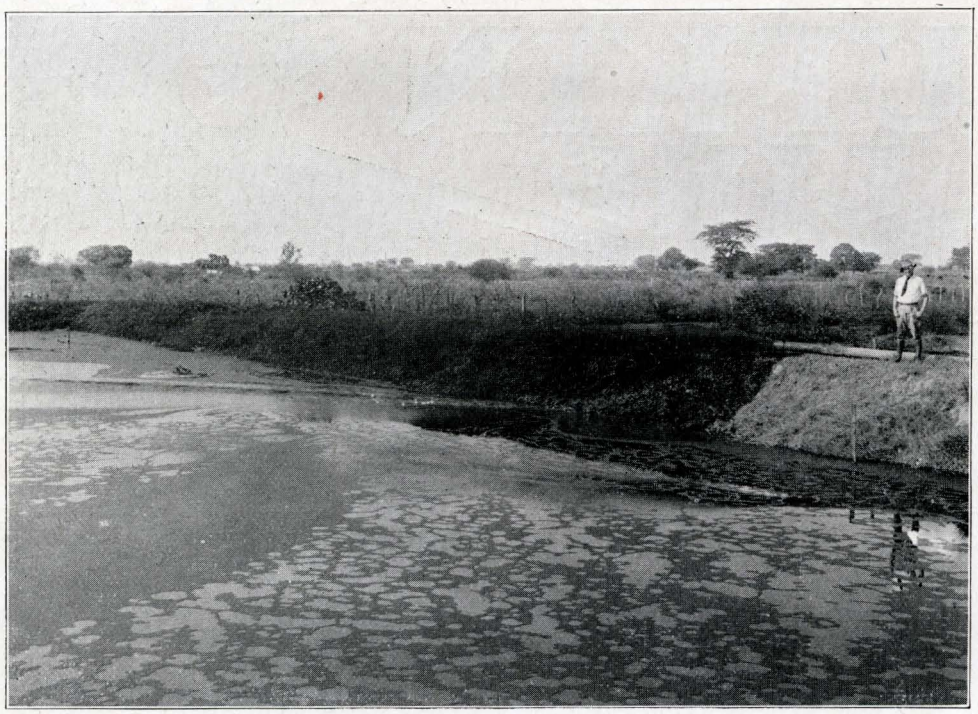
covered sand desert except hot winds, here comes the "butch" with a basket of bottled beer. Gee! how business picked up. I was just wondering how I could drink that Matamoras water. A big doctor from New York told me by all means to avoid any water in Mexico. He was



A LAKE OF CHAPPAPOTE (CRUDE OIL)

en route to Tampico to build a hospital for Rockefeller and, of course, he knew then I was raised in Milwaukee—so the world looked brighter—I wasn't sick a minute on the whole trip.

Enough for one day. Some frijoles (beans) and a "cold one," and to bed to wake up in Monterey, where we arrived about four hours late, 6:00 a. m., but as this was dead time we left Monterey only one hour late for Tampico.

Monterey from the car window has some sights, besides a horde of fruit vendors. "Saddle Mountain" is, of course, in full view, the top, just like a saddle, high pommel and all; with the smelters in the distance. A large railroad shop with acres of wrecked locomotives and cars from revolutions and strikes—an abandoned foundry which, judging by the size of the melting furnace (cupola), was a large one at one time, and last, but not least, the brewery that a couple of Germans run, where they make "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Jealous," were among the sights to be seen.

If Christ should return, He would find rural Mexico much like He left Palestine twenty centuries ago. The peons are still "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The old ox carts with the solid wheels, its water barrel, the burro, or Mexican Canary, as he is often called, with his pack. The women carrying their jugs on their heads. the dobe houses, with most often only one opening—the thatched roof huts with bamboo sides, all go back before the Christian era, and it's only in cities you see modern things, and even these are scarce.

The thatched huts with bamboo sides are cool and suits the lazy habits of the peon. He is safe on the inside looking out, for you can not see him from the outside unless you get up close. As they use no lights, they are free from night peepers. There are no floors except mother earth, which cools their usual bare feet. This also suits the chickens, goats and pigs, as well as vermin, that seem to be as much at home as the rest of the family. I have noticed a woman, a goat and a pig with the children behind all looking out the front door to see the cars go by.

Our Pullman stopped at some "boarding cars" occupied by two women and a half dozen children. There was no furniture in evidence except the "stove," right in the middle of the car, just a few brick and a flat pan, baking "tortillas," each one watching and turning over their cake as it cooked. It was this close-up view that I discovered the "scratching" habit. They all "have 'em." They would scratch their head or under their arms and "elsewhere" all in the same minute, as unconscious as a dog bites his fleas.

A little further on my attention was called to an "afternoon cootie party," a whole family of girls in a circle, each one in turn looking for cooties, and discussing the



GOING FISHING IN THE SOLID WHEEL AND WOODEN OX CART

the unprogressiveness of the country appears they are used extensively for hauling. Water, most often as pure water, is as hard to get as good food. We also see the drowsy, shiftless spirit of manana (tomorrow), which seems to pervade the whole nation

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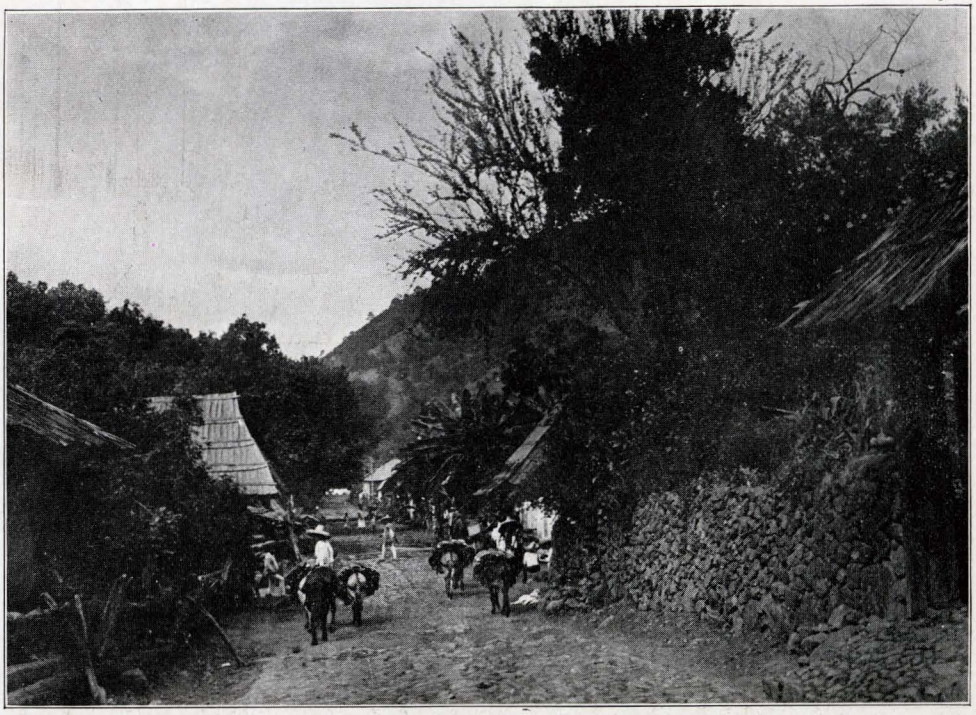
village gossip at the same time. It puts me in mind of the way the monkeys in Lincoln Park Zoo spend their leisure "hunting 'em," only they "eat 'em" with rare relish.

We rolled along at a slow pace all day. Finally a big "Jefe" (pronounced "Heffee"), some General or Government official, boarded our car and sent the conductor up ahead to find out " why so slow?" Soon he came back and reported, "the engineer lost his cap on the trip up yesterday and is looking for it on his way back." "Oh! I see. Well, there is nothing quick around here except the 'Mexican Jumping Bean,'" said the General, and as far as I could judge, the cap was never found, for we finally arrived in Tampico six hours late, and that was the best record up to that time since the new sleeper service.

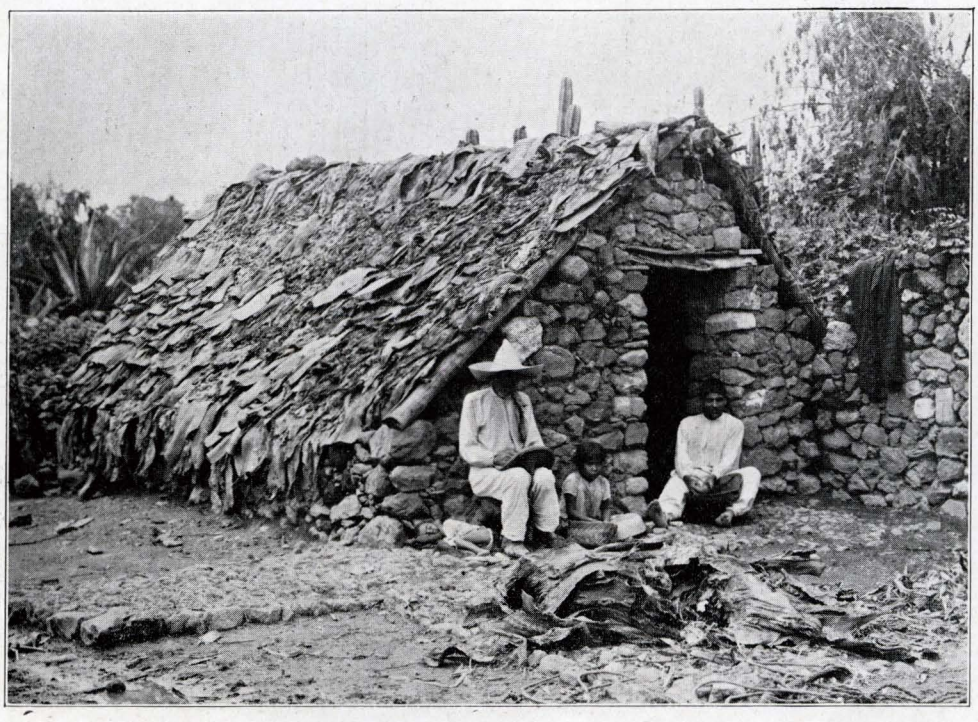
We were awakened at 5:00 a. m. with the excuse that the car had to be fumigated (rather the porter took on too much teguilla the night before). My first glimpses of Tampico were early Sunday morning, and glimpses they were, so unexpected to find in a terminal city 100,000 people that I am still wondering whether it was a dream or not.

Waking up as we pulled alongside what was supposed to be the depot, a long wooden shed about 30x200 feet, containing a restaurant, ticket office and a waiting room 16x30 feet, and the rest "Military Headquarters," all closed, however, and the platform and street covered with hundreds of sleeping peons (men, women and children), all in a heap. How they emptied the second-class coaches is a mystery. By the time I got ready to leave the sleeper they had "parked;" no, that word doesn't fit here, as the word is unknown, just switched it to a more open space. So, after agreeing with a hackman to haul me in his one-horse "Victoria" for two pesos (one dollar gold) (you must always bargain or you pay almost whatever they have in mind to ask, or go to jail), I was soon on my way to the Imperial Hotel.



A COUNTRY ROAD TO THE OIL FIELDS

After all, the Mexican peon and the burro are most interesting to the traveler—"the short and simple" animals of the poor thrive by the thousands. Many run wild like "the wild beasts of Mesopotamia." Like the Mexican, he is seemingly a stoic until you hear him sing his only means of expression, and he sings from the very depth of his soul.



LOVE IN A COTTAGE

Although there is not a nail or screw, nor yet a pane of glass, nor touch of paint in this house, this lazy peon and his hard-worked wife are perhaps as content with their lot as the owner of the best house in America.

Tampico lies on the north side of the Panuco River, about six miles from the mouth, and the Gulf. The railroad comes in from the north and east paralleling the river so that fronting the city is the big water front docks, the large customs house, then the railroad yards, and between this and the city proper is a space of about 300 feet wide, known as Government land, which stretches full length of the city, but being barren of vegetation is used by the transient peons around the depot and city market which adjoins it as a "Nuisance," over which the buzzards hover in joyous anticipation for an unmolested "feed."

Your first greeting en route to your hotel is your trip over the "Bridge of Smells" over this Government land, or "Nuisance," which, with the unscreened meat and fish markets close by make a combination of odors that is hard on an

(Continued on page 5)

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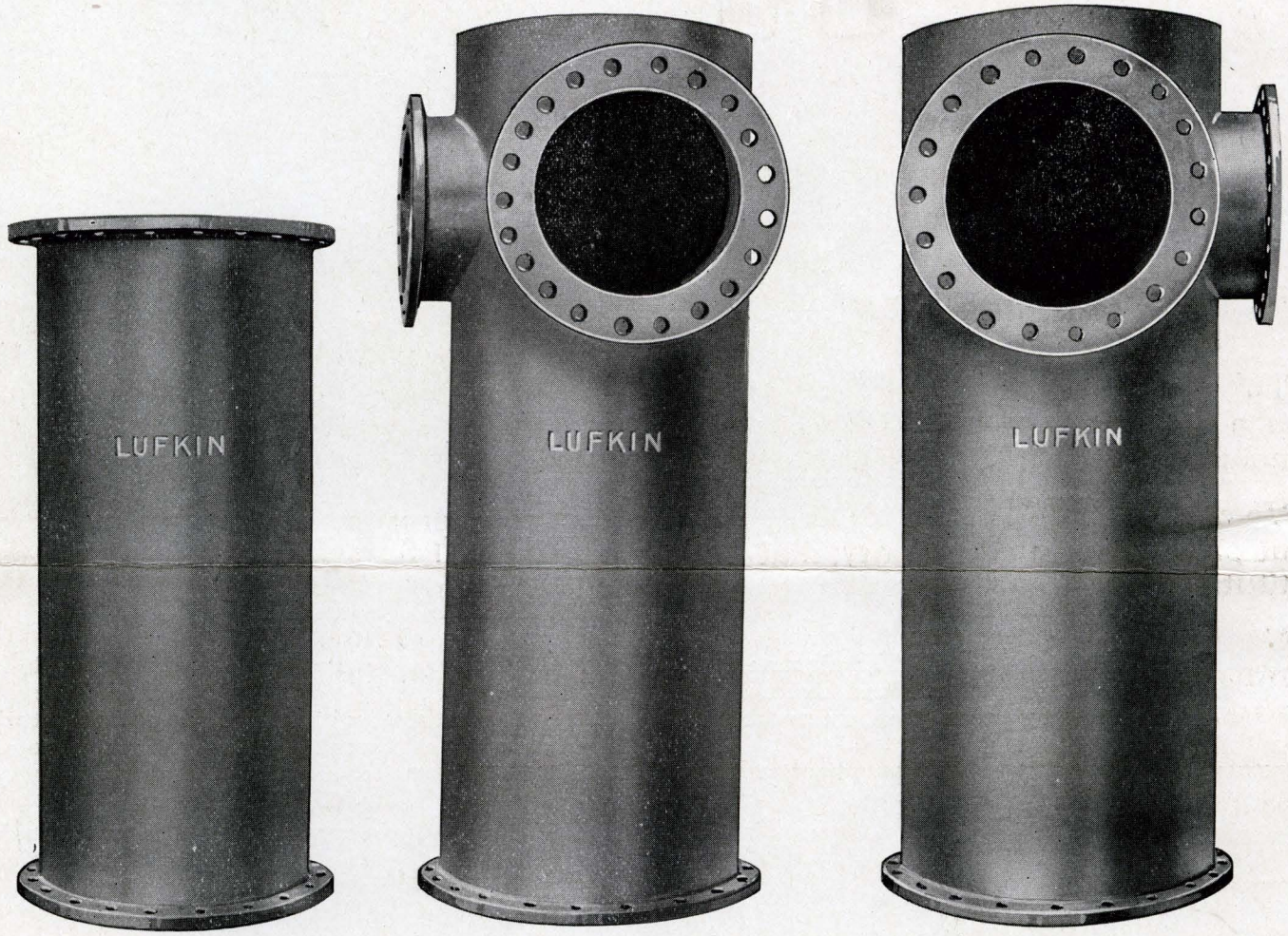
Special Flanged Fittings

For the Refineries



Some of the special 24-inch flanged fittings recently furnished one of the nearby refineries

Order for these fittings was turned over to us after several foundries in the South gave up—they couldn't make them.

We specialize on this kind of work and are prepared (with our big pattern department and recent addition to our foundry) to do special refinery work with unusual promptness.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

Are You an American?

Our constitution was framed by a group of men such as never before in the history of this world had met.

They gave us those great principles of life and liberty which have served us through 150 years of Governmental life.

That Constitution is the foundation upon which this nation has been built, and upon which its future must depend.

We cannot maintain this Nation without preserving, in all sanctity, that Constitution.

We cannot maintain that Constitution without insisting upon its being followed.

Today it is being challenged in many places in this land.

Men have dared to raise their voices against it.

The voice of the radical and the revolutionist is heard in the land.

The question of whether or not our Constitution is to stand is being raised. The voice of the radical is loud. The voice of the conservative—the loyal citizen—must assert itself.

This is merely to remind YOU to make YOURSELF heard, and in unmistakable terms.

Let all men know that YOU uphold the Constitution and the flag, and the wave of loyalty will soon drown out Bolshevism.

Let's have America for Americans.

empty stomach so early in the morning and almost requires a gas mask, for there is no fresh morning air at this point. Evidently Tampicoans care little what "first impressions" a stranger coming within their gates really experiences. Anyway, after a drive of a few blocks through narrow streets we arrived at the hotel.

Mr. Edwards was glad to see me, but not near as happy as I to meet him. He had lived in Mexico City, could talk Spanish like a native, and from now on would do my talking for me, especially when I wanted something to eat.

"Some Observations in Tampico"

The Imperial Hotel is American Headquarters and one soon learns that it is American push, energy and money that makes things go here. The natives cater to Americans, use American money by preference. You pay just half the prices on the bill of fare—and it's some relief to cut in half your meal check for two, which may be 12 to 20 dollars Mex., and even then it's too much for what you get.

Oil managers, superintendents, drillers, supply and equipment men, contractors, lease hounds, "he and she" soldiers of fortune fill up the 120-room hotel, regardless of twelve dollars gold, for you room per day, with or without your shower, for there are no bathtubs in Tampico, and showers only when the water, which is scarce, is turned on. At present some oil companies are bringing fresh water as ballast from the States.

New-comers soon become known, and you are very welcome to the "regulars," and your friends sure look good to you—they all want to know "conditions" back home—why you come? How long you'll stay? How you like Tampico? and about your trip down? All before you get your breath, let alone see the place.

The name "Imperial" does not quite fit the hotel; while an oasis in the desert—yet it is very ordinary, much like those found in a town of ten to twenty thousand population in the States. The Cantina (bar) is on the corner, a restaurant on the other corner, with the lobby between, and a "Cave" or cabaret to the rear, that has an American Negro Jazz Orchestra—three men and a woman—to entertain the tired "oilers" and their ladies, and some quartette it was; they simply went wild over the woman

(Continued on page 7)

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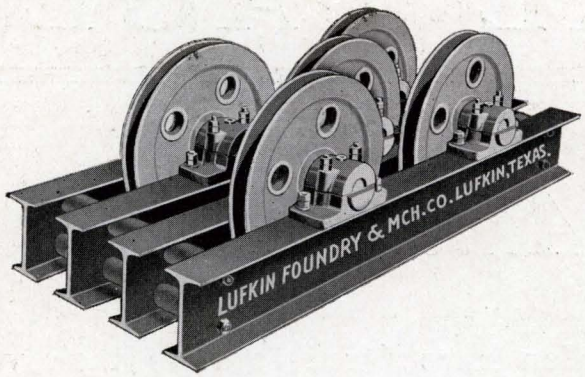


Crown Blocks

Lufkin Regular Steel

The Lufkin regular steel CROWN BLOCKS are of unusual strength due to the incorporation into its design of STRUCTURAL STEEL I BEAMS which are held together by tie bolts with nuts on each end.

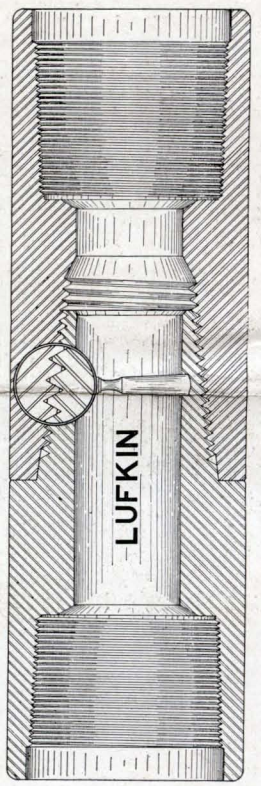
The beams are held equidistant by spacer which cannot become loose from any cause. All combined make the best CROWN BLOCK on the market.

Lufkin "Improved" Guiberson Tool Joints

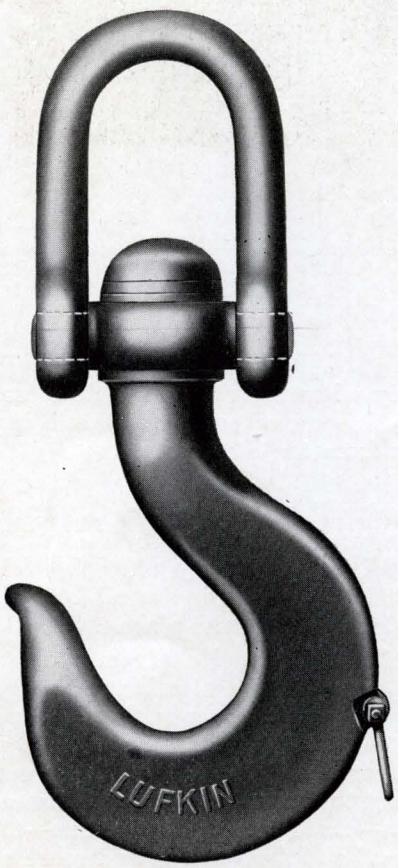
Insure more tough strength—Longer service for all tool joint users.

This view shows cross-section of construction—improved thread making them interchangeable with every joint in the string.

Strength where needed—note thickness of metal where strain is greatest. Well designed these widely used Lufkin tool joints are made of special alloy steel—hardened scientifically for extreme toughness. Made in all sizes. A trial will convice you.



Tubing and Casing Hooks



Size four inches and larger are regularly fitted with clevis.

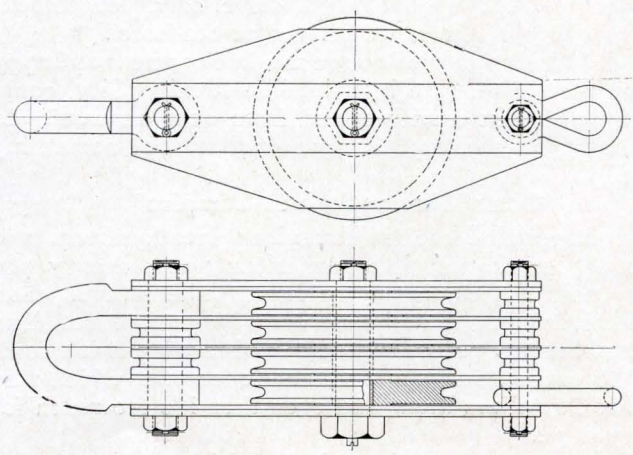
Ear for attaching clevis is provided on smaller sizes when ordered and will be furnished at a small extra cost.

This is the best designed casing hook that can be bought. A trial will convince you.

Lufkin Improved Traveling Block

Extra heavy,
with
brass-bushed
sheaves

A Good Block



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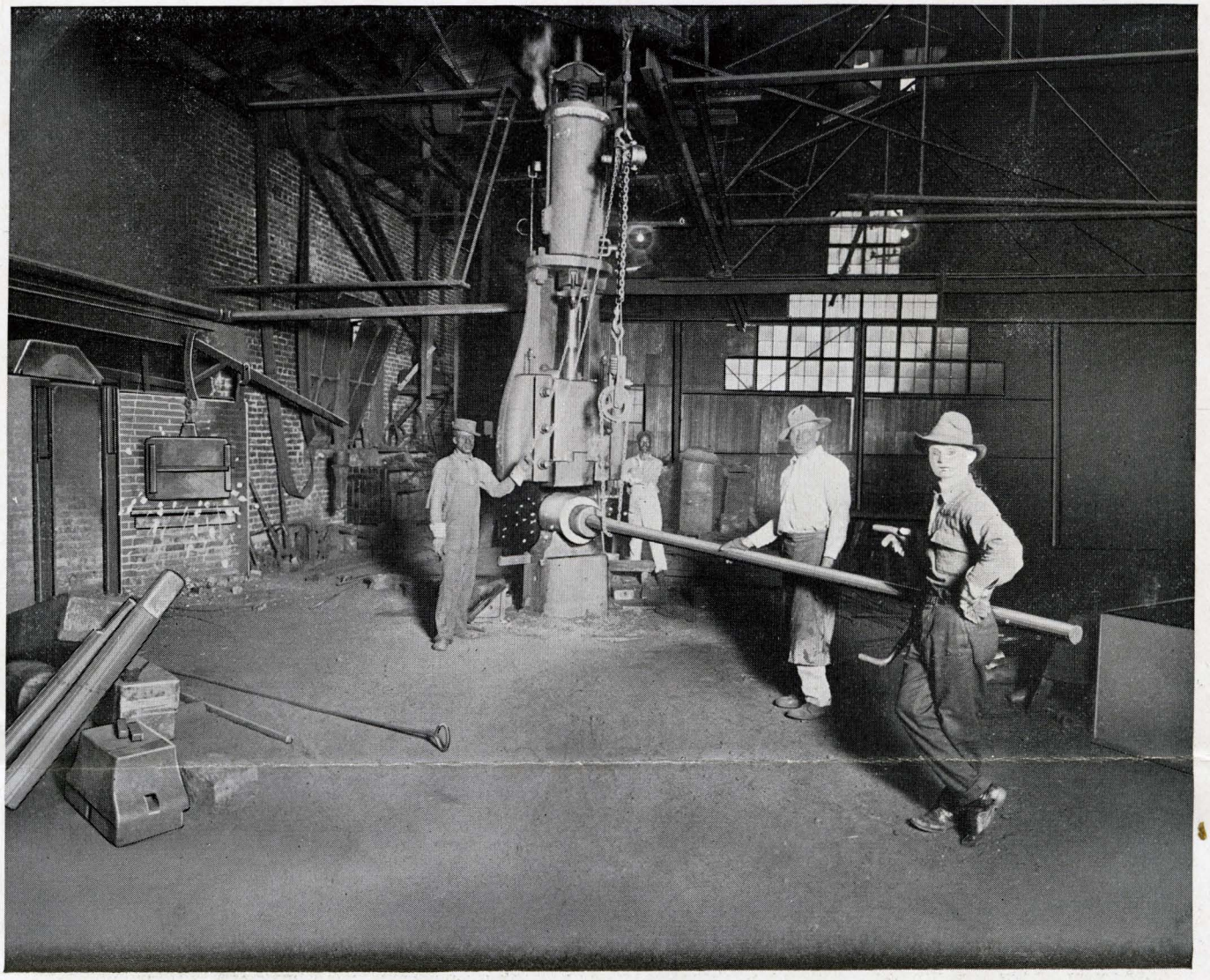
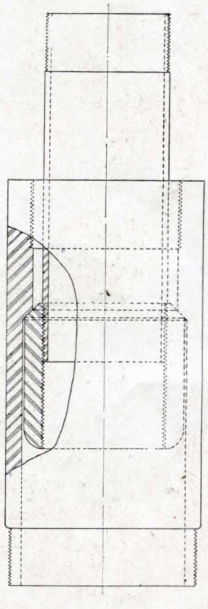


View of Hammer and Furnace, part of a battery in our new Forging Department

Forging a Swinging Nipple for 12½" Casing for the Big Wells in Mexico. Tested to 3,000 lb. Pressure

—Especially designed for deep well drilling in the Mexican and California oil fields



Our Swinging Nipples are the favorite and are used almost exclusively in the Mexican fields where hard and varied conditions are met and overcome by the unequaled American drillers.

Our Forging Department is Always Busy

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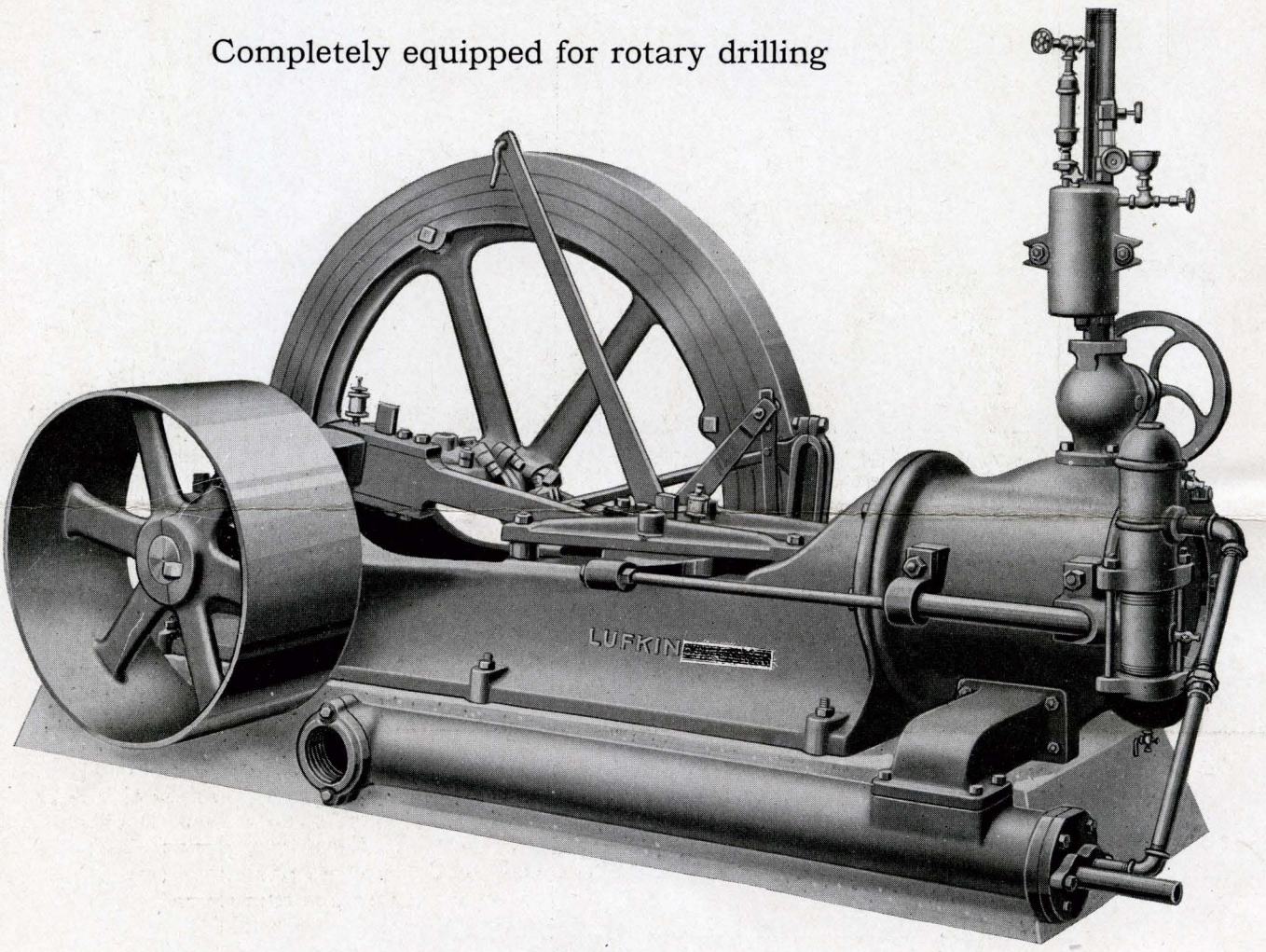
The Lufkin Steam R

Furnished complete for ei

For strength, durability a

Completely equipped for rotary drilling



Parts ar
wi

Crank shaft is of forged high-carbon steel—not cast. The connecting rod, likewise, is of open hearth forged steel—not cast. This is one great point that makes the Lufkin steam reversible drilling engine superior to other engines of this type.

The only steam drilling engin

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ersible Drilling Engine

rotary or deep well drilling
mplicity they are unexcelled

Completely equipped for deep well drilling

lutely interchangeable
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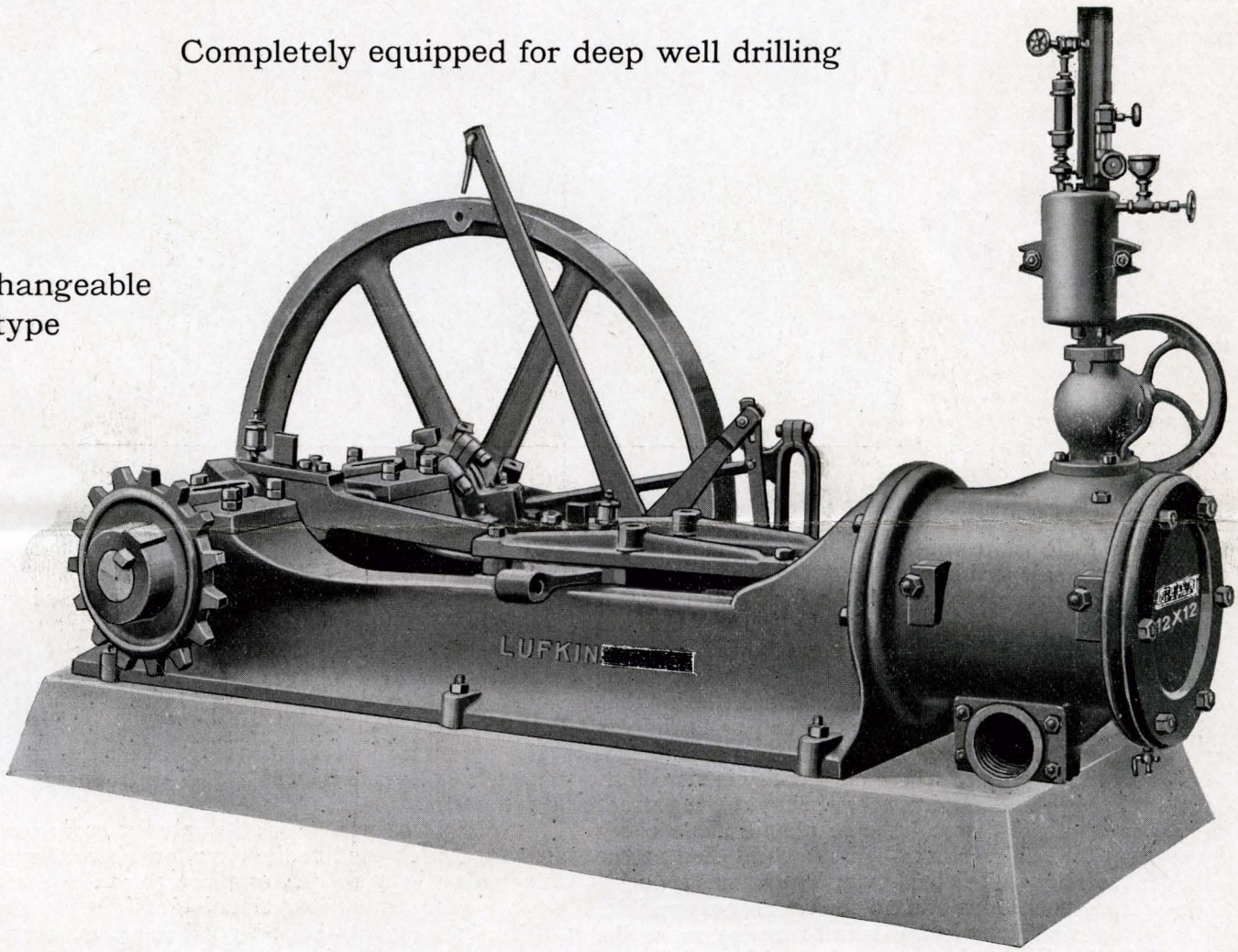

Wheels and fly wheels are made with heavy full split hubs—with four one-inch bolts in each.

These engines have our unqualified guarantee to be the equal of any and much better than most—

hat has stood the test for years

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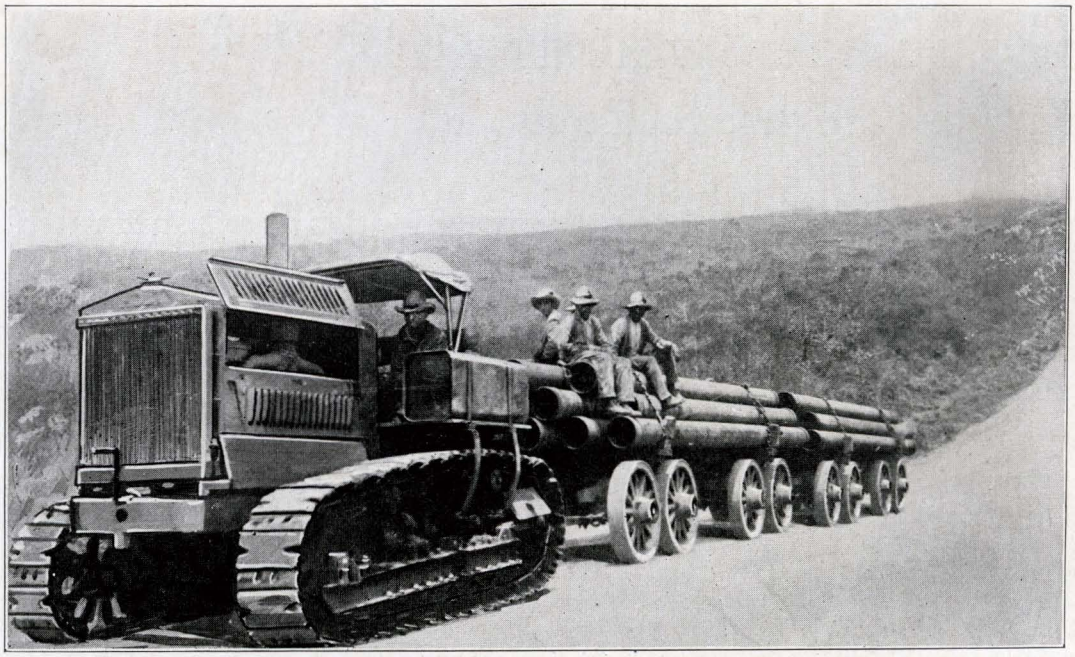
"shaking the shimmy." Anyway it seemed good to see people that looked like home, perhaps that was the reason for their popularity.

A drive about town is interesting. The main business portion is paved, but streets very narrow, but you "get by" even with a Packard. Speeding is rampant, yet, if you run over a native and injure him, you lie in the jizado (jail) until his relatives or he releases you. If you kill him, you settle with his family before the bars are opened, and according to traditions a Mexican jail is no place to spend a vacation.

It is bad judgment in showing visitors your town to start in driving on the main thoroughfare to the cemetery, but as this was also the way to the Aguila, or American Colony, we passed many funeral processions of all classes of society. Only one vehicle, the hearse, is used by the near well-to-do; the mourners march alongside and to the rear through the dust, and it's "hats off" for everyone while the funeral is passing. Then, the poorer man, with a little white coffin on his head, balanced like a jug of water, comes along with the family and friends trailing behind; the coffin is probably "rented" for the occasion, perhaps put into a rented grave, which, when neglected, and rent unpaid, is emptied, the bones going to the "bone pile." Then there is the "Black Maria" that hauls out the dead of peons too poor to pay burial expenses, all in a heap with not even a sheet to cover them. They go to the big grave where all identity is soon lost. Mortality is high in Tampico, there being at the present time 60 to 90 deaths from bubonic plague alone every month from March to November. A child died at the depot the morning we left for home. The immense docks, the insanitary conditions and no sewers are responsible.

The American Colony is a pleasant surprise, more like a new suburb of one of our American cities. It's new modern homes, pretty gardens and lawns, a fine club house and a golf course, all high above the town proper, make life worth while, even in Tampico. This being a good sized town in itself, a drive through it is interesting and refreshing.

Coming back we pass the arena where the bull fights are pulled off, although there are no "steers" in Mexico, owing to the lack of fighting bulls, fighting has been discontinued for some time. Cruel as bull fights are, Jack Johnson's experience while sojourning in Mexico City, evading Uncle Sam, indicates that the bulls sometime have some chance. Jack decided he could turn "toreador," and the managers took him on; he got by his first bull all right, as there was no fight in him, but the second, a little wiry red devil come out at him like a shot, and Jack actually had to swing on his horns, and with leg-to-leg hold the powerful negro bowed the animal's neck to where it couldn't move, and Jack was afraid to let go—a stunt that no fan of the game would stand for—minutes passed before "help" came and he was "hissed" off the arena.



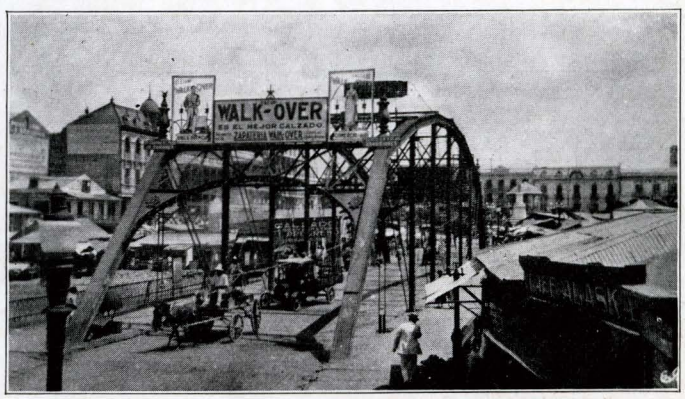
A TYPICAL OIL FIELD TRAIN

Hauling pipe on Martin Wagons, made in Lufkin—wherever you go you see the eight-wheels—the only kind to stand the severe service these, and LUFKIN LINE ENGINES AND EQUIPMENT used in the Mexican fields have put LUFKIN on the map, as a producer of the better kind of machinery and fittings for the fields

Later he tried bull fighting at San Luis Potisi, but here, too, unfair play and he was egged—thus ending his fighting career.

Turning into town we see the only fire engine, evidently an 1878 model, used at the river, or where they can put the suction in a cistern, as there are no fire mains. I wouldn't care to see it operated—it might blow up.

Tampico seems to have a good street car system, it is the most modern looking thing in the place, well laid out to serve the outlying districts; frequent service and crowded cars indicate they are making money. One line runs out to the beach, near the mouth of the river, and while bathing in the surf is indulged in by the natives, the oil and tar in the water are too much for the elite to get off their bodies and out of their hair, so we didn't go in.



THE BRIDGE OF SMELLS—TAMPICO

The "Nuisance" Grounds—Fish and Meat Market and Eating Stalls Combine to make a gas mask necessary.

The Imperial seems to have the only "elevator" in town that runs anyways steady. Some office build-

(Continued on page 12)

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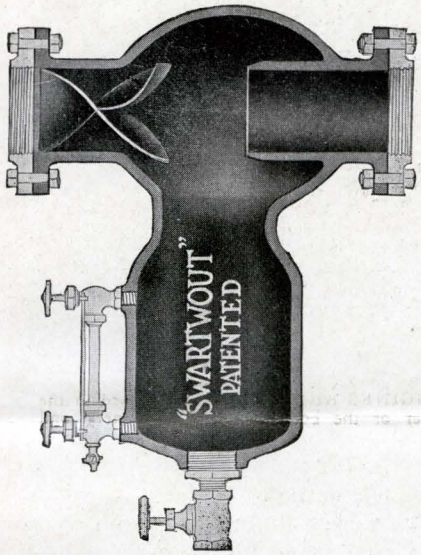
Swartwout

INDUSTRIAL SPECIALTIES

A Line We Like to Handle

Note the "helix." "It's the whirl that does the trick"



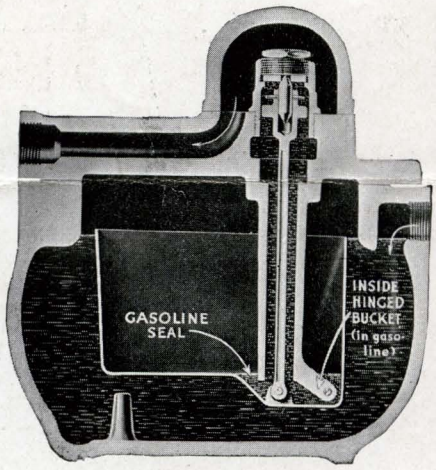
The Swartwout line of Industrial Specialties, especially interesting to those in the oil industry, is composed of Casinghead Gasoline Oil Separators, Gasoline traps and, for power plant equipment, the All-Service Feed Water Heater, Steam Separators and other Specialties.

The Swartwout Casinghead Gasoline-Oil Separator

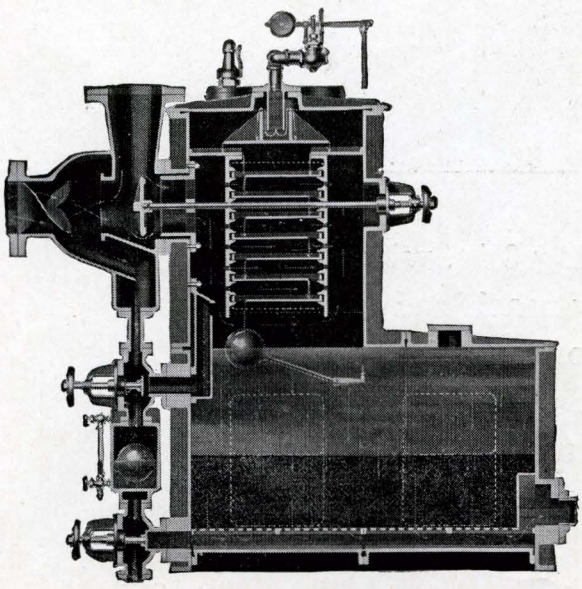
Meets successfully the most exacting requirements of the Casinghead Gasoline Industry. It effectively removes all foreign substances—liquid or solid, gasoline, crude oil, sand or water—from the gas without loss of operating pressure.

The positive action of the helix throws all entrained matter against the outside walls where it is drawn off. Heavily built of cast iron and guaranteed to deliver gas 99 per cent free from all entrainment.

THE SWARTWOUT GASOLINE TRAP keeps the gasoline in gas condensing tanks at an exact uniform height. The perfect seal within the bucket absolutely prevents a wastage of pressure from the tank. Only two moving parts reduce wear to a minimum. The valve and seat are of monel metal and will wear indefinitely.



Patented



3 UNIT TYPE

Swartwout Feed Water Heater

There are five good reasons why you should choose a Swartwout Heater.

(1) Enough coal and water is usually saved within a year to pay for the heater and the heaters normally last a lifetime.

(2) Unit built—grows with your plant as your plant is enlarged, plates can be added to increase the number of sections.

(3) Positive separation. The Patented Separator removes all entrainment providing dry exhaust steam for other uses.

(4) No shut downs, trays and filter can be cleaned without shutting down the engine.

(5) Easy to clean. The upper door can be removed for examination. The lower door is level with the bottom of the filter bed.

We will gladly send you bulletins on any of the Swartwout specialties

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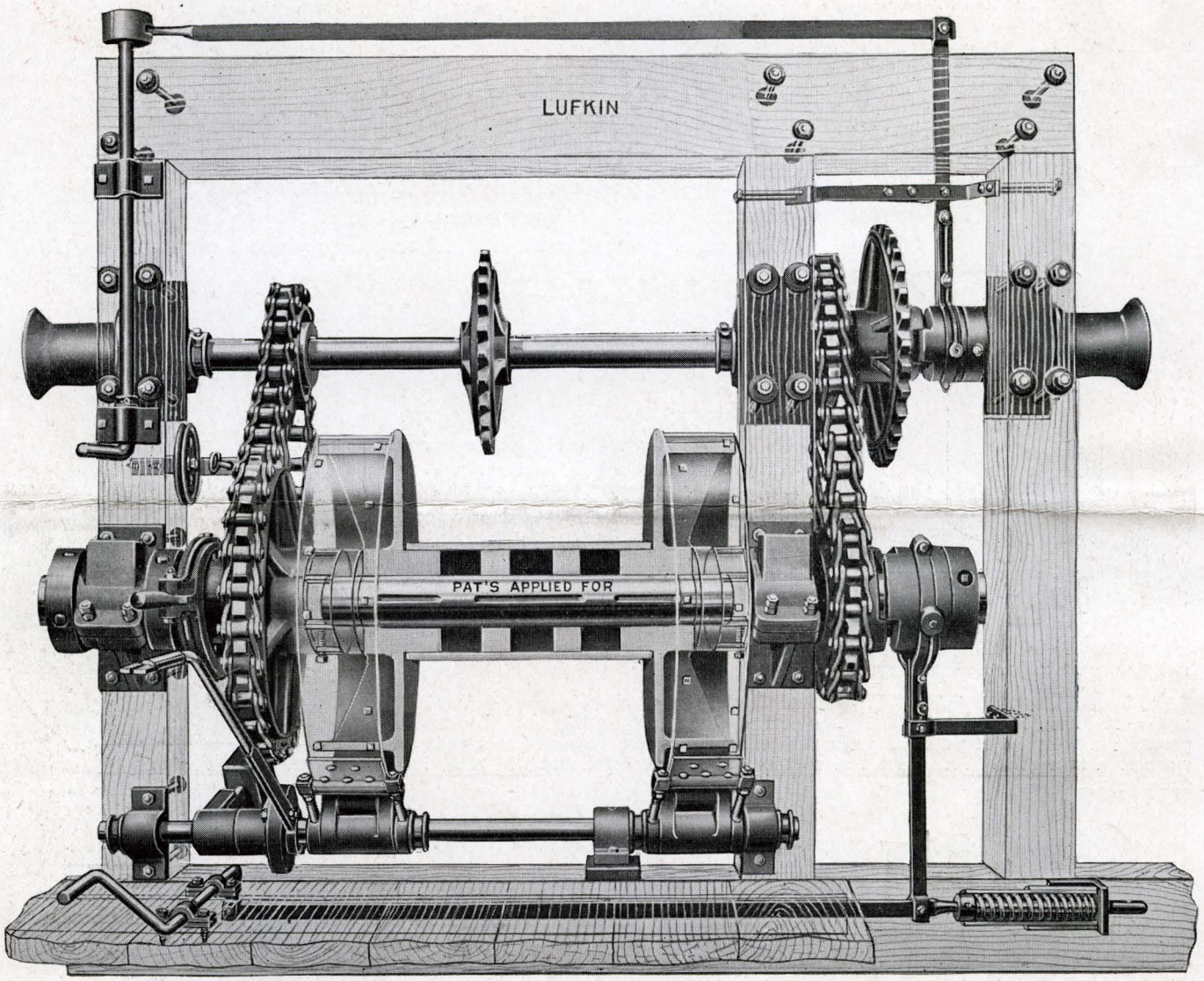
Lufkin-Jones Draw Works

Well designed—strength where needed
"Just-Rite" sprockets



Double asbestos brake lining 8 in. wide
Steel clutches—properly machined
All wearing parts are bronze bushed
Line shaft 3 15-16 in.—Drum shaft 5 15-16 in.
Weight 9000 pounds
Drums cannot come loose—yet can easily be replaced

This rig will easily pull the devil off his nest—if it ever gets a hold of him

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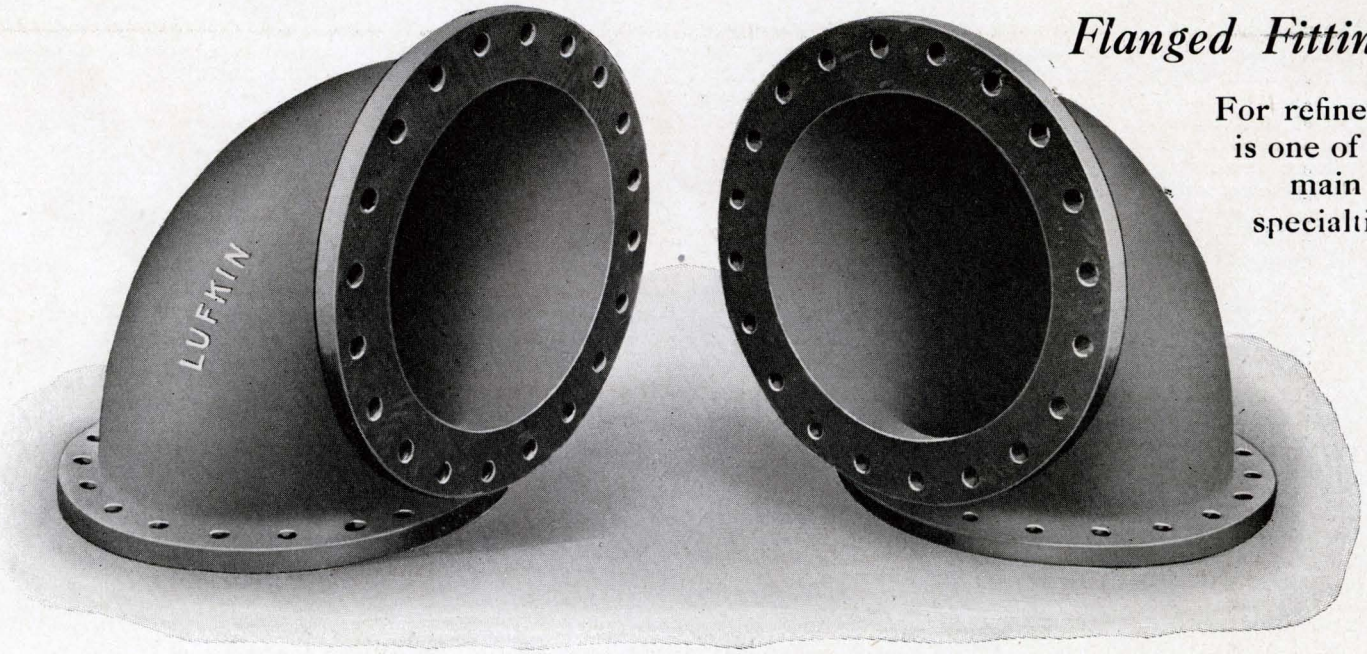

Flanged Fittings

For refineries is one of our main specialties

These 12 in. Flanged Fittings are but a sample of the carload ready for shipment



This carload of fittings was made for the Gulf Refining Co., West Port Arthur, Texas, which was a starter to what afterwards developed into a very large and profitable business—they as well as many other users like Lufkin castings

We have a complete line of 125 lb. and 250 lb. Flanged Fittings

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ings are equipped but are not running, so everybody walks up and down, it seemed to me to be mostly "up" since I lost my girlish figure, for many of the oil companies' offices and clubs were always on the top floor, and once an enthusiast (they have them, too) took me to the roof of an eight-story to see the city from on high, for which I felt well repaid.

The river, harbor and city proper could be seen to advantage; truly an important shipping point, if only developed and cleaned up.

There are a few private phones among the oil companies for their own use, but for general business Tampico is a phoneless town. Concessions evidently don't last long enough to put one in. It's something to get a "concession," invest your money and clean up before a "change of administrations."

If you have a friend that hasn't any better sense than to believe in Government ownership of railroads and telegraph, etc., send him to Mexico to do a little business, he will come home cured—a wiser man. One man handles all the "wires" from this city of 100,000 people, you stand in line for hours to send one. The oil companies put in a cable but were compelled to abandon it, the service was so immediate it hurt the Government. The postoffice is worse. Christmas packages were delivered in February. When your letter comes "general delivery" it must be advertised and then you ask for it, giving date advertised, etc., so most everyone has an apartado (postoffice box) and go get their mail. Lufkin, with her 6,000 people, has better postoffice, telegraph office, phone system and water system than Tampico, although 100 years younger; but it's wrong to be in a hurry in Mexico, even when the railroad cuts off a man's leg, which actually occurred while we were there. They have to get some "Jefe" to look him over even before first aid can be given, and as the official couldn't be found the poor fellow bled to death, with hundreds standing around him.

In the Oil Fields

After all, the most interesting trip is to the oil fields, which are sixty miles south in the State of Vera Cruz. Through the kindness of Mr. M. A. Grayson, of Lufkin, Texas, we were piloted throughout the entire trip. Grayson knew everybody, was welcome everywhere, and we were shown every courtesy.

Crossing the Panuco River at Tampico we pass through the old original Tampico town that looks as though it was two hundred years old, following the public road for about forty miles, when we come to the oil country roads along the pipe lines.

The old road is rough, but a hard surface, so our "Ford" is found to be just the thing for the trip.

Leaving Tampico at sea level, we soon climbed higher over hill and dale, a truly picturesque country, orange groves, plantations, and many truck farms, most all, however, getting ready to celebrate the Cinco De Mayo (5th of May), a national holiday, decorating their front yards with a cross of bright red flowers upon a pole to show their patriotism. It seemed to me to be like our Fourth of July.

The farther you get from Tampico the safer you feel, although a few miles out we passed through a cut where only a few days ago a hold-up occurred, and six men and a mule were killed (their bespattered blood still in evidence), stealing a payroll of 130 thousand pesos. Evidently it was so common that little attention is paid to the robbed or robbers, anyway it was said the money was probably all back in Tampico and divided up among the officials two hours afterwards.

Getting out twenty-five miles you come to sparsely settled country, the road winding through a wild, thick "Monte" (our big thicket in Texas is a park beside this mass of wild, impenetrable forest). Game is plentiful, a deer ran out ahead of us on the road for some distance and disappeared. Wild chicken and song birds were most numerous.

Approaching the fields, a visit should be made to one of the first wells, now almost an uncanny curiosity—"Dos Bocas," meaning the well with two mouths, about fifty miles south of Tampico, drilled about twelve years ago, the drillers lost control, casing and tools came out, and making a big hole, derrick, engine and boilers disappeared, the well took fire, the flames reaching an elevation of 1,400 feet and 70 feet wide. Newspapers could be read 17 miles away, headlines at 33 miles and ships could see the fire 100 miles out at sea. The well turned to salt water, and now you see a lake about a mile in diameter with the two holes boiling forth about 1,000 feet apart, the lake draining into a nearby river. The country around presents a most dismal appearance—all vegetation gone, the ghostly trees standing without any bark on them, like a petrified forest. The experience with this well shows the terrific pressure drillers have to contend with (conditions seldom found eleswhere) and why well fittings must be built for the severest service; there must be no failures. It was said this well represented a loss of three million dollars.

From this we go on to (May-Mau) the river, where our speedometer registers sixty miles from the city. It is to this point all of the freight is barged and unloaded onto trucks and wagons to be hauled to the fields over American roads, built jointly by the oil companies, over which you can ride if you have a permit, which was our pleasure.

With the good roads the country seems to change, and with the continuous procession of trucks, caterpillar tractors and wagons, all moved by American drivers, we almost feel we are back in the States in one of our own fields. Especially was this true when we came to the Mexican Gulf headquarters at Tepatete set on a hill with well kept grounds, where a fine club house has been built with all modern conveniences, good meals, pool and billiard rooms, music and reading rooms for the employees. From Gulf headquarters the field proper lies ten miles farther south, so after a good dinner we proceeded, traveling over exceptionally good roads and picturesque country.

Suddenly from the top of a high hill, we are presented a view that fairly startles us, a panorama of the biggest oil field in the world, the Amatlan District, lying between two mountains, roads everywhere. Derricks, supply stations, camp headquarters, two or three "old towns," pumping stations, a narrow-gauge railroad, the gas flares always burning, present a wonderful picture of intense activity that almost bewilders one.

Passing through Amatlan we go on over the next hill where the scene is repeated, for we then look down on Zacamixtle, an oil town for fair. A street of bamboo and thatched roofs, in the middle of an active drilling field, many wells drilling, and many delivering oil into the pipe lines. One big well belonging to the Gulf Company had just been brought under control after tearing away its derrick and covering the country around with chappapote (crude oil), said to have a capacity of over 100,000 barrels a day, a fortune every day, for how long, no one can tell, for sooner or later they usually turn to salt and are abandoned, and new wells take their place.

Both systems of drilling, cable and rotary, are used here, and often with both to complete one hole, so that one can see most every oil tool used in the business. We were more than pleased to see our own equipment being used—drilling engines, forged swinging nipples, high pressure fittings—in the pipe lines and gas traps on the hills, all giving the best of satisfaction, these with Martin Wagons everywhere, the only kind that stands the severe service, we felt as if LUFKIN was building for herself some reputation, to produce the "better kind" of oil field equipment.

Zacamixtle is some oil town, typically rough and dirty, but exceptional in its population, as 75 per cent of the drilling company's employees must be Mexicans, these predominate, and as there are no American women, it doesn't take a fertile imagination to make a mind picture of the bamboo thatched roof town. Little stores of every kind, eating houses all in the open, "Cantinas," "old Kentucky homes," barber shops, dance halls, and what goes with them, all in a row. To run the gauntlet takes some nerve in the day time to say nothing about the nights. Money flows as though it came out of the ground with the oil, everything is high priced, as most company's feed and room their help this town lives on pleasure and the extras the boys want, and as wages are high, and come easy, the temptation is to spend it with a seemingly disregard for filth, disease and the consequences of a fast life; it's in the air, and so anything goes.

The only one lone lumber yard in Zacamixtle had about three wagonloads of lumber left in stock, 1x10 No. 2 boards, which were $250.00 gold per thousand feet; and, by the way, Lutcher & Moore seemed to have their name on every board in the country.

The nights in the oil country are cool and comfortable. The camps are clean, sanitary, have Chinese cooks, and the boys are very hospitable, glad to have visitors and make you feel very much at home.

The night flares from the gas traps light up the whole countryside and are a sight to behold, mystifying and wonderful to the stranger. They burn night and day unceasingly.

One wonders how so much material could be hauled out here, set up, wells drilled, pipe lines laid, pumping stations erected, roads built and good ones, too, all in a few years. The answer is the golden fluid flows from below, an incentive no gold gulch ever had.

We regretfully turned homeward, feeling that the field trip was the most enjoyable by far of any we have ever taken, and felt very much indebted to our pilot for a most entertaining and profitable time, and very thankful to the boys of the Freeport, Mexican and Gulf Companies for their hospitality and courtesies extended to us.

After an uneventful return trip to Tampico and a few days "calling," climbing up two to six flights in the elevatorless office buildings, we started for home.

You are never sure just why, when and what you are going to do in Mexico. The train is scheduled to leave at 5:00 a. m. and perhaps once in a lifetime it does go out on time, so thinking you are on the lucky day, you get up at 4:00 a. m. and get to the depot and wait without your breakfast for fear the train will be made up, back in and pull out, so you wait, perhaps by seven you discover the Pullman, but they are not ready for passengers, so you wait; finally you persuade the Pullman conductor to take you aboard; that much settled, you wait some more, but there are signs of the train being made up early, for often it's afternoon before they depart, but by nine o'clock we loaded up all ready to go, when, behold, we had to disembark, leave the baggage open and fumigate the cars, one hour, so a little after ten we pulled out most happily leaving old Tampico and her smells, her bubonic plague, her waterless city, her $3.00 gold per hundred pounds for ice, and many other things too numerous to mention, regretfully leaving, however, the brass foot rails, the amber fluid from Monterey, but most of all, the old friends and new acquaintances we met and who so nicely entertained us and kept us out of jail, we will never forget them and their kindness to us.

An uneventful trip brought us to Monterey and Matamoras tired out and travel stained, to the limit, still not too tired to enjoy that grand and glorious feeling to see the good old U. S. A., a sight to behold at, well most any place on the border, the green fields of prosperity, the tall clean buildings of Brownsville, and on the other side Matamoras, seemingly in poverty and despair, and you leave with the impression that, truly, Mexico is "Manana," "the land of tomorrow."

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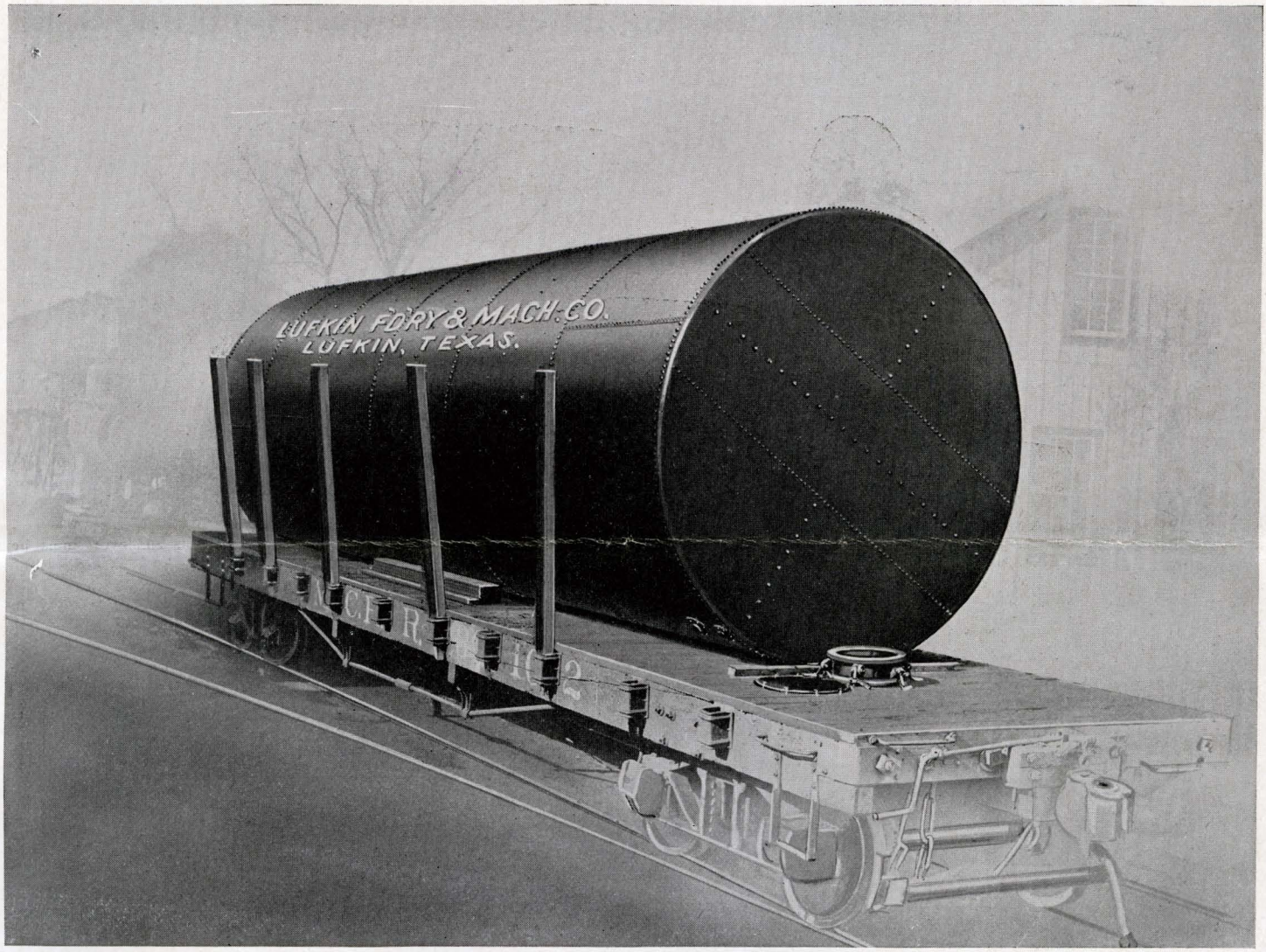
FOR OIL AND WATER



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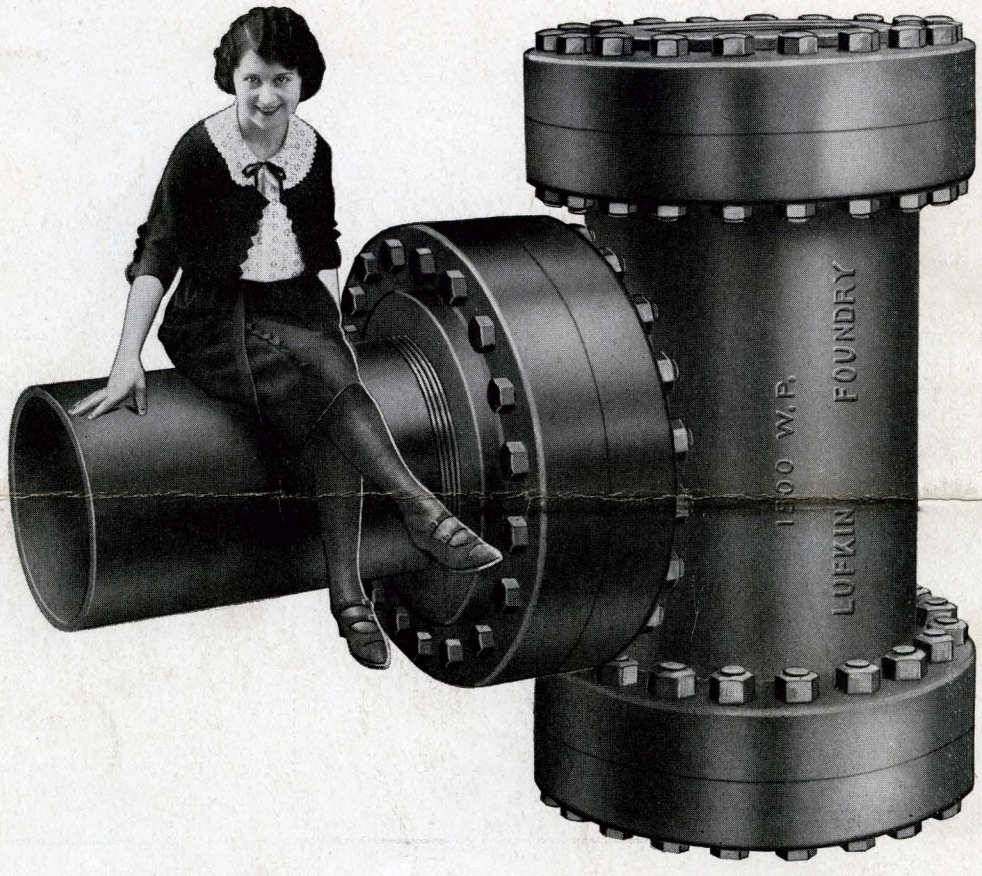
Pretty women—High grade fittings



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Our large fittings are used exclusively on some of the largest wells of Mexico.

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