

OLD-TIMER HAS GREAT SCHEME WILL REVOLUTIONIZE DRILLING TELLS ABOUT STRANGE ANIMAL

By ANANIAS FIBB

"I've drilled wells under a lot of different conditions," said the old-time driller as he put his ear to the casing to catch the deep rumble of gas pressure down the hole, "and I've never seen such easy conditions as prevail right here in this old junk state. Compared to some of the drilling I've seen, this is the gravy. And yet these soft-handed lads that graduate from our colleges and then take a place on the rig, they complain about hard work."

"They oughta been with me in Borneo, where it was so hot we had to run ammonia down the hole to keep the drill from burning up. Or maybe they'd have liked it in Malay during the monsoon season when it rained so hard we had to put on divers' suits while working."

"Or up in Siberia, where I was on a crew for the North Pole Petroleum corporation. It was so cold up there we never shaved, but broke our whiskers off like icicles. And when we got the hole down 3500 feet and hit the oil sand, the petroleum was frozen solid and we had to change our tactics and sink a mine shaft and cut the stuff out like coal. That was a terrible job. I'll never forget it. We had to station a guard around the boilers, because every time the flames froze them shivering Eskimos rushed us in a body, trying to break off the tongues of blaze to take home to their igloos, or whatever it is they call them shacks of theirs."

"And yet these young crews complain of hard work and say an oil crew is to be pitied."

Old Roughnecks Gone

"There ain't no real roughnecks any more. I've seen men that would jump at the chance to put a 50,000-barrel gusher under control single-handed by sticking their heads into the casing and holding

their breath until we could clamp 'er down."

"This ain't oil drilling here. It's ring-around-the-rosie. We drive fillyers to work on paved streets. I've had to swim, snowshoe and beat blizzards to get to derricks I've worked on."

"I've drilled 'em in places where we had to place machine guns all around the derrick to keep the cannibals from bolting us in our own oil."

"And wild animals has also interfered with my work in the many far-away places where I've taken position on the rig."

"But the worst pests and yet the most helpful I ever see was the Genus Petrolia which the boys named oil suckers. They was a three-legged animal about five foot long with mouths that looked like nozzles on a fire hose, only coming to a sharper point. These beaks of theirs revolved like a drill and was self-lubricated. It was these animals that led the geologists to recommend drilling on the island of Bushwa, down Indo-China way."

A Great Animal

"These beasts has a strange affinity for petroleum. They live only on oil-bearing land and burrow deep into the ground to get their favorite food, which is high gravity crude. They is very ferocious and rush in herds at anyone who approaches their favorite feeding ground. And yet we drills a well right on their choice lease. These oil suckers have put down something like a hundred holes in the ground and is sucking crude oil out of the depths in large amounts when we reaches the island. We goes equipped with Mausers and machine guns, and yet when we approaches the proven territory they rushes us and kills two geologists and seven leaseholders, but never harms any human beings. After much hunting we gets these oil

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suckers all rounded up in a large cage, in which they drill new wells for their food, while we goes about our own job of drilling."

"But what made you drill wells when these oil suckers had already penetrated to the formation?" I asked.

"Which question demonstrates your ignorance of the habits of the oil sucker," he replied. "These animals is peculiar that way. They never leave a well made by themselves without first closing it up, packing the dirt back in just the way they found it, layer after layer and strata after strata."

"That makes it necessary for us to drill our own wells. We find that we can't keep the suckers from filling up the holes. Before they rush us on our arrival they have filled up every hole on the territory."

Animal Trainer Works

"Well, we drills ahead and gets a fine well, flowing about 14,000 barrels. Then a tool-pusher on the job makes public the fact that he's an old animal trainer and has been working out on these ferocious oil suckers after his shift on the rig. He has them all tamed and, being lazy critters, they eats the crude he gives them and quits drilling. Then he cuts down the chow and they drill again. He keeps repeating this process of giving them oil and then taking it away from them until they will start drilling as soon as he enters the cage and tells them 'Yes, I have no petroleum today.'"

"So after that we don't drill no more wells, but lets the Genus Petrolia, as the scientists call them, do the work for us. We make a mental lease with them by which they gets 25 per cent royalty on all the oil from the wells they drill. This is plenty for them to keep fat on, and we saves hundreds of thousands of dollars for the company."

"But why don't they bring these oil suckers off the island and let them drill in other places?" I asked.

"Because," answered the old-timer, "because they is already too many oil suckers running loose as it is, and because again these suckers wouldn't join the union and we killed 'em all before we left the island."

"How'd you kill them?" I asked.

"By getting our animal-training tool-pusher to set them drilling in a place where the chief geologist said they'd be sure to strike oil. Of course they all drilled dry holes. Half of them died of starvation and the other half of disappointment."

Here's a New Plan

"But I still got hopes of revolutionizing the oil drilling game by the use of animals, and when I get time I'll perfect it."

"What is the plan, Chief?" I asked.

"I'm going to cross a ground-mole with a stork and nurse the off-

TORRANCE Newslets

Everett Malone was a guest Saturday of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Malone, of Azusa.

Mrs. C. M. McKenzie entertained at luncheon in Los Angeles Saturday Mrs. J. E. Shaddy of Independence, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Darling of Hermosa Beach were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kelly.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hurum Reeve were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Turley and family, of Bellflower.

Week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Young were Mrs. L. Noonan of Los Angeles and Miss Silvas of Sacramento.

Mrs. M. L. Acree and Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Acree and family enjoyed a trip last week-end to their canyon cabin above Glendale.

Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lightbody of Park terrace were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Daniels of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray of Burkhart court entertained at dinner Sunday Mrs. Emma Reeves and son Ralph of Los Angeles. In the afternoon all enjoyed a tour of the beaches.

Recent guests of Mrs. Thelma Reineman were Mr. and Mrs. Lee Johnson and daughter Margaret of Mason City, Ia. Mrs. Lee Johnson is a sister of Frank Warren of Andree avenue. The newcomers are well pleased with Southern California, and will remain here.

ATTENDS CONFERENCE

Mrs. E. N. Tompkins, lay electoral delegate from the Methodist church, attended the Methodist Episcopal conference in Los Angeles Thursday.

BUYS BIG TRUCK

Edmund Smith has purchased a new five-ton Marlin truck from C. C. Bacon, Marlin, Paige and Jewett representative in Torrance.

spring on gasoline."

"But why the stork?" I asked.

"Because," said the old-timer, "because the stork has a long, sharp beak and holds the world's record for bringing things in."

AN IMPORTANT ADDRESS

By

Mr. Fred P. Spraul

Of the United Creditors' Association

At the Next Regular Meeting
of the

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION

Thursday, Oct. 4th, 8 P. M.

Mr. Spraul is a well known expert on credits and collections and is a very interesting speaker. He is now a member of the executive committee of the United Creditors' Association, which is the largest world organization serving the credit public. This institution has a membership of over 114,000 subscribers in the United States and Canada and is international in its scope.

The United Creditors' Association is not a collection agency, and its methods are endorsed by merchants, large and small, throughout the North American continent.

No business is a success that does not collect its bills, and it is upon this subject that Mr. Spraul will bring you an authoritative opinion gained from many years of study and experience in handling credits and collections.

Do not fail to attend the meeting.

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