

The Lusk Line

FIRST QUARTER, 1937 » Vol. XVI » No. 1

Anyone

**CAN BUILD A
PUMPING UNIT**



BUT - Only long years of experience can produce
a Unit that will "Stand the Gaff"

Lufkin

**FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE
COMPANY**

LUFKIN, TEXAS



**BRANCHES: HOUSTON, DALLAS, TULSA, LOS ANGELES, KILGORE, ALICE, ODESSA,
SEMINOLE, BAKERSFIELD. EXPORT OFFICE: 149 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY**



Two of the real 20-mule team wagons and water trailer.

Sensible preparations to comfortable motor travel are of greater importance in Death Valley than elsewhere, particularly if you venture in during the summer-time, for then the temperature soars up to 134 degrees F. in the shade—and there is no shade! In fall and spring, from October to April, there is no spot in the world so enthralling as Death Valley, and I speak from experience, having travelled all over the world. Then it is not a region of infernal heat, a parched land reaching out as though to claim a luckless wanderer for its prey. Instead, it is one of the most delightful winter resorts, and just recently CCC workers have labored to create good desert roads, wells, golf courses and six public camping grounds, etc., and they are making of this Valley a winter paradise and the most intriguing playground in the country. In February, 1933, the government set aside an area of 1,610,000 acres to be known as the Death Valley National Monument and improvements were then outlined which would preserve the natural charm of the Valley and yet make it ideal for visitors.

There is no rainfall worthy the name in Death Valley, yet what little moisture occurs makes the narrow valley acquire a beautiful garb, for then its plant life becomes exceedingly colorful and variegated. During the days, the air is dry but exhilarating, and at night a star-studded canopy rivals tropical skies for sheer beauty.

Death Valley will always be a fantastic spot with its contrasting volcanic mountains and its valley only 125 miles long and approximately 15 miles across at

its greatest width. Some 70 miles of the valley is below sea level! High mountain ranges add to the feeling of depth.

Gazing down on the Valley from Dante's View, which is 5,600 feet above sea level, one sees Bad Water immediately beneath and it is 310 feet below sea level—the lowest place in the United States—and extensive bitter-water lakes and dry alkaline lake beds on the floor of the Valley appear startlingly white against the general background. The Valley is really the bottom of a lake dating back to prehistoric times, and it is rich with borax, silica, potash and other chemicals. From that vantage point one sees on the western rim the long range of the Panamints and Telescope Peak, which rises gaunt-like at the western end almost 11,000 feet above sea level, and snow-capped Mt. Whitney, the highest point in the United States, can be seen holding her head proudly aloft against an azure-blue skyline.

There is now a wonderful toll road over this range which proved in the past so impassable to the pioneers. The Valley is hemmed in on the west by the Funeral, Black and Grapevine Mountains, all of which are awe-inspiring in their coloring, and their steep slopes must have struck horror into the hearts of the settlers. On the south, too, the Avawatz Mountains are somewhat less formidable, and there those doughty pioneers found two passes which are still in use today, the Amargosa and Wingate. These were used by the famous 20-mule teams in hauling borax from the mines to Mojave, a two weeks' trip in the '80's, but one which can now be made in comfort in a few hours.

On the floor of the Valley one can drive down the east side and visit first the beautiful Golden Canyon. It is one of the most picturesque of the canyons with its narrow winding road in between towering walls which, as the sun passes overhead, give a marvelous display of changing color, ranging from deep purple to gold, from which it got its name.

If a close watch is kept on the left of the road proceeding down the east side, a most peculiar rock formation will be seen and there will be no doubt about its name, Mushroom Rock.

The salt pools located on the floor of the Valley, available from both the east and west side, are deep pools of brackish water beneath a floor of salt, and



Pinto Indians at work weaving baskets.

This picture tells its own story.



are well worth visiting. So salty are they that one can see minute crystals form in clusters as one gazes into the mirror-like surface. One must also visit Bad Water on the eastern side of the Valley before returning to a fork in the road from which one sees the Devil's Golf Course. Even the devil could not use it as a golf course for it consists of miles of hard crystal-like formations left, so scientists say, by the evaporation of what was once an inland sea. From this point we can follow the left fork down the Devil's Golf Course to the Eagle Borax Works, Bennett's Well and the Mesquite Well. The borax works are no longer in operation as other and more convenient mines have been located and are in full operation over by Mojave, but both the Eagle Works and Bennett's and Mesquite wells are veritable oases for there clumps of mesquite trees grow luxuriantly, their bright green brighter than usual by contrast with the drab color of the desert and other vegetation.

Road signs, Water Fill Up, are not infrequent and act as a grim reminder of days gone by when there were no such signs to guide parched men and women to that life-giving liquid. Other suggestive names indicative of stark reality are Funeral Range, Dead Man's Pass, etc.

The desert colorings are beyond the power of brush or pen to depict with their soft, gentle greys, greens, reddish browns, light tans, deep blues, and, in some cases, near black. In spite of the fact that one would naturally think of a desert being a place of unchanging scenery, such is not true of Death Valley, for both scenery and coloring provide keen interest for the visitor. The diverse rock formations would hold not only the attention of the geologist and mineralogist, but also that of one uninformed in those sciences for they are so varied. Some look like carved stone pillows which have been carelessly tossed aside, others are layers of rock which seem as though they had been laid on top of each other by some gigantic force, all slanting in the



Top: Back in the early '90's this ruin was the one big industrial activity in Death Valley. The first refined borax produced in the United States came from this spot, called the "Harmony Borax Works." The sticks in the foreground are mesquite roots, used as fuel in the old boiler shown. The ruin is one of the tourist attractions of Death Valley.

Below: Multi-colored rocks enthrall the stranger in the latest addition to our National Monument.

same direction; then there are mosaic rocks of beautiful colors, and outcroppings of black rock with lighter contrasting colors as though painted by some master artist attempting various weird and unusual color combinations.

Plant life, too, is interesting and includes the creosote bush, desert holly, the tiny pigmy poppy, scraggly salazaria, Indian paint brush, tamarisk trees, etc. One

WINGS OVER DEATH VALLEY





Swimming pool and north wing of Furnace Creek Inn.

there is Ryan, which for many years was headquarters of the Pacific Coast Company's borax mining, but it, too, now wears a deserted air.

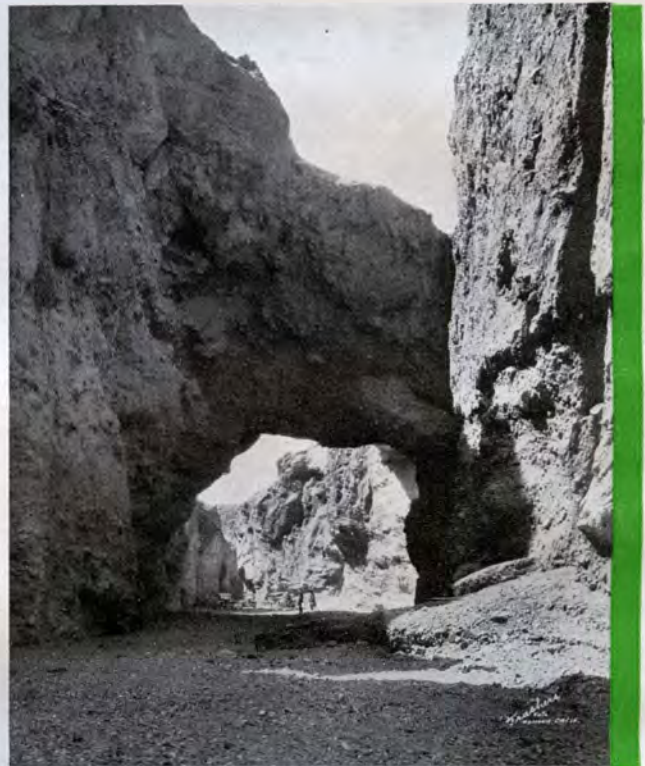
There are many other interesting side trips to be discovered on a visit to this famous Death Valley and vicinity, and one can profitably spend many days in the locality. There are the Painted Rocks on one of these side trips out of the Valley, which lead one to conjecture on the customs and habits of the Indians who carved their signs on the rocks. An interesting mirage can

■ CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

observer counted no less than 276 birds of 15 species in one hour from the verandah at the Furnace Creek Inn, and this included the road runner, shrike, the woodhouse jay, the thick-billed, red-winged blackbird, etc .

There are many, many points of interest in the Valley and surrounding mountains which make the region one of the most diversified in the country. There is, for instance, "Scotty's Castle." It is one of the most astounding places, and its owner, Death Valley Scotty, is one of America's most marvelous figures . . . stories of untold wealth . . . of hidden gold mines . . . all sorts of intriguing rumors are current about this fascinating character.

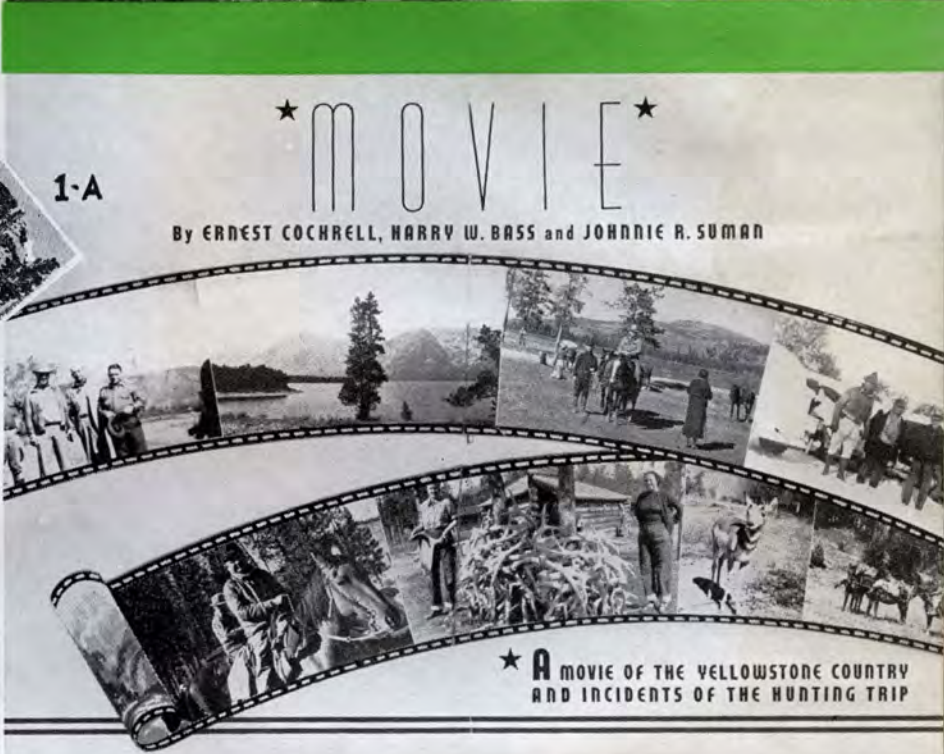
Up the Valley above Furnace Creek Inn, before reaching Death Valley Scotty's castle, one can turn off to the east by Stove Pipe Wells and the sand dunes, and go through Hell's Gate to Rhyolite, a ghost-town which was born almost overnight in the mad gold rush of a generation ago and almost as quickly abandoned. Long black shadows creep up the hills, overcast the valleys, and steal over the ghost town, mantling it in seeming darkness as clouds form under the sun, and the very weirdness of the silent place impresses the beholder with a sort of sinister foreboding. Other such ghost towns are Bullfrog, Leadville and Panamint City. Then



A "Natural Bridge" just discovered in 1935 in Death Valley. There are still many places within its boundaries which yet remain unexplored.



Charcoal kilns built from native stone in 1880, burned wood from the Pinon trees in the Panamints in the smelting of ore. They are approximately 25 feet high with a 50 foot face.



★ MOVIE ★

By ERNEST COCKRELL, HARRY W. BASS and JOHNNIE R. SUMAN

1-A

★ A MOVIE OF THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY AND INCIDENTS OF THE HUNTING TRIP



Wyoming Wild Game Dinner

Come dine with us and we'll make merry
 With Moose Milk, Bourbon De Luxe, Scotch and Sherry.
 There'll be Antelope, Elk and Moose, results of our skill
 We'll be awaiting you at Houston Club Jan. 28th from seven till

Harry W. Bass
 Ernest Cockrell
 Barney Cockburn
 Wm Coplin
 S.P. Brown

D.E. Legan
 A.T. (Cap) McDannald
 L.O. McMillan
 S.S. (Pete) Parker
 Gurney Peoples
 A.H. Rowan

E.H. Salrin
 Floyd Senter
 R.Y. Smith
 I.L. (Swede) Sorenson
 Johnnie Suman

*Be sure to call you are and
 also explain you are all
 to be included in your next invoice*

Ernest Cockrell, Chairman Reception Committee
50 Houston Club

"Come and Dine with Us and We'll Make Merry"!

So ran the invitation that brought some six hundred guests, including many notables to the second annual "Wyoming Wild Game Dinner" staged by sixteen mighty hunters, most of whom were oil men, held at the Houston Club recently.

Good fellowship reigned and with a well arranged program, all guests present proclaimed it second to none for gaiety and satire—even exceeding the older and larger "Grid-iron Dinners" and the "Wild Cat" affairs. Johnnie Suman acted as Toastmaster and presented guests high in city and state affairs who paid tribute to their hosts.

"Moose Milk," a special beverage brought to Houston by the hunters met with the instant approval of an enthusiastic and appreciative assemblage as did also other aperitives including Meteetsie antelope, Grand Teton elk, Two Ocean Pass moose "with all the trimmings."

Ernest Cockrell, who hunts in Wyoming every fall, started this hospitality for a few friends some years ago. Since that time others have joined his party and now the "Wyoming Wild Game Dinners" bid fair to be annual affairs with many bids for the festive occasion.

The hunter-hosts of the 1937 party were: S. S. (Pete) Parker, Johnnie R. Suman, Ernest Cockrell, S. P. Brown, A. T. ("Cap") McDannald, D. E. Legan, Ed. H. Salrin, Floyd Senter, R. Y. Smith, all of Houston; I. L. (Swede) Sorenson, Gladewater; Harry W. Bass, Dallas; Barney Cockburn, Arp; William Coplin, Palestine; L. O. McMillan, Tyler; Gurney Peoples, Oklahoma City; A. H. Rowan, Fort Worth.



THE PICTURES: 1. Elaborate program cover for the Wyoming Wild Game Dinner. 2. A. H. Rowan, E. H. Salrin, Floyd Senter. 3. Arch Rowan and according to "Cap" McDannald this is the best thing he did on the hunt. 4. "Old Silver Tip" Dal Legan. 5. Engraved invitation that brought six hundred to the dinner. 6. A. T. "Cap" McDannald. 7. Harry Bass. 8. S. P. Brown, E. H. Salrin and Johnnie Suman. 9. Floyd Senter in merry mood.

THRU LENS and SHUTTER

with the LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



TALCO DISTRICT OFFICE PERSONNEL OF THE HUMBLE OIL AND REFINING COMPANY—Back row Marguerite Holder, A. M. Ferguson, H. C. Harrington, R. W. Grant, H. D. McCool, C. B. Clark, Dick Trice Middle row: Clark Garner, R. N. Haines, S. S. Brown, P. D. Lowery, C. R. Myers, J. I. Cochran, R. J. Williams, W. M. Howard. Front row: H. M. Davidson, K. O. France, J. E. McConnell, L. O. Holloway District Superintendent: H. T. Lipe, Dan Mendell.



Humble Camp, Talco, Texas.



C. S. Hardin, Lufkin's Representative with headquarters at Mount Pleasant, Tex.



"Slats" Sanders, Independent Operator and C. S. Hardin, Lufkin Representative.



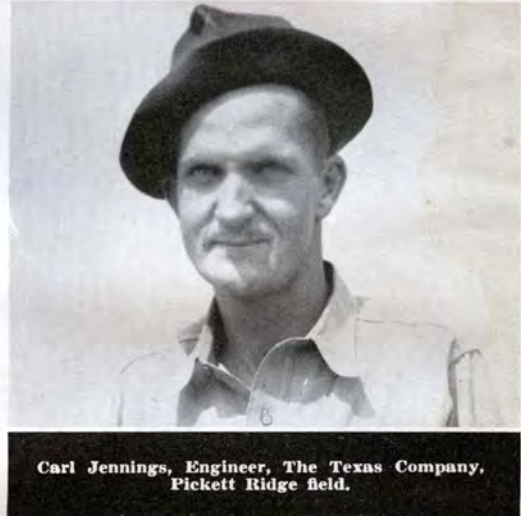
SENATOR CONNALLY VISITS LUFKIN PLANT—Left to right: Tom Huffman, Pres. Lufkin Rotary Club; W. C. Trout, Pres. Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co.; U. S. Senator Tom Connally; E. C. Burris, Sec. Lufkin Chamber of Commerce; K. W. Denman, Attorney, Lufkin.



TEXAS COMPANY, LEHMANN FIELD OFFICE, KERN FRONT FIELD, BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA—Left to right: J. E. Meskell, Draftsman; F. G. Shlemmer, Warehouseman; A. E. Jones, Asst. Production Foreman; O. H. Hoover, Production Foreman.

Don Kerr, Lufkin Representative in East Texas.

J. M. Warfield, Production Superintendent. Amy Oil Company, Seguin, Texas.



Carl Jennings, Engineer, The Texas Company, Pickett Ridge field.

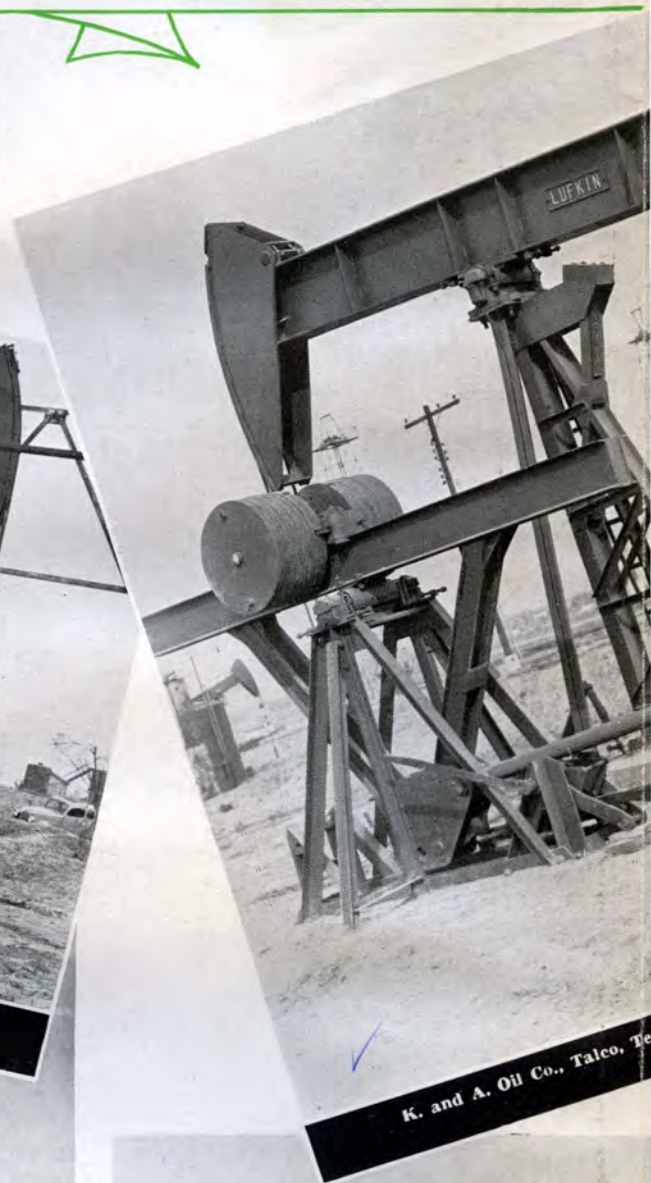


PERSONNEL RODESSA DISTRICT OFFICE OF THE STANDARD OIL CO. OF LOUISIANA—Back row, left to right: Ted Smith, Head Field Clerk; O. H. Watson, Carpenter; J. F. Ingham, Meter Man; H. R. Bean, Foreman. Front row, left to right: Perry Paden, Superintendent; C. F. Brooks, Field Clerk; L. C. Culpepper, Roustabout; S. M. Futral, Field Clerk.

Lufkin in TALCO and RHOD



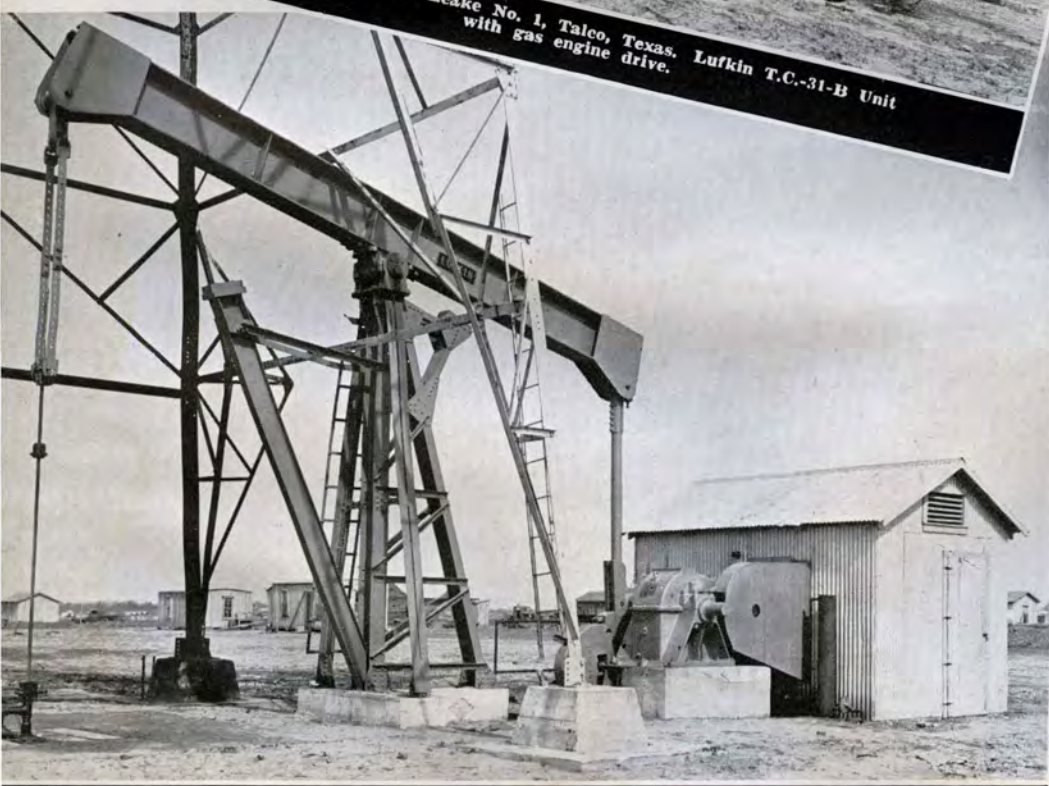
Typical Lufkin installation in the Talco, Texas, field. Magnolia Petroleum Co., W. H. Crawford No. 1, Lufkin T.C.-58 Unit with long base.



K. and A. Oil Co., Talco, Te



Constantin Oil Co., Leake No. 1, Talco, Texas, with gas engine drive. Lufkin T.C.-31-B Unit

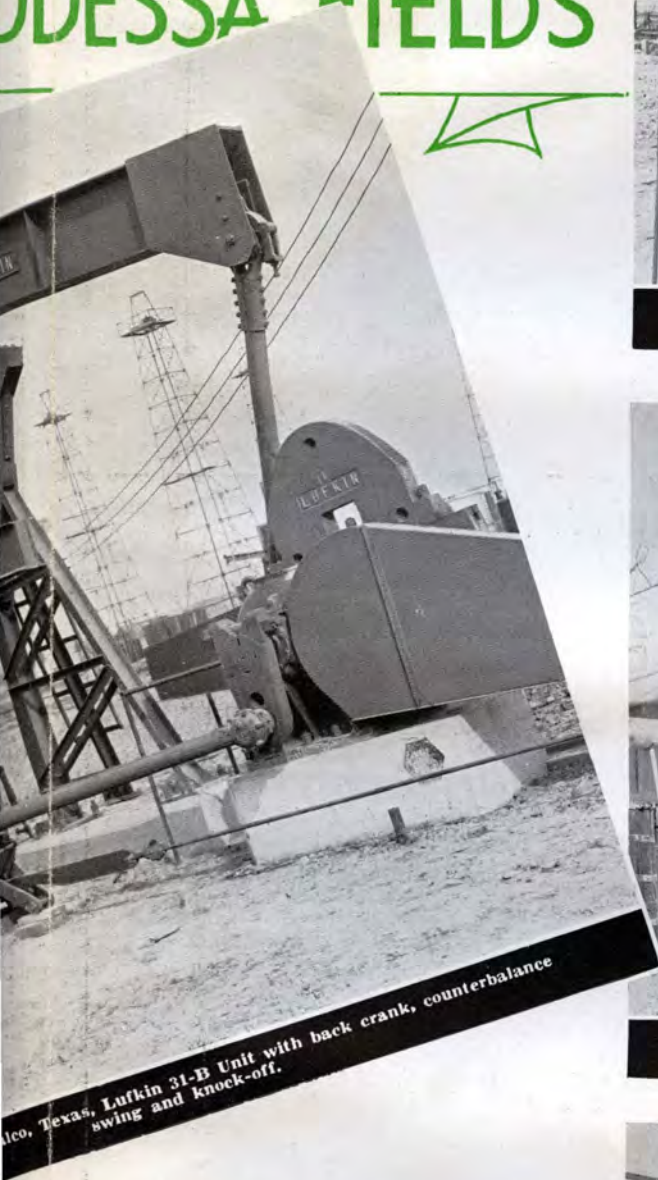


Lufkin No. 41 Unit, Housh and Thompson, Morrison Lease, Talco, Texas.



New 5000-bbl. plant of the Constantin field to be in operation

INSTALLATIONS in the RODESSA FIELDS



Alco, Texas, Lufkin 31-B Unit with back crank, counterbalance swing and knock-off.



Lufkin T.C.-54 Unit on 6000 ft. well for major producer in Rodessa field.



Rodessa field installation of Lufkin T.C.-54 Unit. Standard Oil Company of Louisiana.



Refinery Co., now under construction and operation about March 15.



Caldwell No. 9. Major operator in the Rodessa field, Lufkin completely equipped.



Lucerne, Switzerland, is famous for its unusual scenic beauty and great variety of medieval and modern attractions. In the background of this picture rises Mt. Pilatus.—Wehrli.

Lucerne UNDER A LUCKY STAR

By SYDNEY A. CLARK

"Some people have all the luck," and some places likewise seem to be born under a lucky star. Lucerne, the queen of the four-fingered lake where Switzerland was born when the Rutli oath was sworn, is outstandingly such a place. It—or rather she—seems to have everything in the roster of glammers, yet she is so gracious and, despite her popularity, so unaffected, that the greenest-eyed rival could not say she is spoiled.

One cannot analyze charm and card-index the quality called lure, but there are certain open secrets to beauty which can be sensed without the aid of a professional beautician. Some of these secrets are very interesting. Have you ever stopped to consider, for instance, the importance, (in case you are a city wishing to enhance your beauty) of taking up your abode on a river whose hopeless task it is to empty a lake? Most rivers entering a lake are dirty from long travel and rough going. All rivers leaving a lake are as clean as the child of

a New England mother after the Saturday night bath. But they are not sleepy. Quite the contrary. Fresh, lusty, eager to find the great salt sea, however distant, they plunge from their great tub and fill the air with their gurgles and giggles of merriment.

Such a river is the Reuss of Lucerne. It rushes from the lake of the Four Forest Cantons, ducks under a lot of bridges, including the two quaintest bridges in Europe whose fame is only rivalled by the Rialto.

The Reuss passes the wonderful old city walls, whose very existence is unknown to many tourists visiting Lucerne. It rushes on and out through lush green meadows and darker fringes of evergreen, an exuberant youth in search of adventure. Its waters are bril-



The Mannliturm at Lucerne, Switzerland, forms part of the medieval Musegg fortifications. It dates back to 1408 A.D., and is, as can be seen, especially well preserved. The figure of a standard bearer in armor is responsible for its name and the tower in former days served as a lookout post.—Photo by A. G. Globe-trotter.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The country lying around Lake Lucerne, with the town of Lucerne as its regional capital, is of great historical interest because it is the birthplace of the Switzerland of today. The whole region is recognized to contain some of the country's loveliest scenery, and it is here that the Alps of Central Switzerland begin. There is good reason why even today this part of the country is known as the "Ur-Schweiz," for here everything is genuinely and unmistakably Swiss. Here the first land-waves roll up from the orchard meadows of the high Swiss plateau to the Central Alps. Here the ancient pass-roads and modern railway lines start out over the Brunig and Gotthard to the Ticino and Italy. Here too the first snow-mountains thrust their glittering peaks into the deep blue sky, and the first cold, white glaciers nose down over rocky precipices. For the traveller coming from the north, Central Switzerland is the impressive prelude to the Alps. It was here that touring really began, and to this famous Alpine land men came from all over the world to find freedom and happiness and peace.

THUS SWITZERLAND became a familiar center for tourists and travellers from every country on earth, and the heart of it is Central Switzerland. It is famous for the comfort of its hotels, for the ever-present atmosphere of warm personal welcome. Every wish of visitor is provided for. Hotel keeping in Switzerland is less a profit-making business than a liberal profession, or even a fine art; in any case it is preeminently the occupation of a country destined by history and geography to become a holiday land. The Swiss are regarded everywhere as experts in the art of hotel-keeping, and nowhere does their activity find more characteristic expression than in their homeland. In Switzerland, some of the best hotels of the world are to be found.



The Axenstrasse skirting the lake of Lucerne, Switzerland, between Brunnen and Fluelen, is one of the most famous scenic highways in the country.—Wehrli.



The Lion of Lucerne, Switzerland, is one of the best known memorials one encounters in the Old World.

liantly clear, with a touch of emerald, whereas Geneva's Rhone prefers sapphire.

The penchant of Swiss cities for living directly on and over a lake effluent is very marked. In addition to Lucerne and Geneva think of Zurich on the Limmat as it plunges from the Lake of Zurich. Think of Interlaken on the Aare, which is forever trying to empty Lake Brienz into Lake Thun. Think of Thun itself at the "sluiceway" of its like-named lake. Such a location cannot fail to make a city bright and fresh but Lucerne's beauty is far more than river deep. It is a beauty based on character.

Its ancient Kapell bridge, jogging so casually downstream and then suddenly remembering that it is supposed to cross the stream, affords a unique touch of charm. Its dying lion, chiseled by Thorwaldsen from the face of a rock cliff, lends a touch of high distinction. Created as a tribute to courage this work of art commemorates, you recall, the gallant stand of the Swiss guards at the Tuileries. It is grand, sincere, moving, and when illuminated by flood lights at night it is even thrilling. Few monuments in the world can match it for artistic power.

The mountains of Lucerne combine with river and lake to make the perfect setting for a lovely picture. Like the city itself they are full of individuality and character. They are not merely mountains which happen to have names if one takes the trouble to ferret them



The picturesque Rutli house on the Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland, together with the little meadow adjoining it, is the property of the Swiss Confederation and is held sacred as the cradle of Swiss Liberty. On the night of November 7, 1307, 33 men from Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden assembled and swore to drive out their oppressors.—Wehrli.



Above: Engelberg in Central Switzerland is a much frequented summer and winter playground.—Karl Meuser.

Below: A daily feature, the skating waiters open air lunch in the sun of St. Moritz where the European Figure Skating Championship for ladies, men and pairs, is held annually.—O. Rutz.

out. They are hardly less than persons, petrified and magnified, but still possessed of strong personality.

Of course, the Pilatus has the most famous personality. I have often said that I personally find no mountain view in all Switzerland quite the equal of the Pilatus view. In all lights and all weathers except completely enveloping clouds it is so superb that it clutches at my emotions and makes me feel "funny." Pilatus dominates a vast region and yet it is near to what it dominates. The closeness of the green earth seems a contradiction to the extensive spread of what one sees. Seven lakes and seventy villages and seventy million glorious trees are spread below us in all directions, dark spruces contrasting with lighter beeches. A vision of such encircling width may contain everything at once, a rainbow over Fluelen, a great mass of pure white wool which must be a cloud, a patch of blue in the midst of it like forget-me-nots in a daisy field, and the strangest silvery reflections in the Zugersee and Lowerzersee, appearing and disappearing as the celestial electrician experiments with his battery of lights.

Dusk falls and the lights of Lucerne come out in a glorious twisted tangle of loveliness. All is silent except for the intimate and companionable clink — clank —

The picturesque village of Burglen above Altdorf in central Switzerland, claims the distinction of being William Tell's birthplace.—E. Goetz.

The Cover . . .

Tell's Chapel on the lake of Lucerne, Switzerland, a sacred shrine to the nation's early struggle for liberty. Photo by Emil Goetz

clonk of the cow bells and the occasional tintinnabulations from some village belfry, so distant that they seem messages from another world, so clear that they seem the whispers of a comrade.

I tried to play bridge with three companions one evening on the Pilatus and it proved a magnificent failure. We trumped each others aces, failed to follow leads, forgot what conventions were supposed to mean. None of us could keep our minds on the game for the scene from our hotel window was magical. The siren lights of the lake city and the cheerful winking eyes of many a village and chalet held us spell-bound.

Lucerne is the paradise of the courtiers of King Holiday. Even in Switzerland, beloved playground of the world, there is no other center that surpasses it in this respect. Fine lake boats, a great fleet of them, ply the waters of the "starfish lake." Railways and buses radiate from it and the stout hearted mountain railways and funiculars think nothing of a gradient of forty-five degrees. One could go "tripping" every day for a month and not repeat. The Rigi, Stanserhorn, Burgenstock for gorgeous heights, a whole chapter should really be written about them; Weggis, Brunnen and the historic sword of Rutli for lakeside glamour; Tellsplatte, Altdorf, Burglen for the legendary Tell; Einsiedeln for the Black Virgin of myriads of pious pilgrims; Engelberg for sport in a lofty valley. Our random-chosen names threaten to become a catalog and we have not scratched the surface of Lucerne's great cluster of satellites.

Engelberg is one of those appealing spots that seem like the end of the world and the climax of the Creator's artistic efforts. While in this "Valley of the Angels" you cannot believe that anything else is quite so beautiful. Like Zermatt, Saas-Fee and Adelboden it is in a "blind alley" of stupendous glories. You go and come back by the same route — if you can come back at all. High mountains hem it in and the monarch of the mountains of the valley of the angels is none other than the famed Titlis.

Summer and winter Engelberg is aglow with life.



The open air swimming basin and sun baths proclaim that it is a resort for bodies-in-the-sun; the skating rinks, ski cabins and bob runs give ample hints of its unrivalled position as a Winter Wonderland of the Lucerne region. Whether under an August sun or the steely points of February's stars, or in the carmined reflection of the all-year Alpengluehen, Engelberg's valley is an aristocrat of the pleasure world.

The little things that weave the web of personal memory are to any visitor the choicest threads of the great Lucerne tapestry. I recall the brave lettuce garden planted actually on a train bumper in Lucerne's freight yard. I recall the cannon barking thrice on the hill called Gutsch to bid the pious marchers of the Corpus Christi procession kneel in the street in prayer. I recall (on an out-of-season visit) the five serving maids of the Hotel Rigi-Kulm galloping over the crest of the mountain as if they were five healthy fillis. It was a display of animal exuberance in its brightest form.

I recall perhaps most vividly of all a dinner-among-the-lanterns on the upper terrace of my hotel at Brunnen. The long twilight surrendered reluctantly to the sable goddess and the lights which man has made to adorn her. It was a scene where quality was feerique. A few isolated jewels of light sparkled on the dark indefinite mass of the mountains across the lake. Other lights danced on the lake itself, and the terrace of the hotel was gay with laughter. My journal records with meticulous exactness that I ate, on that occasion, a



Ice festivals attract large crowds of spectators at St. Moritz, Switzerland.—A. Stainer.

Wienerschnitzel, Grune Erbsen and Rahmeis, but I swear that boiled rice and spinach would have been quite enough to intoxicate me. One cannot eat a sober dietetic meal in such a setting. Calories and vitamins must sneak into the menu as best they can, without announcement.

The Lucky Star of old Lucerne twinkles facetiously, permitting itself an indulgent smile at our lyric enthusiasm. It has seen many generations of holiday seekers attacked by the same happy malady. It understands very well that to each individual of each generation the Lucerne region is an exciting discovery, a mine of the pure gold of happiness.



A pretty skater at St. Moritz, Switzerland, dazzles with her grace and skill. —Meerkamper

Death Valley

■ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

often be seen between Baker and Shoshone, for a large expanse of lake appears over the area that is actually Baker. The lake has several pyramidal islands which cast their reflection on the surface of the "water" but in really opposite relation to the sun! A ship is to be seen and there are houses on the shore, yet actually it is all a mirage. Small wonder that these mirages lured many a thirst-crazed pioneer to his death.

In addition to the precaution of carrying provisions, water, gasoline and oil, a few other possibilities should be remembered. If the radiator commences to boil and there is a following tail-wind, the car should be turned to face the wind as it will then cool down the

water in the radiator. If planning on camping, never pitch camp in a dry wash, but select a high site for the tents, as otherwise a cloudburst might cause the dry wash to turn into a raging torrent. The nights, too, are sometimes quite cold and it is well to have sufficient blankets along to meet that contingency. Gasoline is naturally over double the price it is outside the Valley, so it is as well to fill up before going in and then to check and fill at each gas station with gasoline, oil and water.

Death Valley is an ideal place for a vacation or a sight-seeing trip and may be made without danger of mishap with a properly equipped automobile and an intelligent driver who bears all possible emergencies in mind. The Automobile Club of Southern California has posted practically all the roads to and in the Valley, so there is little danger of becoming lost unless one attempts to do some uncharted exploring.



Looking north in Death Valley from the lobby of Furnace Creek Inn.



WITH THE Lufkin Cameraman

- 1. George Bays, was looking at the blonde hat checker.
- 2. Worth, Sanders, Zorichak, Warren, Morley and Herb Ladd's Hand. The sound attachment caught Duke's voice.
- 3. M. R. Shaffer, Empire Company, Bartlesville.
- 4. Patrick Regan, Stanolind Company, Tulsa.
- 5. Big Shots of Empire and Shaffer Specialty Co.
- 6. "Sullivan" doesn't know yet what Lee Worth put in his pocket. Sanderson and Bell of Gulf evidently do.
- 7. V. S. Montgomery, Phillips; W. W. Trout, Lufkin.
- 8. "Yank" Miller, Gen. Supt., Barnsdall Oil Company; W. W. Trout, Lufkin.
- 9. H. M. Stalcup, vice president Skelly; George Bays, of Stanolind.
- 10. George Manahan, W. J. Ricketts.
- 11. M. M. Hutchinson, Empire, Eldorado; C. G. Moss, Deeprock, Drumright.



AT THE TULSA A. P. I. MEETING, FEBRUARY 25, 26

- 12. George Henson, Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co., Great Bend Kansas, and K. W. Haley, Barnsdall Oil Co., Tulsa.
- 13. T. A. Morgan, Wichita, State Conservation Commissioner; C. S. Warren, Empire, Eldorado; M. R. Shaffer, Empire, Bartlesville.
- 14. Front Row, Left to Right: N. M. Cecil, P. H. Butler, J. W. Walthour, of British American; Rear Row: Mayo E. McKeown, of British American; C. R. Bopp, of Bureau of Mines.
- 15. Henry Schaefer, Stanolind; R. V. Upton, British American; Dick Regan, Atlantic; Rear, C. W. Olsen, Stanolind; N. A. Ludwick, British American.
- 16. Clarence Knowlberg, Sun Oil Company; W. G. Skelly, Skelly Oil Company.
- 17. F. M. Stevenson, District Engineer, Phillips Petroleum Company, Borger.

- 18. John Evans, Duke Hawley, Stanolind, Tulsa. We were offered "Dough" not to print this one.
- 19. D. R. Snow, V. P. Barnsdall, Tulsa.
- 20. A. W. Walker, John Evans, Stanolind Oil Co., Tulsa.
- 21. Jack Smith, Jake Bischoff, Chas. Carl, Joe Hewitt, Deep Rock Oil Corporation.
- 22. C. H. Keplinger, Shell, Tulsa; Max Mahaffey, Empire Company, Pampa, Texas.
- 23. Ernie Richards, National Tank Company; S. H. Miley, Skelly; Jas. Creeden, Skelly.
- 24. Carl Young, A.P.I.; Glenver McConnell, Max Sherwood, Shell Petroleum.
- 25. Connie Taylor, P. A., I. T. I. O., Bartlesville.





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The Lufkin Cameraman

VISITS THE TULSA A. P. I. MEETING, FEBRUARY 25-26

- 26. Cliff Wright, British American, Tulsa.
- 27. Austin Allen and G. M. Shaner, Phillips Petroleum Corporation.
- 28. Bennett, Hatcher, Sturdevant, Hutchinson, Keplinger.
- 29. C. A. Daniels, L. E. Fitzjarrald, Phillips Petroleum Corporation.
- 30. Howard Auerswald, Gulf Oil Corporation, Tulsa.

- 31. H. M. McClain, Magnolia, Oklahoma City.
- 32. Austin Allen, Phillips Petroleum Company.
- 33. John Heyward, Barnsdall Oil Company.
- 34. Oscar Harcher, Ada, Oklahoma.
- 35. Van Bennett, British American; C. H. Keplinger, Shell; Cliff Wright, British American.

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No. 1

Nothing escapes change—even the lettering on the doors that started out simply as Men and Women. Next it became a bit high-hat with Gentlemen and Ladies. Then in the night clubs they broke out with King and Queen, His and Her, and other variations.

Complications set in, however at a new night club in the modern Spanish village design, that used Hombre and Senorita to designate the important chambers. A worried looking gentleman approached the manager and asked directions.

"Don't you know what Hombre means?" asked the manager.

"No, I don't," replied the distressed one. "and this is one helluva time to be giving me Spanish lessons!"

Teacher: "If 'Minnie' in Indian means 'water,' what does 'Minnesota' mean?"

Johnnie: "Soda water."

The newlyweds were on their honeymoon. They had the drawing room and the groom gave the porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were just married. When the happy couple went in for breakfast next morning all the passengers snickered.

The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on the train we were just married?"

"No, sir," said the porter. "I told 'em all you all was just good friends."

"Look here, I bought a bottle of your hair restorer last night and all it's done is to raise these big bumps on my head."

"My gracious," said the beauty doctor, "we must have sold you a bottle of bust developer by mistake."

A young man whose first job was that of reporter on a newspaper was having a lot of trouble writing his stories. All his efforts seemed to find their way into the trash basket.

Finally one day the City Editor called him and said: "Look—you don't quite know what the public is interested in, what news really is. For example, if a dog bites a man, that isn't news. But if a man bites a dog, that's news."

The young man thought about that and several days later the paper came out with the following headline:

FIRE PLUG BREAKS — WETS DOG.

The boss asked one of the stenographers in the office, "What would

you say if I hired you as my private secretary?"

And the coy little stenographer replied, "I wouldn't say anything but 'Yes.'"

Lady of the house: "Now, Norah, when you wait on the guests at dinner, please don't spill anything."

Servant: "No ma'am, I won't say a word."

Legs

Legs to the right of us,
Legs to the left of us,
Legs in front of us,
How they display them!
On they go trippingly,
Daintily and skippingly.
Frost that bites nippingly
Does not dismay them.

Straight legs and bandy ones,
Bum legs and dandy ones,
Awkward and handy ones,
Flirt with the breeze;
Round legs and flatter ones,
Thin legs and fatter ones—
Especially the latter ones
Showing their knees.

Knock-kneed and bony ones,
Real legs and phony ones,
Silk covered tony ones,
Second to none,
Straight and distorted ones,
Mates and ill-sorted ones,
Home and imported ones—
Ain't we got fun?

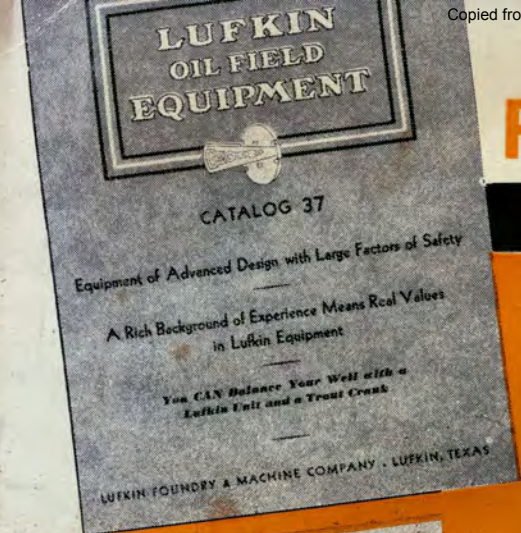
Gray or Green

*The world is not forever green,
Nor any life that I have seen.
The summers of the world depart,
But springtime comes to ev'ry heart.
The world is not forever fair,
Nor any living anywhere,
But not a good shall turn to ill
But has a hope of goodness still.*

*Yes, so the seasons come and go,
The summer flow'rs, the winter snow,
Whether it be a field or fen,
Whether it be the lives of men,
We wait the spring, and so the heart
May be as sure that cares depart.
The world, the life, that all have seen
Is not forever gray or green.*

PUMPING EQUIPMENT HANDBOOK

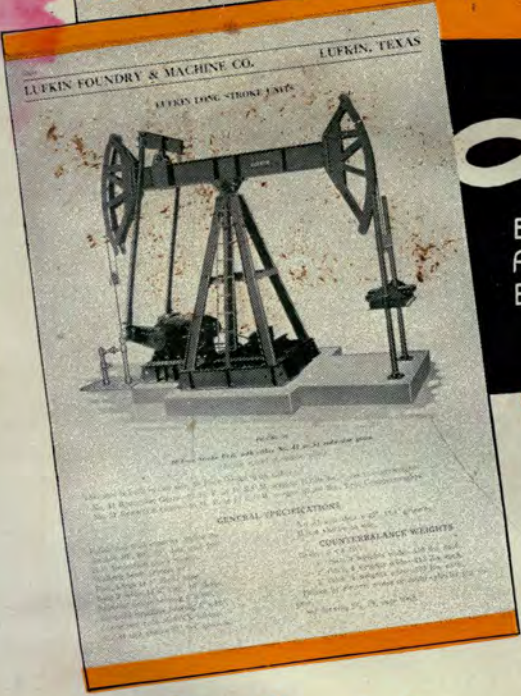
Just off the Press



The new LUFKIN CATALOGUE 37 is an engineers' handbook on geared pumping equipment. It contains not only up-to-the-minute engineering data, but blue print layouts of all types and sizes of LUFKIN equipment with complete specifications and instructions for ordering. It has been referred to by oil men, who have seen it, as the most comprehensive catalogue thus far published on the subject of Reduction Gears for oil well pumpings.

As pioneers in the manufacture of geared oil well pumping units, THE LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY has maintained its position as the world's largest manufacturer of such equipment by virtue of concentration on this one job and by the continued effort on the part of its engineers to produce better and more economical equipment than ever produced before.

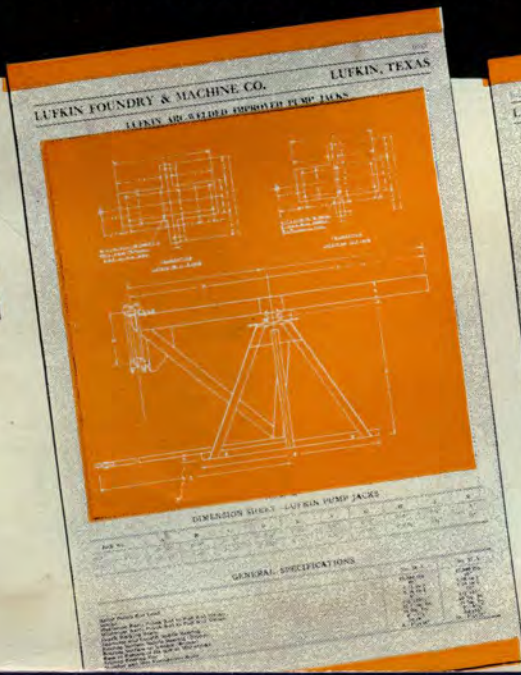
A note in your letterhead, addressed to LUFKIN or our branch offices will bring our catalogue 37 without delay.



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