



The Luskkin Line

IF every one . . .

By C. E. WEISER
ETHYL NEWS

*If every one who drives a car could lie a month in bed,
With broken bones and stitched-up wounds, or fractures of the head,
And there endure the agonies that many people do,
They'd never need preach safety any more to me or you.*

*If every one could stand beside the bed of some close friend,
And hear the doctor say "no hope" before that fatal end,
And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.*

*If every one could meet the wife and children left behind,
And step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shined,
And look upon "The Vacant Chair" where Daddy used to sit,
I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think a bit.*

*If every one would realize pedestrians on the street,
Have just as much the right-of-way as those upon the seat,
And train their eyes for children who run recklessly at play,
This steady toll of human lives would drop from day to day.*

*If every one would check his car before he takes a trip,
For tires worn, loose steering wheels and brakes that fail to grip,
And pay attention to his lights while driving roads at night,
Another score for safety could be chalked up in the fight.*

*If every one who drives a car would heed the danger signs,
Placed by the highway engineers who also marked the lines
To keep the traffic in the lane and give it proper space,
The accidents we read about could not have taken place.*

*And last, if he who takes the wheel would say a little prayer,
And keep in mind those in the car depending on his care,
And make a vow and pledge himself to never take a chance,
The great crusade for safety then would suddenly advance.*



The Lufkin Line

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AL. E. CUDLIPP, Editor

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DID YOU KNOW

... that it would cost about \$350 to buy enough candles to produce as much light as is used monthly by the average American family using electricity?



... that 80 per cent of the economic activity of this country is carried on by individuals and personal partnerships? And that the United States as a whole carries on about half of all the business activity of the world?



... that it costs around one million dollars an hour to supply the assembly lines of the automobile industry with raw materials when production is high?



... that the annual cost of all government—Federal, state, and local—in the United States is equal to the total income received by every individual in all of the states west of the Mississippi? And that the average citizen is now being taxed at the rate of \$111 a year in this country?



... that British India, Russia, and China, which among them have half the world's population, have only three-fourths as many telephones as New York City? New York has approximately 1,569,000 phones. Throughout America, there is one telephone for every 6.6 people.

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**EXECUTIVE OFFICES
AND FACTORY**
Lufkin, Texas

CRUISING THE INSIDE PASSAGE

By Ed Trout

NATURE set the stage for what is perhaps the most beautiful and scenic short voyage in the world—the Alaskan Cruise. In the glacier age, many centuries ago, a wave of ice bore down on the mountainous West Coast of North America and plowed out what is now known as the “Inside Passage,” that smooth, narrow lane of water from Seattle to Skagway.

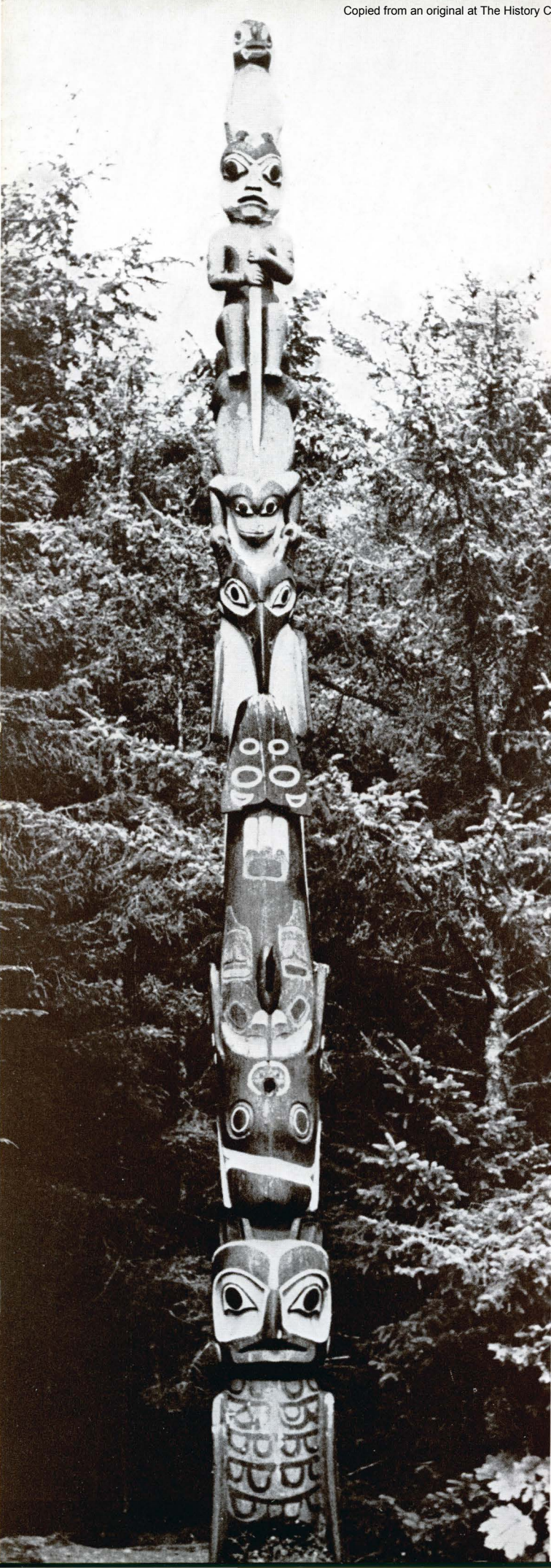
There are no discomforts to those afflicted with the dread sea sickness of ocean voyages, for there is land to the port and starboard so close that at times you could easily throw a stone ashore. Its smoothness could be likened unto a lake voyage with the exception of two hours in open ocean, both going and returning. For those that include Sitka, the old Russian Capital, in their itinerary, there is an additional seven hours of open ocean travel.

There are three fleets of ships, the Canadian Pacific, Canadian National and the American Line, making the cruise from June to September. The time from Seattle and return varies from eleven days to three weeks depending upon your selection.

Because of limited time, Mrs. Trout and I selected the cruise on the Canadian National's Prince Robert, the largest and fastest ship in regular service on this route. A beautiful ship weighing 6300 tons, and having a top speed of twenty-three knots, became our home for eleven most enjoyable days. The old gag about a boat

Left: **EXCELLENT EXAMPLE** of Indian artistry in legendary story telling.

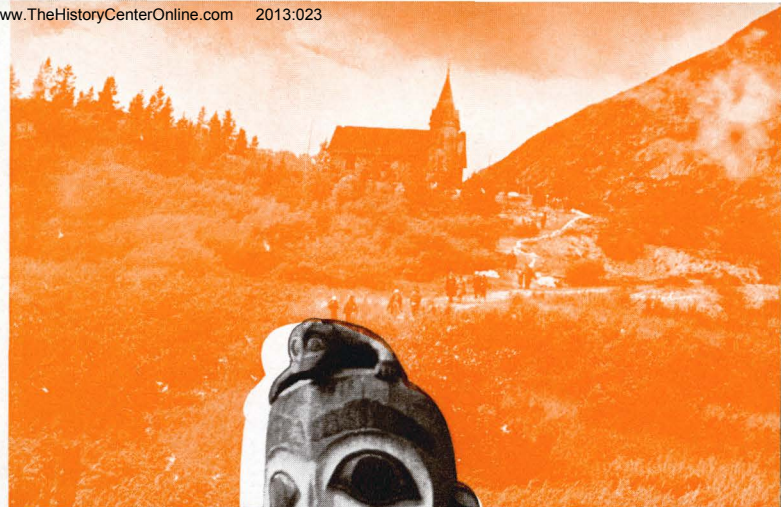
Below: **EMPRESS HOTEL**, Victoria, Canada.





WRANGEL, ALASKA — Typical of all Alaskan towns.

Right, above: THE REMAINS of a Church at Bennett, Canada, 3000 feet elevation on the Yukon Trail.



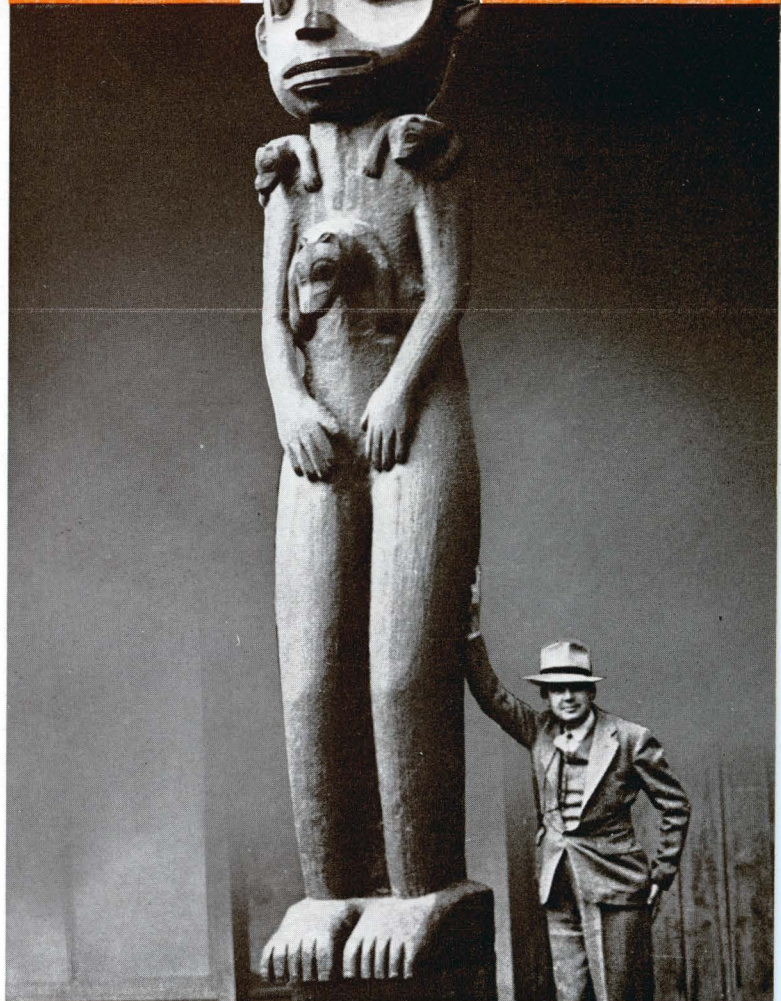
being a floating hotel is certainly true, for this boat had all the comforts of our finest hotels. Fruit in your rooms at all times, bottled mineral springs water, hot and cold water, comfortable beds, ample clothes closets and dressing tables and a swell shower bath. The food was wonderful. Breakfast at nine, bouillon at eleven, lunch at one, tea at four, dinner at seven, midnight supper at twelve-thirty with wide selections and in copious quantities to satisfy the increased appetite aroused by the invigorating cool, salty air. The menu includes fresh fish from the canneries of Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, and Sitka, Caviar from the same places, strawberries as large as plums and the finest of vegetables taken aboard at Alaskan ports, all of exceptional size and flavor due to the long hours of sunshine and the splendid irrigation from melting glaciers.

We sailed from Seattle aboard the "Princess Kathleen," a Canadian Pacific boat. The first port of call was Victoria, a thoroughly English town, located on Vancouver Island. Adjoining the dock was the scrumptious big Empress Hotel, vine covered to its roof. Time did not permit a trip to the world famous "Bouchard Gardens" on the outbound journey, but some semblance of what was to be expected there could be seen in and around the homes and more particularly, the terraced lawns of the estate of the Lieut. Governor of British Columbia.

Because the maritime laws of the United States do not permit the ships of a foreign country to carry passengers between two American ports—Seattle and Skagway, the two trip termini are both American—we had to change boats at Vancouver, our next stop. Vancouver, the largest city in Western Canada, is quite American.

The first port of call for the "Prince Robert" was Ocean Falls, a model company-owned town, at the foot of a mountain. There we saw the product of the surrounding forest transformed into newsprint by one of the largest paper mills in the world. We were told the annual rainfall averages 190 inches—a swell place for ducks!

Next stop, Prince Rupert, Canadian headquarters of the great Pacific Halibut fleet, offered a side trip through

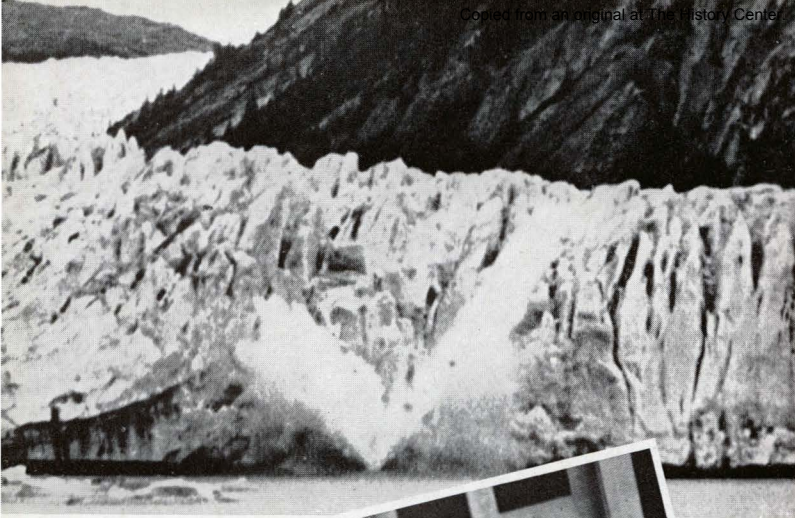


TOTEM "Koo-DA-SHAN," Wrangel, Alaska, (the totem pole of shame).

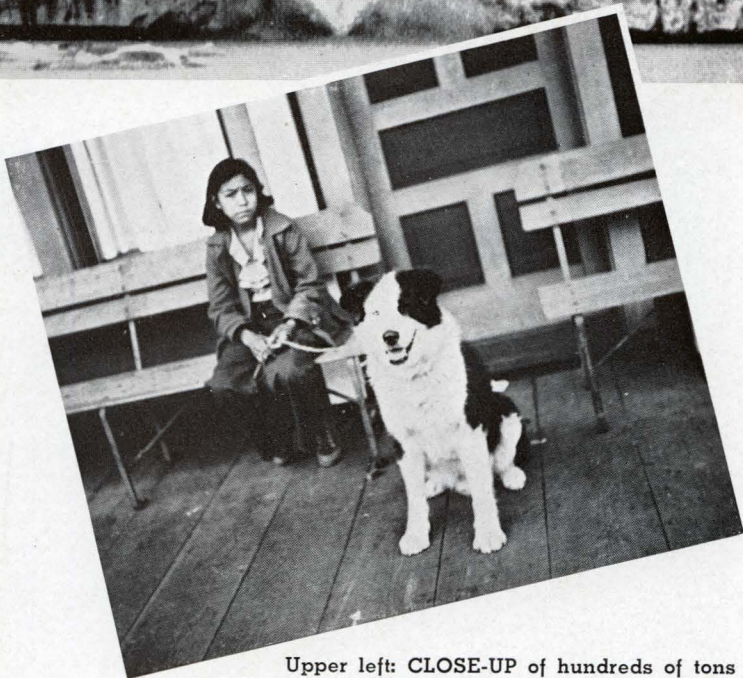
Ed Trout is wearing the hat.

the worlds largest cold storage plant. A guide graciously took us in storage rooms 60 degrees below zero where fish are frozen stiff and stacked like stove wood, where some of the ocean's strangest fish are well preserved in their frozen state.

Thence to Alaskan towns, which are all very much alike, all water front towns, the large percentage of whose population are made up of Indians instead of Eskimos such as the average American might think. The



FEDERAL BUILDING and Dock, Victoria.



Upper left: CLOSE-UP of hundreds of tons of ice falling 180 feet from crest of Taku Glacier.

Below: Carcass, Alaska, Indian girl with beautiful musher.

largest city, Juneau, has a population of less than 7000 and the whole of Alaska has approximately 50,000 population with automobile registration numbering perhaps less than half of those listed in the city of Lufkin, whose population is about 10,000.

Alaskan towns bristle with activity in the summer, the male inhabitants fish and work the storage plants and canneries. The female inhabitants cater to the tourist trade. In the winter trapping becomes the chief occupation. The trappers are often away from home three to six weeks on their ventures into the heavy laden snow covered forests. Not exactly the type of life befitting a "panty waist." Incidentally, there is no unemployment in Alaska which should give you a comfortable feeling if you are troubled ordinarily by social consciousness.

Totem poles adorn the streets of every town and in Sitka, the old Russian capital, there exists some of the finest totems ever made by the craftsmen of the proud Haida nation. There is a legend about each totem pole, they all have specific names and their design is emblematic of certain marks of each tribe. Indians are

animistic and believe everything such as winds, mountains, animals, trees, fish, birds, rivers has its soul. If favored by any of these spirits, it was considered an honor to design their totem poles emblematic of the favorable spirits. Totems are never thought of as idols to be worshipped.

The most comical totem pole is to be seen in the center of the town of Wrangel, named "Koos-Da-Shan." Unaware of its name or legend, I thought I had appropriately named it the "Totem Pole of Shame"; for I noticed the more dignified and modest lady passengers of the boat merely cast a glancing look in its direction, only to turn their heads to snicker for a little private mirth and merriment, while the men gather around for close inspection, accompanied by the usual wise cracks and a flood of photographic shots.

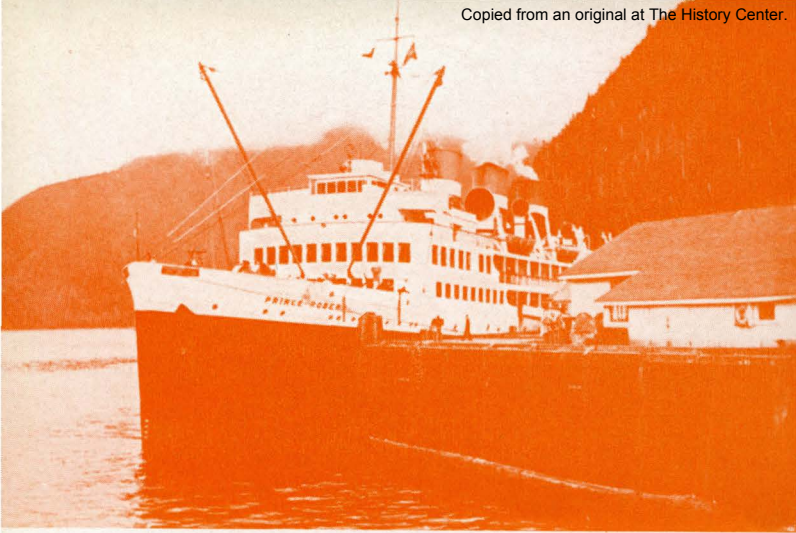
Long to be remembered is the trip through Gardner Canal, with its snow covered mountains and shining glaciers located on their crests. Near the end the boat comes to rest some five hundred yards from the Taku Glacier whose height varies from 160 to 200 feet and whose width is more than a mile. The length is twenty-one miles of which only three or four are visible from the boat. The boat whistles, its vibrations crack the glaciers, and tons upon tons of ice let go with mighty roars. A truly thrilling sight to behold.

Several of the glaciers are joined together at the crest of the mountain range giving an octopus-like appearance with the Taku serving as one tentacle and the Mendenhal Glacier another extending within fourteen miles of Juneau.

Overcoats are in order on the warmest of days in Juneau for the trip to the Mendenhal Glacier for the wind, blowing over twenty-three miles of solid ice, penetrates the skin. Some 200 yards from the end of the busline marks the point to which the glacier extended during 1933 and since it has receded a quarter mile, or about 250 feet per year. There are caves to be visited in the face of the glacier which impresses in a small way the magnitude of the glacier; and to those wishing a more thrilling adventure, a stroll over the rugged slippery surface, jumping crevices and sliding down sharp embankments, are really taking life in their own hands.

Inspection of the ice reveals that it is extremely porous and light, the density being comparable to a layer or cake of sleet.

Upon arrival at Skagway, there is opportunity to side trip inland to see the famed Yukon, Canadian terri-



THE "PRINCE ROBERT," the largest and fastest ship making the Alaskan Cruise — a truly "floating hotel."

tory, where the cradle, pick and shovel of the Klondike rush of '98 has given way to hydraulic dredges. The narrow gauge railway travels on the opposite side of the pass of the trail of '98 for 17 miles up a 4 degree grade. It is not only exciting with thrills, but tends to induce a feeling of insecurity to the passengers as the train passes over trestles and rims the steep mountain sides. As an old boy from Georgia put it, you could lean from the window of your coach, and spit for half mile. Contrast this mode of travel with the hardships endured from packing in on foot with pack trains along the narrow ledges of the ice covered trail. This brings to mind the realization of the courage and stamina exhibited by those seeking fame and fortune. The pack trail still in existence is known as the "lower trail," taken mostly in the summer time, the upper trail known as the "dog sled trail," more hazardous and dangerous was used exclusively in the winter.

Here the mountains rake the sky and beautiful blue lakes nestle in the verdant valleys, overflowing with the largest game trout and bass ever caught by man. In the towns of Carcross and White Horse, the hibernaters in winter relate fish stories and exhibit with pride pictures of catches that would break the heart of any fisherman except Paul Bunyan.

Skagway, more than any other place, is a page out of the old past. The old saloons still exist, there is Mr. Martin Itjin, an old snag-toothed Scandahoovian, who carries a logging chain of gold heavily laden with gold nuggets gently resting on his vest in the manner of a watch chain, to greet you. He can tell you tales of the old days, and of "Soapy Smith" who figured in many a gun battle, he of the five-dollar bills in the cakes of soap and the befriender of the poor and a gouger of the rich.

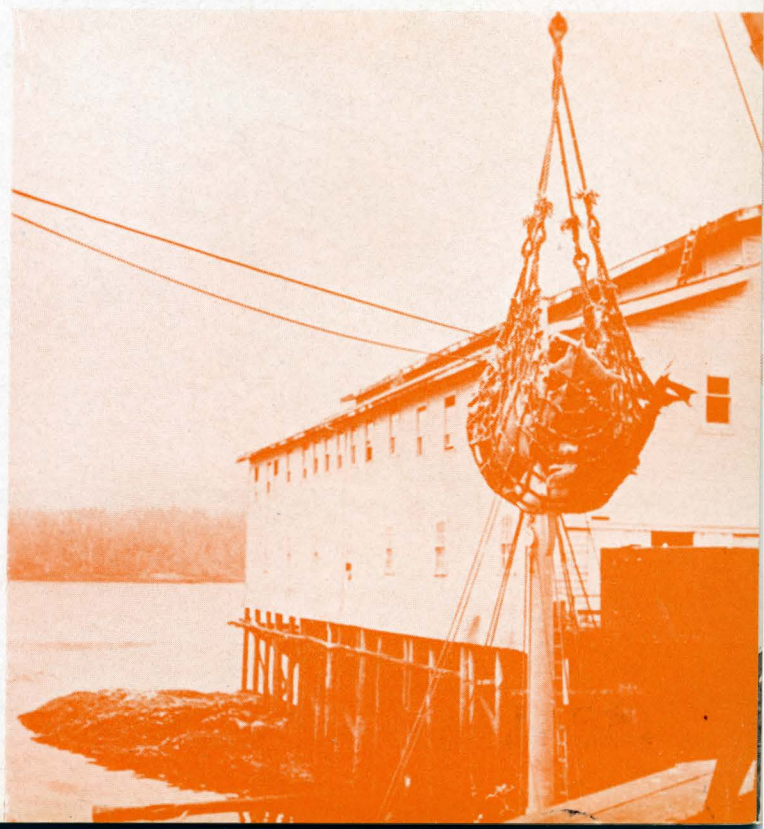
The thrills of the trip are not the tall tales of Skagway, not the gold and silver mines of Juneau, not the \$7,000,000 cancelled check in the State House at Juneau, for the Alaskan purchase, nor is it the old Russian Fortress at Sitka surrounded by the rarest of totem poles; it is the cruising along the inside passage with each new turn promising new beauties. It is watching the panorama slipping by the rail of the ship, while one enjoys the fine program of life aboard, deck games, masquerades, parties and dances which add to the friendly atmosphere and whet one's appetite. It is a pleasure never to be forgotten. I give you — the Alaskan Cruise!



Upper right: PART OF REMAINS of trail of 1898 — 12 miles from Skagway.

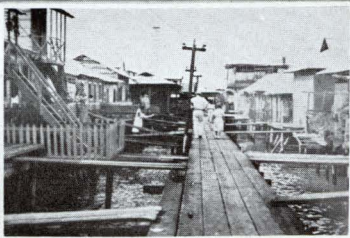
Above: OLD RUSSIAN FORT at Sitka, Alaska.

Below: LOADING HALIBUT at Prince Rupert, Canada.





LAKE FRONT



STREET SCENE



THE CHURCH



MAIN STREET ON LAND



Lagunillas Village about two weeks before fire



Miss Dorothy Sneed from North Carolina, teacher in the Oil Company School, and "Mule" Standefer, from Houston, Texas, V. O. C. Drilling Supervisor. Taken about two weeks before the fire.



Bringing in a drowned Venezuelan



The morning after. Crowd of villagers watching sea voyage from sea wall



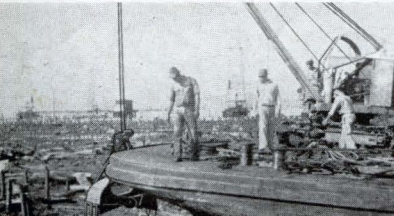
The morning after the fire



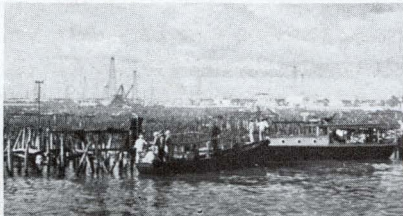
Closeup of fire from sea wall

LAGUNILLAS "LITTLE BURNS" LAGOONS"

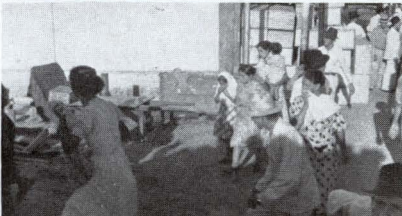
SNAPSHOTS BY LUFKIN'S Ed Layton



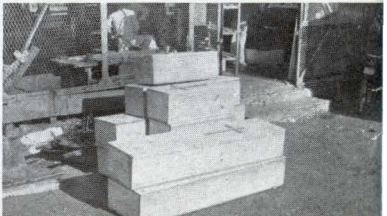
Lifting floating debris in search for bodies. Oil Company Equipment



Salvage boats. The day after the fire



The day after the fire. Crowds in main street of land village



Finished coffins in front of V. O. Co. Carpenter shop



CLOSE-UP OF FIRE FROM SEA WALL.

Lagunillas Burns

By ED LAYTON

ON THE NIGHT of November 13, 1939, the Venezuelan village of Lagunillas (Little Lagoons) was destroyed by fire; the conflagration starting about 8:30 p.m. and lasting nearly four hours, until it burned itself out.

Located on the eastern shore of Lake Maracaibo, on the opposite shore from and some 40 miles south of the city of Maracaibo, the site was apparently that of a traditional fishing village. Before the oil field development in this area Lagunillas was probably almost identical with many other nearby typical fishing villages two to three hundred years old, built on piles over knee-deep water at the edge of the lake. As oil activity grew, the native population of Lagunillas increased tremendously, and although burned twice in previous years, it was rebuilt each time, the last time of materials "borrowed" piecemeal from the oil companies.

Some 20 per cent of the village was built on shore—dry land now, but swampy until drained by the oil companies. The over-water portion was reached from shore by a short, narrow bridge. No one knew accurately its population, but the Jefe Civil (Chief of Police) estimated that between 4000 and 6000 persons were packed into some 500 wooden, tin-roofed shacks over the water. After the fire about six houses were still standing—the breeze carried the flames away from them—but the remainder were completely destroyed.

Living conditions there are hard to imagine. No water supply, no plumbing, no fuel gas. Water, supplied by an oil company through a single hydrant on land, was peddled house-to-house from five-gallon cans by small boys who staggered along with cans tied to each end of poles over their shoulders. Cooking was almost exclusively with charcoal. The problem of sanitation was reduced to simple terms by providing a hole in the floor. The fish grow fat in that vicinity. Some houses had single electric lamps, supplied from a small diesel generating plant on shore. Most of the food supplies came in by boat from down the lake and were unloaded at a pier projecting into the lake from the over-water village.

During previous fires there was little, if any, loss of life, since the residents could wade to shore. But due to some geological phenomenon the land level and the lake bottom in this area are sinking at the approximate rate of a foot a year, and the water under the village was eight to ten feet deep at the time of the fire—and practically none of the residents could swim.

It was definitely established that an exploding liquid-fuel stove started the fire. The woman pitched it at the window to get it into the lake, and missed. Contrary to published and broadcast reports, there was no tremendous loss of life. Twenty-six bodies were recovered, none of which

showed any signs of burns. These people probably jumped in, were knocked out on submerged piles, and drowned. It is estimated that a maximum of 150 were lost, but due to the high water temperature—about 85 degrees—and hot daytime sun, rapid disintegration and hungry fish made additional recoveries impossible.

There was definitely no burning oil on the water. The piles were still standing the next day. Rescue efforts were confined to the oil companies, since neither government nor civil authorities had any facilities for this work. There was no fundamental excuse for any loss of life, since oil company boats carried hundreds to shore and continued circling the burning village long after they were needed. Loss of life was probably confined to those who became panic-stricken after staying too long in the attempt to save belongings, and to those children abandoned while their parents saved the radio and other possessions.

The indifference of the average Venezuelan peon to suffering and loss of life is amazing. While taking the long shots of the fire, my camera was set up on the V.O.C. loading pier some 500 yards from the village. A Venezuelan sauntered in from the loading station at the pier's end, swinging his lunch basket, and stopped to see what I was doing. In my halting Spanish I engaged him in conversation, inquiring if his home was in the village. When he said yes, I asked if his family was there. Again he said yes, and, surprised at his lack of concern, I asked if they were all right. He shrugged and replied, "I don't know, Senor, but I'm O.K.," and ambled leisurely on toward shore, still swinging the lunch bucket.

The day following the fire I was walking around

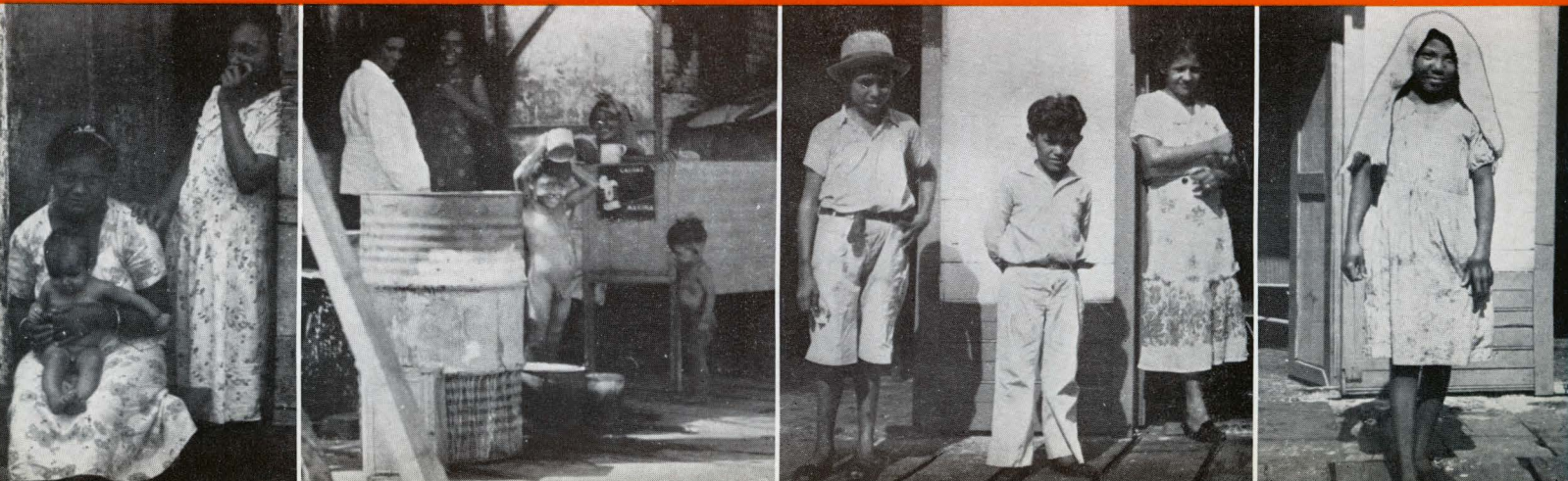
NATIVE SCENES, left to right: Young mother with child in native costume; juvenile shower bath; what the well-dressed young men are wearing; a native girl.

taking a few pictures, and found that the crowds of natives standing along the sea wall watching salvage operations were joking among themselves about the spectacle of the previous night. You'd have thought it was a carnival.

There were no white people living in the village. Two American men, friends of mine and employes of the Raymond Concrete Pile Co. which is building the new sea wall, were drinking beer in the tienda farthest from shore. They first noticed that everyone had left the place, but paid no attention, thinking that perhaps there was a fight outside. Finally someone ran down the pier shouting "Fuego! Fuego!" and when they stepped outside for a look they saw flames reaching high into the air less than 50 yards away. They hurried, but claimed they didn't run, down the main "street" toward shore, and had no particular trouble in getting off the pier. Although they said there was quite a crush at the planchado (bridge), with two or three women, in their typical native singleness of purpose, down on their hands and knees in the middle of the planchado picking up clothing which had burst out of suitcases. They hauled the women to their feet and shoved them to shore to prevent their being trampled to death by the mob behind.

The Mene Grande Oil Co. (Gulf) camp, south of the village, was closest of the oil company camps to the fire, with their service pier about 25 yards from the edge of the village. But the breeze was blowing away from it, so there was no danger. The camp houses were at least a hundred yards away. The nearest portion of the V.O.C. (Venezuela Oil Concessions—Shell) camp, on the north side of the village, was about a quarter of a mile distant, with the living quarters even farther away. The Lago (Standard of N.J.) camp was about a mile north of the village. So no foreigners were endangered.

Government and Red Cross efforts to alleviate



the lack of food and clothing among the evacuees appeared, from personal observation, to be rather inadequate. About a month before the fire there had been a successful drive for Red Cross funds throughout the country, but another big pass-the-hat campaign was instituted, aimed particularly at the foreigners. I saw one truckload of potatoes delivered, and heard from an authoritative source that considerable clothing was distributed but that most of this was grabbed by natives living in the company labor camps.

Immediately after the fire started, the staff of the V.O.C.-Lago joint hospital began feverish preparations for handling a large number of severe burn cases. Tubs of tannic acid solution were prepared, bandages and ointments were laid out, and the entire daytime staff was called back to stand by. But they did practically no business. One abandoned baby was brought in, yelling at the top of his voice; but he was only hungry. A woman arrived, without burns, who had been in the water too long, but in spite of continuous artificial respiration she expired within a few minutes. Two very minor cases of scorched hands were treated. That was all, and finally at 2:30 a.m. the staff went home. The Mene Grande hospital, being near the shore end of their service pier and much closer to the village, treated a handful of burn cases.

Until about 11:30 p.m. crowds of refugees from the burning village were standing about apparently wondering where to go. About midnight I drove down the road and hardly anyone was to be seen. I learned later that almost every Venezuelan family living in the various company labor camps had taken in as many as they possibly could. The next day many of the refugees moved into the village of Ciudad Ojeda, some two miles from Lagunillas and a half mile from the lake. This village, modern in every respect, had been completed some months previously, after the Government had "advised" the oil companies that it should be constructed as a substitute for the shacktown of Lagunillas. But in spite of repeated attempts to sell the natives the idea of moving, Ciudad Ojeda remained entirely untenanted until the day after the fire. Lagunillas was "home" to those people, and they simply wouldn't move until they were burned out.

Following this most recent fire, it is understood that troops will be used if necessary to prevent the over-water portion being rebuilt.



"MAIN STREET" OF PIER VILLAGE.



A Word About the Author . . . Ed Layton

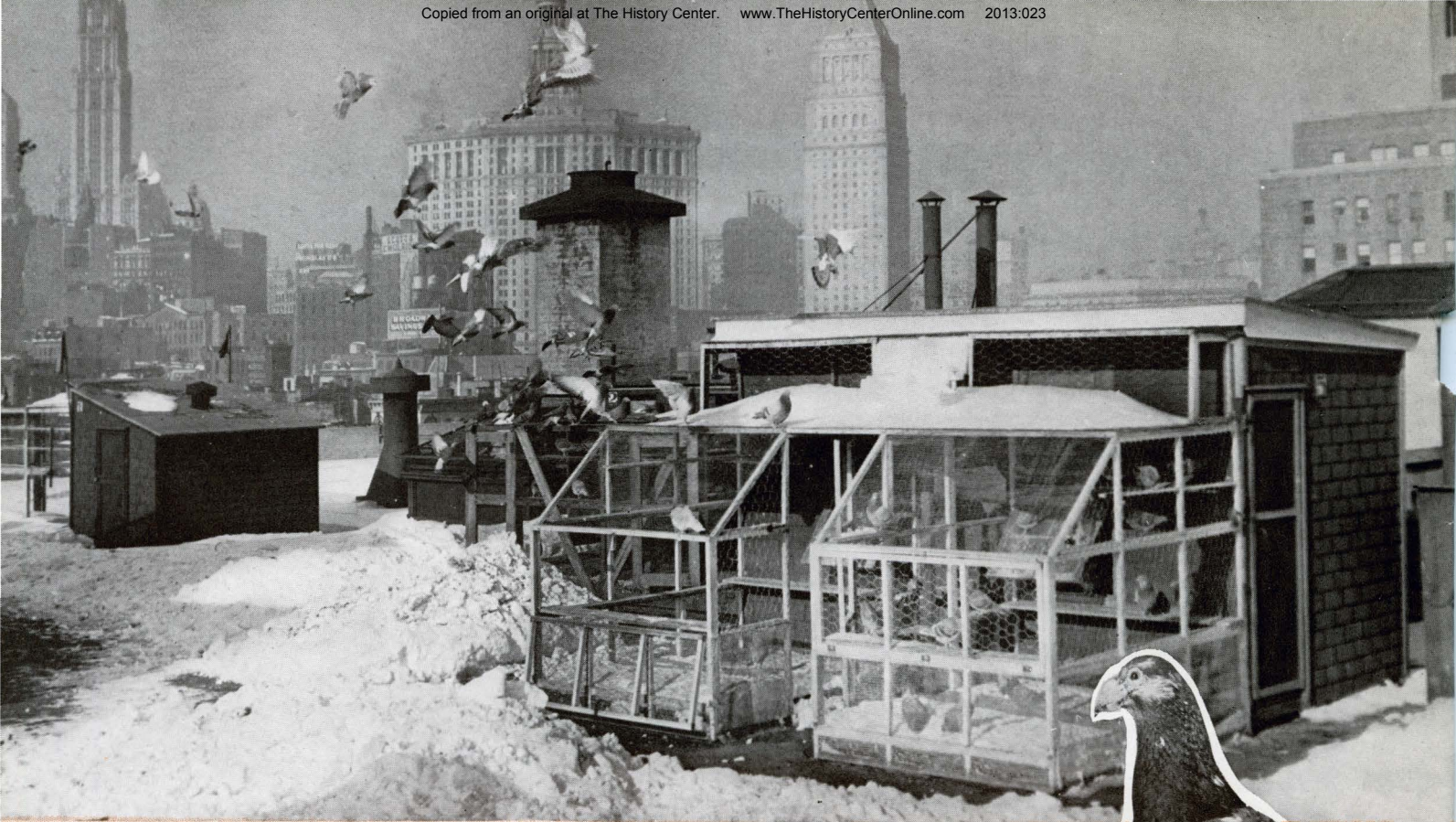
Ed Layton, the Bakersfield, California representative of the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, loaned to the Caribbean Petroleum Company for some special work in the Lake Maracaibo region of Venezuela. It was during his 6½ months stay there when the native village, of some 5000 population, of Lagunillas was burned to the water.

Oil operations in Venezuela are carried on only with difficulty. Mr. Layton says "cheapest oil field labor is 12 Bolivares per day, equivalent to about \$4.00 U. S. National law requires that 90 per cent field labor and 75 per cent office help be native, regardless of its efficiency. The companies must provide housing, medical attention, transportation and profit-sharing for all employees. The law prohibits firing a man, even for cause, without 60 days severance pay.

"Everything in Venezuela is expensive. A can of Campbell's pork and beans costs six bits. Native cigarettes — 'firecrackers' — are only about 15 cents per package, but American cigarettes are four bits bootleg and six bits if tax-stamped. Pipe tobacco is unobtainable except from a bootlegger and then costs about 80 cents per 10-cent tin.

"Roads are practically non-existent and as a consequence you can't go any place. To connect the various fields, the companies built a road along the lake shore and it is now being extended south to connect with the trans-Andean highway; the latter being the only Venezuelan road of any consequence."

Since returning home Ed has spent much time in speaking before various clubs and societies and displaying the approximately 600 pictures and color shots taken during this trip.



(Photos by courtesy the New York Journal-American and U. S. Signal Corps)

PEACE TIME MESSENGERS of the news in storage atop the Journal-American Building, New York City.



An "Aerial Legman"

THE DOVE OF PEACE

"Goes to War"

By C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER

SPEEDING through the air above Manhattan's sky-reaching towers is a plump pigeon. Straight ahead he flies, with undeviating direction. He doesn't swoop and turn and plop down on the sidewalk like his dilettante cousins who beg bread-crumbs from park strollers. So sternly does he stick to his course, so swiftly does he fly, that if pigeons talk to themselves at all he seems to be saying:

"The boss will be awfully sore if I don't get back to the office in time to make the deadline. I've got to hurry. Hurry. Hurry. Why did I ever become a newspaperman, anyway?"

This pigeon is truly a newspaperman. He is an employee of the New York Journal-American. Perhaps, at this moment, the most important employee — for strapped to his delicate leg may be the ingredients of newspaper history.

About 170 of these feathered couriers are employed by the New York Journal-American to cut down the gap between the gathering of news and its publication.

A picture is taken aboard ship at Quarantine of a visiting potentate. It will be hours before the ship docks. How to get the precious film back to the Journal-American Building across the harbor? A new champion is made at the Polo Grounds. What will happen if his photograph is entrusted to a land-bound messenger who must fight his way through Manhattan's morass of traffic at a snail's pace? The largest evening newspaper in the country, always fighting against time in bringing news to more than 600,000 families with the most modern of mechanical equipment, had to revert to a primitive expedient to solve this perplexing problem.

Pigeons don't need boats to get across the harbor and they don't have to stop for red lights. So, about three and a half years ago, they were initiated into the newspaper business. Since then, they have become an important adjunct to the New York Journal-American in printing the news of great events almost before their echoes have died away.

Let us suppose that there is a championship football game at the Polo Grounds. Joe Doakes

of Siwash tucks the leather under his arm and dashes 85 yards for the winning touchdown in the first quarter. An alert cameraman on the sidelines records the great event. As he does so, his assistant writes the caption for the picture on a bit of onion skin paper. The camera is then put into a black bag, the cameraman inserts his hands through elastic apertures in the bag, and, with the ease of habit, removes the film and inserts it, tightly rolled with the caption, into a tiny aluminum capsule.

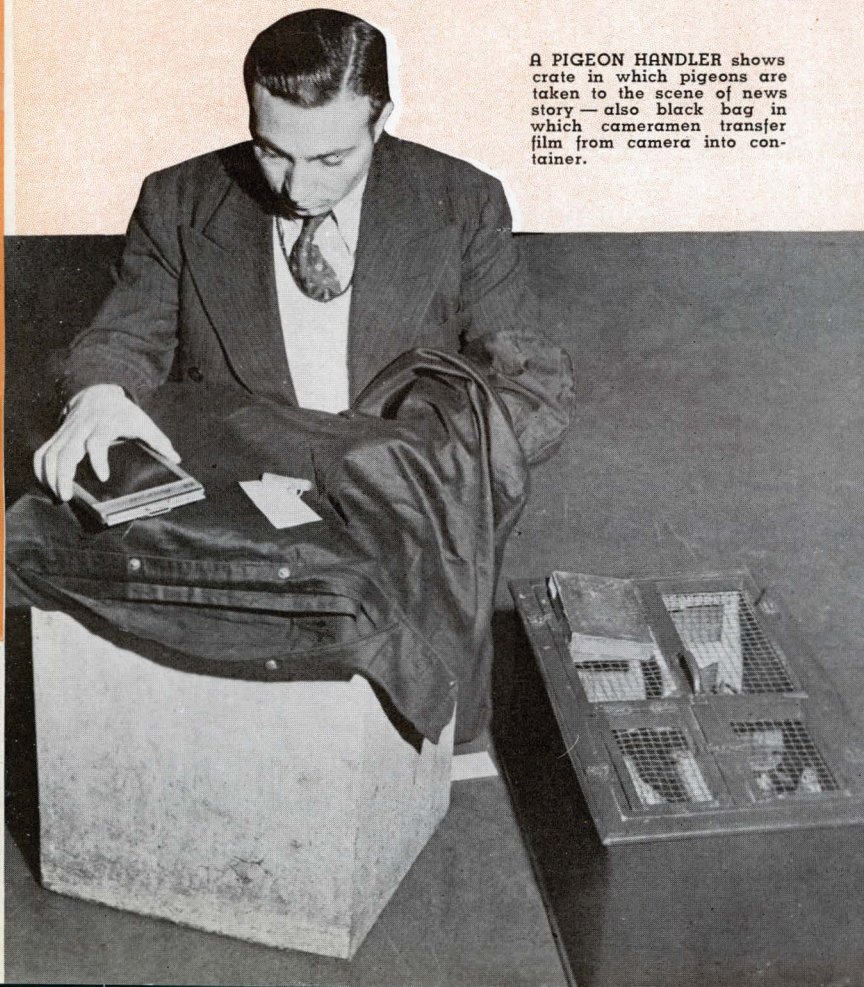
A pigeon is taken out of a crate and the container is secured to his leg with strips of adhesive tape. Tossed into the air, the pigeon circles the field twice and streaks for the Journal-American plant at the southern tip of Manhattan. The trip takes him about nine minutes. Within 29 minutes from the time he lands on the roof of the plant, the picture he carries is rolling off the presses. By the time Joe Doakes has taken his shower after the game, someone will hand him a Journal-American carrying a picture of his feat of der-ring-do.

When pigeons were first put into newspaper service, they were used mostly to cover the arrival of ships. They have since proved themselves to be of great value in covering every type of assignment, from sports events to disasters.

When the Queen Mary went westward on her maiden voyage, the record flight was set for Journal-American pigeons. Released 161 miles out, the

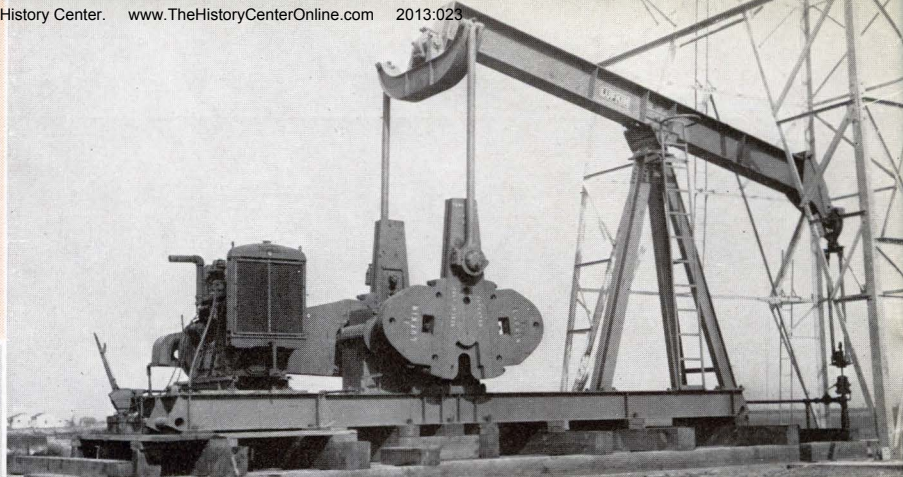
■ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

A PIGEON HANDLER shows crate in which pigeons are taken to the scene of news story — also black bag in which cameramen transfer film from camera into container.

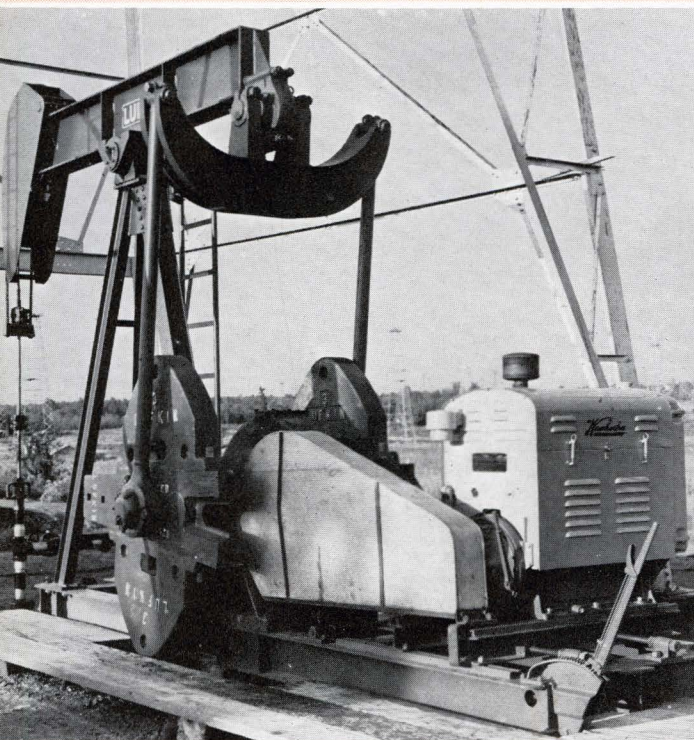


LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

... here, there, everywhere

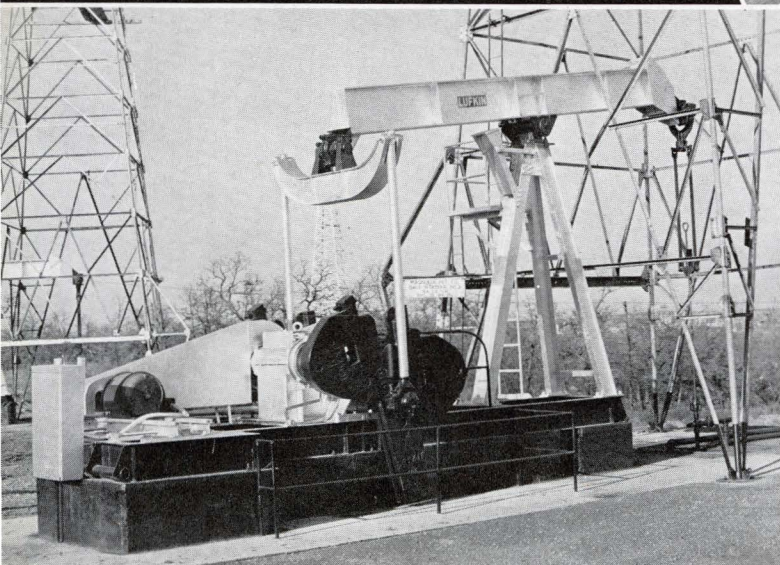


Lufkin TC-OA-51 Phillips Petroleum Company, Corpus Christi District

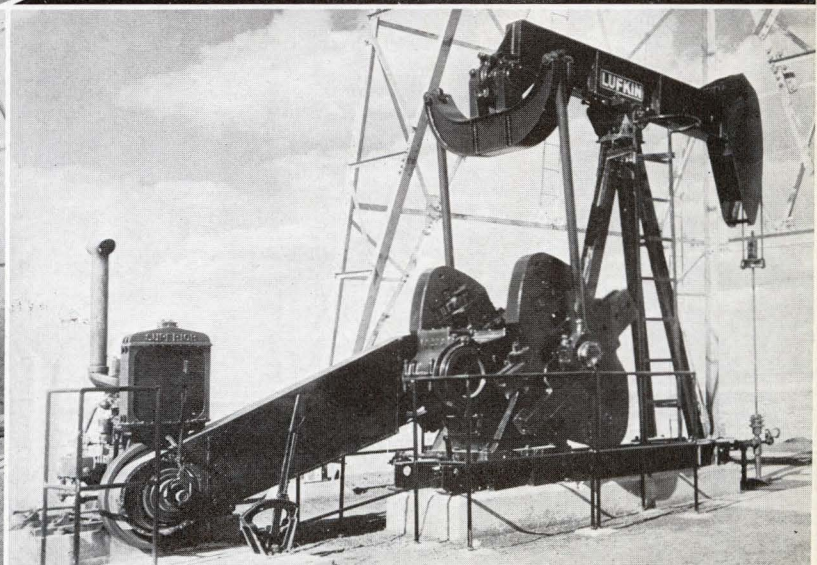


Above: Lufkin TC-3-18A Unit Well No. 20, Bridwell Lease, McClanahan & Venable Oil Co., East Texas Oil Field

Right: Lufkin Assembly TC-1A-51A Phillips Pet. Co., Turkey Creek, Corpus Christi



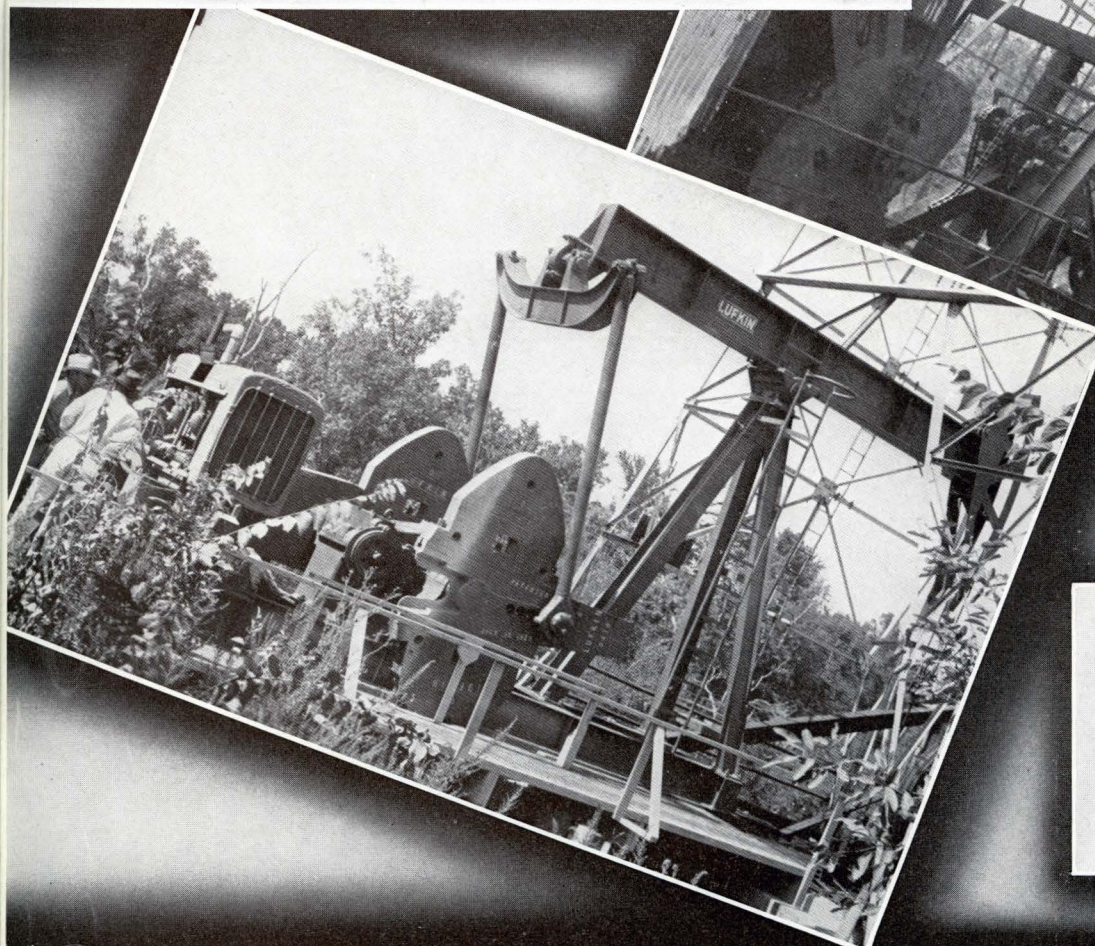
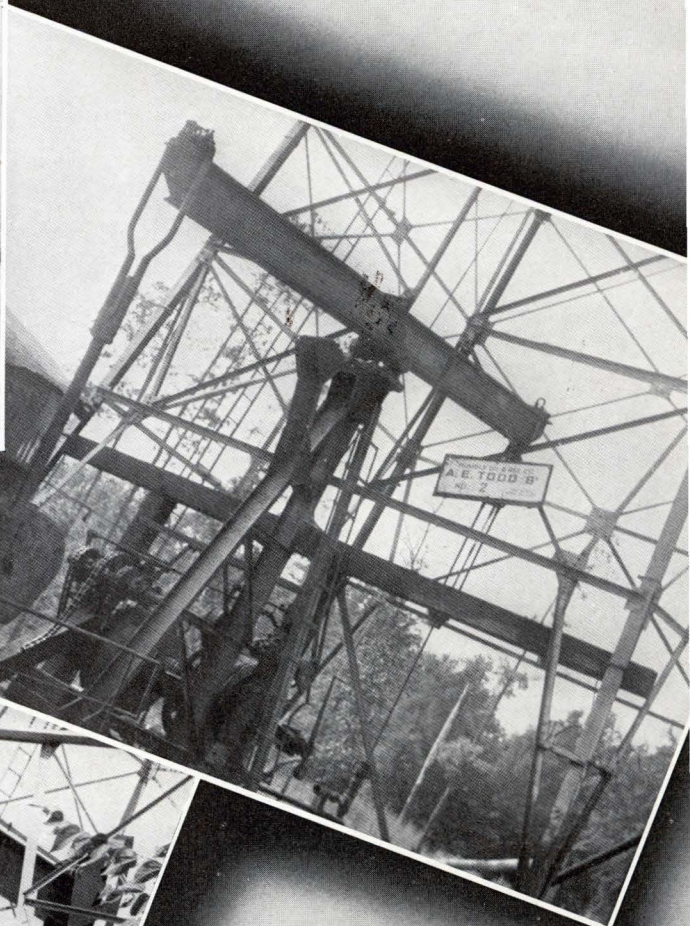
Typical of many such Lufkin Installations in the Ada, Oklahoma, Pool



Typical Lufkin Installation in the Vacuum Field, New Mexico



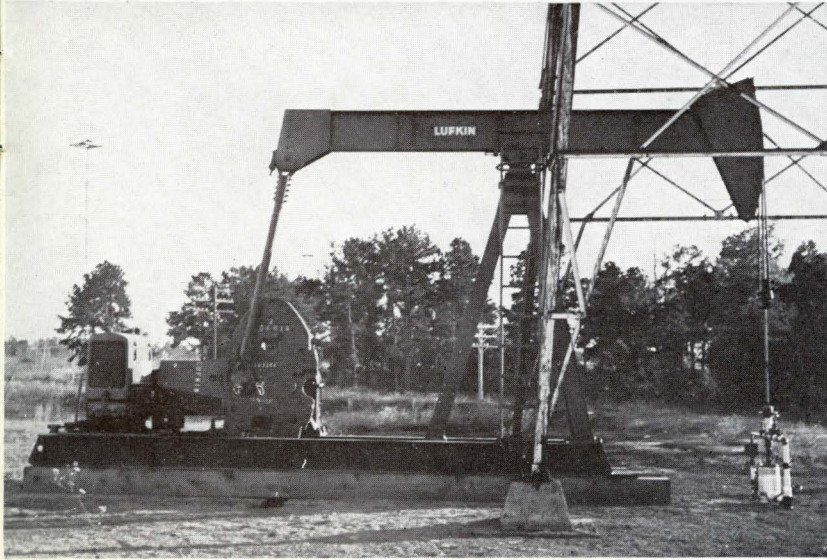
Kilgore Office, Snowstorm



THE OLD AND THE NEW

Above: Lufkin Worm Gear 10 years ago still going strong

Left: Lufkin TC-OL-51B—9' stroke, replacing standard rig. Humble Oil & Refining Co., Neches or Boggy Slough Field



Dyck Oil Co., S.C. 2-31-C, 20' Beam, East Texas



TC-2A-31C Ford, Smulen & Swinney, Cayuga Field

The Dove of Peace Goes to War

■ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

pigeon returned to the plant in three hours—nearly twice as fast as the liner had traversed the distance.

During the great flood of 1936, the pigeon messengers were especially effective. All mechanical means having gone out of order in parts of New England, they were the only instruments of communication available. They brought pictures of destruction and disaster from Hartford, more than 100 miles off, in just a trifle over two hours.

On ordinary assignments, a photographer will have with him a crate containing only half a dozen pigeons. On big stories, however, many more are used. When "Wrong Way" Corrigan returned to the United States, for example, pictures of every phase of the celebration were relayed to the Journal-American plant by a stream of 50 pigeons. Some of these were released from an airplane which was used for air views of the parade. The plane zoomed low over the plant and the birds dived down to the roof in about eight seconds.

The uncanny birds, not one of which has ever gone astray, are often instrumental in scoring news

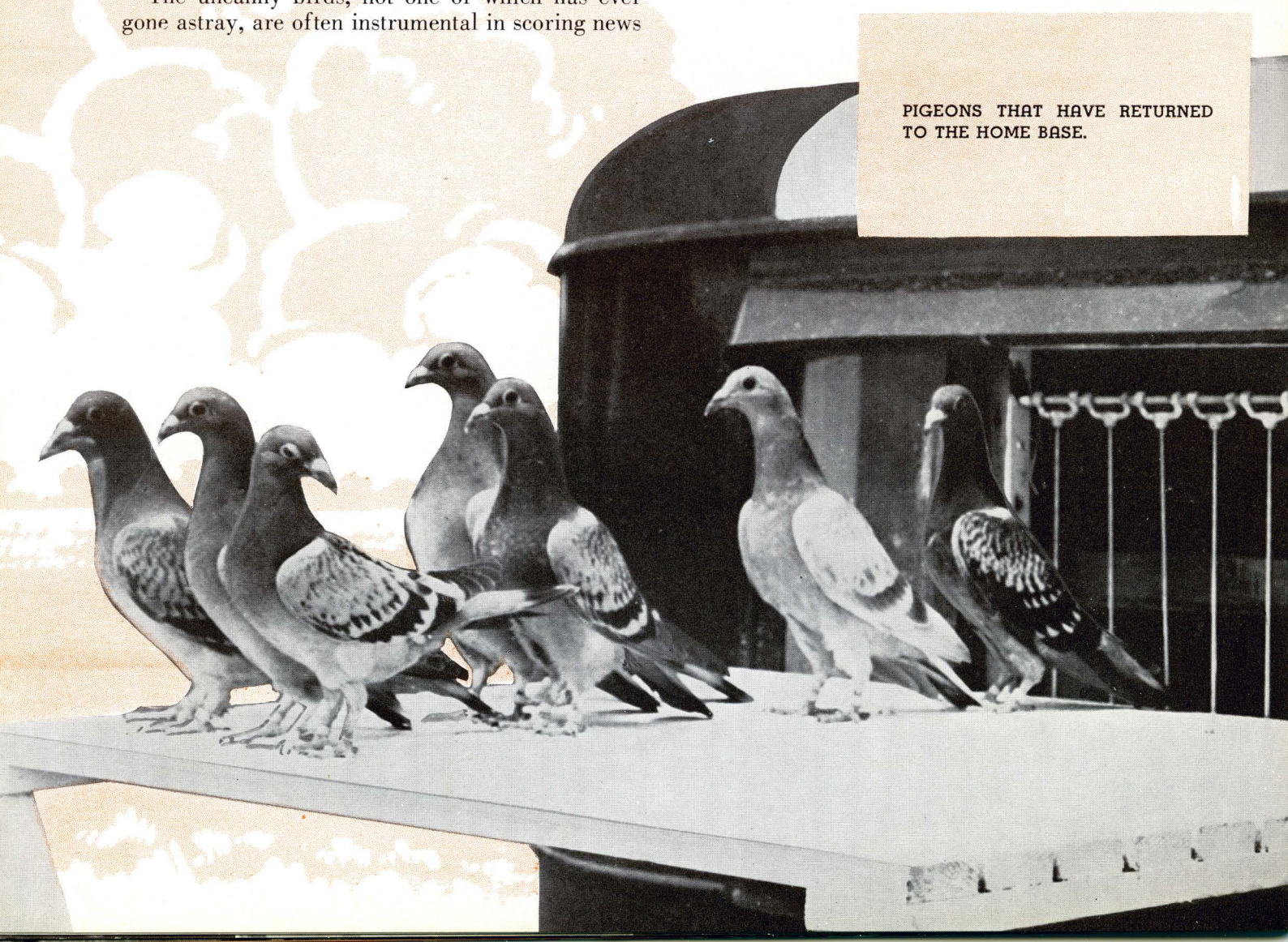
"scoops." When former Mayor James J. Walker returned to this country, he wrote a signed story for the Journal-American while still on board ship. The story, together with his picture, was carried to the newspaper by an intrepid pigeon. When Mr. Walker came down the gangplank, he was able to pose for the picture in which he was reading his own story in the Journal-American. This picture was in turn flown back to the plant by pigeon.

In early days, the pigeons carried their burdens in capsules strapped to their backs by a harness. The loyalty of these feathered newspapermen was touchingly demonstrated by an accident which befell one of the pioneers.

He was released at Hawthorne, N.Y., and, before flying far, he got his wing fouled in the harness and came down. He was picked up, hours later, in the Bronx. He was walking southward in as straight a line as he could manage. The tiny pads on his feet were worn almost to the bone.

The Journal-American office was called by the person who found the indomitable bird. He was asked to put the pigeon in a taxi, see that the

PIGEONS THAT HAVE RETURNED TO THE HOME BASE.



windows were securely shut, and send him home. Before long, the heroic bird was happily back in service with his colleagues.

The pigeons go out on three assignments each week, on an average. The speed record is held by one which flew from a football game in Philadelphia ahead of a strong tail wind at 73.8 miles an hour.

The feathered staff of the Journal-American lives in comparative splendor on the roof of the newspaper plant, overlooking the East River and New York Harbor. It is supervised, trained, and cared for by a staff of five men under the leadership of a former United States Army pigeon expert.

PIGEONS IN WARTIME

Pigeons are part of the personnel of every army and have been since the time when Mark Antony used them to convey messages to his consuls.

Observing the use to which these trusty messengers were put by the allied armies during the World War, American Signal Corps officers made recommendations which led to a provision being made in November, 1917, for the training of birds at strategic points. Difficulty was experienced at first in getting qualified personnel as well as in obtaining suitable birds for training, but by the time the Armistice was signed we had 110 lofts housing approximately ten thousand birds. American army records show that our birds did some excellent work. During the Aisne-Marne offensive 72 birds successfully flew 226 messages over a period of thirteen days.

Today we only have eight lofts in operation, five of which are located in the Philippines, Canal Zone and Hawaii; only three lofts are maintained in the United States. While the U. S. Army pigeon roster is low, in an emergency the number of birds could be increased to wartime needs in short order as there are available large numbers of civilian-trained birds. For instance, to show the wide interest in homers, there was one recent race in which over 29,350 birds were entered from the metropolitan area alone.

U. S. Army Pigeon Headquarters are located at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and here the birds are trained by Sgt. A. C. Poutre under the active supervision of Maj. Walter C. Ellis, Signal Officer. Here, too, all new devices and experimental training technique are fully tested.

U. S. Army pigeons are successfully flown from mobile lofts which are hitched, trailer-fashion, to a car and taken long distances from the training

center. So efficient has the training proved that these birds can, after two days in a locality, find their way back to the mobile loft when flown from miles away. Usually, it has required from seven to ten days in the past for birds to become sufficiently familiar with a new locality before they could find their way back to it.

The homing pigeon is a bird of proven ability, endurance, intelligence and dependability. It can maintain a speed of 40-45 miles per hour and make from 600-700 miles a day until finally coming to roost about sundown.

So specialized has the training of these birds become that night flying, hitherto never thought practical, has been satisfactorily developed. Actual flight training day or night starts when the birds are from 6-8 weeks old, but the early flights are only for a few yards, the distance being increased gradually. At 8 or 9 years of age, the U. S. Army retires the birds as there is a natural slowing up of their capabilities. Such birds are usually sold to private fanciers or, if ill, are painlessly exterminated.

Pigeons, symbolic of peace, have definitely proved their usefulness and dependability to man both in the industrial world and in military circles, faithful to the end and many is the heroic story that could be told of them returning to their home loft, mortally wounded but delivering their message!

REGULATION ARMY carrier
of pigeons before release.



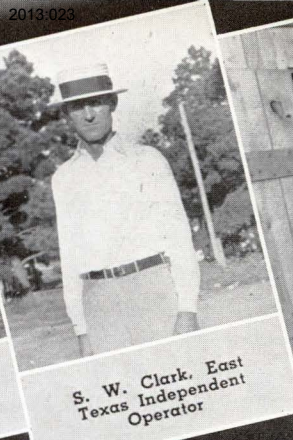


SNAPSHOTS

By the Luffkin Cameraman



Henry Shaffer, Prod. Engineer, Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., Tulsa



S. W. Clark, East Texas Independent Operator



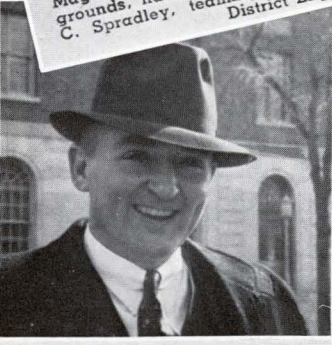
Connie Taylor, P. A. I.T.I.O. Co., Bartlesville, Okla.



Magnolia Employees Safety Council Camp is a beautiful place, with picnic grounds, natural spring water, etc., located in Rodessa field. Left to right: John C. Spradley, teaming; John Wells, Kilgore District Supt.; Jordan A. Walker, District Eng.; J. M. Courtney, Supt., Rodessa



Left to right: Jess Springer, Supt., Tide Water Oil; J. M. Russell, Sarawak Oil Fields, Ltd., Miri Sarawak (Borneo) (This is Shell Subsidiary); Ray Lewis, Hercules Mfrs.; H. E. Fugate, Lease Foreman, Tide Water



M. R. McArthur, Gulf Coast Supt., Phillips Pet. Co.



"Andy" Anderson, Engineer, The Texas Co., Humble, Texas

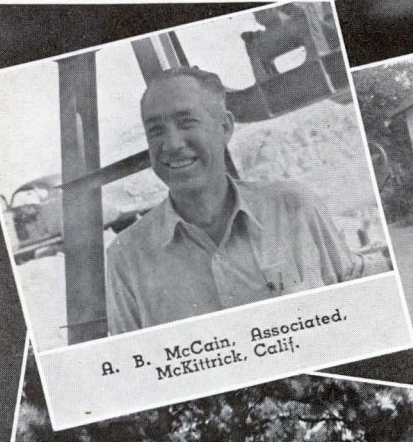


Left: W. H. Wiginton, North End Field Foreman. Right: Pat Fletcher, Gas Engineer. Both men Atlantic Refining Co., East Texas

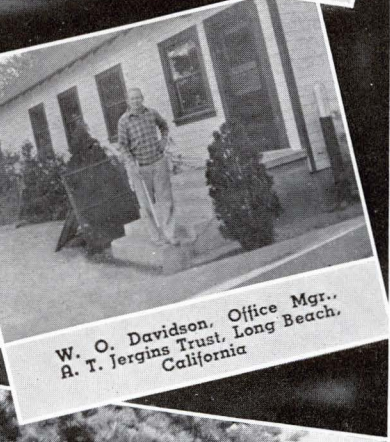
UNCLE FRANK PHILLIPS CELEBRATES HIS 66TH BIRTHDAY ~ ~ ~



"In all these long years it was the swellest party I ever had"



A. B. McCain, Associated, McKittrick, Calif.

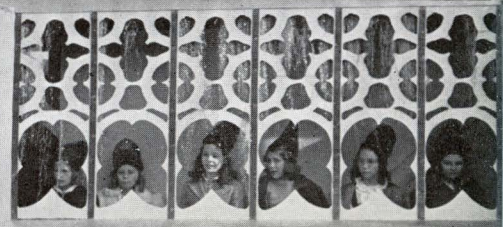


W. O. Davidson, Office Mgr., A. T. Jergins Trust, Long Beach, California



Atlantic Refining Co. Material Dept. Office, East Texas

Typical of one of the floats in the big parade



WARM WISHES

Let's Laugh!

An American is a person who yells for the government to balance the budget and borrows five dollars till pay day.

The teacher was testing the intelligence of a kindergarten class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply:

"What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row snapped:

"Tails!"

Depression is a period when people do without things their parents never had.

Customer: "Waitress, bring me a dish of prunesh!"

Waitress: "Stewed, sir?"

Customer: "Thash none of your bishness!"

THE TEST

If your wife laughs at your joke you can be sure that you have a darned good joke or a darned good wife!

You probably wouldn't worry about what people think of you if you could know how seldom they do!

A witness in a suit concerning the number of cubic yards of some rock that had been removed showed little knowledge of what a cubic yard meant. To help him out, the judge said:

"Assume this inkstand to be three feet across the top this way and three feet that way and three feet in height. What would you call it?"

"Well, your Honor," said the witness in a tone of deep concern, "I'd say it was a hell of a big inkstand."

Definition of a bustle—a deceitful seatfull!

Most advertising is bunk . . . until someone tries to sell us an unknown brand as "just as good."

The twins had been brought to be christened.

"What names?" asked the clergyman.

"Steak and Kidney," the father answered.

"Bill, you fool," cried the mother, "it's Kate and Sidney."

Many of our young engineers are spending their time tinkering with misses in their motors.

There are persons—perhaps you know some—who ought to be paid royalties by the aspirin manufacturers.

The Lord compensates those who aren't important by making them feel important.

A dignified head-master, who prided himself on his self-control, was invited to a dinner party by a society woman—and a proud mother—whose dinners were known to be rather gay. As the head-master expected, there was champagne, and, keeping himself well in hand, he drank a few glasses. At this point somebody suggested that the hostess exhibit her children. She rang the bell and the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket in which reposed twins. When the nurse got around to the head-master he arose, steadied himself, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful baby!"

SUCCESS

*It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;*

*It's forgiving how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high;
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed.*

*It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going on forward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet.*

*It's sharing sorrow, and work, and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress.
It's doing your noblest — that's SUCCESS.*

—BERTON BRALEY.

DOING A BETTER JOB

6517

Lufkin

**PUMPING UNITS
WORKING**

A testimonial to continued acceptance
of LUFKIN design and experienced
application of Pumping Equipment

LUFKIN PUMPING UNITS

LUFKIN UNITS are manufactured in Lufkin, Texas, by the
Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company. Branches in principal oil centers