



The Luskkin Line

VOLUME XXIV . . . NUMBER 3



*"Never does a man know the force that is in him
till some mighty affection or grief has humanized
the soul."*

—F. W. Robertson

The Lufkin Line

Published to promote Friendship and Good Will with its customers and friends and to advance the interest of its products by the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, Lufkin, Texas.
 VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, Editor

Volume XXIV

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Number 3

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DEPTHS

There are silent depths in the great ocean which the storms that lash the surface into fury never reach. People who have learned to control themselves, who do not live on the surface of their being, but who reach down into the depths, into the stillness where the voice of God is heard, where they absorb the great principle of life, are not affected by the thousand and one storms and tempests—domestic, financial, social, political—making for suffering and marring lives. In the depths they find the stabilizing power which carries them poised and serene, even through the hurricane of difficulties.

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GHOST TOWN RESURRECTION

By I. NORMAN HEARD

The old Earp house stands near the center of the ghost town of St. Mary's. It is one of the last remaining landmarks.

A PIONEER TEXAS PORT in 1847 and a ghost town in 1947, Old St. Mary's in Refugio County is on her way to becoming a vacationist's paradise by 1949. Located 137 miles southeast of San Antonio on Farm Highway 136, St. Mary's is one of four ghost towns on Copano Bay. The others are Lamar, Copano, and Aransas City.

Calm, sheltered Copano Bay, once the port-of-call of countless three-masted vessels but more recently undisturbed except by an occasional fisherman's skiff, now shows signs of rejuvenation.

The 50th Legislature passed a bill authorizing Refugio County to dredge the bottom of the bay in order to provide a bathing beach, and to build piers, boathouses, bathhouses, and pavilions extending into the bay. County construction has not yet begun, but the town's renovation by private interests is well underway. While draglines dredge out a new channel carpenters are lifting the face of the old town in preparation for the expected

influx of sportsmen. These activities augur well for the ancient port, and her future may yet match her illustrious past.

The history of Copano Bay dates back to the Sixteenth Century, when Alonzo Alvarez de Pineda, the first European to explore the Gulf Coast, and Cabeza de Vaca, North America's first transcontinental traveler, visited the region.

The French adventurer La Salle probably crossed Copano Bay in 1685. A map drawn by one of his lieutenants shows a fort located on a bay south of Matagorda. The ruins of such a structure have been found on Mission Bay, a Copano outlet.

In 1840 the town of St. Mary's was projected on the west side of the bay by a lawyer, Joseph F. Smith. Not a wall had been erected by 1842, however, and when the Mier Expedition swept through South Texas Smith volunteered. One of the fortunate ones who survived imprisonment he



An underground cistern marks the site of Mrs. Clara Driscoll's home. The property is rapidly being converted into a sportsman's center.

returned to Copano Bay to establish his town. He built the first home at St. Mary's, a massive, three-story structure of shell-concrete. Little did he know that a later survey would prove he'd built on land not his own and deprive him of his home.

Under Smith's leadership St. Mary's quickly developed into the largest lumber and building materials center on the South Texas coast, even overshadowing Corpus Christi for a time. Ships from ports the world over skirted the reefs to tie up at the great wharf that jutted into deep water three hundred yards offshore. Mule drawn wagons creaked out to meet them and returned loaded with lumber.

Most of the landlocked counties to the west depended for building materials on lumber funneled through the port. One of the landmarks of St. Mary's, the mansion of Major John H. Wood, pioneer rancher, was constructed of pine shipped in from Florida. Today this building is still in use. It is a hotel known as Copano Inn.

DURING THE CIVIL WAR the port of St. Mary's lay in the path of a Federal gunboat fleet. As the Federals advanced down the coast attacking neighboring Matagorda and St. Joseph's Islands and looting Lamar, defenseless St. Mary's awaited her turn. Only women, children, old men, and wounded Confederates on furlough were there.

Two warships sailed into port and captured the town without firing a shot. The Federals set fire to the wharf. Then they searched every house but did not molest the inhabitants. The wounded Confederates had already taken to the densest thickets.

One blue-clad detachment advanced toward the Wood ranch house, two miles to the south. The house was surrounded by palisades and a herd of cattle milled about in the enclosure. From a distance the raiding party mistook the cattle for a large Confederate force. Hurrying back to St. Mary's they spread the alarm.

A Union officer clambered to the roof of the

The Lufkin Line

school to reconnoitre. Skylined, he made a tempting target for young Peyton McNeill, a wounded Confederate concealed in a thicket. McNeill took quick aim and fired. The shot went wild and the officer hastily scrambled down. Then the Federals took to their boats to be seen no more at St. Mary's.

The Eighth Texas Regiment, defenders of the entire coast from Indianola to Corpus Christi, was organized at St. Mary's under Colonel Alfred M. Hobby, a pioneer poet. It was captained by his 19-year-old brother, Edwin, destined to become the father of Governor William Pettus Hobby.

Colonel Hobby defended Corpus Christi twice. The first time he was wounded in the head but remained in the field till the battle was won. Three months later the Federals returned with a large force and drove Hobby's men from the town.

In the decade after the close of the war activity at St. Mary's reached its zenith. A connection was made with the Morgan Steamship Line. Regular overland freight service was established to haul lumber inland as far as San Antonio and Uvalde. In 1871 a telegraph line, the first to connect Mexico with the outside world, was routed through St. Mary's.

A visitor to the town in 1876 counted three general stores and three hotels. He observed that St. Mary's sprawled for four miles along the bay front.

Industry, education, and entertainment were not lacking at the bustling port. At that time St. Mary's boasted Refugio County's first newspaper, "The Vaquero." Colonel John Howard Allen, a West Point graduate, superintended the town's college, known as the West Texas Institute. It was con-

sidered as fine a co-educational college as any in Texas. V. A. Dixon operated a grist mill—a "Dutch mill" with great wind-powered wings. James M. Crandall managed a two-story opera house. George S. Sherman conducted what was known as a "barrel house"—a combination grocery and liquor establishment.

Between the barrel house and the cattle pens Arthur Haynes' saloon and gambling house packed the customers in. The place became a favorite hangout for most of Texas' bad men. Ben Thompson, King Fisher, and John Wesley Hardin dealt many a card and downed many a drink there.

Such famous women frontier characters as Sally Scull and Poker Molly were regular visitors. The town's residents were scandalized to see women gamble in public, but no one questioned the right of uninhibited Sally Scull to do as she pleased.

A center of the cattle industry, St. Mary's was the loading point for hides and tallow brought by flatboat from the packeries on Mission River. John Young, J. Frank Dobie's vaquero of the brush country, won his spurs in the Copano country.

IN THE BOOMING SEVENTIES gold was the only accepted medium of exchange. Shipped into town by the barrel, much of it was lost and has never been recovered. Recently gold seekers with latest model divining rods combed the area.

St. Mary's was the birthplace of Mrs. Clara Driscoll, famed as the preserver of the Alamo. The site of her home can be identified by an underground reservoir, twenty feet deep and ten in diameter, made of shell-concrete. It stored rain water at a time when the town had only one shallow, sulphurous well and drinking water was carted

All that remains of a wharf that jugged 300 yards into the bay. It was burned in 1862 by Federal troops, and has been thrice demolished by hurricanes.





The Brightman boys, Jack, Andy, and Mart, strike up a polka. Fishermen, cattlemen, and musicians, they are the last survivors of Old St. Mary's.

ten miles from the Aransas River and sold at a dollar per barrel.

The livelihood of Old St. Mary's depended entirely upon shipping, and this condition brought on her doom. Three circumstances conspired about the turn of the century to reduce her to a pinpoint on the map and finally to erase her entirely.

First came the opening of harbor facilities to steamship traffic at Rockport on Aransas Bay. Devoid of submerged reefs like those that wrecked many a ship in Copano Bay, Rockport soon had the business.

Then in '75, '86, and '87 terrific hurricanes demolished the St. Mary's wharf. After the last storm, business did not warrant building it back.

Early in the present century, a network of railroads bypassed St. Mary's and dealt her the finishing blow. Every store shut down. The three-story Ellis Hotel was moved to Beeville. Settlers decamped en masse and a flourishing port became a ghost town over night.

In deserted buildings doors sagged and windows creaked. Dense mesquite and huisache thickets advanced relentlessly through once crowded thorough-

The Lufkin Line

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fares and reclaimed the land right down to the water's edge.

By 1906 only three families remained. One family, the Brightman brothers, Jack, Mart, and Andy, remain there still. They are the last survivors of Old St. Mary's. Today as partners in the boat and bait firm of Bauer and Brightman they are helping to put the town back on her feet. Their home is the ground floor of the old Neel Hotel. The top story was demolished in a hurricane.

In 1908 the farming and fishing village of Bayside was established near the Wood ranch house. It barely touches the southern fringe of St. Mary's and cannot be considered a continuation of the old town. Bayside's population numbered an even one hundred souls at the last census.

TODAY OLD ST. MARY'S has started on the long road back. Given a boost by the Chambers of

Commerce at Woodsboro and Beeville, the ghost town is stirring itself for a big awakening.

Modern tourist courts and a trailer park will soon occupy the site of the old Driscoll home. A new quick freeze plant provides plenty of bait for sportsmen who pilot their boats to the choice trout haunts of Shell Reef, Copano Reef, and Lap Reef Bank, or go after the bull reds and tarpons in Mission Pass. Recently telephones were installed in beach cottages for the first time in the town's one hundred years plus.

To add to natural advantages of fine fishing waters closed to commercial fishermen, excellent oyster reefs, and sloughs teeming with ducks in the winter, the Bayside-St. Mary's area is now linked with San Antonio by good highways. By direct routes Copano Bay provides the nearest salt water fishing to San Antonio and the Southwest. The old St. Mary's-Woodsboro road, which re-

This ancient landmark, home of the Brightman boys, is the ground floor of the old Neel Hotel. The top story was removed after a hurricane shattered it.





Copano Inn, formerly the Wood ranch house, was built of Florida pine shipped into the port during the town's heyday.

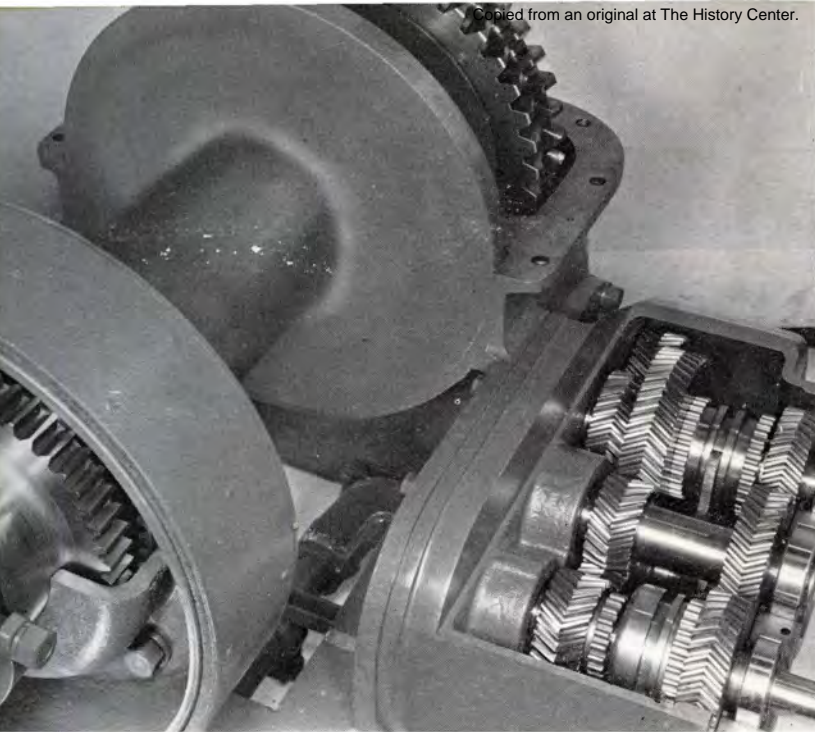
quired three days to travel by mule-drawn wagon, is cut to a seventeen mile stretch of pavement, easily driven in less than half an hour.

A century ago St. Mary's was South Texas' busiest shoreline city. Even her most enthusiastic supporters admit that she will never regain that

title. After all, Corpus Christi has expanded and industrialized rapidly for fifty years while Old St. Mary's has receded further and further into the mesquite. But the promoters of the town's resurrection are well satisfied. From ghost town to sportsman's haven in one year is quite a jump.



This recently completed boat basin provides a safe harbor when the weather gets rough.



The Tractor Winch uncovered showing herringbone gear transmission and bronze worm gear, as well as gear type drum clutch.



The LUFKIN

Teamed for muddy work, a Model 60 and a Model 60 winching service. Model 60 (left) is mounted on TD18 Tractor

THE accelerated use of earth moving and construction machinery during World War II gave impetus to a growing demand for heavier and heavier equipment. The laying of the "Big" and "Little Inch" pipe lines were but previews to still larger jobs to come in the post war years.

The Lufkin Foundry, being aware of this growing need for more tractor equipment, surveyed the field of tractor winches and the type of work they were doing early in 1944. Subsequently, the company began to manufacture a line of heavy duty worm drive winches for rear mounting on Inter-

national Harvester crawler tractors. At the same time designs were made from truck winches as an accessory product of the Trailer Division.

When winches of greater capacity were made available to the industry, new and faster methods of getting the job done were discovered. A worm drive in the winch provided slow speed (in low winch transmission gear) essential for spotting and close control. Yet, it produced a build-up of power to the winch line for extremely heavy service.

For oil field work, pipe lining, general heavy construction, farm and ranch land clearing, skid-



IN FIVE HOURS, this standard drilling rig with machinery on the floor was moved to a new location of one-half mile distance by a Model 60 on a TD18 Tractor. Approximate weight was 260,000 pounds.



IN WINCH

and a Model 125 are seen here in typical oil field
mounted on TD14 and Model 125 (right) is mounted
TD18 Tractor



This truck is completely outfitted for oil field work by
Lufkin's Trailer Division. Model 15 Winch is used for
float trailer and gin pole service.

ding, and an endless list of other uses, the heavy duty tractor winch has found its place.

When time is the controlling factor on the job, operators tend toward the school of "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." When it's skidding a derrick, or laying a pipe line, heavy, sure-footed winching has found its place. Time saved by moving larger loads without dismantling has proved an important factor.

For the future it is to be expected that tractor operators will want more capacity, versatility and control. However, for the present, Lufkin's largest

tractor winches reach the limit of available wire line breaking strength in sizes convenient to use, beyond which the line becomes too stiff and awkward to handle. The Model 125 mounted on International Harvester TD18 or TD24 tractors will break one and a quarter inch diameter wire line developing approximately 70 tons pull.

The time inevitably will come when a higher degree of mechanization and bigger jobs will demand improvement and advancement of present day machinery. When that time comes, Lufkin will have the winches ready.



by a Model 125 Winch



Model 125 mounted on TD24 Tractor.



Two Medicine Lake lies serenely in its valley at the foot of Mt. Rockwell. Colorful flowers dot its banks.

• • LAND OF FLOWERS AND GLACIERS • •

By ERIC THANE

THE FACT that Glacier National Park, Montana, has been the inspiration for more poetry, good and bad, than perhaps any other of the nation's scenic attractions, expresses the personality of this million-acre playground atop the Continental Divide where the 49th parallel forms the boundary between Montana and Alberta. A rugged jumble of mountains and glaciers similar to the Alps, Glacier enthusiasts resent any suggestion that their park be called "The Alps of America," since there's a flavor peculiarly American to the mighty, pyramidal peaks, the two-hundred odd intensely blue glacial lakes, the innumerable rushing streams milky with glacial silt, and especially the spectacular Going to the Sun highway which bisects the park.

Some sixty glaciers give the park its name. They are widely scattered, though a few are concentrated in the region of the *Many-Glaciers Hotel*, main tourist hostelry open like other park facilities during the official season, mid-June to mid-September. During the winter the blizzards pile



AUTHOR ERIC THANE, who received his education at Montana State University, has spent many months exploring the grandeur of the Glacier National Park.



Looking down the east slope of the Continental Divide from the Going to the Sun highway in Glacier National Park, Montana.

snow literally "sky high"—high as the Many Glaciers Hotel, as deep as 80 to 90 feet along the Going to the Sun highway. The highway is plowed open generally towards the end of June, remains open, depending upon the coming of winter, into late October. There are drifts alongside all summer long in which tourists may play.

Skillfully engineered, the highway is cut for a great part of its length from the granite of the Continental Divide, tunnelled at one point through the Divide. It rises over the crest by means of Logan Pass, where a rest house and parking space have been provided by the park administration. The highway is named from one of the park's distinctive mountains—Going to the Sun. Legend has it that the Blackfeet Indians long ago were stricken by a mysterious malady which, said the medicine men, would be lifted only when a chief sacrificed himself to the god of the sun. One young chief volunteered. He climbed the mountain which today is known as Going to the Sun, disappeared "into the sun," and never was seen again.

Hotels comparable to the Many Glaciers facility are found at Glacier Park Station, on the Great Northern railroad which curves around the south boundary of the park, and Lake McDonald, on the western slope of the Divide. U. S. Highway 2 parallels the railroad. There are several minor roads into the park, none so spectacular as the "Sun highway," but excellent for viewing the high country from its base.

The high, back country on the Divide is accessible only by foot—hiking or horseback riding—along the well-developed system of trails maintained throughout the park. The grandeur of the mountains is most thrilling in the back regions. Here are the glaciers, the intensely blue-green lakes, the thousand-foot waterfalls plunging from glaciers, the rushing streams milky with glacial silt, the vast circular valleys known as cirques from which glaciers in the past have receded. Here are the haunts of the Rocky Mountain goat and the big-horn sheep, for both of which Glacier is notable.

There are almost a thousand miles of trails. At



The Many-Glaciers Hotel is a place of beauty and comfort high among the rugged terrain of the Glacier National Park in Montana.

one point there occurs a long tunnel through the Continental Divide. It is the Ptarmigan tunnel, boarded up when winter comes since drifting snow will pack and the task of clearing becomes formidable.

In this back country are found such oddities as Iceberg lake, filled with drifting bergs and so cold it is said, with tongue-in-cheek, that the fish have developed fur for warmth. And here is found Triple Divide peak, where drainage is to the Atlantic via the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific via

the Columbia river, and to the Arctic via Hudson Bay. And here the mighty matterhorns loom directly above you, more awesome than from a distance.

Both in this region, and lower along the highways, grow a thousand-odd varieties of alpine flowers, many of them on the very edges of snow drifts. The unusual bear-grass and glacier lily are found everywhere in the park. The western slope of the Divide is heavily forested, almost jungle in quality; the eastern slope is less densely tim-



This specimen distinctly shows the type of fur-bearing fish that may be found in Iceberg Lake in Glacier National Park.

bered, more rugged. Geologically, it was uplifted suddenly in aeons past and thrust out over the prairie to the east for a distance of some miles. This formation, known as the Lewis overthrust, forms a ruggedness unparalleled in any other section of the American Rockies.

Adjoining Glacier is the Waterton Lakes National Park in Alberta. Glacier and Waterton together are known as the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, dedicated in 1932 by the late Franklin D. Roosevelt as a “. . . further gesture of the good will that has so long blessed our relations with our Canadian neighbors . . .”

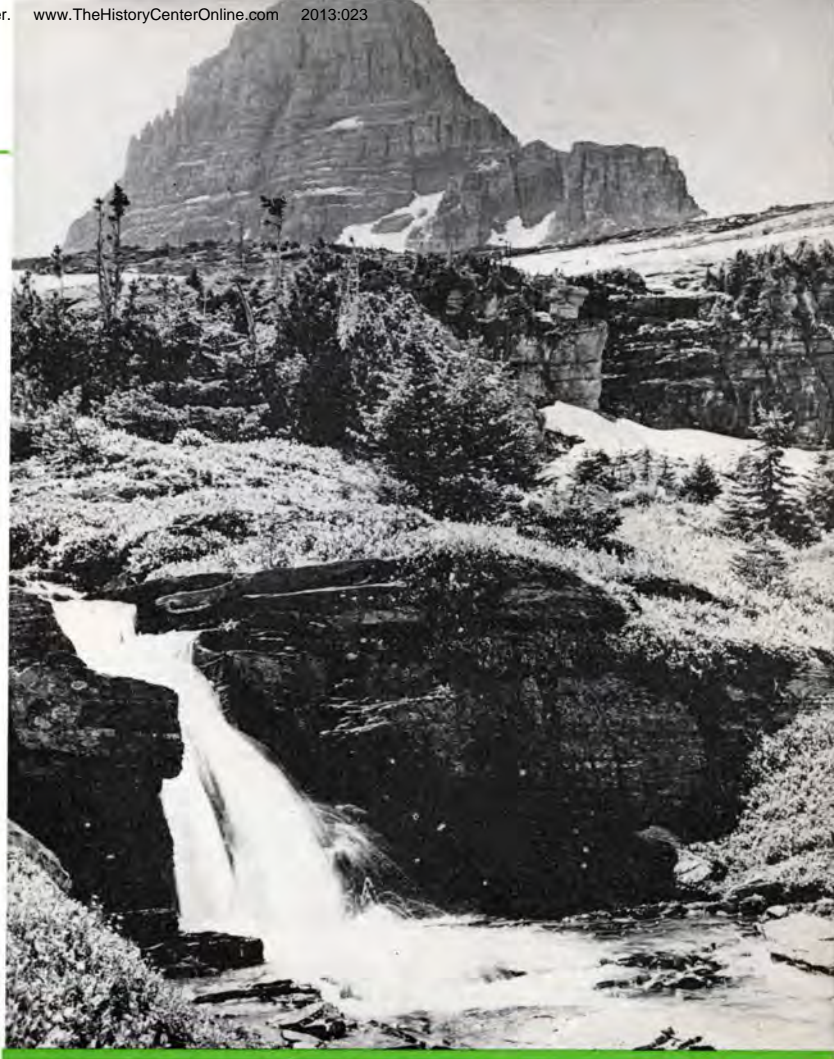
In administration, Glacier and Waterton are separate; however, tourist facilities are under one head, the only Waterton hotel being the fairy-like Prince of Wales at the head of Lake Waterton. The lake lies partially in Montana and partially in Alberta.

Park names are representative of the oddity and romance of Glacier. Trick Falls, for instance, where Two-Medicine creek—sacred to the Blackfeet—is born from two falls, one above the other. The former dries up during the summer, while the latter continues to pour out the cold, glacial water which, once absorbed by a thirsty person, is never forgotten.

The gigantic, pyramidal peaks carry such names as Rampage Mountain, Grizzly Mountain, Rising Wolf—in honor of the first white man, Hugh Monroe, whose Blackfeet name was Rising Wolf—Goat Haunt Mountain, Scalplock, Despair and Firebrand peaks. Above the timber line lives the tiny animal known as the marmot, in company with the bighorn sheep and Rocky Mountain goat. Lower down in the timber, frequently in sight of the motorist, are found moose, elk, deer, squirrels and chipmunks.

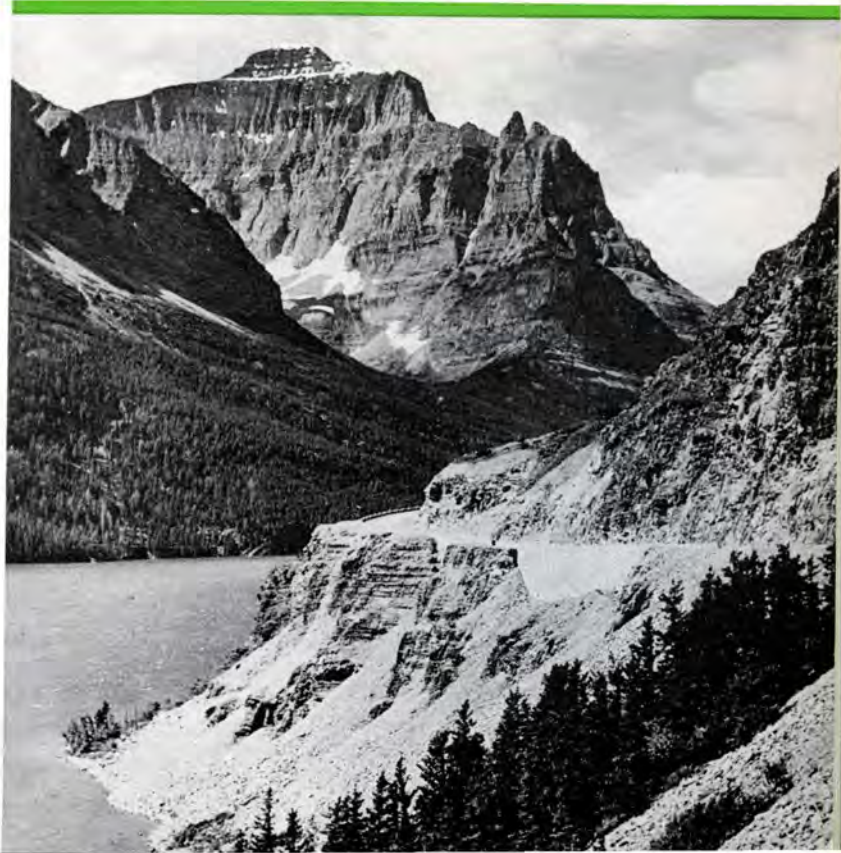
Always, there are bear—black, brown, and at rare intervals, a grizzly—blocking the Going to the Sun highway, tamely tolerant of the tourist and sometimes not so tolerant. They are not to be trusted, and this should be remembered by every motorist tempted to pet them or feed them by hand.

Adjoining Glacier National Park to the east is the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, where the Museum of the Plains Indians at the agency settlement of Browning on the main highway to Glacier, offers an outstanding review of the red men rulers of the past, whose survivors still dwell on the reservation and during the tourist season are to be found as “local color” in many points in the park.



Above: Majestic beauty awaits all visitors in the Glacier National Park. This scene of splendor is near the top of Logan Pass on the Going to the Sun highway.

Below: The Going to the Sun highway makes a sharp curve at the upper portion of St. Mary's Lake. In the background is Little Chief Mountain.



S N A P S H O T S . . .



VISITORS THROUGH THE MAIN PLANT. Front row, left to right: C. B. Peters, Humble Oil & Refining Company, Freer, Texas; R. W. Roach, Humble, Imogene, Texas; R. C. Granberry, Humble, Corpus Christi; and L. A. Little, Lufkin's vice president. Back row, left to right: D. O. Harvey, Humble, Colorado City, Texas; W. W. Trout, Lufkin's president; M. B. Harrison, Lufkin's Corpus Christi representative; D. A. Jordan, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas; and Bayo Hopper, Lufkin's engineer.



LUFKIN'S HUMBLE OIL & REFINING Company visitors. First row, left to right: L. A. Little, Lufkin; I. T. Pryor, Tyler; Mitchell Stark, Tyler; C. F. McLaren, Hawkins; Riley Aucoin, Tyler; and W. W. Trout, Lufkin. Second row: J. C. McDuffie, Jr., Tyler; J. W. Wright, Tyler; J. M. Shepherd, Tyler; and Bayo Hopper, Lufkin. Third row: E. P. Trout, Lufkin; George Edgerton, Tyler; W. T. Crowder, Kilgore; Roy B. Riggs, London, Texas; W. H. Crow, London; and B. E. Crowder, Talco, Texas.



THIS GROUP OF HUMBLE OIL and REFINING men visited the main plant at Lufkin recently. They are, first row, left to right: G. O. Howard, Pete DeFrank, M. O. Langham, Riley Aucoin, and L. A. Little, vice president and sales manager for Lufkin. Second row: O. F. Yates, S. P. Leeman, R. J. Williams, and Billy Ingram. Third row, Bill Evans, J. M. Shepherd, and John S. Bell. Back row: Walter W. Trout, Lufkin's president; Tom Crowder, Lufkin's Kilgore representative; and John Cluck, who served as guide to the group through the plant.

It was with saddened hearts that friends learned of the death of Clyde H. Stout, assistant general superintendent of the Arkansas Fuel Oil Company.



HOYT SHERMAN, named president of the Mene Grande Oil Company last Spring. Mene Grande is the Venezuelan affiliate of the Gulf Oil Corporation.

ROBERT L. BOGGS was promoted from division manager to vice president of the Mene Grande Oil Company following Mr. Sherman's appointment to the presidency.

H. E. McAULEFFE, of Socony-Vacuum, New York, stands beside a Lufkin unit on a General Petroleum Corporation lease at Wilmington, California.

B. F. PATERSON, JR., The Texas Company, Shreveport, Louisiana.

WITH THE *Lufkin* CAMERAMAN



E. P. TROUT, Lufkin's vice president, was really telling a good one when the photographer caught him during the annual whingding of the Los Angeles Nomads. At the extreme right is Lee Laird, president of the Los Angeles Nomads.

MORE ATTENDANTS AT THE Nomad's party were, clockwise, Don Dawkins, General Petroleum corporation; Bob King, Lacy Oil Tool; and Vic Fawcett, Lufkin's Los Angeles representative.

AT THE BANQUET during the annual whingding of the Los Angeles Nomads were, left to right: Frank Woods, General Petroleum Corporation; Glenn Henderson, Lufkin's Los Angeles representative; and Ed Trout, Lufkin's vice president.



EVERYBODY HAD A GOOD TIME at the Nomad's whingding, as evidenced by the expressions of the above, left to right: Bob Spaulding, Lufkin's Los Angeles service engineer; Bill Corey, Lacy Oil Tool; Al McConville, Lufkin's Los Angeles representative; and Carl Frazer, Lufkin's Los Angeles service engineer.

GULF OIL CORPORATION men, top row, left to right: G. C. Huckaby, Mutt Freeman, and A. Fouts. Front row: W. G. Middlebrooks, H. M. Hunt, and G. L. Southerlin, all of Kilgore, Texas.



TALKING THINGS OVER are Dick Chamberlin, production foreman, Cuyama Valley, Calif., and Bob Wolford, division production superintendent, San Joaquin Valley, Calif., both of Richfield Oil Company.

BUCK DAVIDSON and R. J. CORBETT, both of Sharples Oil Company, Worland, Wyoming.

BILL DERRICK, Phillips Petroleum Company, Bartlesville, Oklahoma; and Ab Williams, Phillips Petroleum Company, Rex Lake, Wyo.

A GROUP OF FELLOWS of the Pure Oil Company at Worland, Wyoming. Left to right: Jack Marshall, J. D. Baker, R. D. Swick, and Jack Duncan.



BILL HOLLAND, East Texas Engineering association, Kilgore, Texas.

P. J. LEHNHARD, East Texas Engineering association, Kilgore.

EDDIE FRITZEN, The California Company, Quealey Dome, Wyoming.

PROFESSOR CLARK F. BARB, dean of the Petroleum Engineering School, Colorado School of Mines.

JACK McMINN, Trigood Oil Company, Worland, Wyo.

The Lufkin Line

IT IS a clear, bright, sunny day—a typical August day in California. Just the day to make an unusually profitable fishing trip.

With all equipment aboard ship, three would-be fishermen set sail for the wild blue yonder. This fishing team is composed of H. H. (Bert) Kelley of Los Angeles. You hear him making wild statements about his past fishing experiences. The quiet gentleman nonchalantly listening to the others is Walter Greenfield of Los Angeles. He's a man who prefers to wait until his fish are caught before he tells of their tremendous size.

Last but certainly not the meekest is the king fisherman E. P. (Ed) Trout of Lufkin. He's busy now with his hooks and line and various tackle, speaking modestly and quietly of the albacores he will land today. Two Californians are pitting their skill against a Texan.

During our introductions, the fishing site has been reached, and the men are putting out their lines in excited frenzy. Even Greenfield is beginning to catch some of their fever.

Time drags on, and we again join our famous fishermen as they dock at the shore. Ed excitedly calls for a cameraman. We expected the boat to be several feet deeper in the water from the wight

of the heavy catch, but it sits just as it did when it left this morning.

The fishermen haul out what seems to be a heavy burlap bag. Then they refuse to show the fish until they are photographed. Disgustedly, the crowd wanders away, leaving the heroes with their fish and cameraman.

Several days later, the pictures on this page were received with the notation that four fish were caught. But after having the pictures enlarged and sending the prints to our engineering department for careful scrutiny with scribes, we were told that the four fish were actually only two. Our chief metallurgist declares the proposed fish were really rubber balloons and were found on top of the ocean instead of pulled from within the waters.

We are at a loss as to the truth of the situation. Both Trout and Kelley steadfastly deny any trickery in the photographs and maintain that four albacores were truly caught.

Greenfield has not been contacted as yet, and it seems that he alone can solve our dilemma. Or we'll leave it up to our readers. Are the fish seen in each picture original with each fisherman? Or are the fish merely being exchanged from hand to hand by the heroes of our story? You be the judge.



EVIDENCE PRESENTED. Here Ed Trout shyly displays his two albacores, which he vehemently proclaims he caught himself. Walt Greenfield of Signal Oil & Gas refuses to comment.



STILL MORE EVIDENCE. Bert Kelley of the Richfield Oil Company, also displays his two albacores. The question is: Are these fish the same as those Ed is holding?

Let's Laugh

When loyalty questionnaires had to be filled out by government employees all over the country, a rugged individualist in San Francisco put down some information that gave the examiners something to think about.

In the space devoted to her foreign activities, this young lady wrote: "Before the war I spent one year in Germany. Does this make me a Nazi? I also spent one year in Russia. Does this make me a communist? I also own property in the Virgin Islands." Period.

Small voice in the night in a parked car in Lover's Lane: "Honey, your good conduct medal is scratching me."

The ladies met on a train. "I'm from Boston," haughtily remarked one. "There, breeding is everything." "Well, I'm from St. Louis," the other replied. "We like it there to, but it's not everything."

At a breakfast table one morning a man was reading in the paper that a couple in Colorado were buried in a snowdrift for 18 hours. He looked up at the waitress and said:

"How would you like to be buried in a snowdrift with your sweetie?"

"Listen, bub," she replied, "if me and my sweetie wuz buried in a snowdrift, we'd be swimming in 20 minutes."

Overheard in a night club: "Hands off, Columbus, you've discovered enough for one night."

Many a rich old guy in his second childhood, who considered buying a great big beautiful doll to play with, has realized after hearing the asking price, she was nothing to toy with.

He was a lonely hitch-hiker and stopped at a lonely farm house and asked to be put up for the night. The occupant of the house was a finicky old maid and she explained that there was only one room.

"That's all right," said the hitch-hiker, "I'll get a pole from the fence and put it across the middle of the room. Then you'll feel safe while I'm sleeping on the divan."

After the lights were out the old maid called across to her guest: "You said you were a college man. Do you go in for athletics?"

"Oh, yes, I'm a pole vaulter."

Silence for a long time, then the old maid's voice muttering to herself: "Well, I suppose there's a time when a man gets out of training."

The old mountaineer's son had come home from the wars and the world. He'd been places and learned things. So one day, after they'd run off a good batch of moonshine, he tentatively said to his wise old father: "Pa, I think I need some glasses. I can't see too good."

"Nonsense, my boy," said the old man. "Do you see that dog, way over there on the third ridge, sorta loafing along toward that pine tree?"

"Sure I do, Pa," replied the son.

"Well, boy, here's the rifle. See if you can hit him between the eyes."

"That's a powerful tough shot, Pa, but I'll try," he said, lifting the rifle and taking careful aim.

For some time, he aimed the rifle, flicked away an imaginary fly, wiped the dust out of one eye, and went through all the motions, but he didn't shoot.

"Shucks, Pa, that dog has only one eye, so I can't shoot him between the eyes. Shall I hit him in the eye, Pa?"

"Nonsense, my boy," the old man said, confidently. "Give me the rifle."

The old man raised the rifle and took a careful aim. He hesitated a little, squinted his eye a little more, and lowered the rifle and turned to the boy in disgust.

"You'd better get some glasses, my boy. That dog is going the other way."

Joan: "I ought to warn you that my husband will be home in 15 minutes."

Bill: "But I've done nothing I shouldn't."

Joan: "Well, I just wanted to warn you that if you're going to, you'd better hurry!"

Mary had a little lamb. Sad, but that's what happens to a girl who allows a black sheep to pull the wool over her eyes.

Mistress: "I'm glad to hear you're engaged, Dotty. When are your nuptials coming off?"

Dotty: "On our wedding night, Ma'am, and not a minute before."

She talked him into buying a new dress, then objected when he tried to talk her out of it.

Then there is the love-starved girl at the YWCA who was so despondent over her lack of success with the male sex that she refers to herself as "Hardly Ever Amber."

Boy, was he mad at his wife! He turned her across his lap, raised her dress, lifted his spanking hand, and then forgot what he was mad about.

A well-dressed woman was walking down a very windy street, holding her hat with both hands. A fellow on the corner, getting an eyeful, stepped up and said:

"Lady, why don't you hold your hat with one hand and your skirt with the other?"

"Sir," the woman replied tersely, "I'll have you to know that this is a new hat and what you're looking at is 37 years old!"

A woman complained to an elderly man, who every evening walked his dog by her house, because the pup always paused by her new shrubs.

"I wouldn't worry," he said, "I always start around the block the long way, and by the time he reaches your bushes, it's only a gesture."

"At last," groaned the elderly diner, "total paralysis of the left leg! I've feared it for years."

"If it will relieve your mind any," whispered the sweet and more or less demure young thing on his left, "it's my leg you've been feeling."

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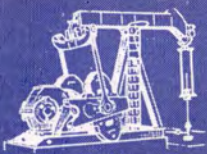


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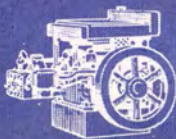
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