

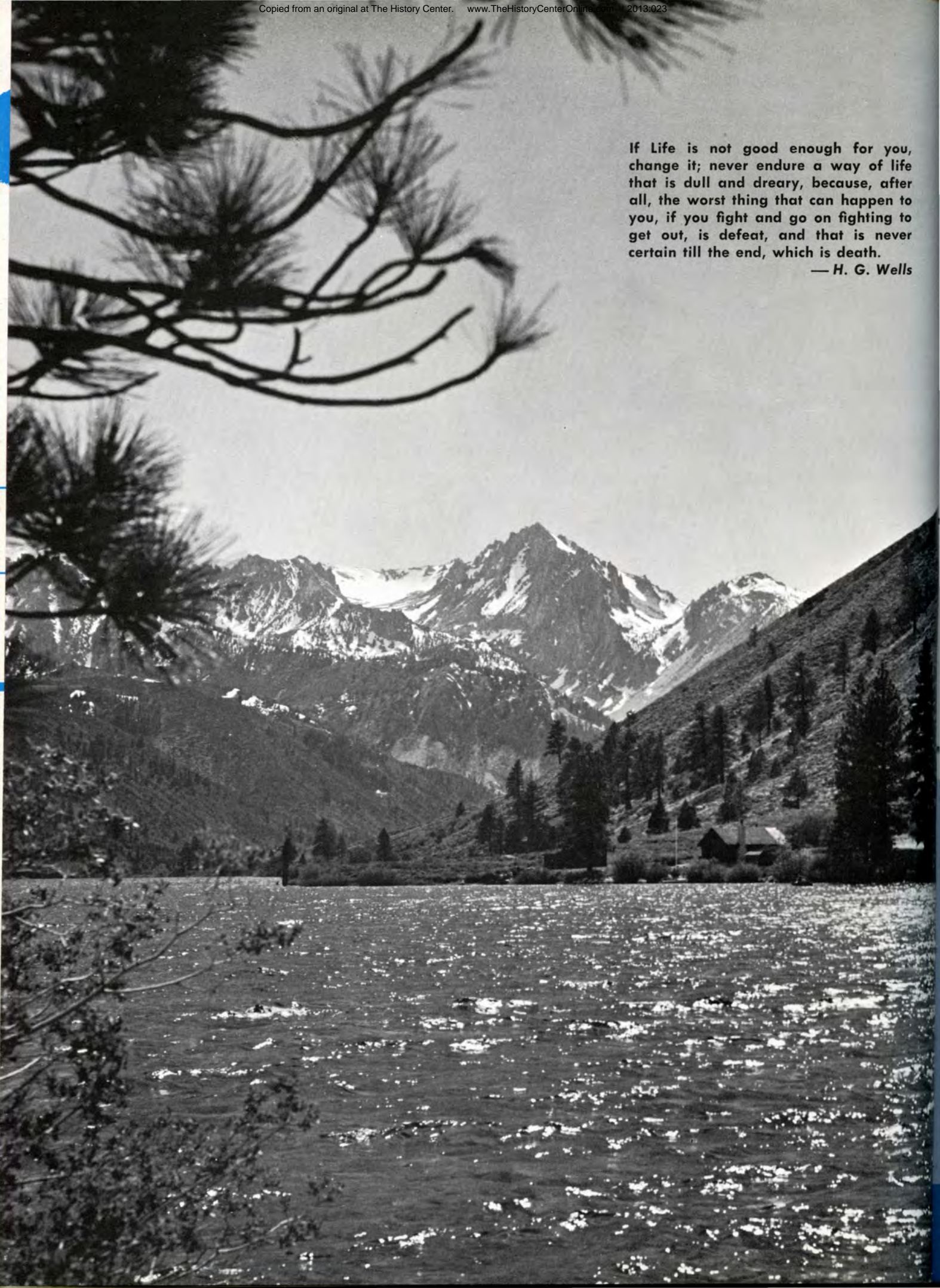


THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

JULY-AUGUST • 1960

If Life is not good enough for you,
change it; never endure a way of life
that is dull and dreary, because, after
all, the worst thing that can happen to
you, if you fight and go on fighting to
get out, is defeat, and that is never
certain till the end, which is death.

— H. G. Wells





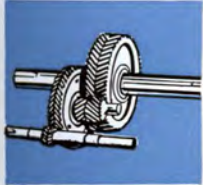
MACHINERY DIVISION

Sales and Service Offices

OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

THE Lufkin LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



JULY • AUGUST, 1960
Volume 35 Number 4

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

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COVER: "Wanna Go For a Ride?"
—Lithography by Western Lithograph Co.,
Wichita, Kansas

OPPOSITE PAGE: Twin Lakes, Toiyabe National Forest
—Mike Hayden Photo, Alameda, Calif.

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|--|---|--|



TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED



THIS is the salvage schooner which the author uses on his expeditions seeking sunken treasure

By Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg

FIGHT TO

THERE is a vast fortune in treasure-laden hulks resting on the ocean's floor, waiting for the modern deep-sea diver who has the means—and the courage—to get it. For these undersea tombs of wealth are resting in a fierce and savage world. I know them from firsthand experience because I've gone down to many wrecks—and brought back *real* treasure. It is my business.

But the most violent terror I ever experienced was in the depths off Malpelo Island, north of Colombia, where some years ago a schooner sank during a terrific storm.

Seven salvage attempts by professional marine organizations were made to retrieve the mysterious treasure hoard, supposedly resting in the shattered hulk of the old vessel. Seven times the divers failed to come to the surface again. Their air lines had snapped, but there was no sign of what caused the tragedies.

When I heard the story, it rang like a challenge. The reason for the failures, I thought, was that the

divers had met with an unusual condition for which they were unprepared.

Since I had fought not only sharks and octopi, but on one occasion a giant squid, I decided to be the eighth man down. We chartered an auxiliary sloop and sailed to the tip of the little island where the schooner had gone down.

We dropped anchor over the wreckage, about two hundred yards from the huge rock at the southeastern tip of the island. Soon we were ready for actual diving operations. As I stood on the short ladder waiting for the front of my helmet to be fastened, I discovered I'd forgotten to strap on a shark-knife, the only protection a diver has in shark-infested waters. When I was given the knife, I stepped from the ladder into the sea.

I continued my descent until the hulk of a vessel



DROPPING over the side in his diving dress, the author begins his descent to search for wrecked ship

THE gigantic monster lashed out at the man who dared intrude upon his dark and briny sanctuary



DEATH!

appeared beneath me. At approximately 100 feet I landed on a ledge that jutted out from the main rock ridge. I knew this was the wreck for it had very little encrustation on it.

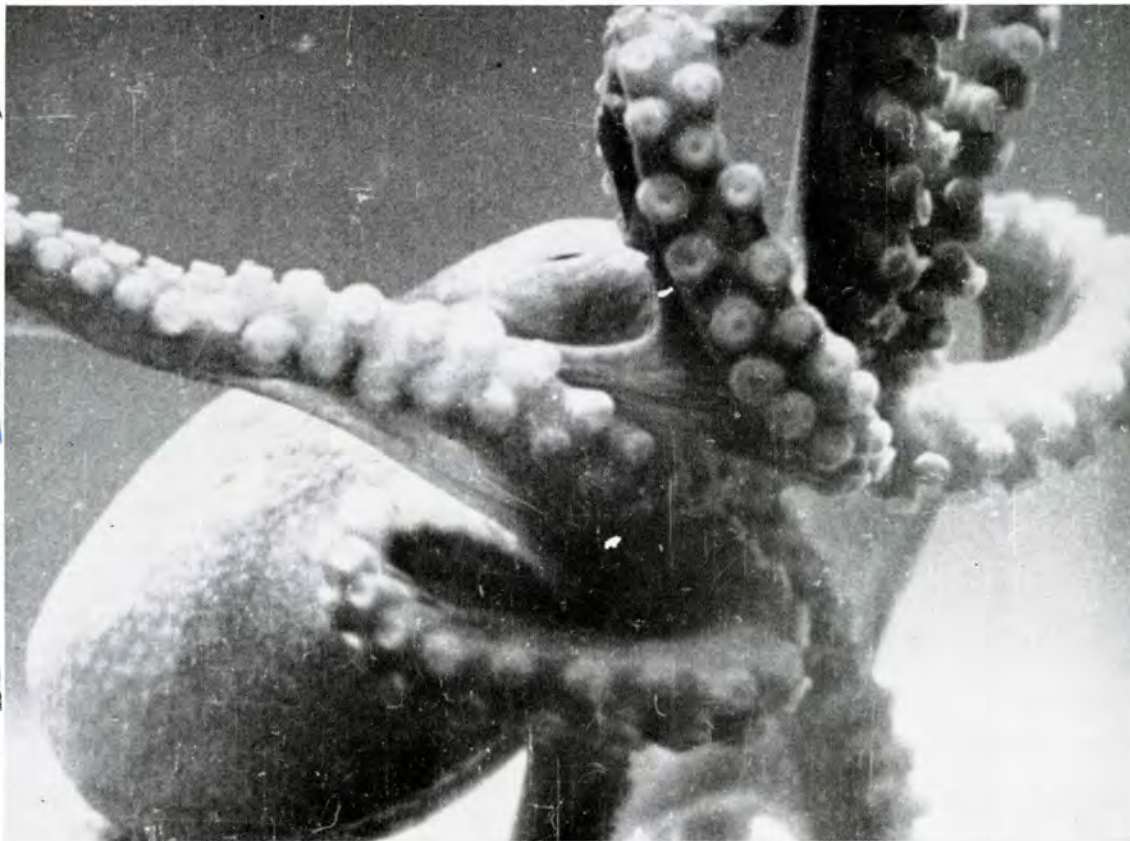
Carefully, I manipulated my lines among the sharp rocks, for a hard rub on one of the jagged outcrops could cut my air hose. A few moments later I landed on the slimy deck of the wreck, which rested on an even keel in a rocky ravine, her bottom buried in the sand. As though recently painted, the white superstructure shone clean and fresh in the faint light which penetrated down from the surface. I made my way aft along the port side of the hulk. Two small life boats still hung, like weird pendulums, from their davits. The cover of the afterhatch was partly off, and I could see into the hold below.

Moving forward, I cautiously climbed down the sand-covered steps of the companionway to the heavy door of the cabin below. It was partly open—doubtless the work of some of the unfortunate divers who had perished. As I moved from the bottom step onto the lower deck, right in front of me, beside the half-opened door and imbedded in several inches of white sand, lay a copper diving helmet. I dug it out of the sand. In the light of my torch, I peered inside. A strange sensation tingled along my spine; in that helmet was a skull!

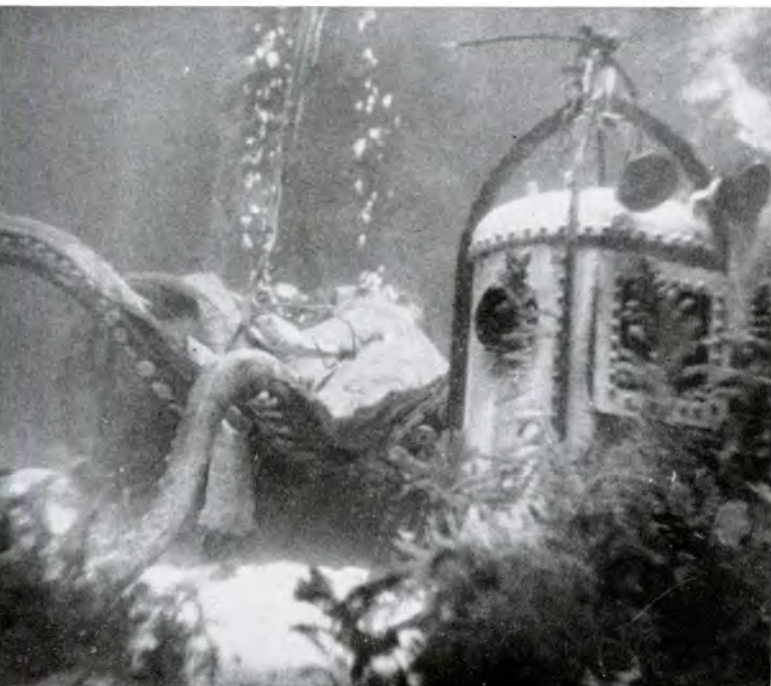
I began digging at the sand which held the door to the cabin and entered.

Inside, there was a space about fifteen feet wide, partly filled with crates and boxes of different shapes and sizes. One box had the top pried off. I became excited and scraped away the sand which covered it, flashing my torch into the opening. *It revealed silver bars!* They were darkened by the salt water; but after I rubbed the butt of my torch against them, white metal shone through the patina. I was sure the treasure hoard would be tremendous.

I signalled for those above to send down a sling to haul up my find. Then I climbed back to the



THIS close-up shot of the octopus shows the size of the suction cups that line his tentacles



THE author is seen here examining the huge creature after he killed it. Note the meat slab where the tentacles were sliced off in a desperate battle

deck of the sunken craft and towed the steel sling down where I could place the boxes in it. After stowing six boxes in the sling, I gave the signal to haul away, and they passed upward out of sight.

I spied a length of tarpaulin which covered something large alongside the remaining boxes, and I pulled it aside. A golden gleam shone through the water; it was a glint from a great bronze statue. At its base was a number of small bones, whitened and partially covered by sand. Among them two human skulls grinned up at me. Close by lay a lead-soled boot and remnants of a diver's dress.

I stood trembling in that eerie tomb. I could not shake the uncanny feeling that I was not alone in that cabin. I turned my torchlight about the room, moving it over the boxes and crates, and returned it finally to the statue.

And then I saw it!

From behind the dim outlines of the bronze statue a huge shape was rising before me. My heart pounded in terror as I saw that the monster was a massive octopus. The creature was fully 15 feet across with a ball of a body at least four feet

wide. Its long tentacles were lined with great saucerlike suction cups. Now I knew the fate of the seven lost divers, and I realized that I, too, was trapped in this watery grave. The octopus was between me and the only one way out. Its tentacles swerved and quivered continuously; then it began to crawl slowly along the sandy floor toward me. In spite of its great bulk and spreading arms, it moved quickly. And all the while, its terrible eyes watched me.

Backing as far as I could into the corner of the cabin, I drew my shark knife from its sheath and waited. Suddenly an arm shot directly at me. With a sideswipe, I sliced through it, almost without knowing that my knife had made contact.

The octopus was enraged now, changing from one color to another, its tentacles reaching closer and closer. Another arm reached for me, stirring the sand into a great cloud. Again, I sliced the slimy tentacle from the wart-covered body.

A stream of blue-black fluid began pouring forth from the octopus' ink sac, spreading slowly upward in the water. Despite its wounds, the monster continued to lash out toward me, its strength unconquerable. As I cut at another arm, still another twisted itself around my helmet. In desperation, I drove my knife upward at the quivering arm wrapped around my helmet. The blade sliced through the boneless flesh, and its grip relaxed as the sinuous tentacle parted in two.

Suddenly, amid this slashing, something seemed to tear at my belt. I felt a savage jerk as a stream of air bubbles shot out the front of my diving dress. It was punctured. A small rivulet of blood discolored the water beside me. I was bleeding, and the smell of blood in the sea water would attract sharks by the dozen!

The water soon became so black I couldn't see to defend myself. My head had been pounded so many times against the cabin wall that I could taste the warm blood in my mouth. Once again my antagonist whipped my body against the hard side of the cabin. I no longer had strength to fight back. Again my head struck, and I heard a roaring noise like the sound of a hundred subway trains in some vast tunnel. This is death, I told myself; this is it.

As my last conscious effort, I tugged at my life-line again, seeking to inform those who waited above of this horrendous struggle to live. Pull till the line breaks, I kept repeating as the octopus slashed me about.

A few moments more, and the world went completely black.



THIS is the diving robot in which the author returned to take pictures of the octopus and treasure

When I opened my eyes with a start, I saw my partner, who had remained on deck and supervised the handling of my lines and crew.

"How—how did you get me up?" I stuttered, unbelievably.

"When you gave us that final alarm signal, everybody on deck grabbed the lines and heaved, hauling them in as fast as they could. When the slack was taken out, we couldn't budge the line another inch," he told me.

He said that one of my crew boys got an idea. The swells had risen and the salvage vessel was lifting and falling so that it was difficult for the crew to keep their balance as they strained at the lines. Just at the moment the craft was deep in the trough of a swell, he wrapped the lines several times around a stanchion. Then the seas caught the vessel and carried her up. Apparently, the octopus was taken unaware by the sudden heavy pull, and it relaxed its grip. As it did, I went shooting upward, just in time. The dress was leaking fast and the oxygen was almost gone.

"Thank God!" was all I could say.

I was the eighth diver who had gone down to that wreck and the *only* one who had escaped a terrible death—and got some of the treasure, too!



LUFKIN pumping units, crated for overseas shipment, were on the Port of Houston dock when Galveston Truck Lines recently had inspection of some of its equipment by Weights and License Division of Texas Highway Patrol

GALVESTON TRUCK LINES

an UNcommon Carrier

SINCE its founding in 1929, Galveston Truck Line Corporation has been a common carrier only insofar as it is defined as such under the law, for the small truck line has consistently been UNcommon in both its personnel and operations.

Richard J. Barry, an Irish-born soldier of fortune, bought the truck line in 1931. Barry, who had fought in three wars on the side of freedom, liked to boast that "I was wounded 16 times and none of them in my back." He had fought on the side of the Greeks against the Turks in 1897, for his newly-adopted country in the Spanish-American War, and in the Boer War in 1899.

Barry's personal courage and refusal to back out of a fight were soon tested in the operation of the truck line. Only a year after he became its president, the young company was threatened by competition and government officials. Barry went to court to protect his rights and the rights of his employees.

In January of 1932, a federal court directed "the state railroad commission to immediately grant permission to the Galveston Truck Line Corporation to operate within the state in interstate commerce." This decision was a result of a suit brought by Barry against the commission, the governor, the attorney general and the sheriff and county attorney of Galveston County. Newspapers of the day hailed the decision by commenting: "Motor truck transportation to and from Texas ports is expected to be materially increased as a result . . .". The prediction was correct.

In 1954, death claimed the colorful Richard J. Barry. At that time, Galveston Truck Lines

changed presidents, but it did not change its direction. Taking over as head of the line was Barry's son, Desmond A. Barry, who returned to the truck line from his own business in Fort Worth. Fortunately, Des Barry had inherited every bit of his father's Irish tenacity, love of freedom and crusading support of the oppressed.

Des Barry was also to be tested in his first year as president of Galveston Truck Line Corporation, just as his father had been 23 years earlier. Des Barry faced a threat to the company and, as might have been expected, Barry reacted just like his father had done. Barry went to court to protect his rights and the rights of his employees.

In 1955, a Teamster Union official with more zeal than good judgement, attempted to force Barry to sign his employees into the union, despite the fact that his employees did not wish to join. When Barry refused, the union boss invoked the "hot cargo" secondary boycott clause against Galveston Truck Lines. No pickets appeared, but other carriers refused to accept shipment from Galveston for interlining. Galveston's employees stayed on the job and supported every move taken. The boycott was broken in six weeks. Employee efficiency increased, but business dropped.

Those who knew his father were not surprised when Des Barry was not content with winning the boycott battle. He could have quit then, for he was having no more trouble with the mighty Teamsters, but Barry felt the "hot cargo" clauses in Teamster contracts were illegal and set out to prove it. He took his battle to the courts, the legislative halls, industry and the court of public opinion. This al-



DESMOND A. BARRY, President of Galveston Truck Lines and JOE BARRY, Vice President in charge of sales



TWELVE of Galveston's 14 new Lufkin rag-top vans are shown before movement of their newsprint cargo

most single-handed fight against "hot cargo" secondary boycotts, which has thus far been successful, is known throughout the nation. A tiny, family-owned truck line took on the nation's most powerful union—and won!

The Interstate Commerce Commission, in a unanimous decision, ruled "hot cargo" clauses illegal, thus justifying the efforts of Barry, his employees and his brilliant young attorney, I. J. Saccomanno, to protect the rights of the shipping public.

Since 1955, the president of Galveston Truck Lines has made over 500 public speeches urging public interest and participation in government and politics. He now averages two speeches a week in Texas and other states, and he is listed as one of the nation's top speakers.

Along with his heavy schedule of speeches and the time required to pursue the court cases arising from the "hot cargo" battle, Barry has also actively managed the business. Only the enthusiastic support of his employees and his own limitless energy have made this burden possible to bear, for Galveston Truck Lines alone offers some problems.

As an irregular route common carrier, Galveston is authorized to haul general commodities from the ports of Houston, Galveston and Texas City over all highways serving all points in Texas east of a line from Laredo to the Panhandle and to various points and areas in Oklahoma. Galveston hauls oil field equipment and supplies, grain, wood, mohair and cotton to the ports. Its authority also covers other specified items hauled to Texas

and Oklahoma points and items which may be hauled from these points, but the restrictions create both sales and operational problems.

During the fight against "hot cargo" secondary boycotts, an ICC examiner described the Galveston operating authority as a "miserable, one-way certificate." Even though these restrictions plague Galveston, the truck line is growing. In 1959, Galveston had the best year in its history and plans are in operation now for even bigger things.

To handle its port business more efficiently, Galveston has recently added 14 Lufkin 40-foot, open-top trailers. Lufkin designed and engineered them to safely handle 44,000 pounds, which meets the 72,000 pound gross loads authorized by the last Legislature. The metal-lined "rag-tops" are ideal for loading with ship's equipment and are particularly adaptable for Galveston's shipments of steel, oil field equipment, machinery, cotton, grains, wool and mohair, bags, bagging and ties, wire, pipe and fencing. These Lufkin units, loaded directly from the ship, have cut Galveston's loading time at the docks tremendously.

Five new tractors were added along with the trailers, bringing the total equipment for Galveston to 33 trailers and 19 tractors. The company has 39 employees—with the three children of Richard J. Barry all active in the company. Des is president, his brother, Joe, is in charge of sales, and his sister, Mrs. Eileen Nichols, serves in the business office.

In 1955, when the "hot cargo" battle began, Galveston Truck Lines' business fell dangerously low; however, as the battle was won, the line slowly regained that lost business, and then some. That it has done so is a tribute to Galveston's employees, the press, government officials and the shipping public whose rights were protected by the son of a fighting Irishman who, like his father, was never wounded in the back—and never will be.

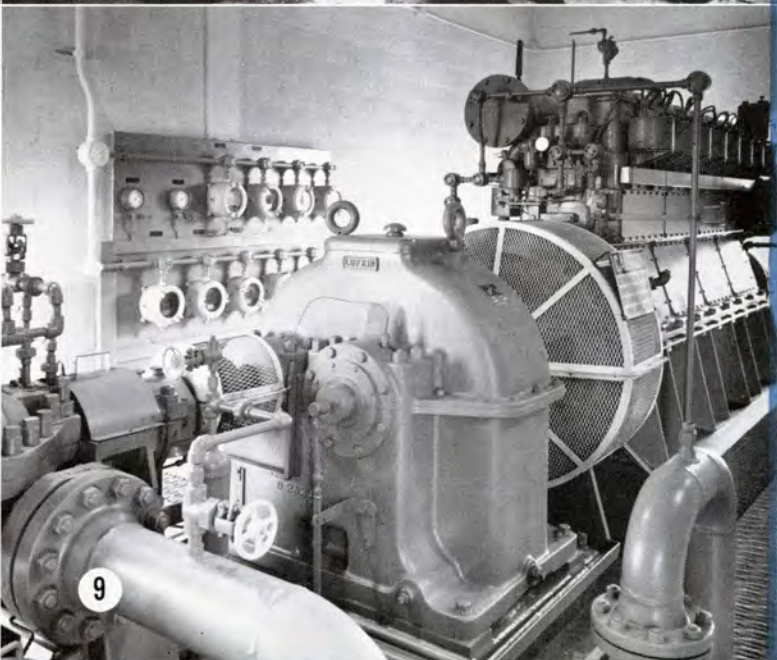
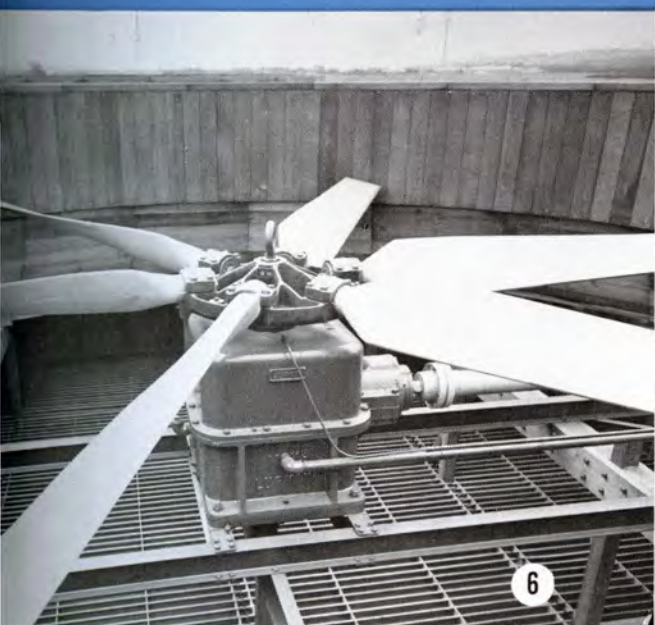


LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS



- 1 LUFKIN C-228D-74-23, Humble Oil & Refining Company, in cotton patch, Rosedale Field, near Bakersfield, California.
- 2 LUFKIN C-160D-64-23, Union Oil Company, Stearns Lease, Brea, California.
- 3 LUFKIN C-114DA-64-14, Union Oil Company, with Carl Frazer, Lufkin's Bakersfield representative, surrounded by corn field on Galloway Lease near Bakersfield, California.
- 4 LUFKIN C-640DB-120-30, Continental Oil Company, Rincon Lease, Ventura County, California.
- 5 LUFKIN C-320D-120-25, Continental Oil Company, Seal Beach, California.
- 6 LUFKIN 115-VB SPIRAL BEVEL GEAR REDUCER installed on Magma Cooper Company, cooling tower, Tiger, Arizona.
- 7 LUFKIN S-105A REDUCER installed on Borax Dryer for American Potash & Chemical Corp., Trona, Calif.
- 8 LUFKIN D-220 REDUCER driving three 1/2" plastics extruder, Electrophysical Engineering Company, Orange, California.
- 9 LUFKIN S168A HIGH SPEED GEAR INCREASER for Norwalk Station, Union Oil Pipeline, Southern Division, California.







GENE CULBERTSON, left, Lufkin Trailers, Dallas; HOWARD SMITH, C & H Transportation Co., Inc., Dallas, Texas



JOHN RASCO, left, and DESMOND A. BARRY, president, both with Galveston Truck Lines, Houston, Texas



B. L. THURMOND, left, Heavy Haulers, Inc., Dallas; and J. L. SCHAEFFER, Lufkin Trailers, Dallas



MR. & MRS. B. E. BLANKENSHIP, Hill & Hill Truck Line, Houston, Texas



Left to right: CHARLES SCHURIG, H. E. Schurig & Co., Houston, Texas; MIKE ARRIAGO, Phillips Petroleum Co., Bartlesville, Oklahoma; FRED GRIFFIN, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; HENRY SCHURIG, SR., H. E. Schurig & Co., Houston; CARREL WATTS, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; D. R. HYNES, Phillips Petroleum Co., Bartlesville; DON BRADSHAW, Phillips Petroleum Co., Bartlesville; CHARLES DYER, Mid-Continent Division Manager, Lufkin Foundry, Tulsa, Oklahoma.



SNAPSHOT

by the Lufkin Cameraman

A. E. CUDLIPP, left, vice president, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin, Texas; C. K. McCLELLAND, Zero Refrigerated Lines, San Antonio, Texas



Left to right: L. A. LITTLE, vice president, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; R. L. POLAND, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; JOHN LEONARD, Mobil Oil Co., Houston, Texas; W. W. TROUT, president, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; AL LOBRECHT, JIM TERRY, BOB ABERCROMBIE, all with Mobil Oil Co., Houston; BILL MINER, Gulf Coast Division Manager, Lufkin Foundry, Houston, Texas



C. W. ALEXANDER, left, sales manager, Lufkin Trailers division of Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin, Texas; JIM RYDER, center, president, Ryder System, Inc., Miami, Florida; and E. W. WRIGHT, vice president, Ryder System, Inc.



Left to right: MRS. E. G. NIBLO, C. V. WILKINSON, branch manager, Lufkin Trailers, Dallas; and E. G. NIBLO, Kennedy & Meyersons, Fort Worth, Texas



JIM RYDER, left, president, Ryder System, Inc., Miami, Florida, and CABELL CORNISH, director, Common Carrier Development, Ryder System, Inc., Houston, Texas

C. L. FULLER, Dealer's Transit, Inc., Dallas, Texas

Left to right: C. J. SCHULLER, manager, Lufkin Trailers, Lufkin, Texas; W. O. HARRINGTON, C & H Transportation Co., Inc., Dallas; BEN THURMOND, Heavy Haulers, Inc., Dallas

DUTCH SHIRES, Texas Railroad Commission, Austin, Texas

JEROME WILLIS, J. J. Willis Trucking Co., Odessa, Texas





MR. & MRS. J. W. DUDLEY
C & H Transportation Co.
Inc., Dallas, Texas



Left to right: F. S. ROGERS, asst. sales mgr.,
Lufkin Trailers, Lufkin, Texas; MRS. JIM COLE,
JIM COLE, Ryder System, Inc., Houston, Texas



BOB BEVERAGE, left, and
GENE SIMPSON, both with Dealer's
Transit, Inc., Dallas, Texas



MR. & MRS. WATT SCALES
Southwestern Motor Transport,
Inc., San Antonio, Texas



Left to right: C. V. WILKINSON, branch manager, Lufkin
Trailers, Dallas; CYRUS B. WELLER, Frozen Food Express,
San Antonio, Texas; and C. J. SCHULLER, manager, Trailer
Division, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin, Texas



Left to right: MRS. SAM SELLARS, Sellars Oil Transport
Inc., Tyler, Texas; G. A. FOY, JR., manager, Lufkin
Trailers, Lubbock, Texas; MRS. MONAHANS; MRS. MAX
CADELL, Caddell Transit Corp., Colorado City, Texas



Left: MR. & MRS. W. O. CHAMBERS, T. E. Mercer Trucking
Co., Fort Worth, Texas

Right: Front row, left to right: BOB MEYER, Honolulu Oil
Oil Co., Cope, Texas; GEORGE HENSON, Lufkin Foundry &
Machine Co., Midland, Texas; JACK SAYERS, Honolulu Oil
Co., Midland, Middle row, left to right: PAUL FARROW,
Andrews, Texas, and ERD JOHNSON, Midland, both with
Honolulu Oil Co.; E. P. HAYES, Lufkin Foundry, Houston,
Texas; CLAUDE BEATTIE, Honolulu Oil Co., Sweetwater,
Texas; BAYO HOPPER, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin. Back row,
left to right: W. W. TROUT, president, Lufkin Foundry,
Lufkin; HAROLD CROUCH, Honolulu Oil Co., Levelland,
Texas; L. A. LITTLE, vice president, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin;
DON STANDARD, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin.



Left to right: MR. & MRS. FISHER MULDROW, Associated Motor
Carriers of Oklahoma, Oklahoma City, Okla.; MR. & MRS. JAMES
E. TAYLOR, Texas Motor Transportation Association, Austin, Texas



Left to right: MRS. W. O. CHAMBERS, MRS. F. C. REDFIELD,
F. C. REDFIELD, Robertson Transport Co., Houston, Texas, W. O.
CHAMBERS, T. E. Mercer Trucking Co., Fort Worth, Texas



LEIGH G. CULLEY
advertising and public relations
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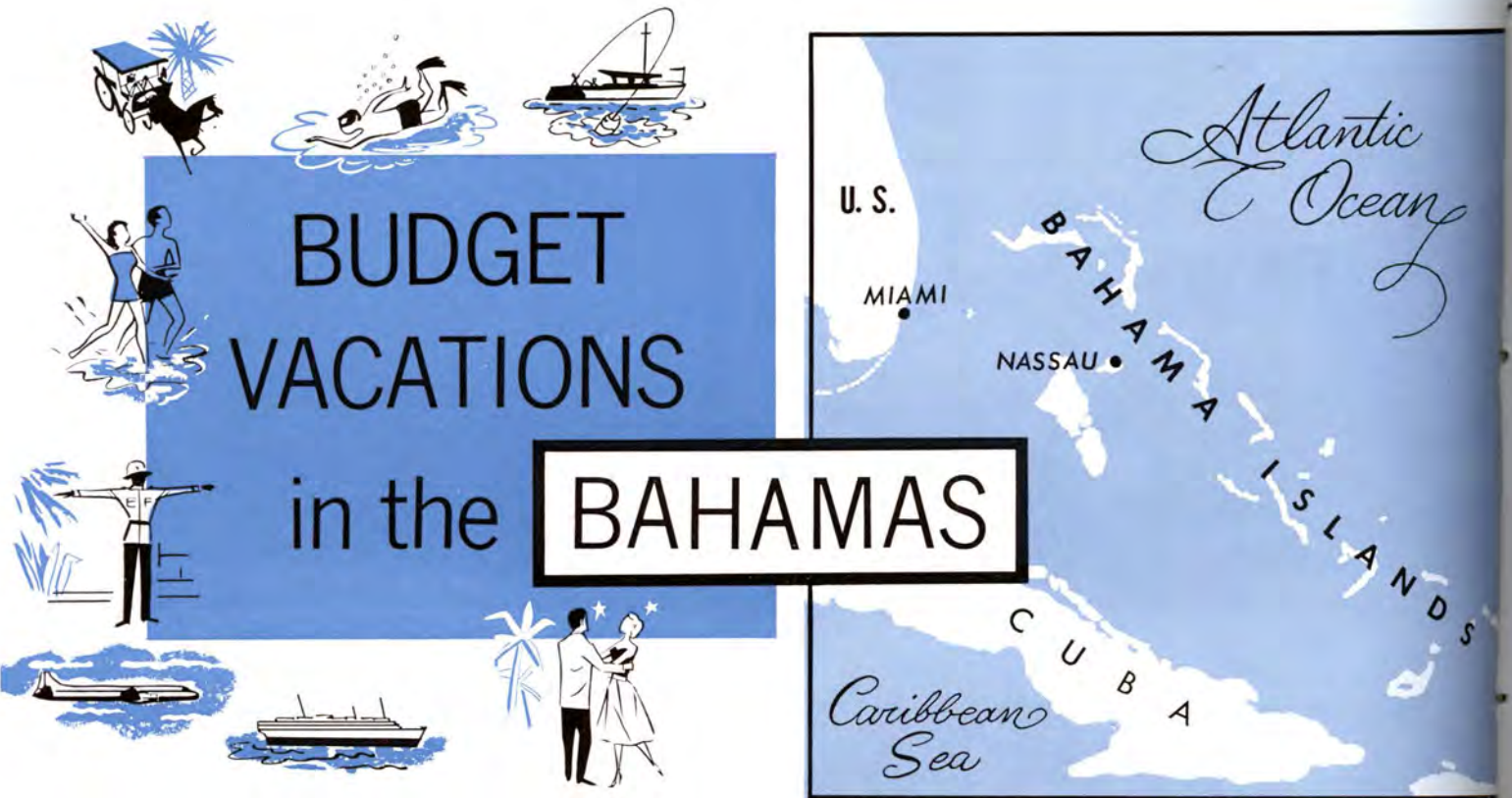
MR. & MRS. FLOYD WHITE
Thomas Motor Freight,
Inc., Dallas, Texas

Left to right: MR. & MRS. J. B. SEIGRIST, Cummins
Sale & Service, Inc., Fort Worth, Texas; MR. & MRS.
BILL GAMBLIN, Oil Transport Co., Abilene, Texas

MR. & MRS. GENE WHITEHEAD
Merchants Fast Motor Freight
Lines, Abilene, Texas

MR. & MRS. BILL WHERLEN
American Truck Rental
Fort Worth, Texas





THROUGHOUT the sun-bathed Bahamas, hotel managers and palm trees alike are bowing a welcome to thrift season vacationers happily bound on purse-pampering holidays in these Isles of perpetual June.

By plane and by ship in ever increasing numbers these budget-wise seekers of sun-and-fun are transforming the Bahamas, once famed as a haven for the winter-weary wealthy, into a year-round playground where lazy living laughs at the calendar.

Prices particularly benevolent to the bankroll during the April 20 to December thrift season are beckoning the budget-wise to rest and relaxation on satin-soft beaches washed by the blue-green waters and air conditioned by gently cooling trade-winds. These vacationers are, in fact, far outnumbering visitors during the fast-paced winter season.

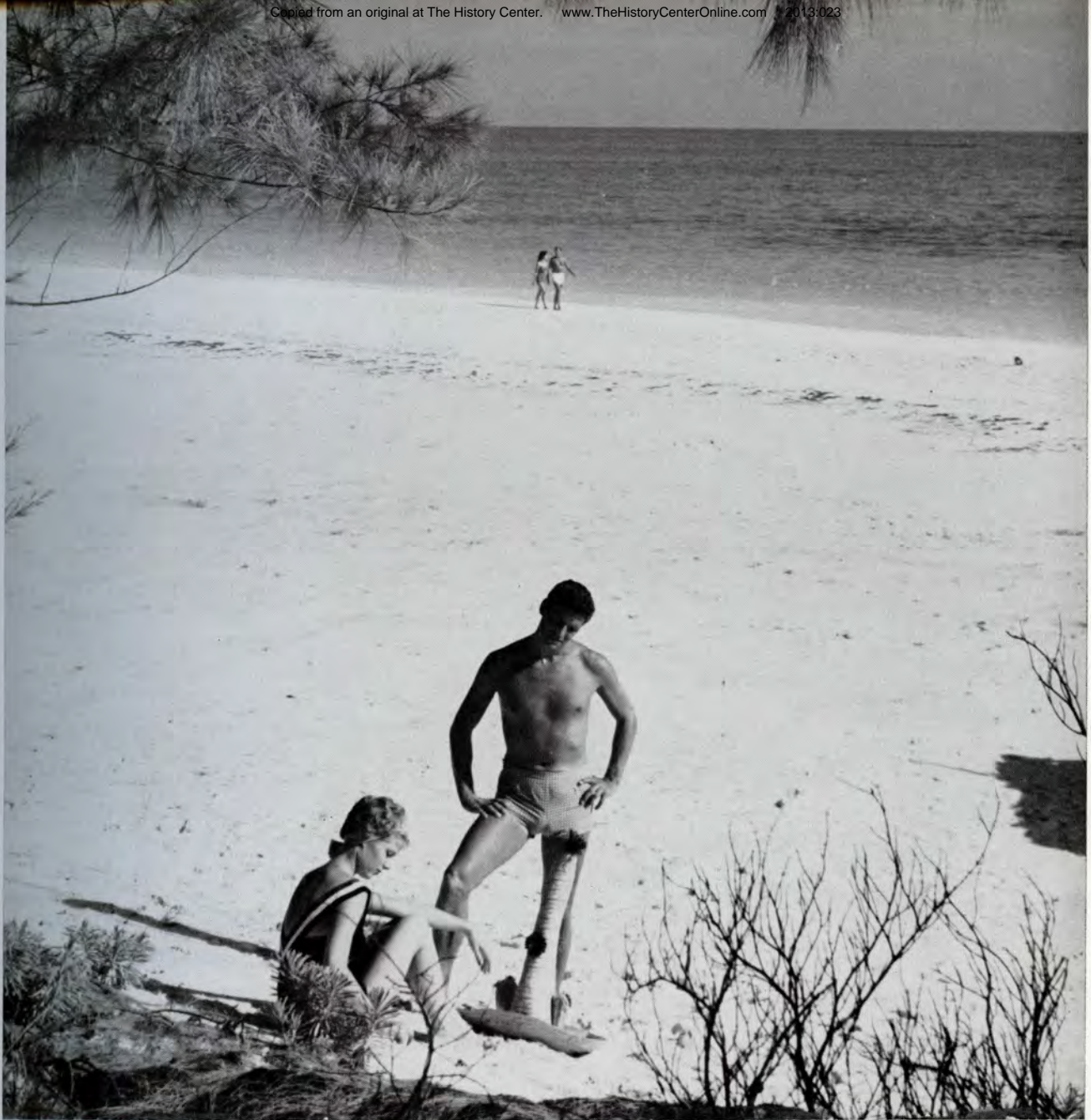
Last year, when a record-shattering total of nearly 265,000 came to these foreign but friendly subtropic shores to relax the tensions of day-to-day living, almost 154,000 or about 58 per cent arrived during the "be kind to your pocketbook" period. Conservative estimates are that spring, summer and autumn vacationers in the comparable period of 1960 will total nearly 185,000.

Boosting the upsurge of so-called "off" season

vacationers is that these holiday seekers have found and spread the word that the only thing off is the price—that ever constant are a wide choice of accommodations and a rich variety of activities ashore and afloat among scenes of surperb beauty.

Offered this year by U. S. travel agencies is a choice of package tour plans offering best buys in thrift season vacations that salve the conscience of the budget-conscious. Typical is a four-day, three-night tour package offered by one travel firm at prices ranging from \$68.50 per person at a downtown hotel, convenient to beach and night clubs, to \$83.50 at a plush beachfront establishment which boasts every convenience. This plan includes hotel room, breakfast and dinner, transfers to and from the airport, a conducted night club excursion, a limousine tour of Nassau and a half day's sailing trip on a spacious sightseeing vessel.

An even more attractive price tag is offered those with more vacation leisure. Typical of the various 7-day, 6-night package tour plans is a retail cost scale that runs \$65.50 per person at a popular downtown hotel, \$74.50 at a major oceanfront establishment and a maximum of \$122.50 for the last word in luxury at another beachfront hotel. These thrift season rates for a week's visit provide the visitor with hotel room, breakfast and dinner, transfers to and from the airport, limou-



IN the Out Island chain of the beautiful Bahamas, beaches are soft as talcum, sloping gently to the sea

sine tour of the city and a day at world-famed Paradise Beach.

Generally the 7-day, 6-night tours retail at a few dollars less than the 4-day, 3-night packages, the saving made possible by omission of a few sightseeing activities.

Ease of access to the Bahamas from practically any point on the American mainland is a prime factor in boosting tourist travels to these islands which are set like a strand of emeralds in the turquoise Atlantic. New York and Florida, main departure gateway to the Bahamas, are easily reached by plane, train or motor, and jet-plane service from New York speeds the visitor to Nassau in less than two and one-half hours. The S. S.

Nassau, a luxury liner, makes weekly sailings from New York.

From Florida the vacationer has a choice of 15 daily flights between Miami or Fort Lauderdale of only 50 minutes flying time and two cruise ships each make two overnight voyages from Miami to Nassau every week.

Within hours of arrival the vacationer is a complacent captive of the appealing combination of Old World charm and Bahamian serenity that pervades Nassau. Alluring are gently curving beaches, fringed by swaying palms, where once strode swashbuckling pirates intent on pillaging passing treasure craft. Favored are sunning and swimming, skindiving and water skiing, while



A LIGHTHOUSE, an old salt with his craft, and miles of green-fringed shoreline are typical of the Bahamas

ready at hand are powered cruisers for fishing and sailing craft at reasonable prices.

There's fun in exploring ancient forts where age-encrusted cannon still glower seaward over original ramparts or viewing, through glass-bottom boats, sea gardens of fantastic beauty where brilliantly colored fish flash and dart around intriguing coral formations and waving sea fans. A "must" for many visitors is Ardastra Gardens where a battalion of flamingos, obeying verbal and visual commands, execute maneuvers with military precision.

Traffic flows, British-fashion, on the left and vacationers are fascinated by the montage of horse-drawn surreys with the fringe on top, bicycles, pedestrians, automobiles, horse-drawn drays and motor scooters. All are silently controlled by the wave of a white-helmeted constables' white-gloved hand. There are no traffic lights, no police whistles in Nassau.

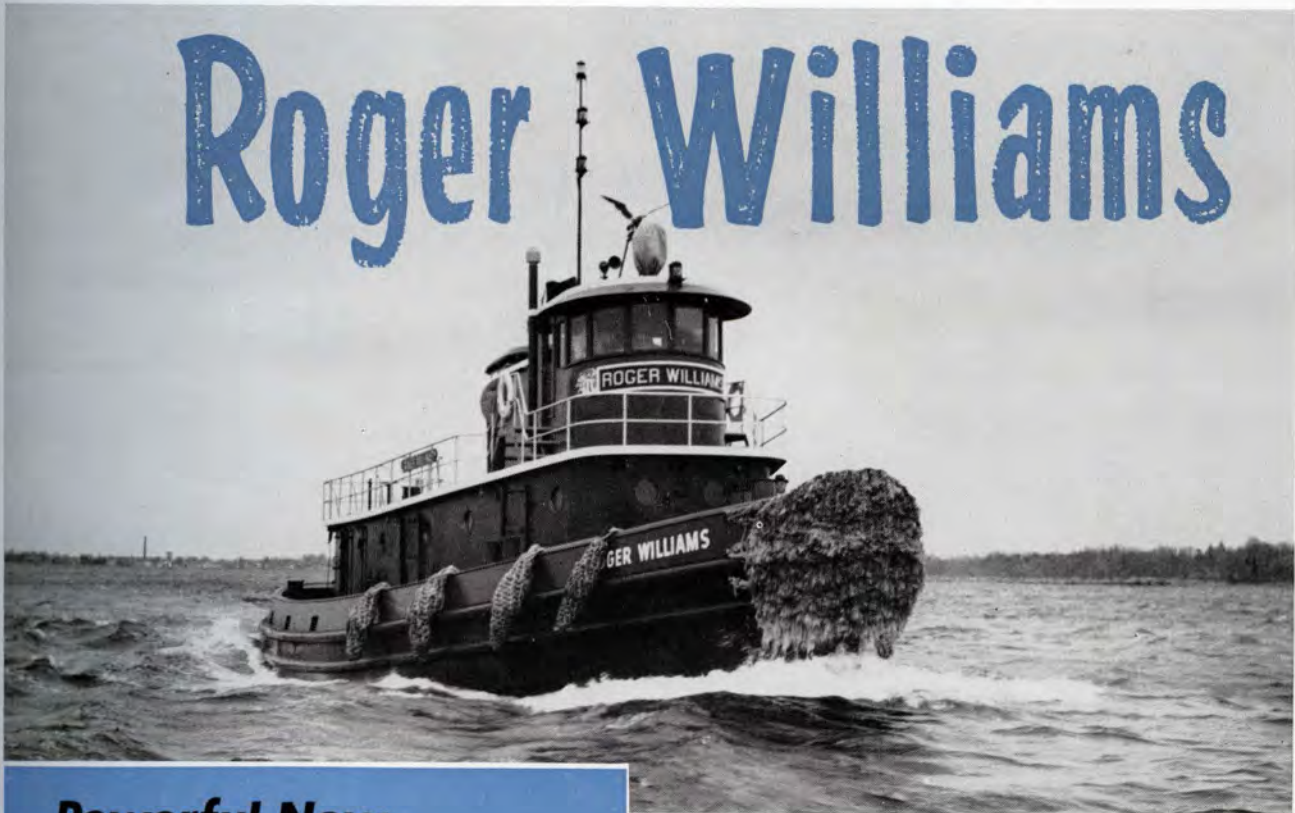
Strengthening the vacation bankroll are bargain prices, well below those at home, for quality items

in Bay Street shops that range from French perfumes through English tweeds, woolens and cashmeres, Danish silver, Irish linens, Swedish glassware to the best in Scotch whisky. Bay Street offers, too, the colorful straw market where native Bahamian women weave and sell straw products including fantastically shaped hats, belts, purses, handbags and beach sandals.

Rapidly gaining in popularity are "island hopping" excursions to the Out Islands, quaint Bahamas bastions out and away in all directions from Nassau, which have been pioneered by Bahamas Airways. Since these settlements, where the hands of the clock move slowly, are only minutes away by air, it is now possible to take a one-day excursion which permits the vacationer to breakfast in his hotel, fly to the luxurious Out Island resort for a swim, lunch and afternoon siesta on the beach, and return to Nassau in ample time for cocktails and dinner.

These are but a few of the factors beckoning the budget-minded to the Bahamas.

Roger Williams



Powerful New Docking Tug Equipped with LUFKIN Gears...

THE Roger Williams Tug was launched Oct. 30, 1959

A-1 standards and is classed by the American Bureau of Shipping for Short Coastwise Towing Service.

The vessel is one of the few docking tugs in the United States which employs low-alloy steel on the outer section of the hull. Use of the steel was specified by the customer who found that high tensile, corrosion resistant steel pays off in low maintenance and better service.

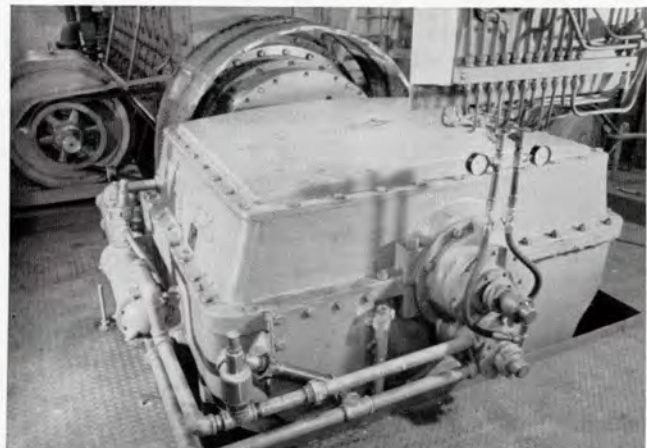
Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company is proud to add the ROGER WILLIAMS to the growing lists of boats equipped with LUFKIN gears.

PROVIDENCE Steamboat Company's new tug Roger Williams is the largest and most powerful tug built on the New England Coast.

The Roger Williams built by Blount Marine Corporation of Warren, R. I. serves 10½ miles of commercial waterfront in Providence and on Narragansett Bay.

The vessel's main propulsion engine is a 10-cylinder Fairbanks Morse opposed piston diesel, Model 38D8½, developing 1800 HP continuous at 810 RPM. The engine drives through a 3.76:1 ratio LUFKIN Model R3020 reverse and reduction gear equipped with a Wichita ATD 136 low inertia air-tube disc clutch. The propulsion equipment turns a 114 inch, 4-bladed propeller on a 9¼ inch forged steel shaft.

The Roger Williams, launched on October 30, 1959 measured 100 feet by 26 feet with a 12 foot draft and weighs 337 tons. The vessel is built to



RIGHT: The engine drives through a 3.76:1 ratio LUFKIN model R3020 reverse and reduction gear



Husband: "Darling, I brought home some things for the person I love best. I bet you can't guess what they are."

Wife: "Razor blades, chewing tobacco, and a dozen golf balls."

There once was a lady named Mabel

So ready, so willing, so able,
And so full of spice
She could name her own price—
Now Mabel's all wrapped up in sable.

A fellow was going in for a landing on Mars when he spotted a gorgeous, nude blonde. With keen anticipation, he threw open the door and rushed up to the enchantress . . . only to find to his dismay that she was 20 feet tall.

"Take me to your ladder," he stammered.

Everyone likes to see a broad smile . . . especially if she smiles at him.

"No," said the centipede crossing her legs, "a hundred times NO!"

Recently a young lady phoned the police department. "I've been assaulted," she explained.

"When did it happen?" asked the officer.

"Last week," was the reply.

"Last week! Why didn't you call us right after it happened?" the officer exclaimed.

"Well," she said, "I didn't know I had been assaulted until his check bounced."

Sometimes cocktails can make you see double and feel single.

An important customer—a big oil man from a small town—was entertained in Chicago by an enterprising oilfield machinery salesman. The old gent was 70 if he was a day, but he didn't seem to get a kick out of the strip-teasers. When pressed for a reaction, he observed wryly:

"Waal, I've never considered sex to be a spectator sport."

Ida, the office idiot, says she doesn't have any trouble holding her shape. Her trouble is keeping others from holding it.

A midwestern trucker was sitting in a small cafe drinking a cup of coffee. An oilfield worker sitting next to him asked why the trucker looked so glum.

"I've had the daddburnest luck all my life—all of it bad. If I were to be reborn again and Marilyn Monroe was my mother, I'll bet the doc would put me on bottle feeding," he replied sourly.

Our unabashed Dictionary defines "voluptuous woman" as one who has curves in places where some girls don't even have places.

"Will you look at that rip in my trouser fly?" shouted the husband. "On second thought," he raved on, "I'll just wear them this way so all the other men can see what I have to put up with?"

"Oh, no, you won't!" his wife countered. "I'll mend it right away so all the other women won't see what I have to put up with!"

A farmer's daughter who is really smart never goes into a barn with a fellow who has lofty ideas.

Socialized medicine is defined as when women get together at a card party to talk about their operations.

"My darling," he said, "let me feast my eyes upon your lovely face, and I'll buy you a lovely red fox scarf. Let me kiss you and I'll give you a mink cape. Let me . . ."

"Stop," she cried, "that's fur enough!"

Daughter: "What is alimony, Mother?"

Mother: "It's a married man's cash surrender value, dear."

A pretty young girl shocked some of her friends by announcing that she had decided to marry a wealthy widower, many years older than she.

"I think these May and December marriages are the bunk," declared one of her critical friends. "December is going to find in May the youth, beauty and freshness of Spring, but what is May going to find in December?" she asked.

The bride-to-be smiled demurely and answered: "Santa Claus."

A busy oil man told his secretary that he would be very busy during the afternoon and didn't want to see any callers. "If they say their business is important, just tell them, 'That's what they all say!'"

During the afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing the oil man. Finally she explained, "I'm his wife."

The secretary smilingly replied, "That's what they all say."

The fleet owner was showing his daughter, just returned from finishing school, around the newly completed mansion. At the swimming pool they stopped to watch several athletic young men diving and stunting.

"Oh, daddy," exclaimed the girl, "and you've stocked it just for me!"

Have you heard about the two engaged nudists who decided to break it up because they had been seeing too much of each other?

A petroleum engineer was attempting to fix a door that didn't hang right. He called to his boy to get him a screwdriver.

After what seemed like a terribly long time, the youngster came back and said apologetically, "Gee, Dad, I've got the orange juice, but I can't find the vodka."

there is a

LUFKIN...



Aluminum Open Top
Freight Van



3 AXLE LOW BED



Model TOF-C

Combination Oilfield
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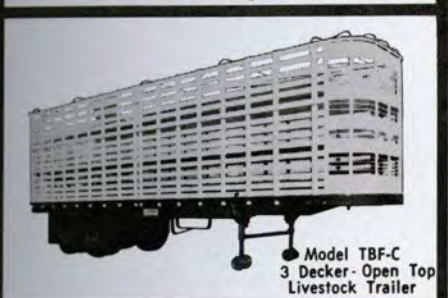
Model TBF
All Purpose Float



Model TBF-G
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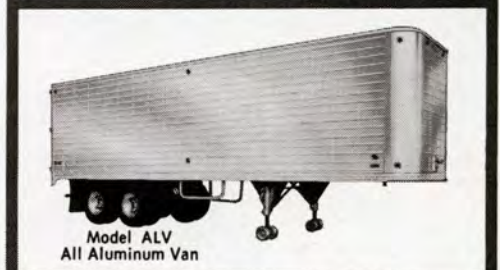
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DEMAND A
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KUBE KING
All Purpose Van



Model FVLA
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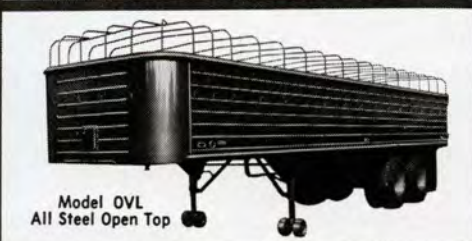
Model ALV
All Aluminum Van



Model MV
Hi Cube Warehouse Van



Model TOF-H
Oilfield Float - 80,000 to
100,000 Capacity



Model OVL
All Steel Open Top



Model THD-2
18-22 yd. Dump

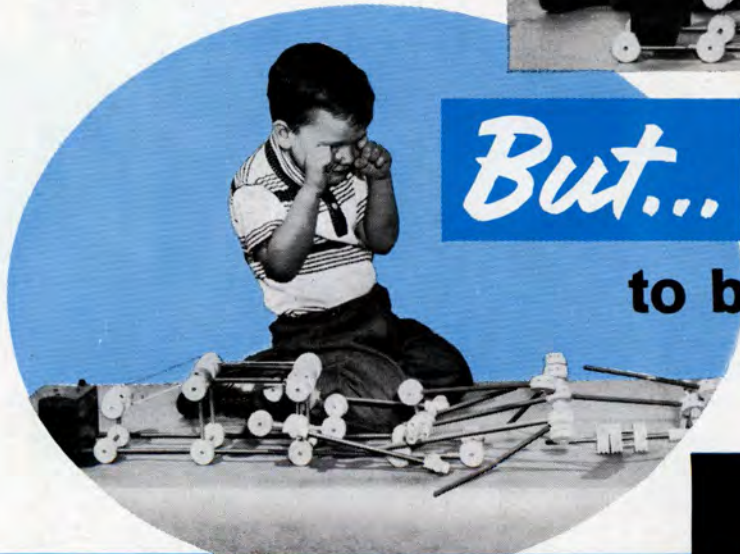
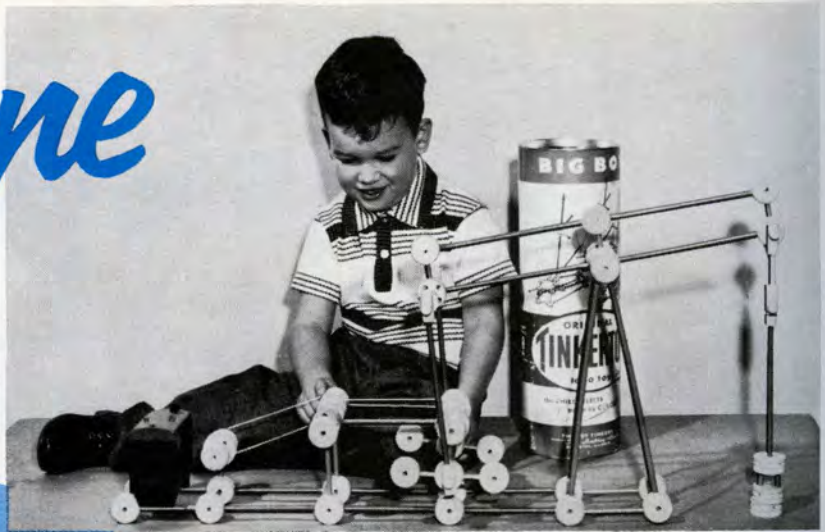
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