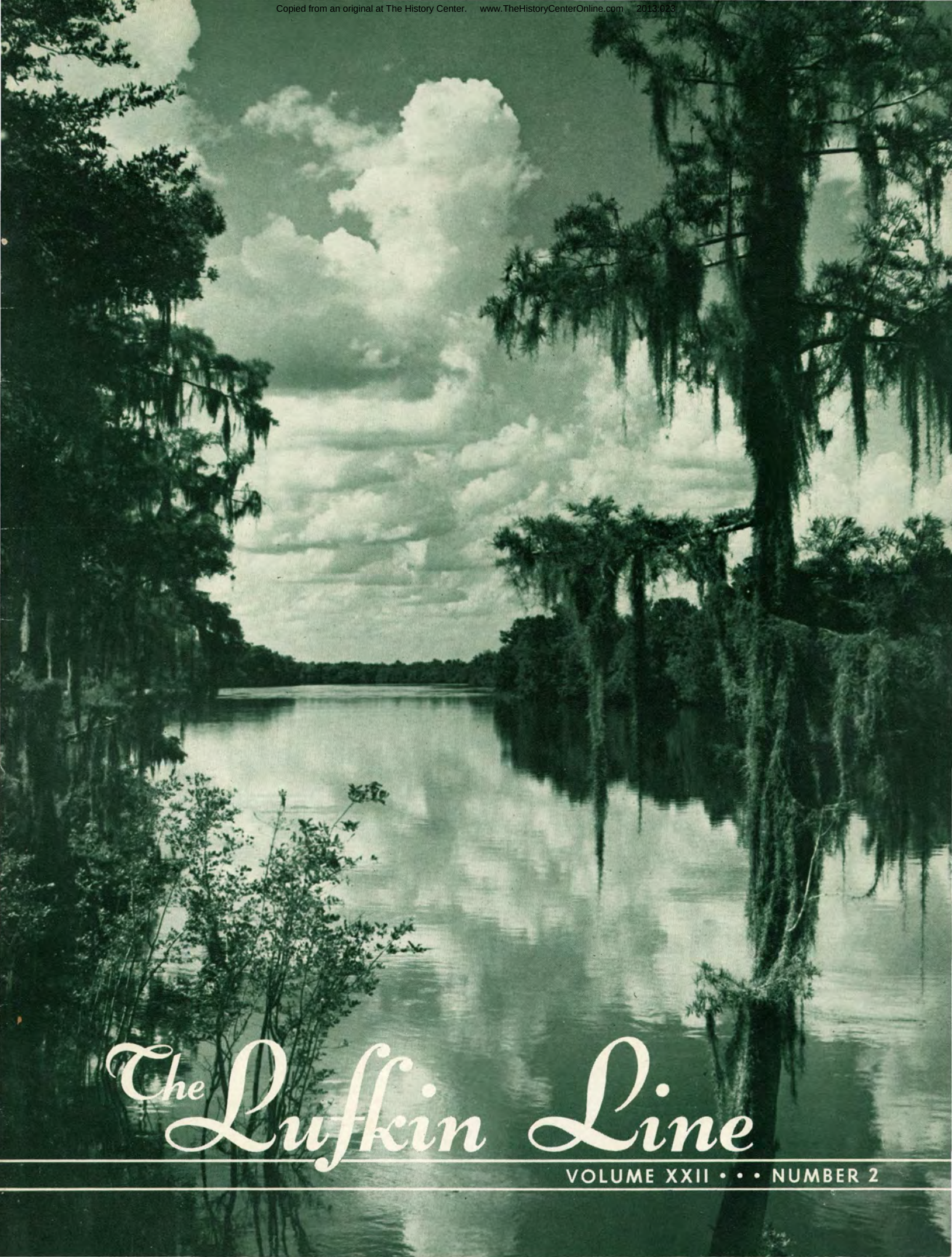




The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXII • • • NUMBER 2

COURTESY

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Not the "right of way" when driving,
But the simple way of right,
And never once forgetting
To be courteous and polite.
A little bit of patience
As behind the wheel you sit,
And you'll never lose a fender,
And a child you'll never hit.

Oh, the worst of phrases ringing
All through motordom today
Is that selfish bit of wording
That is known as "right of way."
It has filled the graves of many
Who have sped some road along—
Since Death never asks the question,
Is the driver right or wrong.

Just a little thought for others;
Just remembering to be kind;
Just the willingness in traffic
To slow down and stay behind;
Just the show of gracious manners
Which all gentlefolks display,
And the accidents that happen
Will be fewer day by day.

Just control that flash of temper
When another sounds his horn:
In the car may be a mother
Soon to have her baby born.
Be considerate in your driving,
And be courteous and kind,
And you'll reach your dwelling safely—
And you'll keep your peace of mind.

Reprinted through the courtesy of
Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company

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 XXIII

JULY and AUGUST, 1947

Number 2

In This Issue

COURTESY	Edgar A. Guest	2
STALKING WHALES IN BERING SEA.....	Harriet Geithmann	4
The Chase to Capture Moby Dick is Never Without Thrills		
LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS		8-9
Here, There, Everywhere		
HOME OF THE LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY..		10-11
SOUTH DAKOTA'S BIG BADLANDS.....	Don E. Hall	12
This Grotesque Terrain Lends a Strange Enchantment		
SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN.....		14-15
Your Friends in West Texas and Oklahoma		
LAND OF FLOWERS.....		16
Florida is Fast Becoming More Than Just a Retreat From Winter's Fury		
LET'S LAUGH		19
THE COVER		
WAY DOWN—This peaceful scene is along the Suwannee River, famous in song and story, which flows through the north central part of Florida into the Gulf of Mexico.		

I D E A L S

As you think, you travel; and as you love, you attract. You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the result of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you, secretly, must love. Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your vision, your **ideal**. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.

—James Allen

SALES and SERVICE Offices and Warehouses of the LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

CASPER, WYOMING

P. O. Box 1849
D. K. Womack

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

434 Wilson Building
Phone 6145
Moulton B. Harrison
William M. Dowling (Trailer)

DALLAS, TEXAS

1317 Magnolia Building
Phone Central 5834
L. A. Little
Ed Caraway
Carl Wilkinson (Trailer)

GREAT BEND, KANSAS

935 Washington
P. O. Box 82
Phone 1044
Linville Caraway
J. D. Bradley

HOUSTON, TEXAS

2106 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Phone Capitol 0108
Bill Miner
Wiley K. Poston (Trailer)

KILGORE, TEXAS

P. O. Box 871
Phone 875
W. T. Crowder, Jr.
Robert Thompson
R. S. Miller
Vernon Glenn

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

5959 South Alameda
Phone Lafayette 1201
V. J. Fawcett
Al McConville
George E. Henderson
Robert R. Spaulding

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

149 Broadway
Phone Barclay 7-0562
A. V. Simonson

ODESSA, TEXAS

P. O. Box 1632
Phone 5662
Elvin Read
Edd Terrill, Jr.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

537 Commerce Exchange Bldg.
Phone 7-7480
Cooper Richards

SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA

312 8th Street
Phone 34
Newell Lynch

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

719 Thompson Bldg.
Phone 3-0204
D. A. Reid

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

256 Allison-Duncan Bldg.
P. O. Box 2465
Phone 2-1967
Charles Dyer

EXECUTIVE OFFICES AND FACTORY

Lufkin, Texas

Now and then while stalking whales on Bering Sea the Captain and his chaser encounter a storm which makes it doubly hard to capture Moby Dick gracefully.

Stalking Whales in Bering Sea

By Harriet Geithmann



About the Author

Miss Geithmann is a friend of long standing with THE LUFKIN LINE, having contributed many articles over a period of years before the magazine was discontinued during the war.

Although a native of Wisconsin, Miss Geithmann adopted Washington in 1907. The author, telling of her experience, says, "Being a nomad at heart I have wandered many times beyond my Washington horizon, crossing the Pacific and the Atlantic to call on twenty countries in Asia and Europe . . . With my camera and notebook, I have tramped along the dragon-spine of the Great Wall of China, over the stepping-stones of the Giant's Causeway in Northern Ireland and camped at the base of the Matterhorn and Mount Blanc and on the ridgepole of the Pyrenees. In addition I have trailed through the National Parks and Forests from Jasper National Park down to the Panama Canal and on through past the alligators snoozing in the ooze. Have also climbed many of our own volcanic cones now armored in ice and snow."

Her hobbies are photography and mountaineering. She attended the University of California at Berkeley and Columbia University in New York. Her articles have been published in more than 90 local and national periodicals on subjects covering a range from the cricket champions of China to the whales of Bering Sea.

"THIRTY men and women can sit at ease in the yawning mouth of the great blue or sulphur-bottom whale, the greyhound of the sea," declared one of the leading master-gunners on the Pacific Coast. "The body of the sulphur-bottom would accommodate a modern five room bungalow with a patio to boot," continued this rugged Norseman who knows whales by the inch from flukes to blowholes.

No wonder the whale is considered in the light of the ocean liner with ample accommodations for one class passengers. No wonder Jonah interviewed this black monster mammal of the sea and managed to secure so much valuable inside information.

"What kind of whales do you chase and capture and when and where?" We asked this Viking gunner of the West who personally captured on an average of 100 to 120 whales every season before World War II and has at least 25 whaling seasons to his credit on the Pacific Coast.

"Three questions in one," he laughed. "Our season begins about the middle of April and ends about the first of November. Before and after that time the weather is too stormy to make whaling profitable. Our hunting grounds are the whales feeding grounds in Alaskan waters extending as far as Bering Sea in the North Pacific. We hunt the sperm and the baleen whales, the blue, the finback, the humpback, the right or bowhead, the sei and the California gray, all of which are more or less profitable for their oil."

"Which are the most interesting of these whales?"

"The mother love of the playful humpbacks makes them unusually interesting. So far as I am able to judge, the female humpback is the only member of the whale family who will not desert her baby. For two years her baby tags along by her side nursing as he tags. Once I happened to shoot a 30 foot baby. He came too close to our boat out of sheer curiosity. The mother knew the danger but she followed him just the same in order to protect him. Finally after she was shot and dying she managed to crawl under her baby in order to lift him up so he could breathe. Thus they both died together. I have seen perfect unborn baby whales which measured all the way from 11½ inches to 24 feet."

"The sulphur-bottom gets his name from the fact that he wears a halo of sulphur when he comes up for air. Otherwise he is blackish brown



The master-gunner, Captain Pedersen, is all ready for Moby Dick whether he appears to starboard or to port.

with a corrugated belly of shell-pink that expands and contracts like an accordion. Built for speed like a finback, he averages 85 to 90 feet in length and travels 10 to 20 miles an hour. The mighty sperm is the only whale in the ocean that is not afraid of man. He has 18 to 25 huge teeth on each side of his lower jaw and with them he gives the octopuses, sharks and squids a run for their money. He is a bottom-feeder and with his barrel-like head he smashes them into chowder on the bottom of the sea."

WHEN the man in the crow's nest announces a whale to starboard or to port, the Captain shouts "half-speed" and then begins the skillful maneuvering of the vessel over the top of silky swells or down into frothy troughs. This is stalking the whale. On ahead frolics the shining black levia-

than of the sea, "sounding" or diving one moment, "breaching" or jumping clear of the water the next. Just behind flutters a flock of Mother Carey's chickens, the fearless stormy petrels. Now and then the whale comes to the surface to breathe and to betray his location with an individual silvery fountain of warm air from his lungs for he lives on air like his distant ancestors, the land animals. He can hold his breath for almost an hour. This spouting of his is like the breath of a man on a frosty morning, a vapor and nothing more. Sound carries swiftly under water and the whale quickly hears the jingling of the bells from bridge to engine room.

Presently the Captain and master-gunner shoots his harpoon, barbed and bombed, and if his shot is successful, the black monster soon thrashes about in pools of red blood, churning white foam and blue ocean. If he gives up promptly instead of racing off pellmell towing the ship behind him, the vessel's steam windlass begins to wind up slowly like a fisherman's reel and a pair of gleaming flukes, the tail of the great cetacean, is soon tied to the bow of the boat. Poor Moby Dick is inflated and then towed back to the whaling station on the shore where his huge carcass is quickly converted into commercial products. The skill of the master-gunner is much like that of the angler.

"What about your equipment?" We asked the Captain.

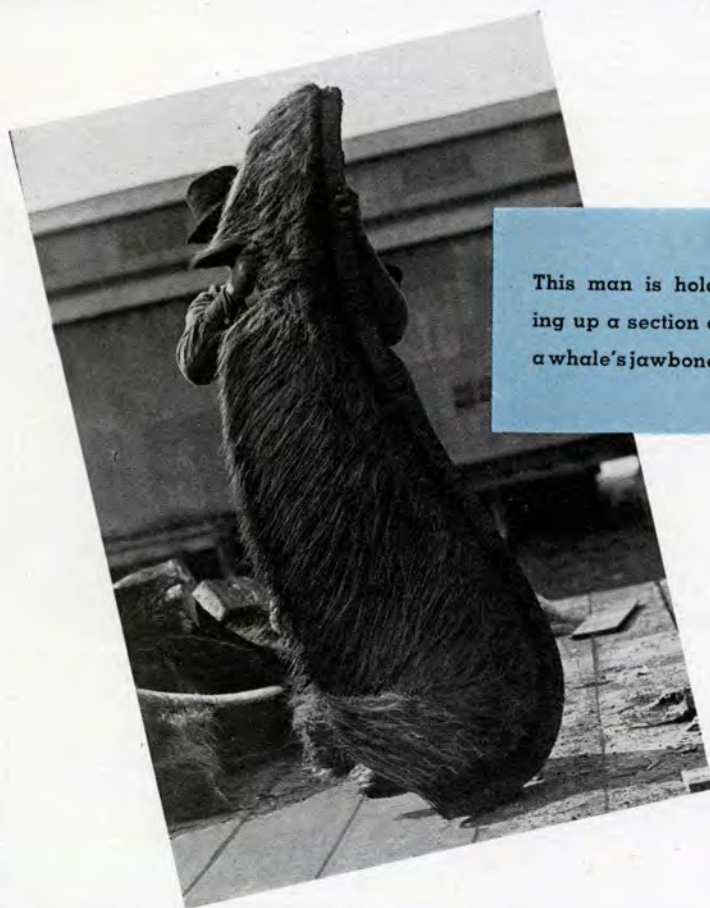
"We use Norwegian equipment for the most part," he returned. "It usually costs less and lasts longer than that manufactured elsewhere. The bombs, however, are cast in Seattle. Some harpoons last 10 years even though they twist around like a

Two whaling vessels or chasers side by side showing the guns in the bow. These are two of the fleet of seven whaling boats which control the whaling in Bering Sea.





Illustrating the size of a sperm whale's mouth.



This man is holding up a section of a whale's jawbone.

corkscrew after they are shot into the whales. They leave the muzzle of the gun at the rate of 110 meters or 440 feet per second. They are about four feet long and they weigh 140 pounds. We are now using smokeless powder which is put up in a rubber jacket. This is three times stronger than the old powder of former days. It carries 250 feet."

"What kind of gun do you use?"

"We use the newest style of glycerine-recoiling gun which is mounted on a swivel in the bow of the boat. This gun weighs 2000 pounds. We still use muzzle-loaders although the breech-loaders are the very latest."

"What kind of boats do you use and how are they manned?"

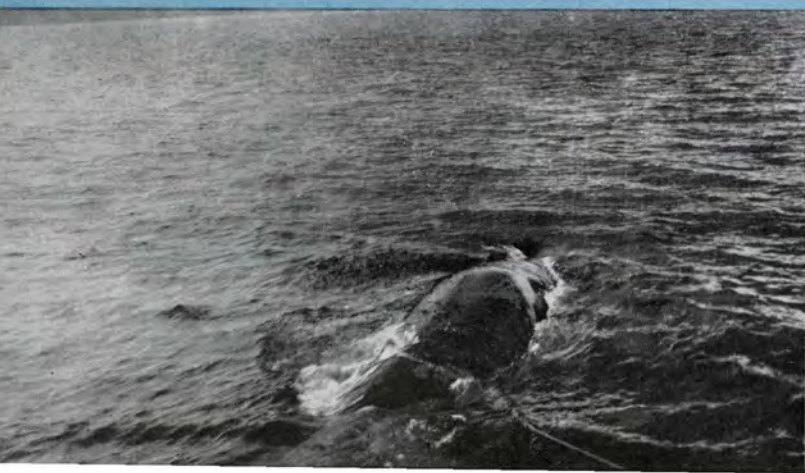
"There are about seven boats in our fleet. They are steam vessels, 100 to 130 feet long with 400 horsepower. Some modern whaling vessels are capable of 800 to 1200 horsepower. These steam vessels are ten times as efficient as the whaling boats of old New Bedford days. As for the crew, there are 12 men on my chaser, most of whom are Norwegians."

Most whalers are men with Viking blood coursing through their veins, explorers, sailors of lonely and uncharted seas.

"What are the products of commerce from the whale?"

"**M**ODERN commerce," replied the Captain with a twinkle in his blue eyes, makes use of the entire carcass of the whale, blubber, blood, bones and all. The largest right whale I ever captured produced 300 barrels of oil. She weighed 180 tons and her tongue alone weighed two tons. She was carrying a 19 foot baby. From the head of one sperm whale we got at least 50 barrels of pure

After having been shot through the lungs, this whale is seen here spouting blood.



When Moby Dick reaches the whaling station Akutan on the Aleutian Islands, the men pounce on him and utilize all his blood, bones and blubber for commercial purposes.



oil and 100 to 150 barrels of oil from the entire body. From another whale we took \$100,000 worth of ambergris, a valuable, waxy substance that clogs the intestines of the diseased sperm whale. Some say that this condition is due to a diet of squid, etc. On the Oregon Coast the clam diggers rescued a chunk of ambergris worth \$12,500 which had been cast adrift by a sick sperm whale. The best grade of ambergris, which by the way is used as a fixative for perfumes, is almost worth its weight in gold. The whalebone from the mouths of the baleen whales, those whales that possess hairy gill bones instead of teeth for the mastication of small crustacea, used to be employed for whips, milady's corsets, buttons, etc. Now it is made into beautiful things in the Orient, mah jong sets and other games. Today the products of the whale are used principally for oil, soap and fertilizer. The average whale is worth several thousand dollars in oil, bone and other by-products. It all depends upon the demand. There are many modern substitutes for the products of the whale."

"Do you agree with the leading scientists that the end of the twentieth century will practically see the end of the whale family and consequently the end of the whaling industry?"

"The whaling industry is still advancing," answered the Captain in a tone that betrayed no anxiety for the future of whaling. "You cannot farm the sea. Ocean currents and good and bad seasons are in favor of the whale. Even the Eskimos believe that the whales shift their breeding grounds and propagate far out at sea. With new whaling grounds in sight and our modern equipment which will even include floating stations or factories, the whaling industry has a bright future. The base of our future operations will be in the



Cutting the whale bone loose from the leviathan's jaw.

Ross Sea in the Antarctic, the region charted by Commander Byrd."

THE scientists, however, are not so optimistic. They can already see the end of this great and romantic industry, and what is still more tragic, the end of the deep sea sailor, the whale, the largest animal on this planet today as well as the largest animal that has ever lived on this planet, an animal that is not a fish even though he is a graceful swimmer and a peaceful citizen of the deep. They maintain that once the whale was a land mammal and walked the earth on four legs, two of which have developed into giant flippers, embroidered more or less with barnacles, and two have become nothing more than rudimentary vestiges of the old days. Inasmuch as the sea is three times as large as the land, Moby Dick took to the sea in order to have room enough to turn around and to grow huge and blubbery.

If stalking the whale, chasing and capturing him persistently for centuries means extermination sooner or later, then the scientists are right.

Ready with his flensing knife to dismantle the shining monster of the deep as he lies helpless on the station platform.



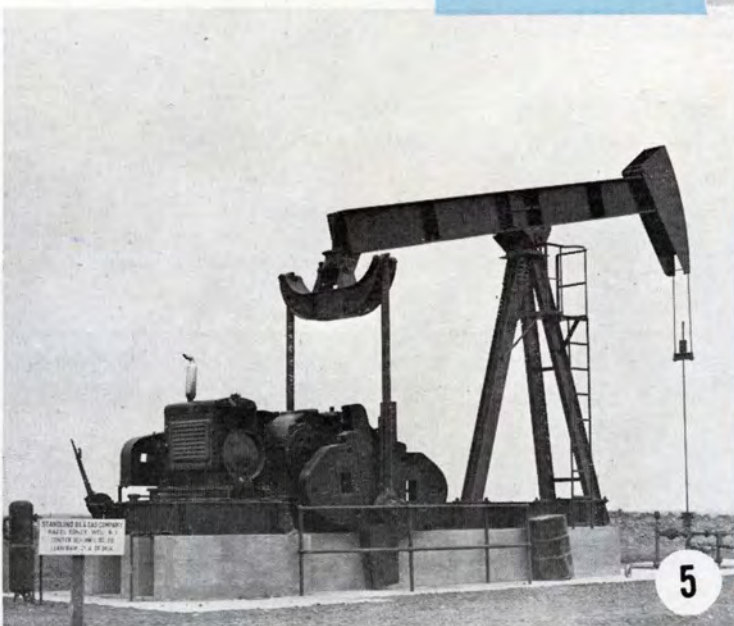
This shows the barrel-like head of the great sperm whale, a bottom feeder that enjoys a diet of squid, sharks and devil-fish.



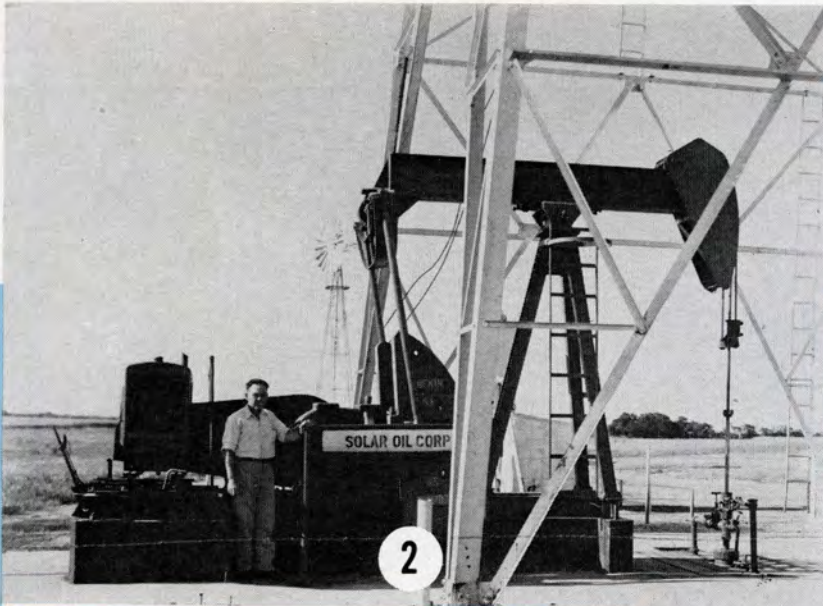
The Lufkin Line



Lufkin INSTALLATIONS



The Lufkin Line



1. A. C. (Ace) Ball, production foreman of Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., at a Lufkin installation at West Edmond Field, Oklahoma.

2. F. P. Sears, pumper for Solar Oil Corp., at a Lufkin installation in Kansas.

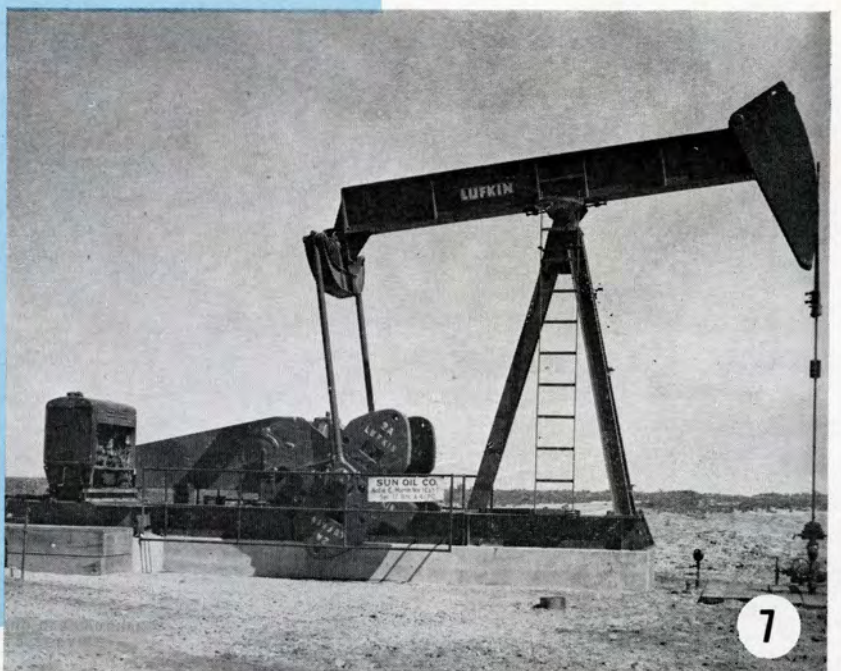
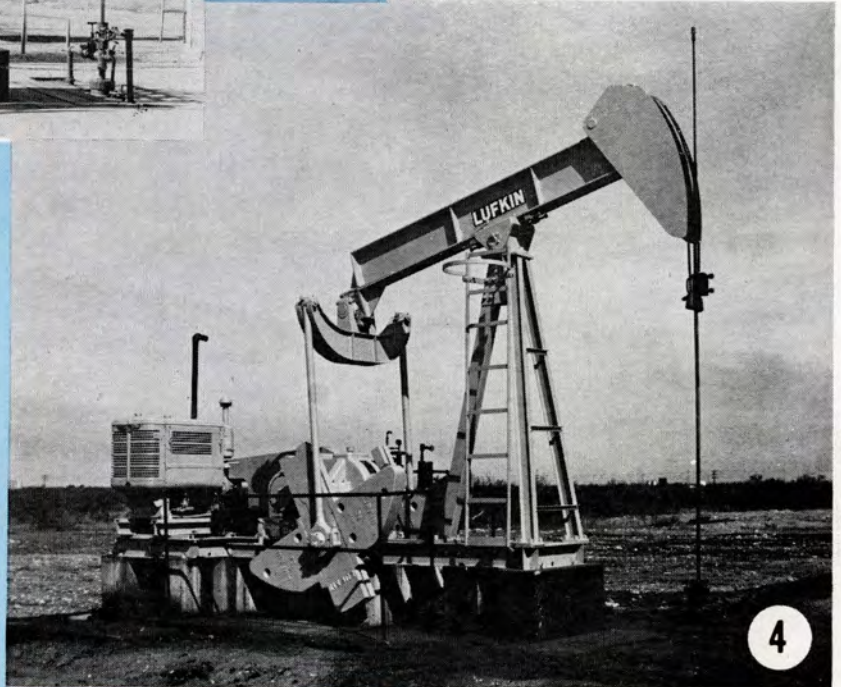
3. Lufkin unit used by Amerada Petroleum Corp. at Eola, Louisiana.

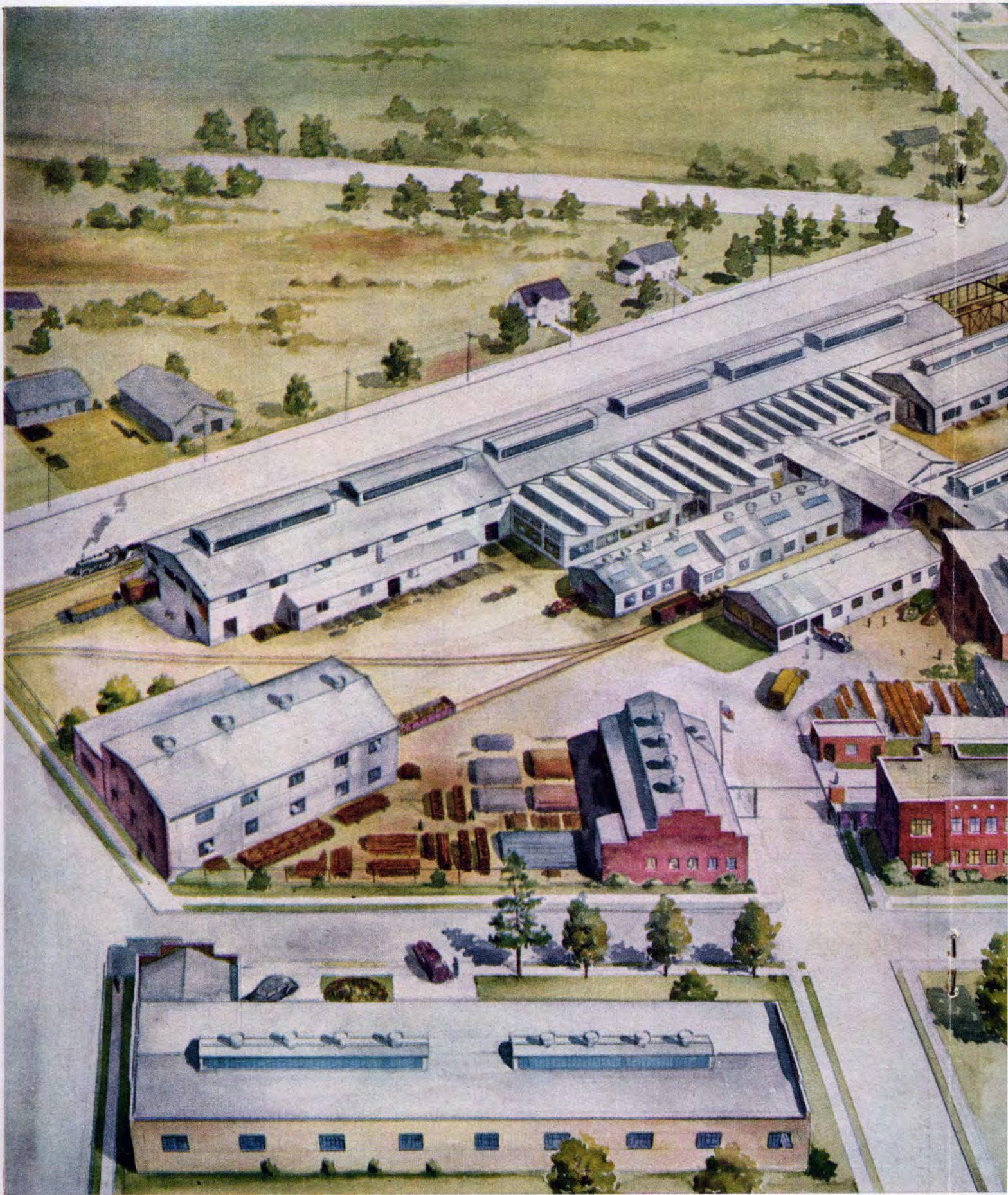
4. West Odessa Field installation of Atlantic Production Corp., Odessa, Texas.

5. Lufkin pumping unit used by Stanolind Oil & Gas Co. in South West Edmond Extension, Oklahoma.

6. A Lufkin installation in Andrews County, Texas.

7. This Lufkin unit is being used by Sun Oil Co. near Odessa, Texas.







Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company

MANUFACTURERS OF

PUMPING UNITS • GAS ENGINES • COMPRESSORS • REDUCTION GEARS
SPEED INCREASERS • PAPER MILL MACHINERY • ALLOY CASTINGS
COMMERCIAL TRUCK TRAILERS • TRAILER AND TRACTOR WINCHES

DISTRIBUTORS OF

MILL, INDUSTRIAL AND AUTOMOTIVE SUPPLIES, EQUIPMENT AND PARTS

SOUTH DAKOTA'S BIG BAD LANDS

A VACATION LAND WHOSE LAURELS ARE
SUNG IN TERMS OF ITS UGLINESS . .

By DON E. HALL

These grotesque spires and pinnacles, gutted with little canyons and wierd crevasses, offer many hours of concentrated scrutiny on the part of visitors, trying to make the unbelievable formations become a reality.

THIS STORY is different from the usual tales about vacation lands. Most magazine articles and travel stories emphasize the beauty of Mother Nature and glamorize locales.

Not so in this instance. This tale will take you to a region known not only for its romantic splendor but for its deformity and ugliness. This million acres, a part of which has been set aside as a National Monument for the perpetual enjoyment of the nation, is known as the Badlands of South Dakota.

This brooding land is unique in many ways. It is an uncomfortable and even dangerous country and yet, there is something strange and beautiful in its harshness. Poets see it as an enchanted fairyland; painters and architects come to study colors and formations; and the average visitor finds it hard to believe that anything so grotesque can be a reality. Here one finds complete release from materiality! Communion with man's God is inevitable. It is everywhere about him; in the brown plateaus, in the sun playing on the obelisks, in the spires and pinnacles, in the sublime grandeur of the country's rugged contour.

Formed millions of years ago by the motion of an immense ocean that stretched from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf, the area reveals the history of the ages. After the ocean had receded, pre-historic animals came to take possession of the lush marshes and upland grazing. Here roamed countless numbers of grass-eating animals larger than the mastodon. This was the home of the wild hog, the three- and five-toed horse, the Asiatic and African camel. And here are found the fossil remains of gigantic turtles, some of which are said to have weighed more than a ton.

Cowboys were the first men to know the region. Despite the fact that traveling was hazardous and the water was bad, they drove cattle through parts of the Badlands on the way to market. Theirs was an adventure fraught with peril and suspense for they were forced to cross stretches of barren and arid land, gutted by crevasses, gullies, cut banks and washes. In some parts, they found the earth and air infested with creeping and flying pests, prairie dogs, hawks, buzzards, and snakes. And whenever they wanted to lie down, they had to dig up cactus in order to make a clear space.

THE rattlesnakes, however, did not bother them too much for these rough and ready men of the West were adept at stoning them. Another, and perhaps more dangerous method of killing the snakes, was used by these men of the Badlands. They would pull off a boot and throw it at the reptile, knocking it out of coil. Then, moving in, they would pound the snake's head off with the other boot.

Today, the region is much as it was then except the insects and animals are becoming more and more extinct. But still there are thousands of acres upon which no white man has ever trod. If a tourist ventures off the worn paths, he may follow a smooth grass floor for miles only to find eventually an unscalable cliff barring the way; or he may run into a break in the prairie floor fifty feet deep. Should he take a turn to the right or to the left for several miles, he may realize suddenly that he is hopelessly lost.

It is almost impossible to find anybody in the Badlands. People who have wandered off the regular trails seem to have been swallowed up by the earth. A few decades ago a cowboy was lost on these barren wastes without food and water for three days. When his comrades miraculously located him, they found a crazy man who cursed and shot at them. However, the rescuers were acquainted with the effects of thirst, so they crouched behind boulders until he had used all his ammunition.

Considering the fact that the center of the inland sea basin forming the Badlands is 1,000 feet below the level of the surrounding country, it is easy to realize why it is, literally speaking, "out of this world." For here is revealed the dynamic changes of the ages, the upheaval, deposit, subsidence, and erosion which has wrought torturous patterns in tumbled bare rock slopes and flat stretches of grassland. Mesa and rock columns rise

abruptly from level floors, and narrow gullies and jagged peaks are strewn here and there.

Although the most interesting part of the Badlands covers an area of about one thousand square miles, the Badlands National Monument extends only thirty miles in length and twenty miles in width. Motorists will find that two hardsurfaced, dustless highways stretch across South Dakota and with little difficulty, the tourist can hit an all-weather road which enters the Monument eight miles south of the City of Wall.

Designed particularly to bring out the beauty of the country, this highway climbs quickly up the Pinnacles which is known as the highest point in the Badlands. From this point the motorist can look to the West for a breathtaking view of acres upon acres of tumbled land with myriad castellated formations and deep little canyons. On the other side of the Pinnacles, the road winds down the hill and over rolling mesas to Big Foot. Near Big Foot the hills take on a different shape; they are rounded buttes with horizontal layers of brilliantly colored soil which make them look like striped circus tents. The canyons, on the other hand, are deep and abrupt, wild and lonely, mysterious in their beauty.

WHEN bathed in the light of a full moon, the Badlands of western South Dakota radiate fantastic lights and shadows over the spires and pinnacles. Every visitor should make it a point to see the multi-colored buttes of Big Foot Pass after a rain has washed them clean and their muted rows of blues, yellows, and grays are glowing in the brilliant sunshine. A sunrise or sunset from Cedar Pass with the sky a mass of flame and color is a painter's paradise.

In 1941, this million acres of exotic beauty and ugliness was visited by 200,000 people. Many scratched into the exposed layer of the deposits

■ CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



In days long past, men who became lost in these barren and desolate wastelands were rarely ever found.



Driving along one thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country, tourists say the Badlands give them an "out-of-this-world" feeling.

SNAPSHOTS

WITH THE *Lufkin*
CAMERAMAN



1. Left to right: Sam Lisle, C. McKee, and Tom Brigham of the Salt Water Disposal department of Phillips Petroleum Co. 2. This is the pulling unit gang of the Atlantic Refining Co., Seminole, Okla. Left to right (bottom): Elmer Waddell, J. D. Plott, J. W. Jones, R. P. Lavender, and Ed Stockton. Top: L. Ray, and J. N. Braw. 3. The office force of the Carter Oil Co., Seminole. Back to front: W. A. Hatch, B. Harris, Lawrence Wright, Owen Flager, Wanda Black, Tom Dobbins, Ray Edwards, R. C. Bruner, Charles Rymearson, and Leighton Smith. 4. George Rosen, field engineer, Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., West Edmond Field, Okla. 5. John H. Wagner, field superintendent, Stanolind Oil & Gas, West Edmond Field. 6. Farm Boss Parker Sullivan of Barnsdall Oil Co., Seminole. 7. These traveling boys are Mr. Christie, divisional engineer, Fort Worth, Texas; Mr. Jordon, district enigneer, Midland,

Texas; and Jake Tandy, head engineer, Seminole Division, Amerada Petroleum Corp., Seminole, Texas. 8. A. C. Ball, production foreman, and Herb Watters, Div. Safety Supervisor of Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., West Edmond Field. 9. Big Springs Division—West Texas, Phillips Petroleum Co., front row: M. W. Myers, A. L. Kinchen; middle row: R. K. James, F. G. Lyte; back row: D. A. Chase, and J. R. Templeton. 10. Left to right: C. M. LaLonde, M. D. McNutt, M R. Hayes, and A. T. Slagle of the Odessa Division—West Texas, Phillips Petroleum Co. 11. Lufkin Representative Newell Lynch with L. N. Smith, superintendent, and H. E. Smart, field clerk, of Deep Rock Oil Corp., Seminole, Okla. 12. Left to right, front row: Claude Webb, Merrick Drake, and Harry Armstrong. Back row: Dale Wilson, Clarence Winn, and A. C. Hedrick; Atlantic Refining Co., Seminole, Okla. 13. District office force



of the Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., West Edmond Field. Left row, front to back: Jon Barry, Frank McSwain, Peggy Nelson, Glen Moore. Right row, front to back: Minnie Lea Taylor, Joe E. Musgrove, Jr., Harold Parsons, O. D. Fuller, M. G. Norberg. Standing: W. J. Holder and Dorsie McElfresh. 14. These fellows make up the Material Department of the West Texas District of the Atlantic Refining Co. Left to right: D. E. Regan, J. B. Woodford, D. T. Melton, Jack McLane, L. H. Chatham, and H. C. Hickey. 15. West Texas District Accounting Department, Atlantic Refining Co. Front row: Mrs. Billie Cleveland, Mrs. Florence Waller; back row: Monta Lacey, Charles King, and Austin J. Six. 16. West Texas Division, Warehouse, Phillips Petroleum Co. Front row: Burl Hughes, Dave Crawford; back row: J. C. Lingle, T. E. Posley, and Herb Rehders. 17. Left to right, back row: Jim Daniel,

R. L. McAlpine, and Pat E. Flecher. Front row: Peggy Townsend, J. W. Pipkin, W. H. Wiginton, Irvin Fewin, and Peggy Robinson; Atlantic Refining Co., West Texas District. 18. Left to right: G. F. Jones, Earl Watson, Kyle Aldridge, and H. W. Wilbourn of the Texas Co., Seminole. 19. Field office force of Sohio Oil Co., West Edmond Field. Left to right: Raymond Fisher, Jr., Richard L. Covnar, Joe Goodman, and Paul Lauderback. 20. Left to right: W. B. Buck, C. E. Johnson, D. N. Newby, and M. A. Remke of Phillips Petroleum Co., West Edmond Field. 21. The Seminole District Office of the Carter Oil Co. Back row, left to right: J. B. Campbell, Felix Gordon, Harold Spiller, Melvin McCain, and Fred Ratliff. Front row: Clyde Creed, Roger Frazier and Arch Perry.

LAND OF *Flowers*

Florida is fast becoming an
All-Year-Round Vacationland

[16]

IN PLANNING your next vacation, whether winter or summer, consider Florida, the peninsular state, which dips palmgirt shores into tropical seas and has a full measure of scenics and sun.

Almost everybody visits Florida sooner or later. Last season, according to the Florida State Chamber of Commerce, 4,500,000 people were guests in the southernmost state. This year they're predicting more than five million.

Time was when Florida was known only as the nation's "Winter Playground." It still is that, of course, for during the winter season Old Mother Nature with her snow, sleet and sub-zero temperatures does Florida's advertising for her, providing a contrast in pleasant living which is evident to all.

Winter time draws the bulk of vacationists to Florida, but more and more people are finding that the sunshine state is an all-year-round vacationland now. During the summer season just concluded—once known as the "off season"—more hotels, resorts and tourist attractions remained open than ever before and vacationists flocked to them in unprecedented numbers.

For instance, at Silver Springs, one of the state's outstanding attractions, business during the so-called "dull" months of May through September was two to three times greater than the best previous summer months in the history of "Florida's Underwater Fairyland." As a barometer of general tourist conditions throughout the state the Silver Springs experience is probably as indicative as any obtainable.

Florida's benevolent climate is, of course, its principal attraction and its No. 1 natural resource. Sunshine, gentle breezes, broad sandy beaches and sparkling surf speak in a universal language to which few can turn a deaf ear. But there must be more to Florida than its weather and 1,500 miles of coastline—longest in the nation—to attract hundreds of thousands for return visits each year. And there is, much more.

Florida is one of the most interesting states in the union, historically, scientifically and economically. It is an unsurpassed paradise for the sportsman.

With a cultural heritage dating back to the landing of Ponce de Leon in 1513, Florida—"Land of Flowers," as its Spanish discoverer so aptly named it—reflects the diverse influences of Spanish, French and English colonization. All over the state are interesting remains testifying to the presence of these would-be conquerors. Picturesque St. Augustine, near which de Leon landed, is the nation's oldest city.



ABOVE—DOUBLE FEATURE—Demonstrating the beneficial effects of Florida's vitamin-packed sunshine and citrus juices are the Strickland twins, Jean and Jane, of Winter Haven, Fla., who posed for the photographer at Cypress Gardens.

BELOW—Representative of Florida's many inland attractions, springs, gardens and reptile farms, is this picture at Silver Springs, near Ocala. Glass bottom boats introduce visitors to "Florida's Underwater Fairyland," while on shore the scenery is no less attractive.



ECONOMICALLY the state is one of America's last great frontiers. From a population standpoint it is the fastest growing state in the Union, according to the last Federal census. Yet, even so, thousands upon thousands of acres of land still await development and its natural resources have just begun to be exploited. Many are attracted to the state by its opportunities and each year thousands of visitors remain on to make it their permanent home. As a result only 48.9 per cent of the state's 2,250,000 residents are native Florida born.

Scientifically the state has greater variety of natural beauty than any similar area anywhere. Blessed with a semi-tropical climate and countless lakes and rivers, Florida has more than 3,000 varieties of flowering plants as well as majestic towering live oaks, dripping with Spanish moss, tall pines and cypress trees and many different kinds of palms. To visitors from northern climes it is like seeing a foreign land, but one endowed with our own customs and language.

It's springs, many of them enhanced and made accessible by commercial exploitation, are among the most attractive places to claim the attention of visitors. The state's 25 leading springs, of which Silver, Wakulla, Rainbow, Sanlando and Homosassa are among the largest, produce 2,091,900 gallons of pure, crystal clear water every minute. Glass bottom and "photo-sub" boats are available at most springs to give tourists an intimate glimpse of fish and marine life, while swimming is unexcelled because the temperature of the water never varies.

Gardens are another phase of the state which add to its lure. Because of favorable weather conditions they are, in effect, like hot houses without glass, none being necessary. In Florida's gardens, commercial and privately owned, blossom almost every kind of exotic and rare flower, bush and tree. Among the outstanding are Florida Cypress Gardens at Winter Haven, Oriental Gardens, Jacksonville, Fairchild Tropical Gardens, Miami, Palatka Ravine Gardens, Turner's Sunken Gardens, St. Petersburg, and Spanish Mission Sugar Mill and Gardens, Daytona Beach.

With 600 species of game, ornamental and food fish to be found in Florida waters, the state again claims first place not only in the U. S., but the world for number and variety of fish to test the angler's skill. Most prized and largest ocean fish are the sailfish and the Silver King tarpon while in the 30,000 lakes and miles of rivers trout and large mouth bass, the latter running often from 10 to 15 pounds, are plentiful. Hunters can take their

■ CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



ABOVE—RELAXATION—For many Florida is best typified by this scene at Miami Beach where sand, sun and surf combine to create a restful, relaxing way of life while the rest of the nation shivers with wintry blasts and snow and ice.

BELOW—REAL SPORT—Water skiing is for the more athletically inclined, providing a thrill-a-minute behind powerful speedboats. Back of these three Florida Mermaids is the Vinoy Park Hotel at St. Petersburg, typical of Florida's more luxurious accommodations.



BELOW—THRILL OF A LIFETIME—There's no thrill like hooking a mighty Silver King tarpon, 100 pounds of pure piscatorial dynamite. Florida's 1,500-mile coastline is a fisherman's paradise. This lucky angler hooked his off Sarasota.



SOUTH DAKOTA'S BIG BAD LANDS

■ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

and found fossil bones of prehistoric tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, and weird-looking fish. Others were awed by the color and shapes of the world's most astonishing formations, some as dour as a giant's fortress and others as scintillating as fairy castles. Now that people are again taking vacations and traveling by auto, the state of South Dakota expects the greatest influx of tourists in its history.

The cowboys of the old days saw the Badlands as a rough and gruesome place into which their comrades strayed and died. One of their favorite

sayings about the area was that "God had gone off on Saturday and had forgotten to finish the country."

But Frank Lloyd Wright, a noted architect, has said, "I've been about the world a lot but I was totally unprepared for that revelation called the Big Badlands. A templed realm seemed to stand ambient in the air before me . . . delicate parallels of rose and cream and sublime shapes seemed to rise and fall . . . and everything appeared as an endless supernatural world, more spiritual than earth but crested out of it."

LAND OF FLOWERS

■ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

choice of deer, bear, wild turkey, fox, wildcats, raccoon, opossum, squirrels, ducks, geese, quail and doves.

RESORT towns and cities vie with each other in providing entertainment for their guests. In addition to the clean, wide beaches and many fresh water swimming pools, most cities have municipally owned shuffleboard, tennis, badminton and croquet courts, while 150 fine golf courses are scattered around the state. Facilities are also available for sailing, motorboating, deep sea fishing, polo and other sports activity to appeal to every taste.

A Florida vacation is not necessarily expensive. This is especially true, of course, in the spring, summer and fall when the same accommodations which attract wealthy winter visitors are available at approximately 50 per cent under the winter rates. But even a winter vacation does not have to cost a fortune for there are literally hundreds of modestly priced tourist courts and guest houses for every expensive, palatial resort hotel. And there are several good cafeterias or inexpensive tea rooms for every high priced, fancy restaurant.

The State Chamber of Commerce estimates that Florida visitors spend only an average of \$9.60 per person per day.

That's the Florida Story—in outline, at least. There's a lot more to it, of course, but why not find out for yourself? It's much more fun that way.

SUN SURREY—Latest in Florida playtime devices is this so-called Sun Surrey—without the fringe on top—at famed Daytona Beach, where automobile speed history is made. Another popular amusement gadget is a beach sailboat, called a Sand Sailer, which achieves speeds up to 60 m.p.h.



Let's Laugh

TWO men were flying east in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at St. Louis and a little red truck sped out to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at Cleveland, and again a little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop was Albany—(you guessed it) little red truck again.

The first of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion.

"This plane," he said, "makes wonderful time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' bad, either."

★

Three men came to a hotel and asked for a suite. "The rate is \$10 a person," said the room clerk. "It's \$30 for the group." They decided to pay in advance.

When they had gone to their suite, the manager noted the charge, and pointed out to the room clerk and cashier that there had been an overcharge. The correct rate for a group of three was \$25. So a bell-boy was dispatched to the suite with \$5.

But the bellboy was on the unscrupulous side. He decided to keep \$2 for himself—returned \$1 to each of the three men in the party. Being happy to get the refund, they did not bother to check up with the management—so the theft was not detected.

Now, let's check up. Originally, each of the men had paid \$10; total \$30 for the group. To each, \$1 had been returned—making it \$9 each. Multiply by 3 and you have a total of \$27 paid. The bellboy kept \$2. That makes a total of \$29. *What happened to the other dollar?*

Of course, there's a fallacy somewhere. Can you find it?

If you're stumped, the explanation is below.

The fallacy lies in the manner in which the problem was stated. It is true that the three men paid a total

of \$30—that, after the refund, the amount was reduced to \$27. But the \$27 *included* the \$2 which the bell-boy had kept. The figure, \$29 was entirely fictitious, and there was no missing dollar.

★

Jimmy the Goof was fishing. He got a bite and when he brought the fish into the boat he turned to his brother goof and said, "Oh, they are carrying this thing of writing under water too far."

"What's the matter?"

"Look what some guy wrote on the side of this fish I just caught, 'Kilroy was here!'"

★

"Was it very crowded at the cabaret last night?"

"Not under my table."

★

The new sailor was told to get a line and a bucket and to draw up some salt water to flush out the galley. With the necessary equipment, he stood by the rail lost in thought.

"What's that guy waiting for?" asked one of the mess cooks.

"Don't know," replied another. "Perhaps he ain't seen a bucketful he likes yet."

★

A girl met an old flame who had turned her down, and decided to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her, "I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the ex-boy friend, "but you certainly tried hard enough."

★

Sensational society item from the Raleigh, N. C. News & Observer: "Mrs. R—Mother of the Bridegroom, was attired in a soft blue lace dress which fell to the floor."

★

Judge: How many children do you have, Mirandy?

Mirandy: Well, Jedge, I has two by my first husban', and one by my last husban', and then I has two of my own.

The Irishman was relating his adventures in the jungle.

"Ammunition, food, and whiskey had run out," he said, "and we were parched with thirst."

"But wasn't there any water?"

"Sure, but it was no time to be thinking of cleanliness."

★

A six weeks old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"

★

Short Story.

He: "Well, baby, what's the good word?"

She: "No."

★

Magistrate: What induced you to strike your wife?

Husband: Well, your Wuship, she 'ad 'er back to me, the frying pan was 'andy, and the back door was open, so I thought I'd take me chance.

★

Confused Passenger: Let me off at the next stop, conductor. I thought this was a lunch wagon.

★

People these days are often given short emergency courses in how to carry out difficult tasks. An elevator operator, off for the day, was replaced by a girl who on her first trip with live passengers brought the elevator to an abrupt stop.

"Did I stop too quickly for you?" she asked the passengers.

"Oh, no indeed," cooly replied a little old woman in one corner of the car. "I always wear my bloomers around my ankles."

★

"Can you name the Seven Wonders of the World?"

"No, I only know one and that's my wife's first husband."

★

The wife was always antagonized by her husband going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."

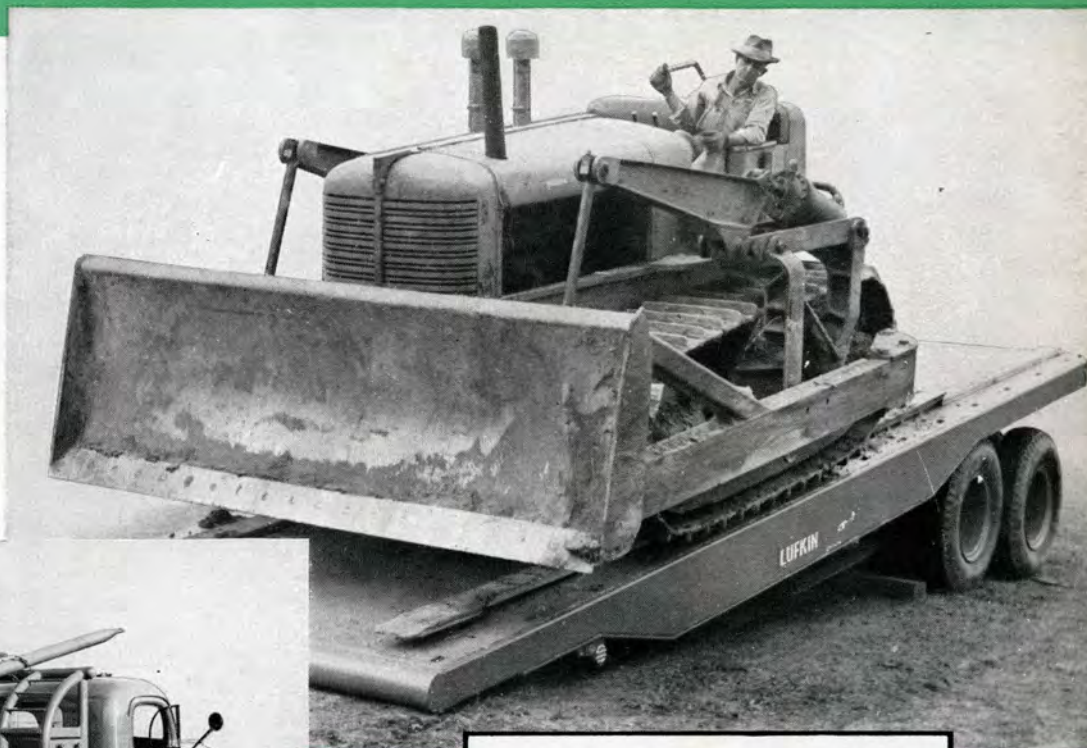
But one night, she could stand it no longer, and when he took his hat, started out the door, and called cheerily, "Good night, mother of three," she answered quite as cheerily, "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.

LUFKIN

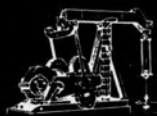
OIL FIELD TRAILERS

The Lufkin super platform self-loading heavy equipment trailer for oilfield users requiring rugged dependable construction. This is the trailer with an outstanding reputation.

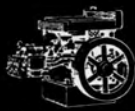


Lufkin general purpose oil field truck bed complete with Lufkin Winch, pipe trailer and accessories. These units are designed for minimum maintenance cost and compactness, insuring adaptability and designed especially to meet your requirements.

Lufkin manufactures bodies and trailers to meet all requirements for the transportation of pipe, heavy machinery and all types of oil field uses. All equipment is designed, engineered and constructed by men with years of successful experience — combination of engineers with practical operations in the oil and transportation fields.



LUFKIN PUMPING UNITS



LUFKIN COOPER-BESSEMER ENGINES



LUFKIN OIL FIELD AND INDUSTRIAL TRUCK TRAILER



INDUSTRIAL SPEED REDUCERS AND INCREASERS



DIVISION LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY INDUSTRIAL, MILL AND AUTOMOTIVE SUPPLIES

LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

LUFKIN
TEXAS

MACHINERY MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1900