



The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXII • • • NUMBER 3



Photograph by HAROLD M. LAMBERT

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

NOVEMBER and DECEMBER, 1947

Number 3

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WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

Christmas means something more than mistletoe and holly, plum pudding and an array of presents. Christmas means good will to men. Are we laying in a new store of that valuable commodity? Christmas means peace on earth. Are we becoming reconciled to those from whom we have been estranged? Christmas means joy to the world. Are we planning to deepen the fountains of real happiness for the unprivileged and unblessed children of men? Christmas means simplicity, childlikeness, humility. When the Christmas bells shall ring again, will these qualities be more marked in us? Christmas is the Great Equalizer, for the least shall be the greatest when the Christmas Spirit comes around.

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The structures of the old cathedral tower and foundation ruins are all that remain of the ancient city of Panama Vieja, totally destroyed in 1671 by the Englishman Henry Morgan. —H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS.



A Trip to Old Panama

By J. NORMAN HEARD



About the Author

J. Norman Heard was born in Austin, Texas, in 1922, but his parents soon moved to the small cattle and oil town of Refugio where he was reared. After finishing high school, he attended Texas A & I College at Kingsville for 2 years, majoring in Business Administration.

Next came an assortment of jobs including brush cutter, construction gang worker, truck driver, pool hall manager, and bookkeeper.

In early 1942, Heard enlisted in the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman, and in August of the same year, he went aboard ship, bound for the Canal Zone.

He stayed in the tropics 25 months, being shifted from jungle to jungle in Panama, Nicaragua, and Ecuador, and finally landed on a mass of volcanic rock called the Galapagos Islands. While he was stationed in the tropics he collected material for articles and short stories for he had decided to try to make his living mailing out manuscripts instead of invoices.

"One time in Nicaragua," says our author, "a shipmate got lost and spent a hazardous 48 hours in the jungle. I'd always had a hankering to write and I thought his adventures looked like a story. That was my first attempt to sell a story, and to my surprise, it was immediately accepted by 'Our Navy Magazine.'"

He returned to the States in 1944, married, and went back to college at The University of Texas. He was graduated with a Bachelor of Journalism degree last June, and is at the present time working on a novel as his Master's thesis.

"I try to supplement my G.I. Bill pay by free-lancing, and though the rejection slips have outnumbered the checks, it has been lots of fun."

ARMED with a camera and copies of "The Tourist's Guide to Panama," three shipmates and I set out one afternoon for the ruins of Panama Vieja—Old Panama City, which was a great center of world trade before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and which was sacked and burned to the ground more than a hundred years before the American Revolution.

For twenty minutes after leaving the present city of Panama, we bounced along in a "chiva," an open-air bus. Dodging in and out of traffic, the dusky Jamaican at the wheel shouted at other drivers to "Get out of my way, Mon!" and they shouted back that he drove like a "mad mon."

Then, five miles from town, our bus screeched to a halt and the driver beckoned to us. "Old Panama right down there, just half mile."

"But doesn't the bus take us there?" we protested.

"No, Mon. Nobody ever goes there anymore."

Although the tropical sun burned its fiercest we soon got over our pique and began to enjoy the walk. On both sides of the road immense trees towered, cactus plants sprouting from their crotches. Clearings for native huts dotted the jungle.

Soon we came to an alligator tannery. We tarried there for a quarter hour to watch workers slit the hides into convenient sizes for ladies' bags, cigaret cases, and shoes. We knew the articles sold at a 300 per cent profit in the shops of the city.

A short distance from the tannery we came to an ancient concrete bridge, built like an arch, that spanned a morass. Struck by its familiar appearance we thumbed through our guide books. There, sure enough, we found a picture of the bridge. To our astonishment we read that across this very bridge Morgan's pirate hoard charged to sack the city in 1671. Almost 300 years later it was still in use!

Then we entered the ruins of the ancient city. The structures of the old cathedral tower and foundation ruins were all that remained of the greatest gold and silver mart in the world. It seemed inconceivable that one man, Henry Morgan, had been responsible for the total destruction of Panama Vieja, the largest and strongest port in North America.



Aerial view of the present day Panama City.
—HAROLD M. LAMBERT

We paused to read occasional inscriptions as we wandered among the ruins. With what we had learned from history and from our guide books we pieced together something of the tragedy that had befallen this, the first settlement by white men on the Pacific Coast of the New World.

At the time of its destruction the city had a population of 30,000. It dealt in rich commodities—Peruvian gold and silver and Panamanian pearls—and greed for these treasures led to its downfall. Even as we walked through the ruins I could not help peering among them, hoping to discover some gold trinket or jewel that had remained concealed for almost three centuries. As late as 1928 some of these buried treasures were found.

Our guide books recalled that in the Seventeenth Century the English envied Spain's place in the New World. They sent swarms of privateers to harass the enemy settlements. One of the buccaneer captains, Henry Morgan, became the scourge of the Caribbean, laying waste Spanish strongholds from Mexico to Maracaibo.

In January, 1671, he arrived on the east coast of Panama with a force of thirty-six ships, manned by eighteen hundred buccaneers, as motley a crew as ever scuttled a galleon. They made a perilous nine-day march across the Isthmus through some of the world's densest jungles. They had expected to live off the land, but the retreating Spaniards destroyed every bit of food and Morgan's men were soon in desperate straits. On the fourth day they boiled and ate some leather bags, all that the Spaniards had overlooked in carrying out their "scorched earth" policy. Soon they were anxious to

kill some Spaniards so that they might roast or boil them. Indians ambushed them at every turn, taking a heavy toll.

They finally fought their way to the Pacific, and history says that on the very plain on which the tannery now stands they withstood a charge by four hundred Spanish cavaliers, killing most of them. Then they outfought the main body of the defenders. In desperation the Spaniards sought to break up the attack by trampling their enemies with a herd of wild cattle. From both flanks a thousand ferocious bulls were driven toward the attackers. But Morgan calmly ordered his men to shoot the cowboys and the bulls stampeded in every direction except that of the buccaneers.

MY COMPANIONS and I examined the ruins of the Main Plaza, where the Spaniards made their last stand. Rather than allow their chief fort to fall into enemy hands they blew it up in such haste that forty Spanish soldiers died in the explosion.

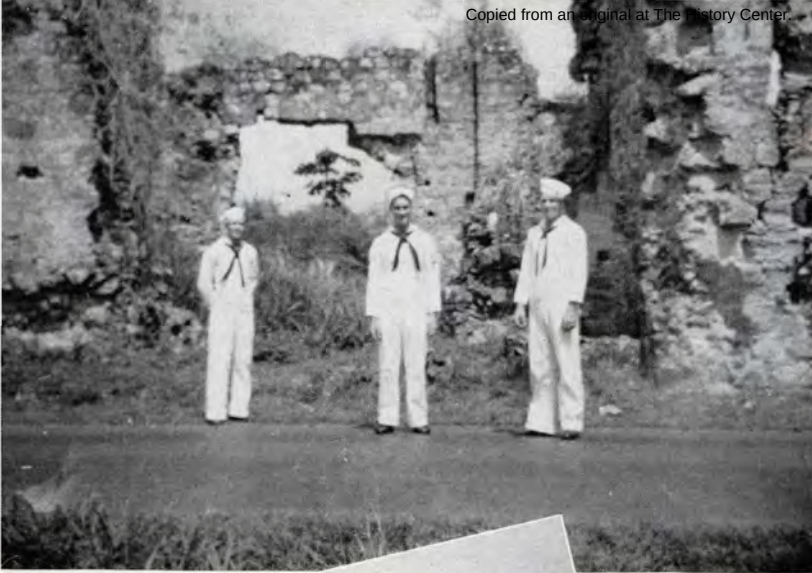
That night the city was put to the torch. The question of who set the fire has never been settled. It is certain, however, that Morgan's men tried to stop the flames so that no hidden treasure would be destroyed.

Fearing that his men would get drunk and fall easy prey to a counter attack, Morgan circulated a rumor that all the captured wine had been poisoned. For the first time in history buccaneers stayed cold sober after a conquest.

Then the victors went after the spoils. Most of

The Panama City of today is quite different from Panama Vieja—Old Panama City. This typical street scene indicates a thriving metropolis.—H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS.





the inhabitants had fled when the city fell, some taking their most valuable jewels with them. Others concealed their treasures in ships, in wells, or buried them in the swamps. Morgan sent parties out to capture Spaniards. Captives were held for ransom and forced to tell where they had hidden their jewels.

Meanwhile the buccaneers scoured the Bay of Panama for treasure-laden ships. One captured boat contained 20,000 pieces of eight. The galleon Trinidad was reputed to contain one of the richest cargoes ever floated. Morgan's men searched for her for eight days but she escaped, carrying 1500 of the most wealthy citizens and using their bullion for ballast.

It is believed that on Taboga Island, a few miles from Old Panama, the passengers of the Trinidad buried the massive silver railings, golden plate, and jeweled vestments of the old cathedral of San Geronomo, and to this day their hiding place remains undiscovered. During our visit to the ruins, one of my shipmates climbed a tree that had grown

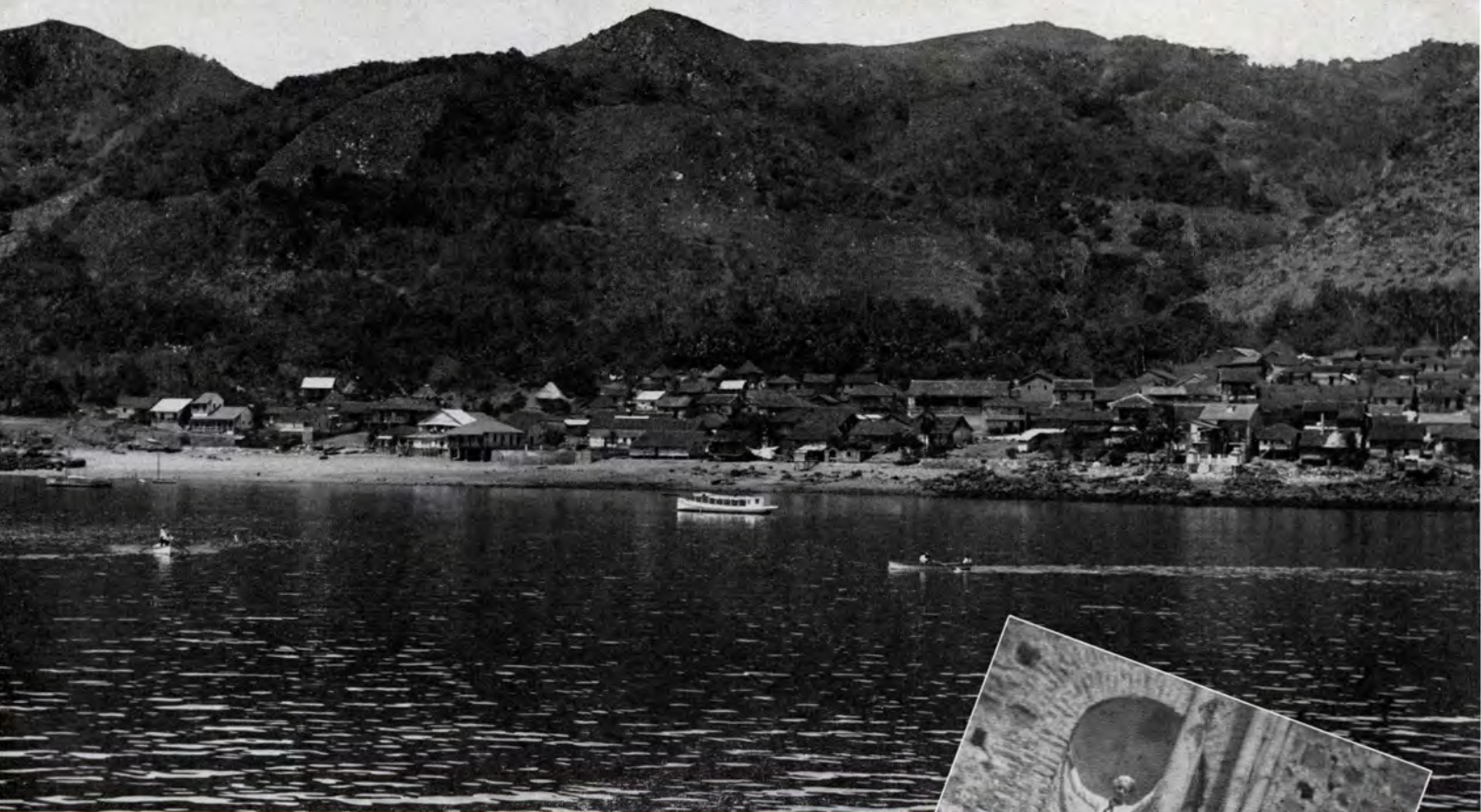


Above—In the background may be seen the jungle covered ruins. The sailor on the left is the author.

Center—Another view of the church ruins.

This is the ancient concrete bridge, built like an arch, over which Henry Morgan and his pirate horde charged to sack the city.—EWING GALLOWAY.





Above—Taboga Island, lying 10 miles from Old Panama Vieja, is reputed to be the place where the passengers of the *Trinidad* buried their treasures which were smuggled from the cathedral during Morgan's raid.—EWING GALLOWAY.

Below—Here a sailor climbs into a statue niche in San Geronomo Cathedral.



inside this famous cathedral and stood erect in a niche where centuries ago some pirate snatched a statue down in his mad search for missing treasure.

During the month the buccaneers stayed in Panama, according to one Alexandre Exquemelin, historian of the raid, the captured Spaniards were subjected to torture, rape, and murder. Although the officers denied knowledge of outrages, Exquemelin charged that Morgan, himself, took a leading part, ordering the most beautiful female captives delivered to him. We examined the ruins of an ancient church in which Exquemelin said the pirate chief narrowly escaped death by a dagger in the hands of a beautiful Spanish lady whom he sought to bend to his will.

For a month the buccaneers poked into wells and dug up earth, finding treasures concealed everywhere in the smoking ruins. When at last they departed they led 175 mules loaded with millions in loot.

They did not find it all, however, and even in recent years some of the treasures have been un-

covered. The tourist guide said that excavations made by one Lieutenant Williams with the aid of his scientific apparatus brought to light some hidden jewels of high value.

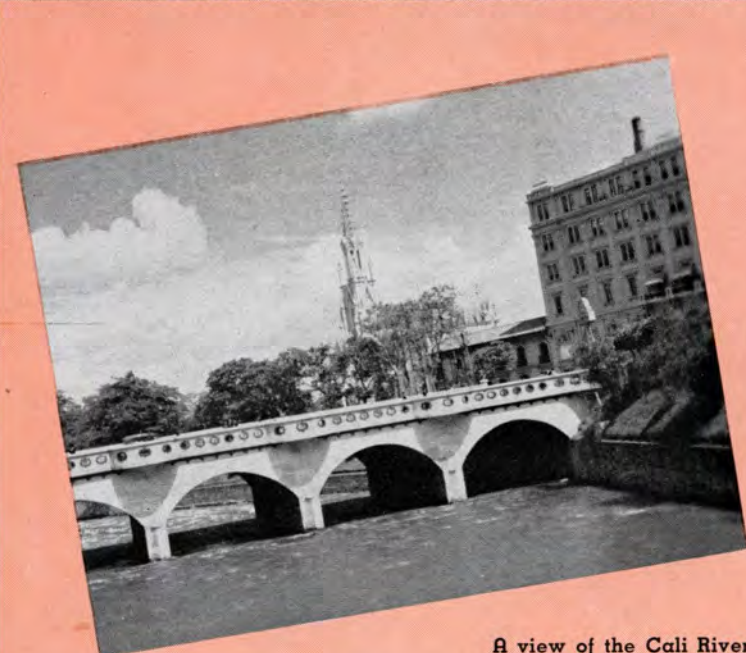
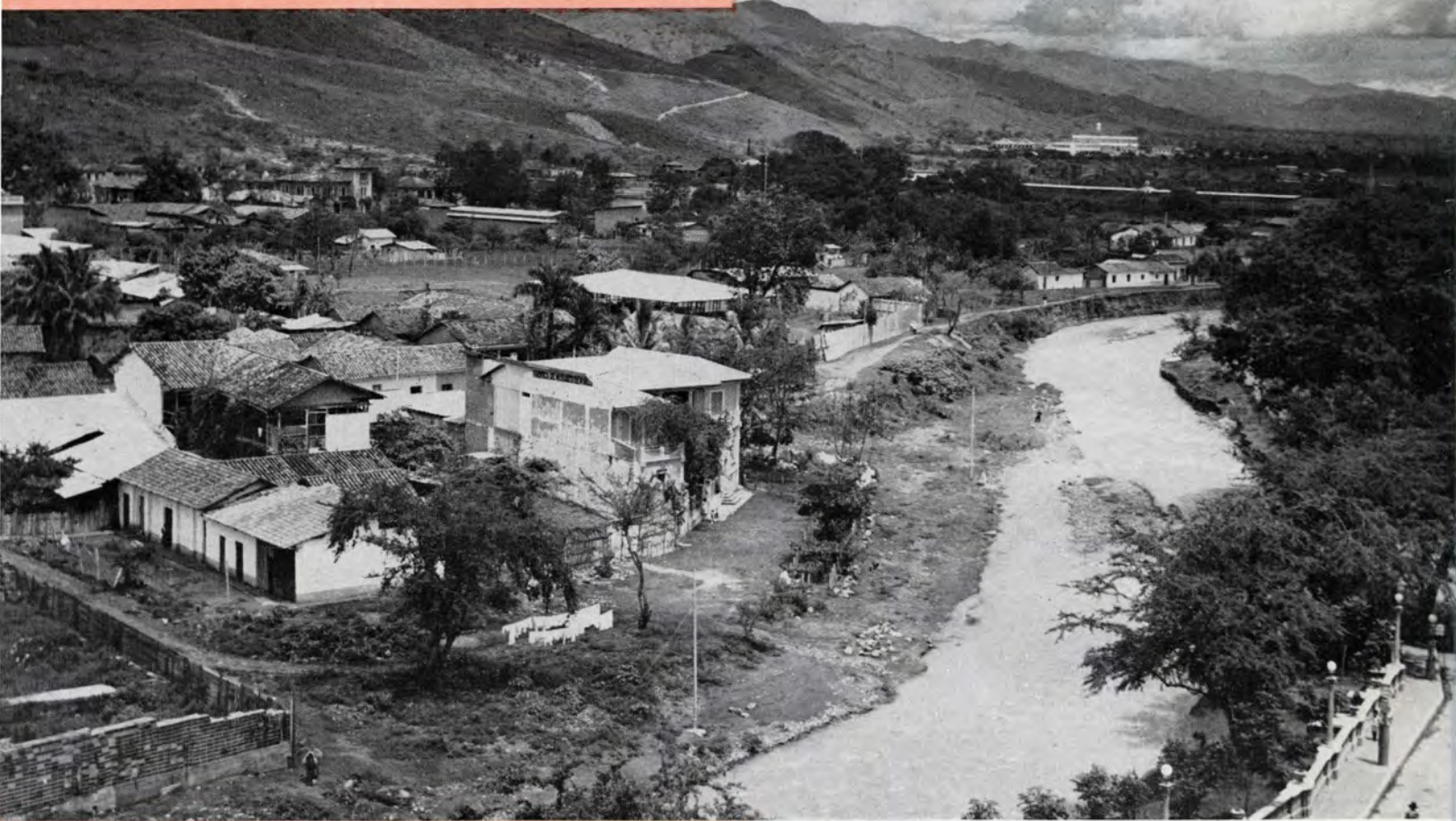
My companions and I regretted our lack of such a scientific apparatus. But even without one, poking around in the jungle-covered ruins would have been great fun. We all agreed that had we had time to search we would surely have found treasures enough to put us on easy street the rest of our days.

CALI . . .

Beautiful City of Legend

By KRIS WILLIAMS

A turn of the Cali River on the outskirts of the city. Surrounding the fertile valley are the Cordillera Central Mountains.
—EWING GALLOWAY



A view of the Cali River with the Hotel Alferez Real in the background.

CALI, Colombia is a city of legend. The three tremendous white crosses 300 feet in height on the peak of the highest mountain symbolizes one such legend. In years past a local prophet predicted that the mountains would one day destroy Cali, and these holy symbols were erected to counteract the evil and thus preserve the city. These three white crosses stand watch over the peaceful red tiled roofs of Cali.

This city lies in a fertile valley surrounded by the Cordillera Central Mountains. The valley has many streams and rivers and the city is divided by the picturesque Cali River. Its many bridges

and walks are thronged during the hour of promenade by children and *Senoritas* and their *duenas*. Benches scattered along the banks under the *Seba Trees* offer a cool retreat from the blistering tropical sun and is a clearing house for the man on the street to air his political opinions with a friend.

Its tropical climate produces an abundance of flowers of the most brilliant hue and an amazing variety of fruits and also rice, coffee, and sugar cane. It is also a productive ranching area and many ranches are stocked with Texas Brahmas and Sabu cattle. These *rancheros* are owned by old families and are handed down from generation to generation and in impulsive Latin hospitality, the doors are swung open to the most distant cousin and his friends for week-end fishing, hunting and relaxation. Many of the houses on these family estates were built by Spanish conquistadors and are still in their original ancient, and somewhat tarnished, state of preservation. The walls are more than a yard in width and the fencing, built by slaves, consists of stones placed by hand without aid of cement, still stand as securely as then and in perfect condition. The native servants may be seen washing modern china in the inevitable stream of water which flows past the kitchen door by means of a primitive irrigation system.

The city proper is composed of old down-at-the-heel buildings that line narrow, cobbled streets. These streets give a cross section of the Colombian class distinction. The upper class drive new, modern cars while the poor peon sticks to the aged old custom of self-motivation or horse drawn buggies. An air view of Cali reveals that a patio centers every building and gives the impression that each building surrounds a miniature garden.

On every corner there is a street vender selling everything from cigarettes to lemonade. The main market is a scene of noisy and colorful display; one corner of this area is devoted exclusively to



A panorama of Cali, a city whose populace ask in their prayers to be granted permission, after they arrive in Heaven, to bore a hole in the clouds so that they might look down upon their beautiful Cali.—HAROLD M. LAMBERT

flowers such as lilies and rare varieties of orchids which are everyday centerpieces and sold for a song. Here the native costumes of sandles, sarapes, and straw *sombreros* mingle with platform shoes and shoulder strap bags. Bartering is carried on in loud voices, accompanied by much gesticulation.

A funeral procession is the only time that silence reigns in Cali. The procession is led by horse-drawn carriages laden with flowers given by friends. Then comes the ornate funeral carriage in which is a small casket with the name of the deceased. It is followed by a group of black-bedecked professional mourners and the status of the person in the community is determined by the number of mourners he can afford. The immediate family follows the procession in automobiles. These funeral marches are met with reverence and respect by pedestrians on the street, and business is resumed as usual only after the parade has passed.

One of the biggest industries in Colombia is the government-supported lottery. Instead of taxing the people, the government depends on the natural instinct of the individual to get something for nothing. This is the one industry in which there is no class distinctions; the rich man rubs shoulders with the lowliest peon in the throngs that gather on the street corner clutching their lottery books.

The Chamber of Commerce spirit is very strong in Cali. An outsider is welcomed with typical Latin hospitality and the residents are eager to show off their country clubs, night clubs, luxurious hotel swimming pools, bars and cocktail lounges, stables and ranches and cattle, and their mountains and rivers. They wish very much to be American without sacrificing their own culture or way of life. There is a special prayer that the people of Cali offer. They ask that when they die the angels will let them bore a hole through the clouds so that they may look down from Heaven upon Cali, the beautiful.

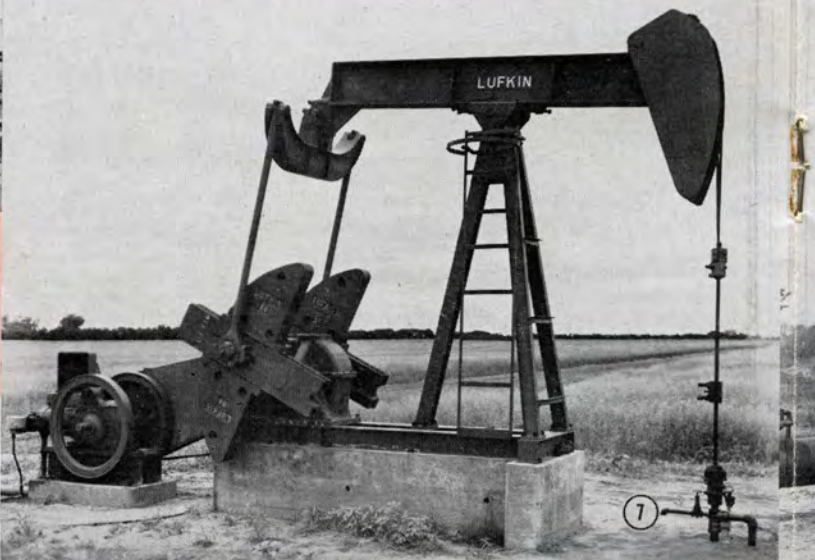
One of the main highways entering Cali. In the background is Hotel Jerez.—HAROLD M. LAMBERT





Lufkin INSTA

1. Anderson-Pritchard Oil Corporation; Earlsboro, Oklahoma; Lufkin TC-44-15 Unit with special portable base.
2. Tidewater Associated Oil Company; K.M.A. field near Wichita Falls, Texas; Lufkin T5-16 Unit.
3. A. R. Dillard Oil Company; Hildreth Pool near Bowie, Texas; Lufkin TC-33A-18B Unit powered by GSC Lufkin Cooper-Bessemer Engine.
4. Magnolia Petroleum Company; Crane, Texas; Lufkin TC-44-15 Unit with 20 Horsepower electric motor.
5. Sohio Oil Company; West Edmond Field,

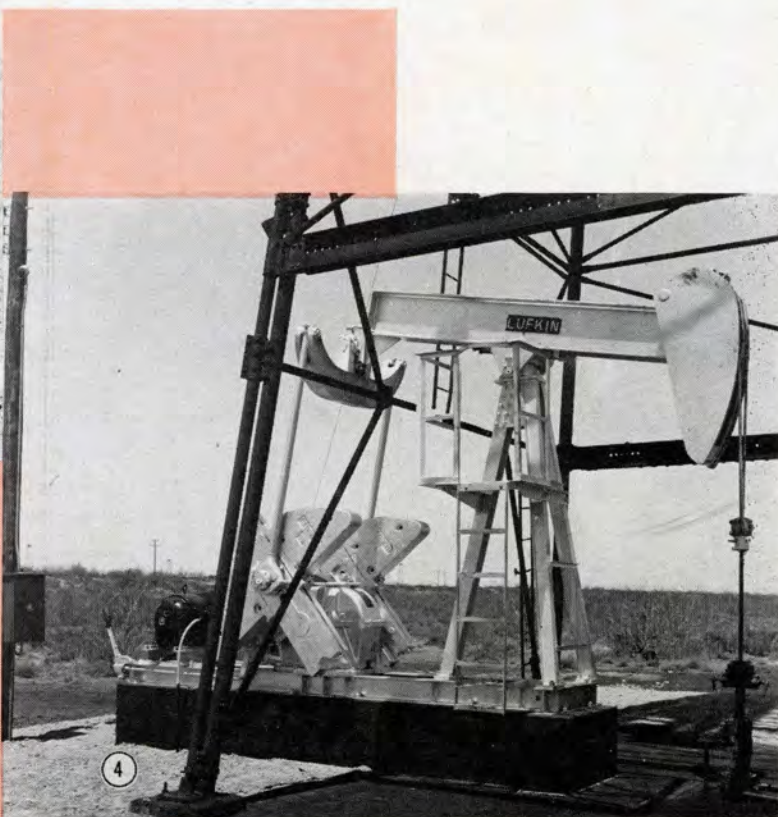




INSTALLATIONS

Oklahoma; Lufkin TC-1A-54B Unit with GSD Lufkin Cooper-Bessemer Engine.

6. British-American Oil Company; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Lufkin TC-33AL-22E Unit. One of the State Capitol Buildings may be seen in the background.
7. Sitting in a field of waving wheat is a Lufkin TC-44-15 Unit; Sunray Petroleum Company; Wichita, Kansas.
8. Woodley Petroleum Corporation; East Texas Field near Kilgore; Lufkin TC-33A-18B Unit with GSC Lufkin Cooper-Bessemer Engine. Starting the engine is Lufkin's Bob Miller; standing nearby is Howard Davenport of Woodley.



SNAPSHOTS

BY THE *Lufkin* CAMERAMAN



A. V. Simonson, Lufkin's Export Representative, is President of the New York Nomads.

1. Mrs. Riet vanDijk, wife of L. J. vanDijk, Equipment Engineer for The Asiatic Petroleum Corp., with her three sons, Peter, Jerry, and Leo, just before their departure by plane from La Guardia Field en route to Rotterdam, Holland. 2.—Forrest Crawford, Superintendent for Bay Petroleum Corp., Great Bend, Kansas. 3.—A. D. White, Production Superintendent of Fox and Fox, Edmond, Okla. 4.—Glen Harley, Production Superintendent for H. H. Blair Drilling Co., Russell, Kansas. 5.—Left to right: J. F. Newell, Manager; L. M. MacCracken, Purchasing Agent; and Art Willie, Chief Engineer; Lake Charles Operations, Mathieson Alkali Works, Inc. 6.—Personnel of the Ellinwood Dist. office of the Magnolia Petroleum Corp., Ellinwood, Kansas. Left to right: E. L. Thorson, G. E. Walter, A. Sieker, H. A. Terertiller, L. H. Shoopman, J. P. Triplett, and J. F. McClary. 7.—Wesley W Moore, Superintendent of British-American Oil Producing Co., Oklahoma City, Okla. 8.—J. T.



Phoenie, Superintendent for W. L. Hartman in Ellinwood, Kansas. 9.—M. E. Rose, Superintendent for Shallow Water Refining Co., Garden City, Kansas. 10.—Front row, left to right: W. R. Warren, Frank Gruber, H. G. Nething, W. C. Pearson, and Norman Cox. Second row: R. W. Davis, Bruce Schroeder, C. W. Gehr, Clarence Binger, and Paul Barnett. Third row: Jack Lee, G. B. Miller, Ted Walker, R. E. Barnard, and James P. Yowell of Stanolind Oil & Gas, Ellinwood, Kansas. 11.—Left to right: Guy Manning, C. C. Irby, Doyle Fair, Johnny Bond, and B. J. Smith of the Sohio Petroleum Corp. Russell, Kansas. 12.—Front row, left to right: J. V. Bowen, John Walthour, and Bob Devett. Back row: James Hurst, and Jack Sutherland; Cities Service Oil Co., Seminole, Okla. 13.—Paul Shivel, Production Superintendent for Thomas H. Allan, Great Bend, Kansas. 14.—Back Row, left to right: V. M. Conover, J. L. Fosness, R. J. Pierce, and T. B. Rogers. Front row: R C. Cooper, Esther

Heise, J. C. McClure, and W. G. Smith; Cities Service Oil Co., Great Bend, Kansas. 15.—Personnel of the Magnolia Petroleum Co., Great Bend, Kansas. Left to right: H. G. Walker, M. B. White, Mrs. Aline Koelsch, and C. A. Hill. 16.—Left to right: F. P. Sears, Charles H. Keevert, Jim Davis, Jr., President, and A. C. Imel of the Solar Oil Corp., Pawnee Rock, Kansas. Our friend Imel says it's a trifle windy out in Kansas. 17.—Cooper Richards, Lufkin's Representative, and Fred Shelton of Phillips Petroleum Co., Great Bend, Kansas. 18.—Jim Porter, Dist. Supt. of Cities Service Oil Co., Russell, Kansas, with Linville Caraway, Lufkin Representative. 19.—Paul Hayward and German French of British-American Oil Production Co., Great Bend, Kansas. 20.—Left to right: D. A. Nunn, W. H. Seyffert, who is Superintendent of the Van Dist. of Pure Oil Co., and J. C. Stewart; Christian Lease, Sand Flat, Texas.

TUNA AHOY!

By J. F. GREEVES CARPENTER

Somewhere in the South Seas the school of tuna is sighted and the fishing begins. It is hard, fast work.



[14]

THERE is no such thing as a luke-warm fisherman. Either one is a real enthusiastic devotee of Isaac Walton, or one is not attracted to the sport. Most men, though, like fishing, and thrill to the lure of the rod in quiet waters or in turbulent, rushing streams. Another form of fishing, given to few men to enjoy, is that of tuna fishing in the South Seas, and the story of this truly sporting occupation will doubtless be of interest to those who pit their skill against fish in our domestic waters. It's a story, too, that will interest the housewife for it discloses how tuna gets into the can, and will put romance into the tuna salad for the entire family.

First, though, let us skim over some data relative to the vast fleet of boats engaged in this vast industry. Until fairly recently tuna used to abound in the waters of the Pacific within short cruising range of San Pedro, California. Gradually the boats have had to go further afield in their search for schools of tuna. This, of course, has brought about a change in the type of craft which could be used. No longer are small boats economical or practical for they couldn't store enough fuel to cruise for any length of time, and if they did they would not have sufficient storage room for a profitable catch.

The new boats of the tuna fleet are trim-looking craft and measure up to 150 feet long. Costing upwards of \$100,000 each, they have a capacity up to 200 tons of iced tuna (they have to be iced as the fish are sometimes two or three weeks in transit before they are delivered to the cannery) and have facilities for storing 20,000 gallons of non-explosive Diesel fuel oil. In addition to all this storage space required for fuel and fish, these new vessels have two or three live bait tanks on deck, each of which has a capacity of 30,000 to 45,000 gallons of sea water. When all the bait has been liberated, the tanks are emptied of water and used as additional storage places for tuna.

Comfortable quarters are provided for both officers and crew. Each vessel is equipped with radio so that it may keep in touch with other vessels of the fleet and the home office.

Let us, in imagination, go down to the docks at the tuna cannery either in San Pedro or in San Diego, California, and see some of the fleet being made ready for another voyage. One of the smart-looking boats comes alongside, and we notice that

her decks are clean and that everything about her is shipshape and business-like.

Blocks of ice are stacked, each one weighing from 300 to 600 pounds, and these are crushed and blown into the holds of the vessels by compressed air. This method of loading the ice has been found very satisfactory as the crushed ice is spread with the evenness of snow. The vessel, we notice, doesn't depend on crushed ice alone to keep the stored fish in good condition, for we can see coils of piping along the bulwarks of the ship and these are obviously part of a refrigerating system. It is obvious that without some such protective system, the crushed ice would quickly melt in the heat of the tropics.

Provisions are also loaded and with a full complement of officers and crew the boat puts out to sea. Fond relatives, almost of as many different nationalities as there are men aboard, stand on the wharf waving farewells and shouting last-minute messages of goodwill in many tongues until one is reminded of the Tower of Babel.

Let us, too, in imagination go along on the trip, and it is possible to arrange if you don't mind being away for an indefinite time. Rounding the breakwater, the vessel bobs up and down as she strikes the waves, and the shore line, with the Sierra Madre range in the distant background, appears to be doing a regular Irish jig . . . until we are, alas, reminded of our "innards." Conquering that terrible feeling about which so much poor humor has been expended, we stand in the prow of the ship, and quickly learn the art of bracing ourselves so that we become almost a part of the ship. What a glorious sense of exhilaration is ours! The freshness of the ocean, the taste of its salt on our lips, and the wind sweeping around us! Spray dashes against the prow, is broken, and every once in a while a particularly high wave breaks over the prow, but we don't get drenched for we're wearing seaboots and oilskins. Three, four, five or six weeks we'll be away, and what adventure may be ours as the vessel drives through the South Pacific in her search for tuna.

Now we are headed in a southeasterly direction following the shore line of Southern California. About two-thirds of the coast line of Lower California, too, is passed (though not as rapidly as would seem to be indicated on paper!) before our ship finally comes to rest in Magdalena Bay.



The tuna fleet at anchor.

Night comes swiftly in the tropics, and at half speed with all lights out, except the navigation lights, we creep along close in to shore. If we did not know already why the vessel was proceeding in this stealthy manner, we would be thrilled to think that instead of being used for its ostensible purpose it was actually engaged in smuggling or some other illegitimate enterprise; in fact, our imagination would run riot, for everything is done with such seeming caution.

There is a lookout man stationed in the prow and another in the crow's nest on the foremast, their bodies darkly silhouetted against the purple, star-studded canopy formed by the sky. Several men are gathered together in the after-end of the boat, working with the seine or large net, one end of which is provided with sinkers and the other with floats.

THE prow of the boat silently noses its way around for a patch of phosphorescence has been sighted to the starboard, and that signifies the presence of a school of sardines. Arrived near the scene, the net is paid out very quietly so as not to disturb the school, and the entire patch of phosphorescence is encircled for the net is 1800 feet long. Then real activity begins. The net is drawn aboard and the small fish are transferred to one of the 21' x 9' 6" x 14' live bait tanks. Perhaps the haul has been sufficient to fill both tanks with bait, but more likely than not some extended cruising will be necessary before more schools are sighted and brought aboard. When the bait tanks

Playing out the seine to catch the bait.





One of the tuna fleet at her berth in San Diego. (A Lee Passmore photo)



This view of the fishing boat shows the platform on the side from which the fishermen fish.



These men are getting the seine ready after a school of sardines has been sighted. The sardines are used as bait.

are well stocked, the vessel heads out to sea in her search for tuna.

Sea water is continuously pumped through the live bait tanks and the bait is kept alive and in good condition by feeding with ground tuna brought from the cannery. It's really a case of a "sprat to catch a whale," for the tuna are many, many times larger than the small fish used as bait. Bait, though, is really an incorrect word for these sardines are really used as decoys as we shall see as soon as a school of tuna is sighted.

That may be days later, yet there's never any telling when the lookout man is going to sight a school. Perhaps the vessel may have to run down near the Galapagos Islands, or the Cocos Island beloved of treasure-seekers, or it may be that in waters off the coast of Colombia the tuna will put in an appearance. These fish, though, are usually found in shallow waters, but, even so, a large element of chance enters into the discovery of their presence. Fortunately they feed on the surface of the water and so are seen during such activities. The fathometer, too, which was designed as an aid to navigation in reefs, shoals and shallow areas, is brought into play as it indicates the shallow waters in which tuna are apt to be found. If the vessel waited in such a spot, sooner or later, tuna would put in an appearance.

Perhaps at noon one day, just as the crew would

be sitting down to their noonday meal, a mighty cry might sound from the crew's nest. It would be just one magic, electrifying word; "Tuna!" Lunch forgotten, the men would all scramble on deck, each to his station. The "chummer," as the man is called who looks after the bait, would then throw bait into the sea. The sardines, as though following some prescribed training, would immediately swim away from the boat, thus serving their decoy purpose most admirably. The tuna would no sooner spot them than they would rush at them thinking that an easy meal was in sight. Maybe it is instinct or the desire of self-preservation that causes the sardines to turn tail and make for the ship, the tuna following closely. Wild excitement naturally reigns both on board and in the water. The men, with their short fishing poles out, busily cast from the platforms suspended over the sides of the ship, and the tuna cavort about, plunging in and out of the water after their prey.

Vanished utterly would be the lassitude engendered by days of floating in the tropic heat. Even the ocean would seem to take on a new meaning for instead of the glass-like placidity which sometimes prevails, it will be all churned up into white caps by the activity of the tuna.

The fishing poles are short, sturdy ones not more than 8 feet long and have a stout line of about the same length. A hook without barb or bait,

These are the tanks in which the bait is stored until the tuna are sighted.



Part of the catch on deck.



The tuna are stored in iced tanks until they can be taken back to the cannery.





Beginning the task of unloading their catch after the boat has returned to its berth.



Proudly, they show off their prize catch. Some fish, wouldn't you say?



The fishermen's work is not done when the boat has docked at its harbor after the hunt for tuna. The fish must be unloaded for the cannery.

though covered with feathers, is used as a lure, and a small piece of lead is attached to each hook so that it sinks slightly below the surface. As soon as the baitless hooks strike the water, the tuna leap at them and, keeping the heads of the tuna up, the fishermen quickly land them on the deck. As soon as they touch, they shake their heads, the barbless hook is free, and once more it is cast into the sea, and so it continues. Rapid, tiring work, but not without excitement for occasionally one of the fishermen falls overboard. A record has been established in the amount of tuna one man can catch in an hour if it's a heavy school. Ten thousand pounds of tuna, and that does mean work, hard fast work, too.

Tuna are not light fish to handle for they are apt to weigh anywhere between $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 150 pounds each. Larger tuna are protected for conservation purposes. The yellowfin and striped tuna are the only varieties caught in southern waters.

TUNA fishing isn't necessarily solo fishing, though fish weighing up to about 30 pounds are handled by one man with pole and line, but those weighing from 30 to 60 pounds require two men to handle. With fish of that size, the procedure is for two lines to be joined at about two-thirds of their length, extending from that point to the hook in a single line. For even larger fish, three

men, with three poles having their lines joined as just described, are needed, and it becomes a task of no mean skill to land these larger fish for it demands the utmost in co-operation and co-ordination of movement.

Tuna are equipped with very powerful tails which, so long as the fishermen manage to keep their heads up, is an aid in landing the fish. Once free of the water the tuna will invariably flap its tail and this serves to propel it into the air and make the landing of it easier. If the head gets down though, then the twist of the tail is apt to send the fish deep into the water, and in such instances unless the men are quick enough to cut the lines or, at worst, loose their grip of the poles, they, too, would be pulled in.

With such quick catching, naturally the deck soon becomes loaded to the gunwales, so a halt is called to the back-breaking task of such high-pressure fishing, and the men then fall-to and load the tuna between layers of ice in the holds. Then, with decks cleared, they return to the task of fishing, unless the school has disappeared.

When this happens, which it not infrequently does, it may be a matter of days or just of hours, before another school is sighted, and the process is begun all over again. The schools may be comparatively small so that fishing operations have to extend over many days before the vessel's holds

Over the side with a basketful of tuna.



Unloading the catch.



The Lufkin Line

[18]

and live bait tanks are full of tuna packed in ice. Once that desirable objective is achieved, then the boat heads northward for a quick return run to the home port and the cannery.

When a tuna boat puts to sea, anywhere from six weeks to four months may elapse before she arrives back at her home port with full holds, for there is no way of forecasting where or when a school of tuna will put in an appearance, nor how long it will stay in that particular area. Frequently a school will disappear without any apparent reason and then the search for another school continues further and further afield.

Arrival back in the home port brings great rejoicing, but the work of the crew is by no means over for the fish have to be unloaded and the boat cleaned in preparation for the next trip.

BIDDING adieu to the ship and the men with whom we have passed so many pleasant weeks, we watch for a moment the tuna being unloaded. The tuna are put into slings and hoisted out of the holds to conveyors above deck. On these, the fish are transferred to the cannery for the first process prior to cooking. Here they are viscerated, cleaned and washed, and the heads and tails are removed. The fish are then loaded onto mobile racks containing twelve metal baskets, each of which holds three fish. A fully loaded rack holds about three tons of fish, and the canneries have facilities for cooking one hundred tons of fish at a time. The racks are then wheeled to the immense ovens in which they are cooked from two to six hours according to the size of the fish. They are cooked in steam at a temperature of 218 degrees Fahrenheit, though the slight steam pressure of 10 pounds is maintained.

Practically a third of the weight of the original catch is lost in the cleaning and first cooking. The fish are now inspected and placed on trays and cut by automatic slicing machines to the thickness of the cans in which they are to be packed.

Next, the bones are removed, although they are just as edible as those found in canned salmon. All skin and dark meat, also edible, is taken out so that only nice-looking, appetizing white meat is left to be hand-packed into the cans. Each can is weighed before it is sealed so that the amount of contents is uniform.

Tuna is the only canned sea food that lacks a strong, fishy flavor, and that is due to the fact that all the original fish oil is boiled out in the process of cooking. This absence of fish oil would leave the pack very dry, so a high grade cottonseed oil and salt is added to each can while the can is on a conveyor belt bound to the capping machine. Still another operation before being sealed, involves the cans passing through an exhaust box in which the cans are heated and the air is expelled. At the automatic capping or closing machine, the cans are hermetically sealed. The next process involves washing and rinsing the cans and their loading on to carriers for a second cooking in large retorts, and this second cooking sterilizes them.

And so each can of tuna involves much labor, romance and adventure. From a practical standpoint, let us find out what happens to all the refuse: the heads, tails, bones and the good edible dark meat. All the scrap is reduced to meal, and from it all the fish oil is extracted and sold to paint manufacturers. The meal is utilized for chicken and stock feed and is also used in the manufacture of fertilizers so that actually there is little waste in tuna canning, though these by-products are not a big factor in the net profits of the industry.

Tuna on racks in the cannery. (Photo courtesy Van Camp Sea Food Co.)

Tuna going into the ovens. (A Lee Passmore photo)



Let's Laugh

AN ENGINEER walked into a fur emporium with a gorgeous blonde on his arm and demanded something expensive to hang on the curvaceous creature.

They yanked out something for about \$500 and he rejected it with a snarl. "What alley cat did that come from? Bring me something nice."

Next came a \$5000 number, then a \$10,000, but with each offering his demands grew louder for something better, much better.

So finally, they dug up the key to the vault and brought forth a coat worth about \$2 less than a king's ransom.

"Now that's fine," said the engineer, as his companion stared goggle-eyed at the creation. "Here's my check. You investigate at my bank to make sure it is good and I will be back Monday for the coat."

But Monday when he returned, he found the store manager in a purple passion. "You fraud! You cheat! The bank never heard of you! If you want that coat you'll have to pay for it in cold cash."

"Oh, I didn't come after the coat," said our hero; "I came to thank you for a wonderful weekend."

As one girl put it: "Everything I want to do is either illegal, immoral—or fattening!"

The laziest man in California stands with a cocktail shaker in his hand and waits for an earthquake.



"Good morning, Gents. What'll it be—as if I didn't know!"

ABUSINESSWOMAN entertaining some businessmen at luncheon in a French restaurant, and not wishing to be obvious about paying the check, whispered to her waiter when the meal was over, "L'addition, s'il vous plait."

"Downstairs to your left, lady," he said.

A fat lady wedged herself into the bus and fumbled in her coat pocket to pay her fare. She struggled and struggled. A man standing next to her suddenly handed her a nickel. "Take this, lady," he said unhappily. "I'm getting tired of your buttoning and unbuttoning my suspenders."

Mother: "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to let that strange man come over to your apartment last night? You know it's things like that which cause me to worry."

Daughter: "Don't be ridiculous, Mother; I went over to his apartment. Now, let HIS mother worry."

Every parent at some time or another suffers acute embarrassment at some expression uttered by an offspring—that's why we think mammas and papas will appreciate this true story of a small girl. She was doing her homework in arithmetic, and her parents suddenly realized the young'un was murmuring: "Four and two, son of a b---, six. Three and five, son of a b---, eight."

After a pantomime between parents of raised eyebrows and shoulders shrugged in bewilderment, her mother casually asked: "What are you saying, dear?" The little girl said: "Just what the teacher told us, mummy. Seven and three, son of a b---, ten."

Well, the parents said no more, but the next day the mother dropped in at the school to ask her daughter's teacher what it was all about. After recovering from the initial shock, the teacher thought for a while and then went into spasms of laughter. "I've got it," she said, wiping her eyes. "I've been saying to the class: 'Four and three, the sum of which is . . .'"



"Why, Mr. Smith! I just wanted to borrow your bathroom scales!"

An evangelist recently announced there are 727 sins. We understand he is getting requests for the list from people who think they must be missing something.

It was during the start of the Lenten Season, Pat's wife was telling him that Finnegan gave up smoking and O'Toole gave up drinking. So she asked Pat if he'd sleep in one room during Lent and she in another. Pat agreed.

A week later, Pat's wife was knocking at the door of his room one night. Pat asked gruffly, "Who is it, and what do you want?"

Pat's wife said, "It's me and I came to tell you Finnegan started smoking again today."

He was the owner of a big furniture store, and he went to New York to buy some stock. There he met a really beautiful girl in the hotel elevator. But she was French and they couldn't understand a word of each other's language. So he took out a pencil and notebook and drew a sketch of a taxi. She nodded her head and laughed and they went for a ride in the park. Then he drew a picture of a table in a restaurant with a question mark and she nodded so they went to dinner. After dinner, he sketched two dancers and she was delighted. They went to a night club and danced and had a lovely evening. At length she asked for the pencil and drew a picture of a four-poster bed. He was dumbfounded. He's never yet been able to figure out how she knew he was in the furniture business.—*Oil Weekly*.

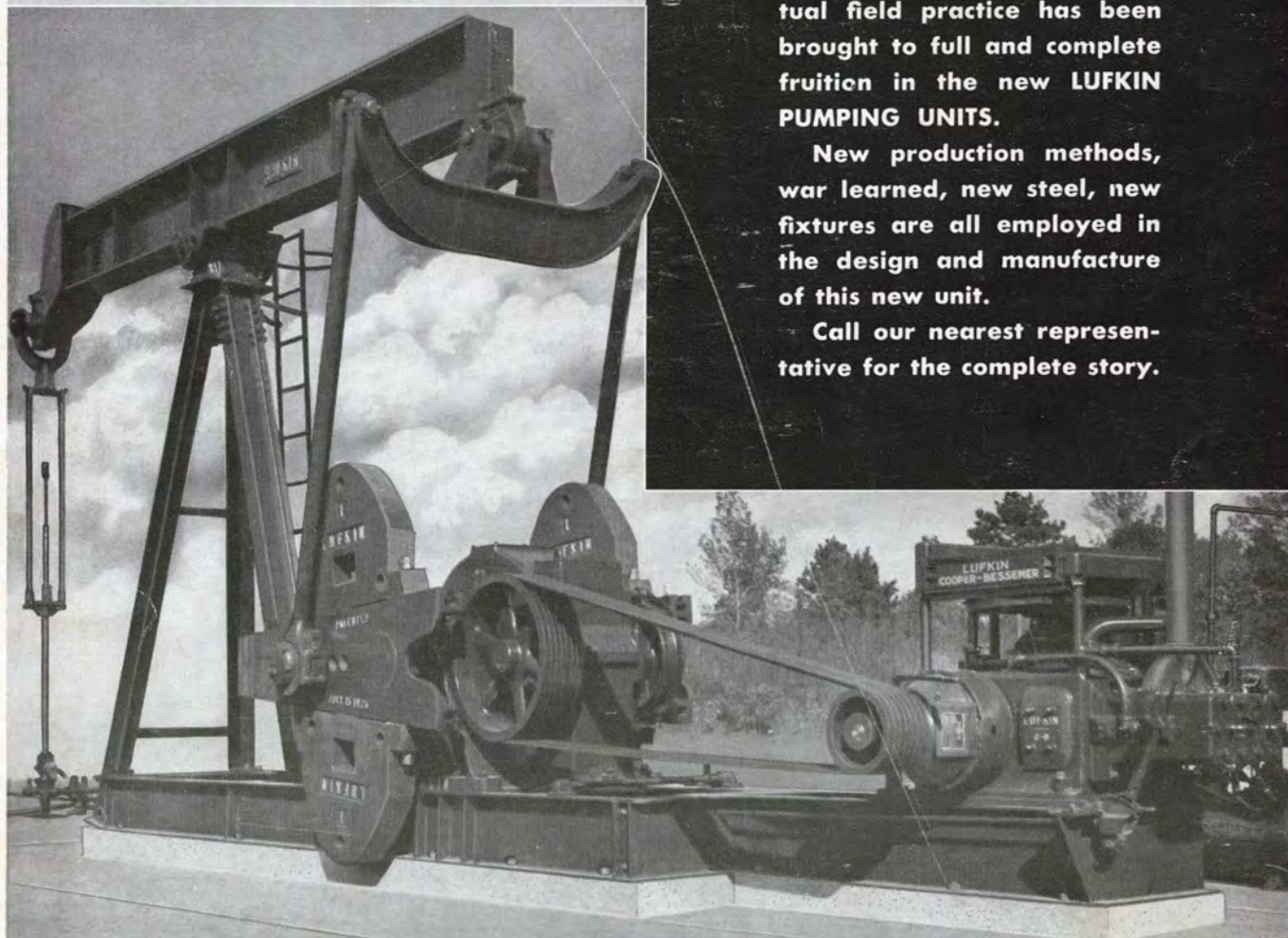
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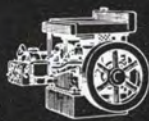
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