

The Lusk Line

VOLUME XXIII • • • NUMBER 2

Walter W. Trout Named President



WALTER W. TROUT, who has spent most of his working years with the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, was elected President of the company last January. Mr. Trout succeeds his father, the late W. C. Trout, who had headed the industry since its start early in the century. Mr. Trout has been Executive Vice-President and General Manager of the company since 1945, and since the death of his father in April, 1947, has been its acting head.

Beginning in 1912, Mr. Trout worked at odd jobs around the plant between school years. During his summer vacations and Christmas holidays he worked as a common laborer, casting cleaner, molder, patternmaker apprentice and draftsman in the Engineering Department. He stayed out of school a year to work on the night shift of the Machine Shop. In addition to his foundry experience, he has had about four years experience as a machinist.

After completing his education at Purdue, Mr. Trout was employed by the Chain Belt Company of Milwaukee for two years as a student apprentice. In 1925, he returned to the Lufkin company where he worked as Field Service man. At the end

of the year, he went to Tulsa as District Manager where he stayed until 1933. For about one year he was in charge of the Dallas office and then returned to Lufkin and was made Assistant to the President. He was in charge of all sales for the company up until the time he was made General Manager in 1945.

Mr. Trout has been an active leader in industrial circles. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Angelina Casualty Company. He was appointed to the first State Board of Registration for Professional Engineers in Texas, and was elected first chairman of the Board. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the American Gear Manufacturers Association, a member of the American Society of Professional Engineers, and a member of the American Institute of Metallurgical & Mining Engineers. He was elected in 1941 to honorary membership in Pi Tau Sigma, an honorary mechanical engineering fraternity, by the chapter at The University of Texas.

The new President's activities in industrial fields have not lessened his civic and social leadership in Lufkin. He is Past President of Lufkin Rotary Club and the Angelina Chamber of Commerce, and is now serving as a Director of the Chamber Board. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Lufkin Independent School District, and Chairman of the Board of Deacons of the Presbyterian Church.

Following in the footsteps of his father who felt a personal interest in each individual employee of the company, Walter Trout endorses activities which bring the employees into a closer contact with each other, and afford the opportunity for friendly, family-like relationships. He has initiated and approved a weekly radio program by and for employees. The traditional annual banquet will also be continued for the employees.

Also at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co. last January, W. D. Winston, Jr., who has been with the company 34 years, was elected to the Board to fill the vacancy left by the death of W. C. Trout. All other officers and directors were re-elected.

Vice Presidents are J. H. Kurth, Jr., of Houston, L. A. Little of Dallas, and A. E. Cudlipp and E. P. Trout of Lufkin. Mr. Winston was re-elected Secretary and E. H. Bounds was re-named Treasurer. The Board of Directors includes J. H. Kurth, Jr., Eli Wiener of Dallas, Jacques Wiener of Shreveport, E. L. Kurth of Lufkin, L. A. Little, A. E. Cudlipp, W. D. Winston and Walter Trout.

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

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COVER

Down in Texas where Spring comes early, pretty lassies are prone to rush the season. When the sun beams warm upon a lazy stream, the temptation to don a swim suit and test the water is too great to resist. Often times, the result is what you see upon our cover. The winter chill has not completely disappeared.

—Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES AND FACTORY

Lufkin, Texas

Passengers clamor aboard the steamer "Casca" as the time draws near for the journey up-river to begin.



SEEING ALASKA from the YUKON RIVER

By LUCILE HARMEL



About the Author

Lucile Harmel, a junior at The University of Texas, accompanied friends on a 5,940 airline-mile vacation into Alaska and the Yukon Territory last summer. Throughout the journey by trains, cars, and five boats, Miss Harmel photographed the country and the people. When she returned to Texas, she wrote several articles about her experiences in the northern frontier. This is the first of her stories to be published.

ALASKA—and the Yukon! A strange, exciting land that beckons to every adventuresome soul. The Yukon, the fifth largest waterway in North America, stretches from Canadian soil to become Alaska's greatest river. Two-thirds of its 2,300-mile course lies in Alaska. My experiences on the Yukon began with a trip which left Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, on July 30, 1947, and took me within 140 miles of the Arctic Circle.

Toward the close of the afternoon that eventful July day, I caught my first glimpse of the steamer "Casca." There, tied to the dock at Whitehorse was the boat that was to be my home for the next ten days, chugging up Alaska's most famous river, the Yukon.

The large paddle wheel, painted bright orange, churned round and round at the stern of the boat, even though the steamer was made fast in the swiftly moving waters of the river. Just above the wheel, in big, black letters was the name "CASCA," and above the boat, rose three decks to be topped by a large yellow smokestack.

Alaska—and the Yukon! Since the days when I read the Alaskan tales of Jack London, I had had mental visions of this land. Now, walking up the gang-plank of this 175-foot, wood-burning steamer, I felt that at last I was setting forth into the heart of the land.

Once aboard, my party and I sought out our cabins to dump our load of cameras, coats, and field glasses. There were no keys in the doors to our cabins, and we hesitated to leave our possessions in an unlocked room. When we searched out the purser with a request for keys, we got another glimpse into life on the Yukon. The purser laughed as he replied, "Lady, there isn't such a thing as a key in the Yukon. No one owns keys here! Nobody's gonna take nothin'."

"Nobody's gonna take nothin'." That sentence set the right note for our trip. Yukon Territory suddenly became friendly, almost as eager to welcome us as we were to see the land.

Before the "Casca" was scheduled to pull out, we descended on the Whitehorse Inn, just a short distance from the wharf. Our meal was typical of Yukon hotel food and Yukon food prices: Cheeseburger at 40 cents, raisin pie at 15 cents, and hot tea at 5 cents.

THE "Casca's" 100 passengers and 30 crew members were on board by seven o'clock, but the journey did not begin for another hour. The activity of that hour was an interesting spectacle. Against the background of the town of Whitehorse,

with the churning of the Yukon's waters against the "Casca's" sides, dockhands and crew members loaded freight, food, and mail. Just as the 15-minute warning whistle blew, two truckloads of three-foot logs began to be dumped upon the after-deck; this was our fuel for the first leg of the trip. When the second whistle blew at 8 o'clock, the "Casca" swung awkwardly out into the river as the passengers waved farewell to a scattered few persons on the dock. Over the scene the long Yukon twilight had settled, holding back the darkness.

In the Yukon twilight, the pine and cedar trees and many shrubs which lined the shore, seemed to be stretching off and off to be lost in the distance, a sight that was to become very familiar on the 460 miles to Dawson. Chugging downstream, the steamer, our purser told us, would average about 12 to 18 miles per hour except at the places where the river was shallow and crooked.

After an hour of standing by the rail, I returned to investigate my cabin. The room was 9 by 6 feet, had one window, and one door. Two very simple bunks, a lavatory, wall clothes hooks, two shelves, and a mirror were the only stationary items in it. A chair, white net curtains, and a window shade contributed a bit of attractiveness. There was a pitcher of water in the lavatory and a glass near-by; no running water on *this* frontier steamer. A hook on the door was so placed to give about a three-inch crack; otherwise, the door could be closed shut, or swung wide-open and hooked outside. For the convenience of the upper berth passenger, a protruding

board at the end of the bunk was marked "STEP" in big black letters; also, a leather strap hung from the top of the ceiling in just the right place for a boost into the upper bunk.

About 9 o'clock the waiter announced that cakes and cookies would be served in the dining room. Dick, a native Texan, ordered iced tea. Iced tea in the Yukon! The waiter was evidently nonplussed. After a moment's silence he consented. "Maybe tonight, but not after this!" Others drank hot tea and coffee. In the remaining hours before bed time and in the days that followed, I began to make the acquaintance of the crew and my fellow passengers.

Malcolm Campbell, master of the steamer "Casca," was a jolly Scotchman who had called the sea "home" since he was 15 years old. A stenographer would find it difficult to capture the names of all the places he has been when he rattles off the series. I only remember the Tigris, Euphrates, Arabia, and Italy, but he has been all over the world. He likes to slouch in a deck chair, smoke his pipe, and talk and listen to his passengers.

During the first of my conversations with him, he explained: "We had to unload some of the freight from the barge before we began this trip. It carries only 200 tons. Any amount in excess of that makes the barge drag bottom." Then he added, "The river varies from 5 to 25 feet in depth. Even with the flat-bottom 'Casca,' we have to be careful. She carries 125 tons of precious freight."

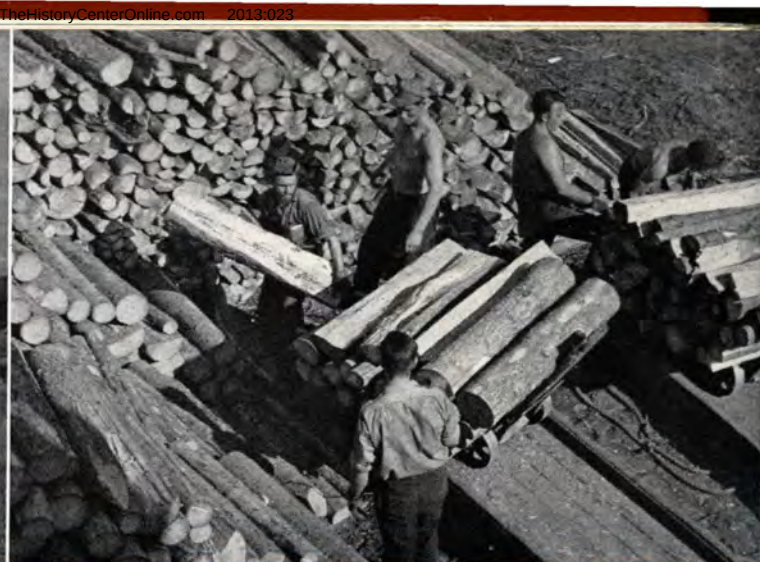
"Thirty Miles is the hardest piece of river in the world to navigate," the captain emphasized. "It is



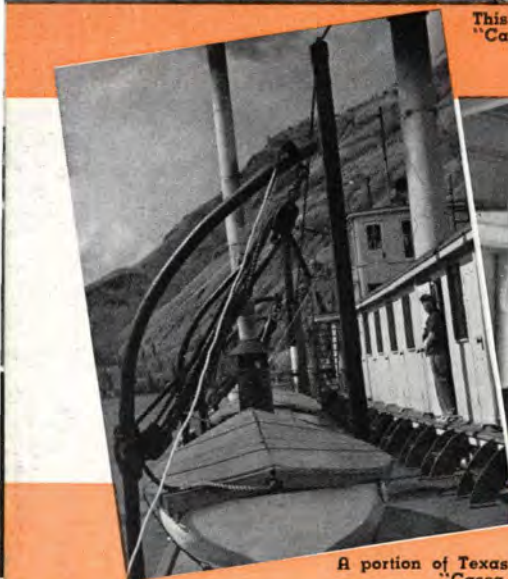
Along the banks of the Yukon, visitors may see salmon drying against a backdrop of majestic mountains and picturesque clouds.



This is the Yukon river steamer "Casca" which took the author up Alaska's greatest river.



At intervals, the steamer would stop to "wood up." It took 140 cords of wood for the round-trip.



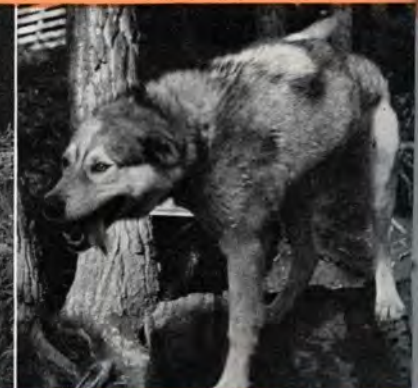
A portion of Texas deck of the "Casca."



Pilot Joe Gardiner is an Indian who says that one has to "read" the waters to be a good navigator.



A friendly MacKenzie sleigh dog. Some of the dogs used before sleighs are part wolf.



This part wolf sleigh dog was far from being friendly. He is kept chained when not in use.

crooked, shallow, and very swift. You have to drift her down," he said. "Drifting it's called; you can't run her."

The average speed of the water is 7 to 8 miles per hour, and at the rapids the speed increases to 9 miles or faster.

AN INTRODUCTION to our Indian pilot, Joe Gardiner, known as the best pilot on the river, led me to discover more interesting facts and made me become acquainted with another outstanding person on the Yukon. (Before the war he was paid \$2,400 for navigating the Yukon five months.) During our trip he often repeated, "You have to read the waters. Not just everybody can get her down the Yukon. You have to have the instinct to read the waters." Joe spends seven months of the year at home in Vancouver with his family. Like Texan granddads, even Joe boasted of his two grandchildren.

After I learned something about the captain, the pilot, and their description of the waters of the Yukon, my attention was attracted to an activity frequently repeated while we were on the river.

We made our first stop to "wood-up." While the crew hauled aboard the cords of wood necessary to take us to the next "refueling" place, the passengers enjoyed two hours of exercise, exploration, and fun on shore. Car after car of wood was loaded and rolled down the gang-plank to the wood box. Between loads, the young people on the boat scampered across the gang-plank. The "Casca" burned 140 cords of wood during the round-trip.

Several hours after we had stopped to "wood-up," the "Casca" pulled ashore at a desolate, lonely looking spot. This was the destination of one of the passengers. W. W. Wrigley was a man of approximately 70 years of age, with white hair and a white mustache. But his face reflected youthful happiness from within, and he gave off a strong, robust appearance. He was leaving the steamer to reopen the abandoned Tantalus Butte coal mine. With him were two companions, one of whom was a cook. They unloaded several pre-fabricated houses, food, picks, shovels, and other essential equipment.

As the boat pulled away from shore and began its course down the river again, I could not escape the strange feeling that crept over me as I watched



Adorning the doorway of the only store in Stewart, Hudson's Bay Company, are Moose horns.



Hanging on the wall of the beer parlor at the Hudson's store are many wolf and fox furs. One timber wolf skin measures 7 feet, 5 inches. Average cost is \$15 per skin.

the men standing on the bank waving to the passengers. The distance between them and the "Casca" widened, and soon they were left alone. A white flag atop a mountain and another one at the place we pulled ashore were the only markers identifying this section of green terrain chosen as the entrance to the coal field.

We arrived the next day at Stewart, the settlement where most of the freight on the barge which the "Casca" pushed down the river was unloaded. This small outpost of civilization consisted of one store, Hudson's Bay Company, and a population of two white women, twelve men, and two children.

"Customers come fifty miles or more to get supplies at the store," the store-keeper told us. "Last year we had a record cold winter of 86 degrees below zero. We keep a fire burning at night through the winter," he remarked, as a few "Casca" passengers hovered near the fire. Other passengers were buying wool caps at very reasonable prices.

The children in Stewart are educated by correspondence. No one owns a current magazine. Pages torn from magazines in the 1930's or earlier were tacked on the walls of the store whose entrance was decorated with moose horns.

I wandered into the Beer Parlor, one of the four buildings in Stewart, and found hanging on the wall inside many fox and wolf furs. One fur was that of a timber wolf, which actually measured 7 feet and five inches. Several of the fox furs were bought by the passengers. The cost averaged fifteen dollars apiece.

Hearing loud and sharp barks, I went around to the back of the building where I saw three snowy white MacKenzie sleigh dogs. They were friendly enough; and tied some distance away, were twelve gray sleigh dogs. Some of these appeared to be gentle, but one was part wolf. He was chained sepa-



Here the pre-fabricated houses were unloaded for coal miner W. W. Wrigley.

This freight was unloaded at Stewart, a settlement consisting of two white women, 12 men, and two children.



ately, and when some of the visitors approached him, he crouched low on the ground, slipping and edging backwards.

During the remaining minutes of exploration in Stewart, I picked four quarts of luscious raspberries as large as cherries. With them covered in empty candy boxes and a water jug, I again boarded the steamer "Casca." My experiences in Stewart were typical of the life in the Yukon. I lingered on the deck, still holding part of my raspberries, as I watched the pile of freight and then the buildings disappear into the distance.

IF YOU have read Robert Service's book of poems, you will remember his vivid description of the Klondike Gold Rush days of 1896. He mentioned the "Land of the Mid-night Sun," Sam McGee, the Lady-Known-As-Lou, the Call of the Wild, and Lake LeBarge. These are not mere words. They

(Continued on Page 18)

“JUST CALL ME SHANGHAI”

BACK in the days when the West was rough, and a man had to be tough to be a man at all, there was one cowboy who took his herd “up the trail” that was known from the Gulf Coast of Texas to Abilene and Dodge City, Kansas. His name was a byword in every cow camp of the Southwest. He was Shanghai Pierce.

His booming voice, which resembled more the roar of a bull than that of a human being, enabled him to shout orders that could be heard a mile away. He got his name in an ordinary, unspectacular way. One day, he was riding down the trail when he met a stranger who asked his name. Pierce bellowed, “Just call me Shanghai.” This name, which fitted him so well, stuck to him throughout his lifetime.

Shanghai Pierce drifted to Texas from Little Compton, Rhode Island, in the days of the open range when a man could graze his herds from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle on unfenced land. He was hired by a man named Bradford (Bill) Grimes known as a sharp trading, slave-driving ranchman. Soon Pierce established himself as one of the best known and most colorful characters on the range.

Standing 6 feet 4 inches, weighing 230 pounds, absolutely fearless, Shanghai was one of the few cattlemen of his day to settle differences without recourse to guns or fists. However, he never forgot a grudge, and this characteristic probably shaped the course of his life in the years to come.

Grimes was not long in recognizing Shang’s abilities, and soon he made Pierce foreman, paying him \$100 a month. Now in those days, a sum like that would entice a man to endure countless hardships. Pierce agreed to take his pay in cattle, but

when a settlement was made, Grimes paid him off in cattle that were too old to be of any use and at a value out of proportion to their actual worth.

When the Civil War began, Shanghai wanted to join the rebel forces. He told Grimes to keep for him wages due him—some \$500—until he returned. When he came back, Grimes maintained that during the period covered by the wages due him, the State was under the Confederacy and forced Shanghai to accept the amount in Confederate money.

Pierce never forgot this rough handling. He threatened to drive Grimes to the Black Hills, which meant in cowboy lingo to run him off the range. With his dogged determination, he eventually made good this threat.

After several ups and downs Shanghai found himself in fairly good financial circumstances. Tiring of the dull monotony of the range, he headed for the bright lights and social gaiety of Kansas City. There he entered the banking business, but he chose partners of doubtful integrity. The enterprise was said to have been profitable to them, but very unprofitable for Shanghai.

Careful to hide his suspicions that he was being fleeced, he began to talk eloquently about the possibilities of meeting the great cattle herds coming up the trail, buying from the drivers, then selling at a handsome profit when the herds reached market. The bankers agreed to finance the deal to the extent of \$100,000. The money was placed in a bag and the partners went to the station with Shang to see him off. He stood on the rear platform as the train pulled out, and holding the bag aloft, shouted, “So long, boys, see you in Texas!” Too late, the bankers realized they had been taken.



Shanghai Pierce’s office and part of ranch house, showing the old hitching rack that the old cowboys probably used years ago.

During all these years, Shanghai Pierce had never forgiven Bill Grimes. The flame of his determination to get even burned brighter each day. Shang decided he had waited long enough.

Like most cattlemen in those days, Grimes owned thousands of head of cattle, but owned no land. He had boasted openly that he would give up the best range in the country before he would buy an acre of it.

Shanghai went to work, quietly forming a partnership here, another one there, and buying much land himself. He acquired title or control of more than a million acres of land, which he soon had fenced. A court order and riders now ordered Grimes off the range. Shanghai Pierce had squared the account.

When the railroad came through Pierce's land, he had a small station built with a sign which read "Thank God." Later this was changed to "Blessing." It was east of this town on the Tres Palacios River that Shanghai's headquarters, Rancho Grande, was located. In front of the Rancho Grande stands an imposing, life-size statue for which Shang went to New York and stood in plaster of paris so that he could leave a good likeness of himself to posterity. It is said that when the statue arrived, he would not accept it until he had called one of his Negroes to pass on the similarity.

Shanghai Pierce died in 1900, and was buried in the Hawley Cemetery 15 miles from Bay City, Texas.

Shang left behind him a trail of witticisms that always can be heard around the campfires during roundup time and reunions of old timers and trail drivers. At one of these meetings, Columbia, anticipating the richness of these tales, installed hidden recording machines. Now, records of Shanghai's remarks and unique wit are on file at the Columbia studio, and also with the Rhode Island Historical Society.



Monument erected by State of Texas on the Shanghai Pierce Ranch. The inscription reads, The Home of a Great Trail Driver, Abel H. Pierce, Born June 29, 1834, Died December 26, 1900. From a Penniless Cowboy, He Rose Through Energy and Shrewdness to the Rank of Cattle King.



Shanghai Pierce's ranch house at Pierce, Texas.

Announcing

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**A New Gear Catalog
Information and Data
for users of Industrial
Reducers and Increaseers**

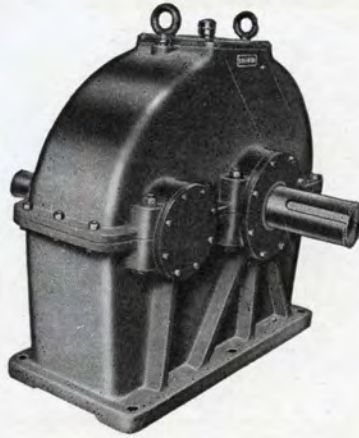
The Lufkin Line

LUFKIN INDUSTRIAL GEAR ASSEMBLIES ARE AVAILABLE IN THREE STANDARD TYPES

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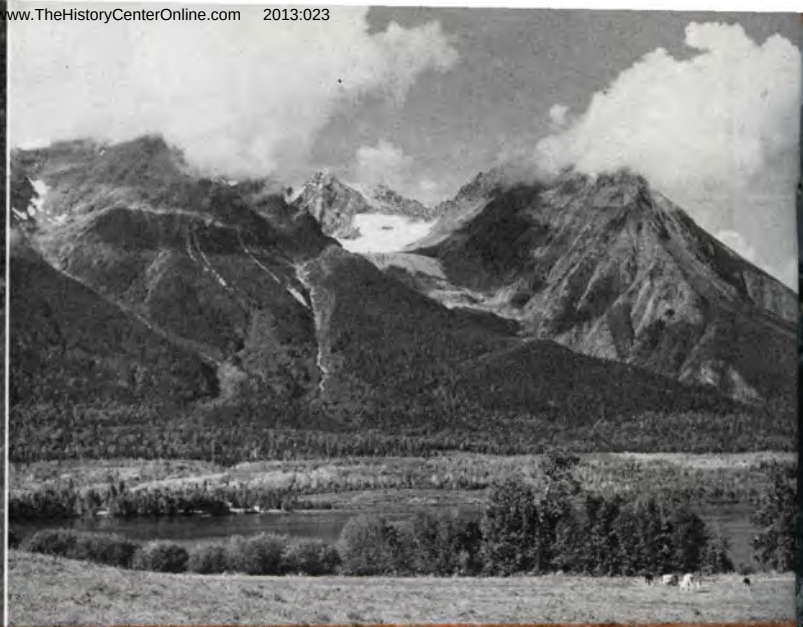
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LAND OF GOLDEN TWILIGHT

By WILL THOMPSON



Hudson's Bay Glacier, with Lake Cathlyn in foreground, near Smithers, along the upper Cariboo Road. It is said to be the most accessible glacier in North America. The roar of the river of melted ice, flowing swiftly down the mountain, can be heard at the point from which the picture was made.

“**L**AND of the Golden Twilight” is a fancy name, but that’s what many Canadians call it—the vast wilderness of forest and mountains and blue-green water which make up British Columbia’s great northwest. Into the heart of this land, there winds a path for America’s present-day adventurous and ever curious pioneers, the automobile tourists, and this path, too, bears a romantic designation—the “Cariboo Road.”

Maybe you’ve never heard of it, this Cariboo Road. It’s big-time neighbor to the east, the Alcan Highway, received all the publicity during the war years, but is still too difficult for the average motorist. The Cariboo offers almost all of that same appeal of remoteness and primitive scenic beauty in its thousand-and-twenty miles, and it’s ready to travel comfortably right now. And the last mile-post is only 40 miles from Alaska!

Beginning in the cosmopolitan surroundings of Vancouver, British Columbia’s largest city, the Cariboo Road follows the swift waters of the Fraser river north for hundreds of miles, over the same twists and turns beaten out by the wagon trains and stagecoaches that served the broad Cariboo interior in the hectic gold rush days of the early 1860’s. All along are signs of that glamorous period in Canada’s western history when the precious yellow metal was scooped from the river-beds in fabulous quantities—Hope, Boston Bar, Cache Creek; picturesque 70-Mile House, 100-Mile House and 150-



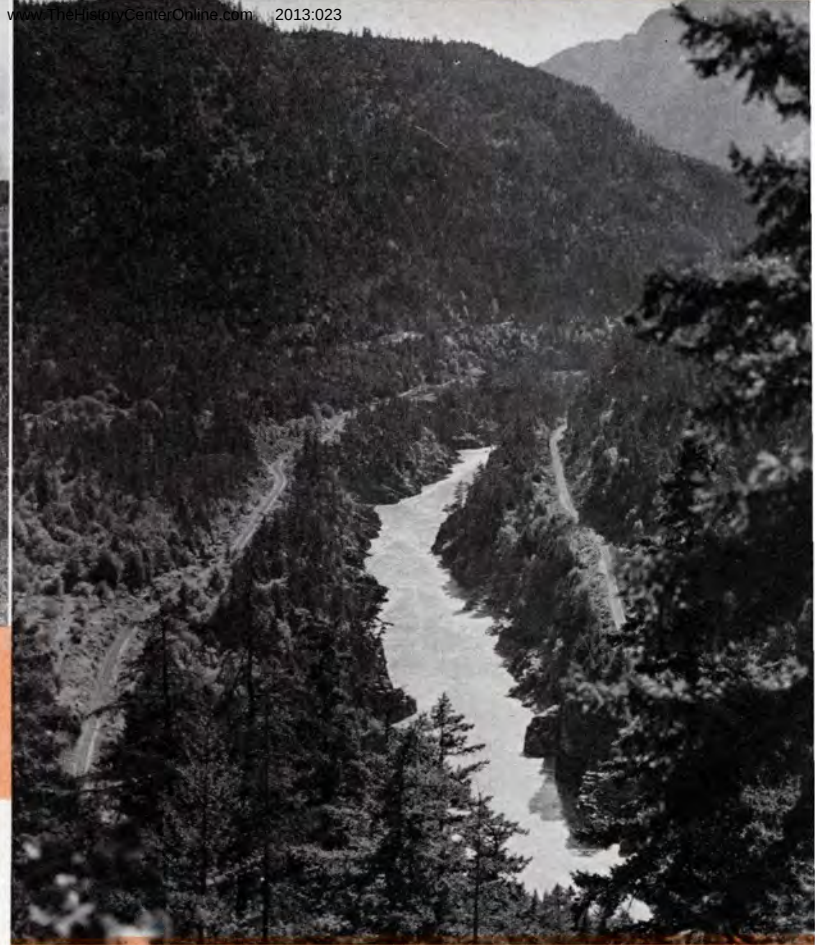
Hagwilget suspension bridge over the Bulkley canyon near Old Hazelton. Recently built, this modern span replaces a crude suspension bridge built by Indians many years ago from materials abandoned by the Western Union Telegraph Company's ill-fated Overland Telegraph project, which was to connect Canada with Europe through Siberia. Completion of the first Atlantic cable in 1866 stopped all work on the line.

Mile House, roadside taverns which still cater to the needs of the dusty traveler.

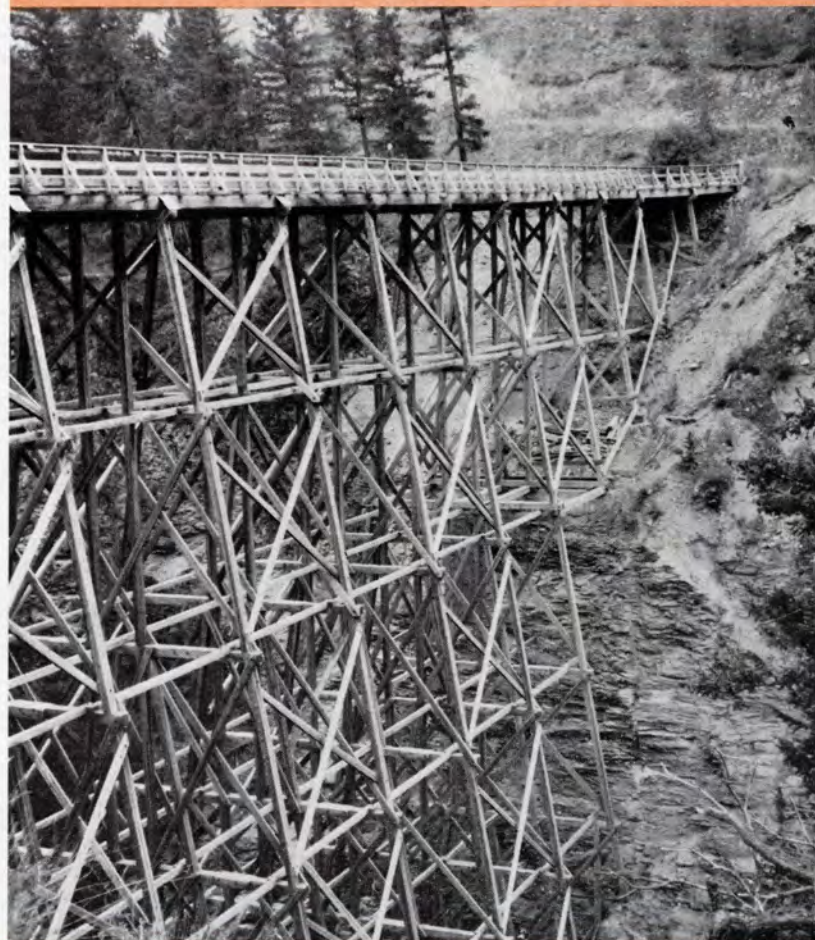
On up the middle of the province crawls the narrow gravel ribbon of the Cariboo, through the rolling, timber-covered central plateau, speckled with hundreds of emerald lakes, to Quesnel and Prince George, then northwest through still greener and more beautiful country to Hazelton, 834 miles north of Vancouver and until recently, the end of the road. Here at this little village, heart of the Indian totem-pole region and above the latitude of the lower Alaskan panhandle, a new automobile route, built during the war by Canadian and American army engineers, extends the Cariboo Road west



The heavily marked line indicates the patch taken by the author when he made his trek along the Cariboo Road and into the Land of the Golden Twilight.



This is Hell's Gate, where the Fraser River finds cramped quarters in a narrow gorge. Two railroads, the river, and an automobile road share the canyon for over 75 miles; one moment you drive almost at the water's edge, and the next you ride the rim of the canyon, with the river a thousand feet below.



"Skyscraper" wooden bridge on the Cariboo Road between Williams Lake and Soda Creek. To get an idea of comparative size, note the boy standing at bridge rail in top center of picture. Lumber is handy, plentiful, and cheap in British Columbia, so few bridges are made of concrete or steel.

The Lufkin Line

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to its coastal terminus at Prince Rupert—a 200-mile drive down the mighty Skeena river through the magnificent snow and glacier crowned Coast Range.

The Cariboo, with its more than a thousand miles of black top and gravel and dirt, is a wonderful route for the motorist who wants to get definitely off the beaten path and yet travel in comparative comfort. Although the upper three-fourths of its length has the same natural gravel surface which the stagecoaches thundered over seventy-five years ago, it is always passable in almost any kind of weather, and is entirely safe for the careful driver. Rough, narrow and winding a lot of the time, naturally, but these are minor discomforts if you can appreciate the beauty and feel the thrill of the far-reaching wilderness around you. Towns and settlements are few and far between, but gasoline, food and lodging are always available when needed if reasonable judgment is exercised. The photographer's heavy sedan, well loaded with luggage and three passengers, negotiated the full route with no difficulty whatever in an early autumn month.

Contrary to expectations, gasoline prices were never excessive, the top price paid for the oversized Imperial gallon in the best grades was 40c. Food was much cheaper than in the States, and hotel accommodations were considerably lower, too. You don't need to bother with mosquito netting, very heavy clothing, extra gasoline or anti-freeze. Pack just what you might for a trip to any of our mountain states; midsummer through September will provide the most sunshine and nice weather. The gravel is not so easy on tires, so make sure yours are in good condition; it might be wise to carry an additional spare. At least a week should be allowed for the one-way trip, more if possible. The saddest mistake of all would be to forget your camera and a supply of film—don't do it!

Here's another tip, unless you're allergic to salt-water. Don't miss a thing on the way north, and when the old Pacific greets you at Prince Rupert, take a steamer back to Vancouver through the unbelievably beautiful inlets and waterways of the

(Continued on Page 18)



No matter how remote the location or how icy the winter blasts sweep down from the not-too-distant Arctic Circle, there's always an occasional peaceful farm scene like the one in the left background of this picture of the Bulkley flowing into the Skeena at the edge of Old Hazelton.



Visiting mechanical engineers of Shell Oil Company are shown here in Trailer Division. Left to right: E. P. Trout, Lufkin, Val Gallia, Lufkin's Houston man; Duane A. Schmeckie, Dave Donaldson, Tom Bowers, Lufkin's Houston man; Jack Connors, Jim Lewis, W. W. Trout, President, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.; Bob Carter, Howard Shatto, Doug Meyers, Bill Miner, Manager of Lufkin's Houston office; and Bayo Hopper, Lufkin.



Members of the Texas Company's Producing Dept., Eastern District Office, South Texas Division, Daisetta, Texas, are, front row, left to right: Tom Gaines, W. H. LeVrier, A. Tony Pall, and Henry Mozisek. Back row: Mrs. Mildred Pitre, Barry D. Greer, W. J. Johnson, Macel L. Spivey, and Clarence E. Jack.



Bill Shultz, on the left, of Santa Fe Railway and Howard Green, Assistant Manager of Crystal Ice Co., Phoenix, California.

SNAPSHOTS

BY THE *Lufkin* CAMERAMAN



Clyde Robinson of Gulf Oil Corp., Fort Worth, and Walter Trout, Lufkin's President, at stag dinner during A.P.I. meeting in Fort Worth.



Left to right: Ray White, Louisiana Iron & Sulphur; S. H. Killingsworth, Independent Operator; W. T. Crowder, Jr., Lufkin's Representative; and F. S. Smith, Burden & Kemp.



George Siedhoff, owner of Broadview Oil Co., Emporia and Wichita, Kansas.



Walt Greenfield, Signal Oil & Gas Co., Long Beach, California.



Dick L. Erion, Production Engineer for Socony Vacuum Oil Co. of Venezuela



Kendall Graham of Jergin's Trust, standing beside a Lufkin TC-44-15 in Edison Field, California.



M. E. Cone of Signal Oil & Gas Co., Wilmington Field, Calif. Beside him is a Lufkin TC1-41-B unit powered by a Lufkin G.S.D.H. engine.



Left to right: C. R. Inglis, District Engineer; H. H. Wiggins, Farm Boss; S. P. Gates, District Superintendent; L. R. Hunt, District Clerk; L. H. Church, Head Roustabout, all of Cities Service Oil Co., Chase, Kansas.



CHICAGO BOUND FOR A-P-P

K-T SPECIAL TRAIN



1941 ANNUAL

CONVENTION

The Lufkin Line

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Seeing Alaska

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have a real, deeper meaning in the Yukon Territory. We sat on the deck until late at night reading Service's poems. We had no need of lights, for this was truly the land of the Mid-night Sun. The sun left us in darkness about three hours during the night. They say that in June a baseball game begins at mid-night, and the sun shines during the entire game.

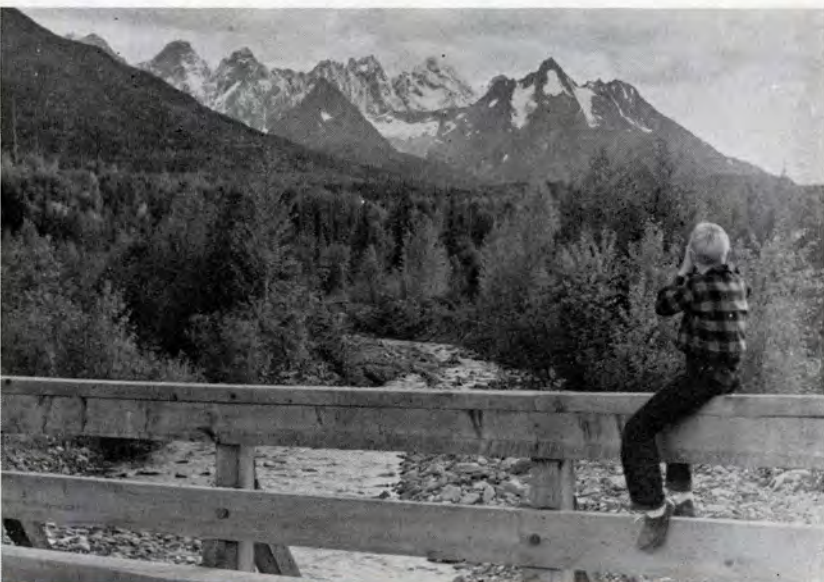
Captain Campbell said, "Some of the prettiest sunsets in the world are on Lake LeBarge—a 27-mile body of soft, blue-green glacier water."

Land of Golden Twilight

(Continued from Page 14)

Inside Passage. Two people and their automobile can make it first-class for less than a hundred dollars, and the cruise is a two-day double-dip dessert to top off a grand and different overland voyage through the Land of the Golden Twilight.

There aren't any billboards on the Cariboo Road yet; no hot-dog stands and few automobile tourists. But the news is getting around that here's a new frontier for the man-behind-the-wheel, so if you and the little woman and Junior want to see it as it looked to the photographer not many months ago—better hurry!



Freshly-fallen, powdery snow blankets the jagged peaks of the Coast Range near Skeena Crossing between Hazelton and Terrace. The stream is Price Creek. A party of tourists just a few miles behind the photographer reported later that they had waded out in the icy water and caught a fine lot of salmon—with their bare hands!

It is when the four feet of ice breaks on Lake LeBarge each April that the "Casca" and her crew begin their thirteen seasonal trips to Dawson, the center of the Klondike gold fields. By October 16 of each year, the "Casca" has made its last trip until the following April, for then the water of the Yukon River and that of Lake LeBarge freezes. During the frigid winter months, the only method of transporting passengers or freight is by airplane or dog-sled.

As I went to my cabin that night, I was glad that I was aboard the "Casca" and that it was a balmy summer evening.



AUTHOR and photographer Will Thompson was born in Dublin, north-central Texas. His first camera was installment-plan, mail order purchase. His home-made enlarger which used daylight from a sawed-out hole in the attic (his residence lacking electricity at that time) worked fine, but such architectural alterations found little favor with the landlord. Soon he had sold enough farm magazine covers, Sunday roto pictures, and advertising photos to buy better equipment.

Thompson has worked at odd jobs including some years with a professional studio, abstract typing in the sheep country East of the Pecos, office pencil-pushing at oil-booming Best and Texon, Texas, and a try at a retail camera store business.

During 1942-45, he served in the A.A.F. as photographer and lab technician. Currently he is with Plymouth Oil Company and doing free-lance illustration work.

Marital status: single. Age: "I've been checking on this 'Life Begins at 40' stuff; haven't arrived at any positive conclusions."

In the last issue of the LINE, announcement was made of the \$800,000 Memorial Hospital to be built by Lufkin industries. Six Lufkin industries were named. Other industries taking part in this program include: Southern Pine Lumber Co., Angelina Casualty Co., Perkins-Goodwin Co., Perry Bros., Temple Lumber Co., and Texas Power and Light Co. of Lufkin.

Let's Laugh

A PROMINENT bishop sat in a box in the opera house awaiting the curtain and watching the fair ladies in low-cut evening gowns being ushered to their seats. After looking around the house with opera glasses, one of the ladies in the party said:

"Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop; "never since I was weaned."

★

"Grandpappy, you're getting pretty old and feeble. Don't you think you'd better go to the poorhouse?"

"You're dadburned right, sonny. I'm a rarin'. Let's get goin'."

"Okay, grandpappy. But I can't understand why you're so anxious to go to the poorhouse."

"Poorhouse? *Poorhouse?* Ye gads . . . my mistake, Bub! I misunderstood you!"

★

She wore her new evening gown to the party but her heart wasn't in it.

★

She was the kind of girl who wore the kind of dresses that kept everyone warm but her.



Sit perfectly still, Mabel. Lots of people drown every summer by tipping the boat!

A wayfaring gentleman arrived late one night in a small town whose only hotel was completely filled. "No sir," said the clerk, "I can't give you a room. The best I can do for you is to give you half of a private dining-room. There's a screen across it and a lady has the other half, but I reckon she won't bother you." The traveler agreed that the accommodation would do in a pinch and retired to his half of the room.

Thirty minutes later he ran into the lobby, wild-eyed and pale. "Hey," he yelled to the clerk, "that woman is dead!"

"I know it," said the clerk, "but I'm wondering how you found out she is!"

★

Fire broke out in a large hotel in which there were many guests. They were all awakened and hurried out as quickly as possible. One of the last guests to leave the hotel was a man who was very proud of his iron nerves. He walked up to the other guests and said: "I was not the least bit excited. I washed and combed and dressed and smoked a cigaret. There was no cause for excitement."

A listener said to him: "Then why didn't you put on your pants?"

★

The glamour girl cured her hang-over by buying a new brassiere.

★

"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh?"

"Well, finally."

★

"I feel 10 years younger after I shave," said hubby.

"Then," replied his wife, "why don't you try shaving before you go to bed?"

"Great balls of Fire! I'll never try that again," shouted the little moron as he slid down the flag pole.

★

The elevator was tightly jammed when a girl said fiercely: "Take your hands off me, you louse! No, not you, YOU!"

★

"Do you object to petting, Alice?" "That's something I've never done, Bill."

"Never petted, Alice?"

"Never objected, Bill."

★

She was the kind of a girl you'd like to bring home to mother—if you could trust father.

★

The woman's two pet monkeys died, so she took them to a taxidermist to have them stuffed.

"Do you want them mounted?" he asked.

"No," she said, "I'm going to put them on the mantle so you better just have them shaking hands."

★

The old maid who went for a tramp in the woods now has a daughter who goes for everybody.



Lady, is this yours?

What do you want to Haul?

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