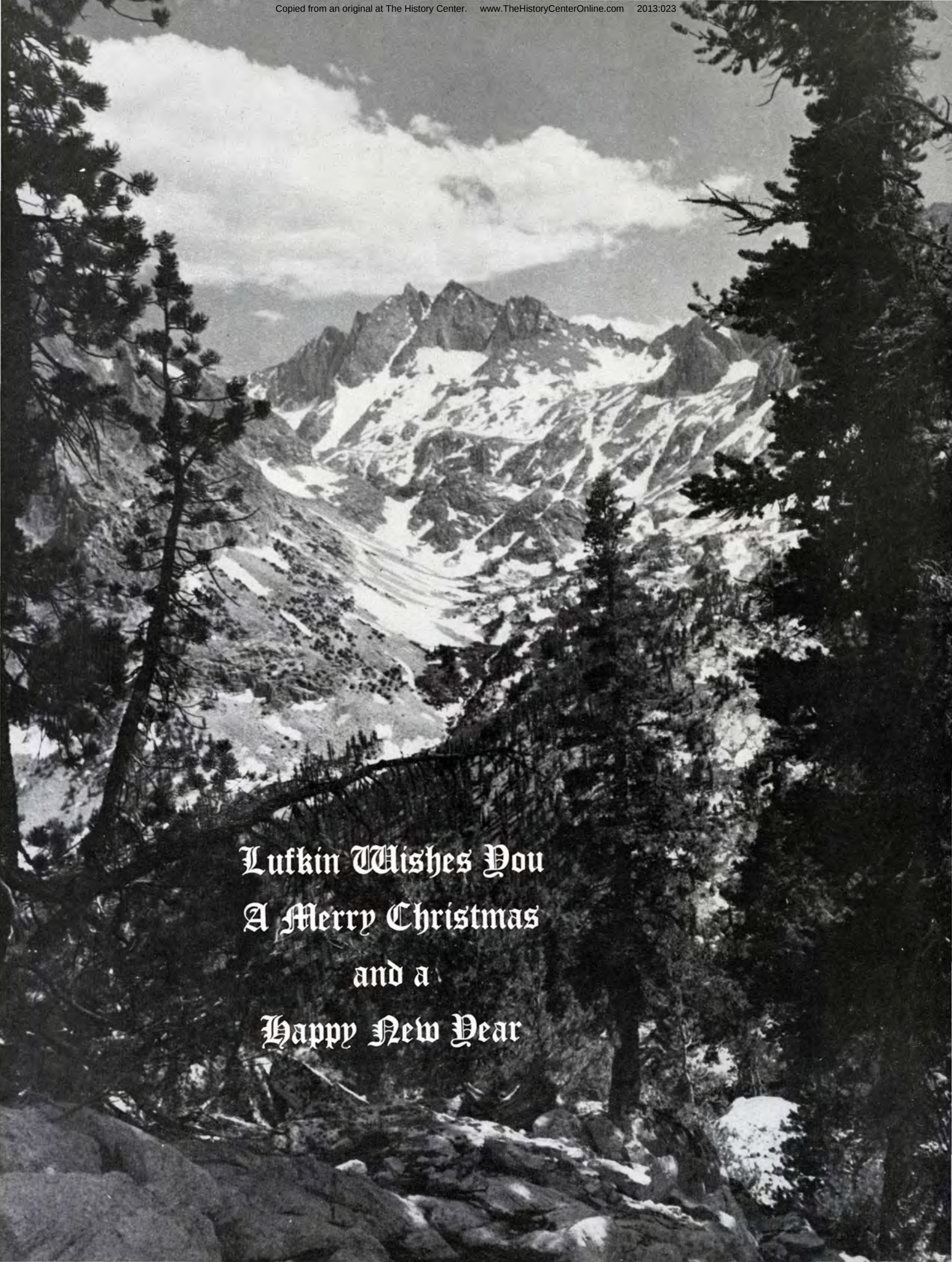


The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXV . . . NUMBER 6



A black and white photograph of a mountain landscape. In the background, a large, rugged mountain peak is covered in patches of snow. The foreground is filled with the dark, silhouetted branches of evergreen trees, some of which are in sharp focus. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds. The overall scene is serene and wintry.

Lufkin Wishes You
A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

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 XXV

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1950

Number 6

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For somehow, not only at Christmas, but
all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others is the
joy that comes back to you.

—Whittier.

I have always thought of Christmas as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem to open their hearts freely, and so I say, God bless Christmas!

—Charles Dickens.

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SNOW FLIES from a skier's fast turn on a ski slope near Sun Valley. Some of the mountain peaks around this year-round sports center never lose their snow.

SUN VALLEY. A YEAR-ROUND WONDERLAND

SUN VALLEY, Idaho — known throughout the world today as one of the best winter sports centers—was at one time a lonely little winter-locked valley. This sportsman's paradise is the result of a bright idea of two smart men who knew how to take advantage of natural resources.

These two young men, defiant at the glorious reports of the wonderful winter sports of St. Moritz in the Swiss Alps, decided that a little hot and cold running water installed in the Rockies would make an admirable substitute and would provide a winter playground that could be enjoyed by nearly anyone in the United States.

And that's just what they did. Today at Sun Valley the countless miles of ski runs are only part of the attractions. Vacationers can skate, toboggan, ride bob-sleds or dog sleds. They can swim outdoors in dead of winter in perfect comfort in two glass-enclosed pools while they can see through the window panes the surrounding mountains blanketed with more than six feet of snow on which their friends are schussing and twisting in fancy turns.

In the middle of summer, they can ice skate on an outdoor, artificial rink and from the ice rink

watch dinner guests dance to the music of Harl Smith and his orchestra. If they want to ski in June, they can at nearby Boulder Basin, only 45 minutes from the Lodge by jeep. And if they want to tell their friends they have seen a slalom race on deep snow July 4th, they can see one.

Sun Valley is an amazing place of incongruities in any season.

There is no definite "winter season" and "summer season" as such. Each slides into the other with few noticeable changes. When snow leaves the valley floor, guests stack their skis and go fishing or hunting through the back-country bordering this mile-high community or enjoy the dozens of sport activities at the resort itself.

For the hunter who goes to Sun Valley, the resort offers plenty of big game to satisfy his appetite. There are deer, elk and Rocky Mountain white goat. Then for the shot-gun addict, there are ducks, partridge, doves, pheasant, quail and grouse.

The dry fly fisherman can pit his skill against the cunning of the abundant trout in the mountain-fed streams.

For the novel side of hunting and fishing, Sun

Valley has one of the most unusual trips in the country. For years one of the greatest challenges to outdoorsmen in Idaho was getting through the Impassable Canyon on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River about 110 miles north of the resort city.

The area abounds in legend and tradition as well as big game. Its name was derived from the time a renegade band of Indians used its rocky cliffs to stand off the U. S. Regulars for more than two years. They succeeded because the Regulars had to shoot 65 miles of rapids to get through the canyon, which was the only way to make the trip and survive.

The first man to actually shoot the rapids was Dr. R. G. Fraser of Brigham County, Utah, an expert in White Water boat trips. While passing through, he saw innumerable big game—deer, elk, mountain goat—and could easily obtain a meal by dropping his fishing line into the Middle Fork.

This trip was later developed by Leon “Andy” Anderson, owner of the Bar X Vacation Ranch at Meyers Cove, and under his guidance a party of hunters made the first combination White Water and pack trip through this canyon in October, 1947.

During the hunting season, Sun Valley has a se-

RIGHT IN the dead of winter, folks at Sun Valley can swim in comfort. The warm water pools are glass-enclosed, and offer a real treat to swimmers who paddle around in warm water while watching their friends race down a snow-covered mountain.





FIRST-RUN movies are shown each evening at Sun Valley's picturesque Opera House. Entertainment at this resort city is almost unlimited.



GUESTS PLAY croquet on the lawn in front of Sun Valley Lodge. Warm weather operations at Sun Valley are as extensive as when the snow covers the mountains.

CHALLENGER INN can be seen in the background. One of the most famous places in Sun Valley is the Ram Room in the Challenger where beerfests are held nightly as young skiers sing and yodel in Swiss fashion.



lect group of guests who come for the shooting sport. Stand-by's year-after-year, of course, are Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hemingway who prefer bird shooting. Ralph Belamy is avid for deer as well as bird shooting.

Whether a guest desires fishing, hunting, rock climbing, pack trips or just a game of croquet on the lawn in front of the Lodge, Sun Valley has instructors standing by to teach him the sport. For some sports such as fishing and hunting, individual guides are available for trips lasting several days or several weeks.

When the snow melts and the velvety green carpet covers once more the floor of the valley, it is then the beginning of the summer season. The majority of summer-time guests are sportsmen who bring families because their wives and children find innumerable activities within the valley itself while they fish and hunt.

Available for all sports enthusiasts—young and old—are archery, tennis, fishing, golf, horseback riding, skeet shooting, ice skating, swimming, bowling, croquet, bicycling, badminton, softball and a dozen other activities.

Actually, in the warm months when Sun Valley changes from a winter resort to a western resort, activities are centered in the ranch. The "Ranch" takes in more than 500 acres of property, including two streams and a complete stable staffed by wranglers and hired hands.

This crew maintains the original Brass cattle ranch on which Sun Valley was built. They care for the huskie dogs who pull sleighs all winter and relax all summer. They supply the guides and the horses for breakfast rides to Trail Creek Cabin and for long horseback rides during the days. They maintain a herd of nearly 100 horses—27 of which are used for sleighs, cutters, and large bobsleds in winter.

A complete crew is maintained to keep Sun Valley property the same as it was twelve years ago when it was a rich ranch land. Some of the wranglers and farmhands are the same men who tilled and worked soil in the employ of the Brass family, and have remained since Sun Valley was built.

While guests enjoy these warm-weather sports, crews of husky workers take off each morning from the Challenger Inn in jeeps to ride up the side of Baldy Mountain—an area which before the war was accessible only on the long ski lifts—but is no match for the jeep. Carrying axes, picks and shovels, they blaze trails down the side of the mountain,

cutting away trees, brush, moving rocks or debris which, when covered by packed powder snow, would create bumps for skiers. They are members of the "trail crew" who during the summertime operation get Sun Valley ski trails ready for winter.

In the way of accommodations, Sun Valley has two modern, complete hotels—Sun Valley Lodge and the Challenger Inn. These are supplemented by the Aspen Cottage and three chalets. Four dining rooms are in operation: the Lodge dining room where there is dinner dancing nightly, the Cafe Continental in the Challenger Inn, the Ram, where there is also dinner dancing each evening; and the skiers' Cafeteria.

But most people think of skiing when Sun Valley is mentioned—and rightfully so. The resort is particularly famous for having ski slopes for any type enthusiast—easy, medium and professional. These range from the gentle, "nursery" slopes on Dollar Mountain to the two and one-tenth mile downhill courses on Baldy.

During the winter season, Sun Valley utilizes four mountains for skiing—Baldy, 9,200 feet; Dollar, 6,700 feet; Proctor, 7,700 feet; and Ruud, 6,650 feet. All four mountains are served by electrically-operated chair lifts.

The longest ski trails are on Baldy Mountain, and slopes are available for every skier from beginner to expert. One of the most popular trails runs directly under the first Baldy Mountain lift and is divided into three sections, any one of which the skier may attempt because the start of each trail coincides with the transfer point for each of the three sections of Baldy Lift.

The first section is the River Run, six-tenths of one mile long; the Canyon Run, seven-tenths of a mile; and the Ridge Run, eight-tenths. The total length from the top of the mountain to the bottom is two and one-tenth miles. There are other popular runs on Baldy ranging from a little over one mile in length to three miles.

On Dollar, Proctor and Ruud mountains, there are gentle slopes for beginners. These vary in length and vertical drop to provide almost any type run desirable.

Indeed, Sun Valley has come a long way from the desolate, snow-bound area that it was when two young men decided to compete with the Swiss Alps. Whether summer or winter, Sun Valley is about as paradoxical a place as can be found anywhere. It offers everything in both seasons to appease the appetite of all sports enthusiasts.



THIS SKIER is doing a "galundesprung" on one of the mountains near Sun Valley. From the top of Baldy it is a drop of 3,200 vertical feet to the Lodge and the Inn on the Valley floor.



A SKIER rides the lift to the top of Baldy Mountain. Town of Ketchum can be seen below with Sun Valley in background. This lift, which is one of the greatest chair lifts anywhere, is 11,500 feet long. Warm-weather guests are carried by it to lookout points high in the Idaho mountains.

THESE VACATIONERS bicycle past Challenger Inn. Although it is cool during the summer because the valley floor is 6,000 feet above sea level, still guests can acquire a healthy sun tan.



SNAPSHOTS



MAC McCARTY
Union Oil Co., Bakersfield,
Calif.



LUFKIN was host to a group of Atlantic Oil and Refining Co.'s foremen recently, as shown in this photograph. Left to right, first row: Alan Lockard, Lufkin representative; Bill Raywinkle, Baverman, Roy Adams, and Lufkin's L. A. Little. Second row: Dan Holleyman, Dick Brown, John Pickering, Lufkin's Tom Crowder, and Theo Meissner. Third row: Pete Hamilton, Leland Casey, McGranahan and R. B. Winton. Fourth row: H. O. Meissner, Lufkin's Guy Croom, Dick Hobson and Rube Hightower. Back row: Lufkin's Ed Trout and Tom Banta.



JOHN LAUNDER
Standard Oil Co.,
La Habra, Calif.



Looking down on Richfield Oil Corporation's Sloan lease in Cuyama Valley, California.



This LUFKIN unit works with the picturesque Chalk Hills of Cuyama Valley, California, as its backdrop.



E. E. MOSHER, General Petroleum Corp., Taft, Calif.



JOHN RODGERS and **BUDDY ADAMS**, Gulf Refining Corp., Baxterville, Mississippi.



C. F. MORTON and **JOE BOND**, Magnolia Petroleum Co., Drumright, Okla.



G. F. O'BRIEN
Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
Wewoka, Okla.



DON ELY
The Texas Company,
Senimole, Okla.



V. L. SMITH
Sunray Oil Corp.,
Wewoka, Okla.



V. A. MACHULIS
The Texas Company,
Maysville, Okla.



JOE MARTIN
Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
Drumright, Okla.

. . . BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



Results of a big fishing trip. Left to right, HAROLD PULS, The Texas Company, Los Angeles; E. P. TROUT, vice president, Lufkin Foundry; BOB GENTRY, Long Beach Oil Development Co., Long Beach; Walt Greenfield, Signal Oil and Gas Co., Los Angeles; and Donald Greenfield.

LUFKIN'S ED TROUT is quite an expert on Los Angeles and Hollywood beauties, as can easily be seen by the selection around his picture in the center of these loveliest of the lovelies.

JACK WATSON
W. B. Osborn Co., Ada, Okla.



Bell Oil Company's camp in South Cuyama Valley, Calif.

Left to right: EDD TERRILL, JR., Lufkin's Corpus Christi representative; TOM BOWERS, Lufkin's Houston representative; C. B. HUSSEY, Gulf Oil Corp., Houston; IVAN TUCKER, Atlantic Oil and Refining Co., Corpus Christi; and CULLOM JONES, The Texas Co., Houston.

JAMES F. DONHAM
Bay Petroleum Co.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.



Left, BILL MINER, Lufkin's Gulf Coast Division manager; GORDON JAMES, Gulf Oil Corp., Houston; and TOM BOWERS, Lufkin's Houston representative.

BRYON LASSETTER and MILTON SKILLERN,
Sohio Petroleum Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.

PROFESSOR CLOUD
Oklahoma University,
Norman, Okla.



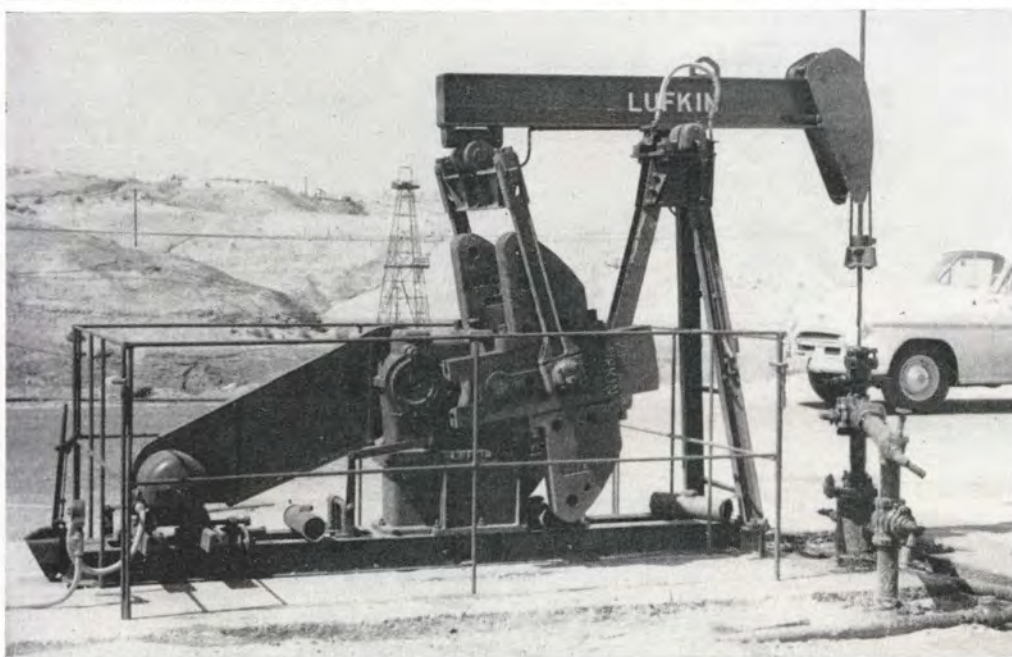
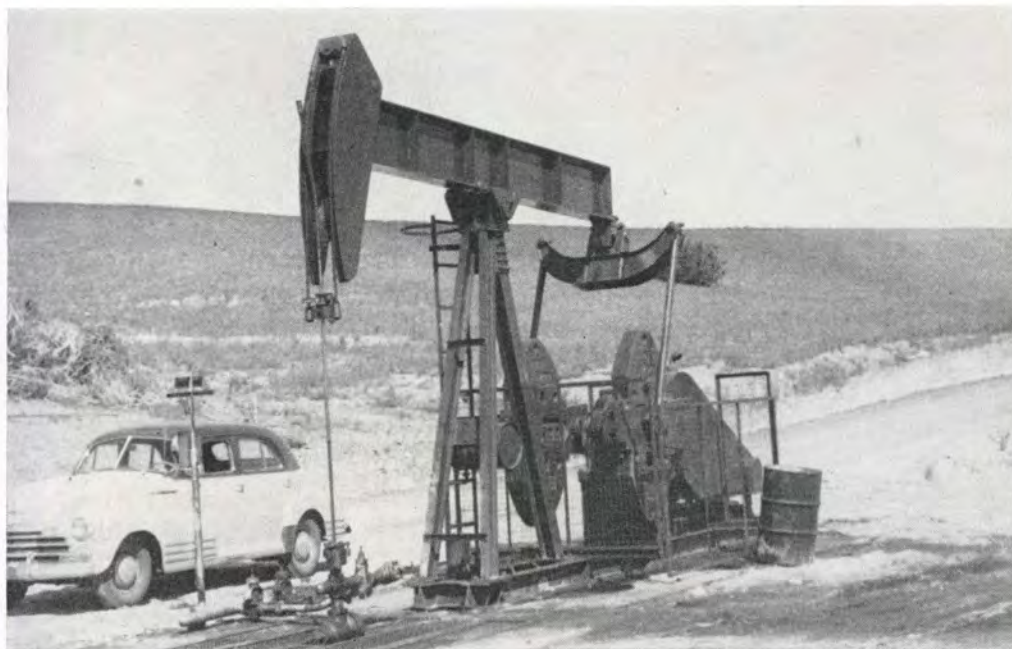
JOE FIELD
Sohio Petroleum Co.,
Oklahoma City

ART MOUSER
Tide Water Associated Oil
Co., Tulsa, Okla.

EMMETT BROWN
Midstates Oil Corp., Tulsa

HAROLD BERG
Tide Water Associated Oil
Co., Tulsa

RUSS CURTIS
Carter Oil Co.,
Oklahoma City

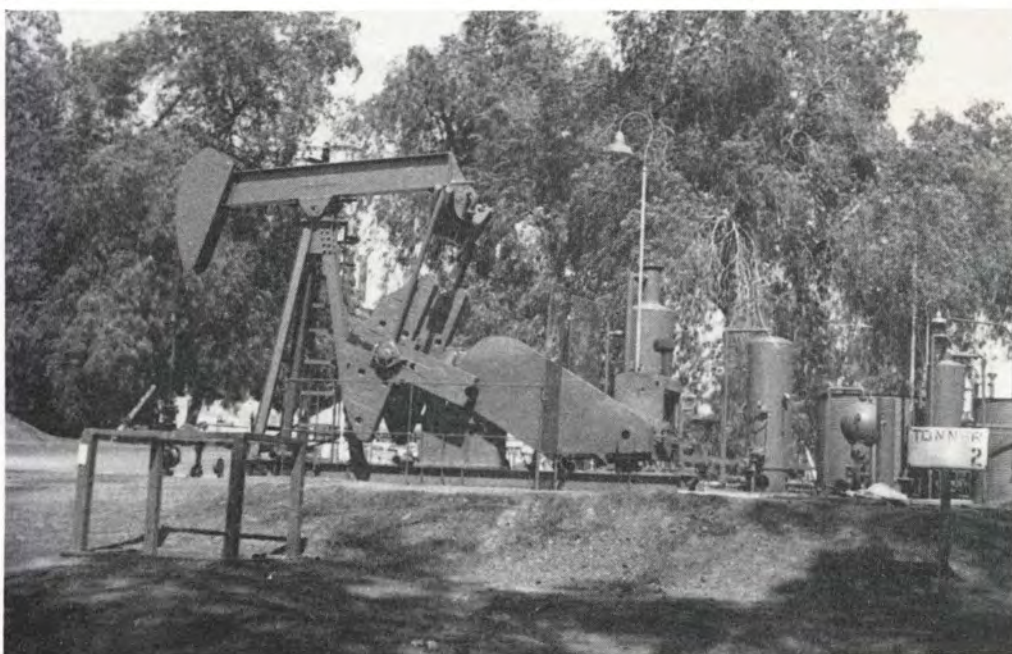


Above left: LUFKIN TC-44A-15A, Rio Cuyama, California.

Above center: LUFKIN T8-16D, O California.

Above right: LUFKIN TC-41C, Un Field, Bakersfield, California. This cotton field.

Lufkin Install

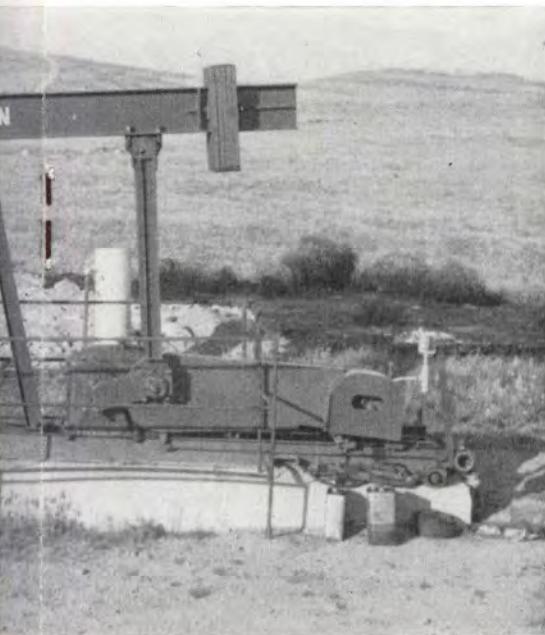


Center left: LUFKIN T7-3A, Gene Moco Lease, Taft, California.

Left below: LUFKIN TC-1-41C, S Habra, California.

Center right: LUFKIN TC-44-15A, C tion, Tonnor Lease, Brea, Californi

Right below: LUFKIN TC-44A, Co Line, Oklahoma.



15A, Richfield Oil Company, South

6D, O. M. Slosson, Tejon Ranch,

C, Union Oil Company, Gosford
This Unit sits in the middle of a

skin lations

General Petroleum Corporation,

IC, Standard Oil Company, La

15A, General Petroleum Corpora-
lifornia.

A, Carter Oil Company, County



BOOKSTALLS ON THE SEINE

BY HARRIET GEITHMANN



ON THE BONNY banks of the Seine just below the famous bookstalls, people gather to pass the time of day or watch the barges move along the river.

FORTIFY YOURSELF with time, patience, and a handful of French francs; then go rummaging along the bookstalls on the bonny left bank of the Seine. Begin, if you will, at Pont Royal opposite the Louvre and the Garden of the Tuileries and then saunter all the way down the quays to Pont St. Michel opposite the Palais de Justice and Notre Dame. Almost a mile of treasure chests. Beneath the great plane trees which shadow the canopied boxes perching along the rim of the river's stone parapet, stroll along like Alice in Wonderland prepared for Old World surprises without end.

If you go in the morning as we did, preferably between 10:00 and 12:00, you will enjoy more elbow room with which to search for century old prizes. During the noon hour the plot thickens. The Parnassian atmosphere grows dense as the characters multiply, other rummagers like yourself only more so, lovers of belles-lettres.

Before you begin to delve in earnest in these mysterious stalls, each a weather-beaten wooden box occupying a stance between five and six feet long, on top of the river wall, you will be conscious of that motley throng that haunts the bookstalls. At this open air shrine you will rub elbows with the priest in his flowing black robe and hat like a discouraged derby, the absent-minded philosopher, the shabby old scholar, the hungry young student, the eager professor, the patient bibliophile, the black soldier in khaki with a scarlet turban, the French soldier in blue, the natty tourist and the connoisseur, all valiant rummagers, young and old, rich and poor, obscure and famous.

Most of them are bookish individuals, incorrigible bookworms. First they browse like butterflies flitting from stall to stall. Sometimes they light long enough at a single stall to devour a slice of its contents while they twirl their moustaches in the sun.

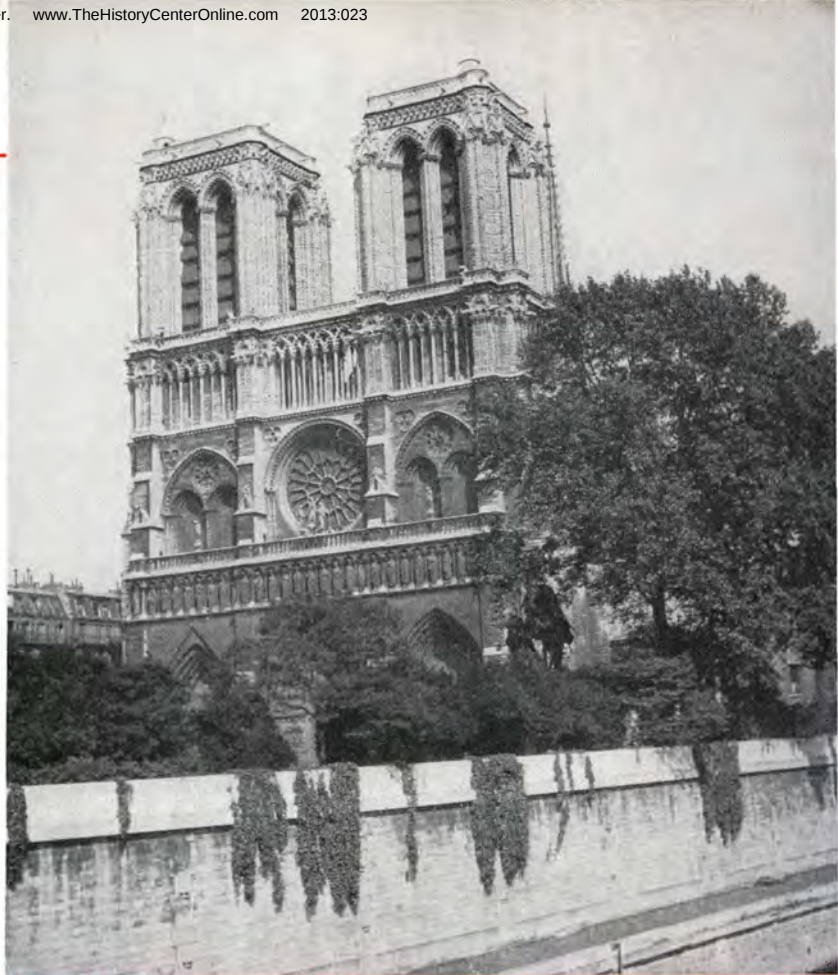
The priest in somber black, fingers the dusty pages of a yellow pamphlet, then turns to a bulky dog-eared volume in vellum parchment. The student searches for a Latin grammar. The professor is on a still hunt for a volume out of print for a century or more. The bibliophile hopes to unearth a rare prize. He never grows weary of mounting his hobby for a round of the stalls or loses faith when a book-hunting day yields no harvest. Tomorrow Lady Luck may lead him to a bargain.

While the traveler on your right idly looks at the illustrated pages, the traveler on your left invests in a dozen old volumes and staggers off to his hotel to worry over his precious excess baggage. Many a curious browser with more time than francs is lost in a book. In this fleeting way, according to Charles Lamb, many a true book-lover filches "a little learning at the open stalls." One of them actually confessed that he thus read 450 pages of Darwin's "Origin of the Species."

Whole libraries have been bought and sold in this enthralling atmosphere. Here you can find almost anything if you dig hard enough and hope long enough. Age-old volumes, some of them autographed by authors to their critics or by famous scholars to their friends, travel from niche to niche, from fortune to misfortune until they tumble into one of the bookstalls on the Seine where in due time they are discovered by a discerning eye, haggled over and finally restored to honor and dignity. Soldiers of fortune, indeed, are many of these old tomes written during the centuries in all languages on all subjects.

If editors and publishers have their trials and tribulations so do the books they edit and publish. Some of these adventurers possess covers and indexes and some do not. Some are dusty and ragged; others are clean and well mended. Side by side with treasures of the ages—sociology, psychology, philosophy, poetry and school books—wait; cheap paper-covered novels, transient trash, subtle pictures, "The Diary of a Freshman," and "Armours Perverses and L'illusion d'Amour," "Piano Classiques," "The Bonne Fortune of Toto," cook books and volumes on Bolshevism. Here Maupassant gossips with Edith Wharton. The Saturday Evening Post of 1947 enjoys a tete-a-tete with Samuel Butler's famous satire, "Hudibras," printed in 1710, and Godey's Ladies Book with its dazzling mezzotints of the fashionable ladies of the fifties. Here Victor Hugo and Sir Walter Scott stand elbow to elbow with Robinson Crusoe and Virgil.

Not all of the bookstalls, however, are entirely devoted to second-hand books. Some of them are



WANDERING DOWN the Seine past the stalls of books, one finds Notre Dame with all its old world charm inside and out.

WHEN ONE wanders up the Seine from the enchanted stalls, he finds this famous arch in the neighborhood of Eiffel Tower.





HERE ARE the bookstalls on the Seine with all their treasures flaunting their pictorial charms in the breeze.

veritable curiosity and antique shops on a Pandora-box scale. In them, you will find stamps by the millions, old coins and medals by the hundred, mounted butterflies, bees, flies and hornets, seashells, bits of old China, jewelry, armor, telescopes, copper, and pewter teapots and doorknobs, pictures framed and unframed, water colors, oil paintings and portfolios of etchings, woodcuts, engravings by old masters and new, and sheet music. Some of these pictures are flaunted in the brilliant sunshine as they hang from a clothes-line to which they are pinned securely to keep breezes of the Seine from blowing them away. For the same purpose paper-weights of all descriptions are used to advantage, horseshoes, lumps of quartz and granite.

The bookstalls on the Seine are thrice alluring: First, because of the personalities that haunt them; second, because of the treasures that abide with them; and third, because of the weather-beaten booksellers who preside over their destinies.

These vendors, ranging in age from 40 to 80 years, are to be envied for their untiring patience not only with the tide of browsers that forever ebbs and flows past their stalls but with the vagaries of the weather, on the banks of the Seine. Gusts of dust-laden wind play havoc with the leaves of the plane trees and books, as well as their etchings fluttering beneath scalloped awnings. The ardent sun-

shine of July, the penetrating snows of January and the devastating rain every month of the year, all combine to add interest. Weather prophets they soon become and trim their sails accordingly. They arrive in the morning at any hour they choose with their picnic lunches, these independent men and women, and unlock their boxes or "portable junk-shops," prop up the weatherproof lids, spread out their treasures and whisk off the dust of yesterday with feather-dusters. When they are all ready for business, they take their camp-stools and sit serenely in the sun or in the shadow of a tree as they will, pictures of contented indolence.

While they wait for a client or a crony their hands are not folded. The women knit, darn the family socks, do fancy work and deep the babies happily asleep beneath their nets. The men smoke their pipes, philosophize, read their own books and grow wiser. Their dogs doze with one eye open for knavish beggars and kleptomaniacs. Some of the booksellers are conservative, others radical. Some are eager for colloquy; others maintain a frigid front and eye the world with suspicion. The latter are fortunately in the minority. Most of them are not above bargaining. The price of a book often depends upon the ignorance, nationality and the size of the buyer's purse. For 62 years, however, the famous bookstall vendor, Pere Malorey, who

died in 1890 at the age of 82, abided by his original prices. In general, prices range from 25 centimes to 100 francs or more. Some stalls are marked "Au Choix one franc." Others are simply marked "Achat de livres." Their average sales are approximately 25 francs a day.

If you are lucky enough, you may even see some of the patron saints of the bookstalls sharing a jug of wine, cigarettes or bon-bons with their vendor friends at the conclusion of a sale of some rare find. When a vendor wishes to skip off for an hour or so, his confrere keeps an eye on his stall. In this way, they cooperate with one another. At times, when business is anything but brisk, one bookseller will be in charge of three or four stalls. If great booksellers have begun their careers at these stalls so great librarians have ended theirs.

The history of these old stalls, covering at least four centuries, has been ably portrayed by Octave Uzanne. No institution of Paris today reflects more of the atmosphere of old Paris than the bookstalls on the banks of the Seine, which date back to the time when Bourbonism ruled the fortunes of France. There are still a few stalls clinging to the right bank of the river in the shadow of the Louvre and the sunshine of Mona Lisa's smile under glass. It is said that the Prefect of the Seine has refused to issue any more permits for stalls on the right bank.

The booksellers on the left bank, however, still believe in a rosy future. When Baron Haussmann in 1866 planned to clear them all away from the river's stone parapets, Napoleon III investigated the situation for himself and when he discovered one of the veteran booksellers, Pere Foy, thawing out his chilled hands over a stove in which he was burning the "Conquetes et Victoires des Francais," he decided to leave them in peace.

Meanwhile the bookstalls invite the world to browse a bit as it drifts by. Below, the river ripples along while the fishermen try their luck; the barges loaded with stone and lumber float by; the dogs go



PAST THE lure of the bookstalls on the banks of the Seine one can buy his French bread on the wing as it were.

swimming with their masters; the artists sketch Notre Dame of Gothic beauty and the graceful bridges of stone while the Parisians fold their rags around them, curl up and fall asleep on the very fringe of a flight of stone steps leading down to the water. All of which are but a few reasons why the immortals have always chanted and always will chant the praises of the bookstalls on the Seine. When you visit them slowly and patiently, with a handful of centimes and francs in your pocket, you, too, will chant their praises tomorrow and the day after.

DIRECTLY ACROSS the Seine is this beautiful bridge which leads one from the bookstalls to the Louvre with its pictures.

BOOKS ON one side and traveling cauliflowers on the other. This comely lass in her carpet slippers parades the street with her fresh cargo.





ALONG THE heavily-travelled highway between Dallas and Waco, these Rhoades Truck Line trucks made their cumbersome way, hauling steel beam bridge sections whose extreme weight required special road permits from the Texas Highway Department. Congratulations were in order to the drivers, the trucks and the LUFKIN float trailers for a job completed without one mishap.

BRIDGE SECTIONS VIA TRUCK

ON A SUNNY DAY down in Dallas, Texas, recently, a group of men stood around talking about the job that was ahead of them that day.

It was a tremendous task that awaited them, and it was not without some traces of apprehension that the men faced their responsibility.

The job was that of moving 16 loads of steel beam bridge sections ranging in weight from 53,000 pounds to 84,000 pounds from Dallas to Waco, Texas. That was some haul!

A lot of time and effort had been expended in preparation for this undertaking by the Rhoades Truck Line of Austin, Texas, namely, the securing of special road permits from the Texas Highway Department in Austin for this unusual load.

The bridge sections were destined for the L. A. Turner and Son Construction Company for a bridge being built by them in Waco. The truck drivers,

who were chewing their cigars and making last-minute checks on their load that day, knew there were nearly 100 miles of heavy traffic highway between them and their destination.

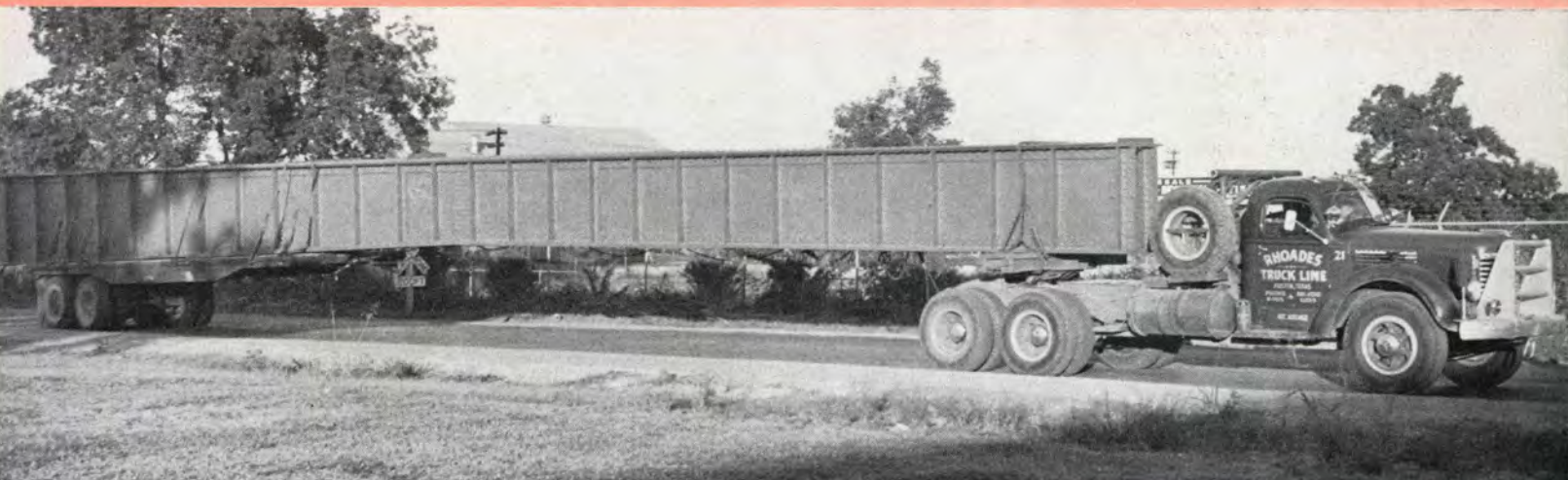
Departure time arrived and the drivers climbed into their cabs. With a slip of the clutch and the turn of the wheels, the first truck moved out onto the road, with an overall length of 115 feet. The bridge section pulled by that truck weighed 84,000 pounds!

Behind this truck came another section, and then another and another until the entire load was on its way.

Hours and many miles later, the trucks pulled to a slow halt in Waco, without one mishap having occurred.

Expert driving, steady nerves, confidence in the trucks and the floats behind them, resulted in a gigantic feat to the credit of Rhoades Truck Line.

FROM FRONT BUMPER to the end of this bridge section measures 115 feet. This section weighed 84,000 pounds. Rhoades Truck Line hauled 16 loads of steel beam bridge sections from Dallas to Waco, Texas.



REDWOOD EMPIRE

FEW if any other regions of the world offer a greater diversity of attraction than California's Redwood Empire.

Beginning at San Francisco, northern terminus of Santa Fe Railway's lines in California, and extending north across the famed Golden Gate Bridge, the Redwood Empire embraces an area of natural beauty that is virtually unsurpassed. In addition, the grandeur of the scene is augmented by attractive suburban and rural homes, cultivated fields, orchards, vineyards and spectacular ocean scenes.

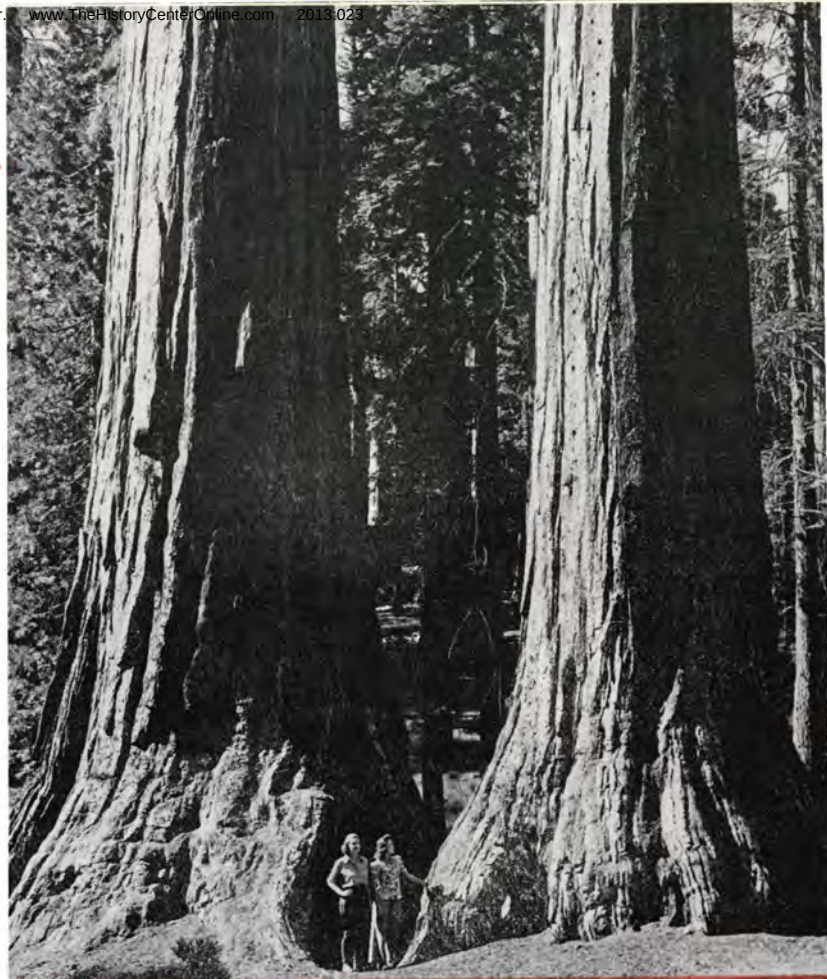
Most widely known of the area's attractions are the California Redwoods, the giant trees that rear hundreds of feet into the air, and some of which were seedlings when Christ walked the earth. It is estimated that 97 per cent of the world's supply of redwoods are among the 1,500,000 acres of forest within the Redwood Empire, and to stand among such giants overcomes the visitor with a deep sense of awe.

Historically, the Redwood Empire has within its boundaries such attractions as the old Russian mission and stockade at Fort Ross, old Spanish missions at San Rafael and Sonoma, and old Fort Humboldt where General Grant once headquartered.

Sonoma, where the California Bear Republic was formed, lies within the Redwood Empire as does the colorful "Valley of the Moon" and Jack London's famed ranch. Luther Burbank conducted most of his experiments in gardens near Sebastopol, and lived in Santa Rosa, both of which lie within the "Empire."

Outdoor recreation is enjoyed the year around in the Redwood Empire, with horseback riding, boating, tennis and golf attracting devotees of those sports. The area boasts 2,000 miles of rivers and streams to the delight of anglers after the salmon, steelhead and trout that are among the species abounding in the area.

Products of the area's vineyards are made into some of the finest wines to be found anywhere, and visitors to the area will find the wineries, some dating back to the State's very early days, of particular interest.



Above: THERE ARE some 200 mature giant sequoias, oldest and largest living things in the Mariposa Grove in Yosemite Park, California.
—Santa Fe Railway Photo

Below: WAWONA TUNNEL TREE, one of six hundred giant sequoias in Yosemite area, has a 26-foot drive through it.
—Santa Fe Railway Photo



“Peace on Earth”

The Christmas message of two thousand years ago, which scholars tell us was “Peace on earth to men of good will,” would be of little use today if it did not move men to an honest searching of their own hearts. Fortunately, it has always done that—not with all men, to be sure, but always with a great many.

Those who do this humbly and in contriteness of spirit, realize that they are not as good as they habitually and unconsciously assume themselves to be. It is a human necessity for us to believe in ourselves individually, but it is a better thing to have reason for a high estimate of our several purposes in life; indeed, the reasons without the estimate might be the best of all conditions of the inner mind.

If, then, Christmas is the day to ask, each of himself, whether or not he is in truth one of those of encompassing good will and if the answer must always be that his love for his fellow creatures falls short of the spiritual level to which he might prayerfully raise himself, he must also reflect that his fellow creatures merit a higher and warmer regard than he has been wont to accord them.

Men essentially of good will often become indifferent to the point of brutality in the absorbing pursuit of their own material or other purposes, a state of mind which leads them too readily to assume that the world is full of men of essentially bad will. The truth may be that, just as we all incline to overvalue ourselves, we tend constantly to undervalue all those who happen in one respect or another to stand apart from our own special kind.

So comes the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ to keep our hearts from hardening irrecoverably in self-righteousness. To millions of souls all over the face of the earth that office of the day is secondary to and derivative of something immeasurably greater. That much, at least, all mankind can and does accept of the message coming down to us through the centuries from Bethlehem. There *could* be peace on earth to men of good will.

Let's Laugh

Three salesmen were sitting in a tavern having a few rounds of beer.

"I hate to see a woman drink alone," said the liquor salesman.

"I hate to see a woman eat alone," added the grocery salesman.

The mattress salesman remained quiet, like a gentleman.

Teacher: "Now children, every morning you ought to take a cold bath; and that will make you feel rosy all over. Are there any questions?"

Boy in the back of room: "Yeah, teacher, tell us some more about Rosie."

A young man contemplating matrimony wanted to propose and didn't know how, so he went to his dad for advice.

"Well, son," said the old man, "I don't know that I can help you much. With me and your Maw it happened one Sunday evening, when yer Maw and me was asittin' on the sofa. We was just a-talkin' along and purty soon yer Maw leaned over and whispered in my ear and I said, 'The hell you are,' and the next day we were married."

George: "This new book on health says that bathing alone won't keep you healthy."

Gracie: "I don't care what that book says, I'm going to keep right on bathing alone."

Sweet Young Thing: "I want you to tattoo a cat on my knee."

Tattooer: "Nope. A giraffe or nothing."

Yesterday I cleaned my shotgun on the front porch, and today my daughter had eight proposals.

He (making the time worn excuse): "I'm afraid we'll have to stop the car for awhile. The engine is overheated."

She: "You guys are such liars. You always say the engine."

"You know, Elaine, every time I see you, my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

Elaine: "Sure, it means that in about five minutes, I'm going to have to slap your face!"

"My son is going to be a mechanic."

"What makes you think so?"

"He has a knack for tinkering with a miss in the motor."

A haughty dowager visited the hospital to see her chauffeur, badly injured in an auto accident. The head nurse hesitated:

"He's a very sick man and should see no one but his family. Are you his wife?"

Highly indignant, the dowager blurted out: "I certainly am not—I'm his mistress!"

Landlady: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your apartment last night, Miss Brown."

Miss Brown: "Yeah—that's what I thought too."

Her lips quivered as they approached his. His whole frame trembled as he looked into her eyes. Her chin vibrated and his body shuddered and he held her close to him.

The moral of this: Never kiss a girl in a jeep with the engine running.

A stork is a bird with many things charged against it which should be blamed on a lark.

Census Taker (to woman at the door): "How many in your family?"

Woman (snapping): "Five. Me, the old man, kid, cow and cat."

Census Taker: "And the politics of your family?"

Woman: "Mixed, I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry and the cat's a free trader."

"I think that guy's a pain in the neck."

"Well, I have a lower opinion of him myself."

A fraternity house had sent its curtains to be laundered. It was the second day that the house had stood unveiled and that morning the following note was received from the sorority house across the street:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains for your windows. We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left his shaving to read the note promptly answered: "Dear Girls: The course is optional."



The new Bikini bathing suits have Californians talking—not about sun-kissed oranges, but sun-kissed navels.

LUFKIN LEADS!



The **TROUT COUNTERBALANCED CRANK** was first introduced and adapted to oil field pumping units by **LUFKIN** in 1923.

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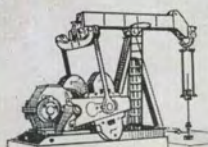
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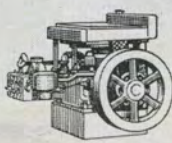
One man with perfect safety and without adding or reducing weight elements can change the counterbalance effect by either a few ounces or by hundreds of pounds.



On the smaller Lufkin Units, no tools, other than the wrench furnished with the unit, are necessary to enable one man to change counterbalance as desired.



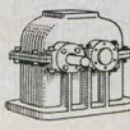
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