



Jan Feb 1907
The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXVI...NUMBER 1



Unless you try to do something beyond what you
have already mastered, you will never grow.

—ROBERT O. OSBORN

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 XXVI JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1951 Number 1

EXPORT ISSUE

In This Issue

- A PORT CALLED NEW YORK—Erik H. Arctander** 4-5
The History of New York Harbor Might Have Been Different Had It Not Been for a Dutch Captain Named Cornelius Van Derbilt and His Courage
- SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN** 6-7
Your Friends from South America Way
- BULL FIGHT IN BARCELONA** 8
What Was Once a Chivalrous Sport Is Now a Cruelly Colorful Spectacle
- JONES TO HEAD EAST TEXAS A.P.I.** 9
New Officers Elected at Winter Meeting
- LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS** 10-11
Snapshots of Lufkin Units On Location in South America
- LOITERING IN LUCERNE—Harriet Geithmann** 12-13-14-15
This Modern-Medieval City Attracts Thousands of Visitors from all Over the World Each Year
- MODERN TRUCK TRAILERS** 16-17
New Bulletins with Illustrations, Details and Specifications
- LET'S LAUGH** 19
- COVER: Harold M. Lambert**



Most of the critical things in life, which become the starting points of human destiny, are little things.—**Roy Smith**

There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.—**Emerson**

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

- BROOKHAVEN, MISSISSIPPI**
P. O. Box 526
Phone 1812
Val Gallia
- CASPER, WYOMING**
P. O. Box 1849
Phone 5253-J
R. S. Miller
- CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS**
434 Wilson Bldg.
Phone 3-1881
Edd Terrill, Jr.
- DALLAS, TEXAS**
1317 Magnolia Bldg.
Phone Central 5834
A. E. Caraway—R. C. Thompson
- EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA**
Lufkin Machine Co., Ltd.
14321 108th Avenue
Phone 8-6412
Charles Dyer
- EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS**
P. O. Box 6
Phone 667-W
Lewis W. Breeden
- EL DORADO, ARKANSAS**
P. O. Box 748
Phone 3-4155
Ben Sargent, Jr.
- GREAT BEND, KANSAS**
935 Washington
P. O. Box 82
Phone 5622
Byron Robbins—J. D. Bradley
- HOUSTON, TEXAS**
2106 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Phone Capitol 0108
Bill Miner—Tom Bowers—
Billy Burnette
- KILGORE, TEXAS**
P. O. Box 871
Phone 3-875
W. T. Crowder, Jr.—Vernon Glenn
T. A. Banta
- LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**
5959 South Alameda
Phone Lafayette 1201
V. J. Fawcett
Al McConville
Robert R. Spaulding
Glenn E. Henderson
- NEW YORK, NEW YORK**
149 Broadway
Phone Barclay 7-0562
A. V. Simonson—Alan T. Lockard
- ODESSA, TEXAS**
P. O. Box 1632
Phone 5662
Elvin Read
Ernest Slaughter
- OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA**
537 Commerce Exchange Bldg.
Phone 7-7480
Cooper Richards
- SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA**
312 Eighth Street
Phone 34
Newell Lynch
- TULSA, OKLAHOMA**
719 Thompson Bldg.
Phone 3-0204
D. A. Reid
- WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS**
256 Allison-Duncan Bldg.
P. O. Box 2465
Phone 2-1967
Jack Gissler
- EXECUTIVE OFFICES AND FACTORY**
Lufkin, Texas
Phone LD-5
L. A. Little, Vice President &
General Sales Manager

The Luskin Line



OFFICIALLY it is called the Port of New York, but in a way that's a misnomer. For one thing the exciting panorama to be seen from high in Sixty Wall Tower, headquarters building of Cities Service, is not one port but many—thirty-nine of them by actual count.

For another—but for that you have to go back to 1818, to the Dutch captain Cornelius Van Derbilt, and to Daniel Webster arguing the famous “steamboat case” in the Supreme Court of the United States, and to an historic decision by Chief Justice John Marshall. The New York Legislature had granted Fulton and Livingston exclusive privilege to operate steamboats on the Hudson. It didn't even matter, to the New York legislators, whether or not a steamboat held to the Jersey side. If not one of the eight vessels in the Livingston-Fulton monopoly, it proceeded at its peril wherever on the river it might be.

Captain Van Derbilt came in anyway, and he didn't bother even to stay away from the New York shore. He tied his Bellona up at the Battery, and hid from the police behind a sliding panel while his gritty employer, Thomas Gibbon, took his pleas to the courts. Webster made one of his greatest arguments, and then Marshall, writing the Supreme Court decision, condemned the New York State action as “repugnant” to the Constitution and laws of the United States. Soon hundreds of steamboats were plying the free waters of the Hudson.

So the port is not New York's exclusively any



Right: MANHATTAN'S DOWNTOWN SKYPORT is on the East River, close to the teeming financial center. That's Sixty Wall Tower, the third tallest building in the world, in the center background. Tower at the left is the Bank of Manhattan building.

Left: BUSIEST OF ALL the vessels in the harbor are the tugs, upon which even the great liners rely for safe docking. But the tugboats, too, must come to dock at times, and here the photographer has caught some of them at rest in the shadow of famed Brooklyn Bridge, with the downtown skyline in the distance.

more than the Statue of Liberty out there on Bedloe's Island. We think of that as we stand in the glass-enclosed observation gallery on the Tower's sixty-sixth floor and look out beyond the world's greatest financial district to watch the myriad traffic flowing through this greatest of all harbors.

... NEW YORK

By ERIK H. ARCTANDER



Above: IN THIS PHOTO by Fritz Henle, taken from high in Sixty Wall Tower, you are looking through the grille work of the observation gallery. Immediately below is the financial district, and just beyond are the structures of the Battery area and the famous old Battery itself, now a bit messy with operations incident to a new tunnel to Brooklyn. And beyond that is the harbor, with the Statue of Liberty in the upper left, and the Jersey coast on the right.

There are 520 miles of navigable waterways we are told, and eight large bays, four rivers, and four straits wash the shores of a 1,500 square mile port area, all within 25 miles of the tip of Manhattan.

Across the Hudson River, in Jersey City, we see one of the thick clusters of rail lines that form the

The Lufkin Line



port's shore-side arteries. Further up is an assembly plant putting together a well-known automobile. Crated autos rest on a barge, waiting to be loaded into a ship that will take them to Calcutta, Cairo, or Korramshahr. At a nearby pier the last of 100 fully-loaded railroad freight cars is being hoisted into the Seatrain New York which, in a week's time, will disgorge them in New Orleans.

By walking a few feet across the promenade deck of the Cities Service building we can look down on nearby Brooklyn. A sleek new destroyer slides under fabled Brooklyn Bridge and on into the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Following in its wake are three small trawlers, bringing their catch to the Fulton Fish Market.

Down in the Upper Bay there is more movement. One of the 7,000 deep water ships that link New York with foreign ports has just cleared quarantine off Fort Wadsworth and is moving up the bay. A white smoke puff from her stack tells us she has blown her whistle though we cannot hear it from our lofty perch. In response, a Staten Island ferryboat changes course to give the new arrival room. She is a C-2 cargo ship carrying several thousand tons of Brazilian coffee from Santos to roasting factories along the East River.

Among the welter of tugs, barges, and carfloats, dart scores of submarine-like creatures. These are the oil barges, carrying fuel oil, unrefined crude, gasoline, and lubricating oils from one installation to another. For, tucked away in dozens of spots all

Continued on Page 18

SNAPSHOTS



Front row, left to right: G. A. KOSCIOLEK, Socar, Buenos Aires, Argentina; A. SWANSON, British Petroleum, New Guinea; PAUL HUGHES, Colombian Petroleum Co., Colombia; S. H. DYKES, International Petroleum Corp., Qatar; and M. HULSHIZER, International Petroleum Corp., Syria. Back row, left to right: L. E. McEWEN, International Petroleum Corp., Iraq; R. L. BABCOCK, Mosul Petroleum (IPC) Iraq; C. T. BLANCHET, N. V. Nederlandsche Pacific, Java; S. K. CHATTEY, Shell Petroleum Co., England; OTTO LOEB, Socony Vacuum Oil Co., of Venezuela; C. L. TIDWELL, Qatar; and C. L. RYND, Bassah, International Petroleum Corp.

Seated, left to right: F. H. KOPP, Iraq Petroleum Co., Ltd.; R. J. KETTENBURG, Asiatic Petroleum Corp.; R. E. JOHNSON, Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.; E. J. TURNER, Arabian American Oil Co.

Standing: C. D. SCHULTZ, Arabian American Oil Co.; L. W. EVINGER, Cima, Mexico; R. C. ENWALL, Arabian American Oil Co.; W. T. IRVINE, Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.; C. C. SUTTON, Caribbean Petroleum Corp., Maracaibo, Venezuela; F. G. WEST, Asiatic Petroleum Corp.



Standing, left to right: M. R. TEAGUE and D. E. McGEHEE, both of Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, Egypt; G. H. PATTERSON, Aramco, Dhahran, Arabia; and JOHN H. LEWIS, Drilling and Exploration Co., Inc. Seated: MIKE H. BUSH, Richmond Exploration Co., Venezuela; J. S. RAMIREZ, Amer. Overseas Pet. Co.; R. B. LOUHBORO, Aramco, Dhahran, Arabia.

ALAN LOCKARD, Lufkin's export representative, and BRUCE MILLER, HAYDEN HUGHES, and BOB RATLIFF, all of International Petroleum Co., Talara, Peru.



W. W. SCOTT, and LOUIS F. DAVIS, Atlantic Oil and Refining Co., Dallas, Texas.

JOHN M. PAYNE, Shell Oil Co., Inc., Kilgore, Texas, and L. E. LACEY, Shell Oil Co., Inc., Quitman, Texas.

ED N. FOSTER, Gulf Oil Corp., Houston, and FRANK S. CAROTHERS, Norvell Wilder Supply Co., Houston.

MR. and MRS. TOM CROWDER. Tom is LUFKIN'S East Texas Division manager with headquarters in Kilgore, Texas.



GEORGE WISE, Creole Petroleum Corp., Lagunillas District, Western Venezuela.

IVAN SALNIKOV, Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, New York.

J. B. COOK, Woodley Petroleum Co., Houston, Texas.

ROY L. MOORE, Tide Water Associated Oil Co., Palestine, Texas.

A. A. BLACKMON, Venezuelan Atlantic Refining Company, Tucupido District, Venezuela.

... BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



Standing, left to right: PAUL MOLITOR, Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, Colombia; J. R. GROVE, Nathsingh Oil Co., Ltd., Burma; A. L. OWEN, Iraq Petroleum Co., Kirkuk, Iraq; A. T. GANO, Creole Petroleum Corp., Caracas, Venezuela; and A. J. DODINI, Bahrein Pet. Co., Ltd., Bahrein.

Seated, left to right: C. H. VINCENT, British Malahan Pet. Co., Seria, Borneo; P. F. OWINGS, Iraq Petroleum Co., Kirkuk; G. H. ATKINS, Creole Pet. Corp., Caracas, Venezuela.



Seated, left to right: BOB BLOCK and E. L. DAVIS, Arctic Contractors; DWIGHT HAMILL, Arabian American Oil; and DR. EDGARD FRIAS R., Sociedad Com. de Mat. Fr., Ltda.
Standing: Z. W. McCOY, Colombian Pet. Co.; JOHN R. DRUM, Shell, C.P.C., and PAUL H. ARNOT, Arabian American Oil Co.



Left to right: FRANK RAREY, GEORGE COLEMAN, H. R. WARREN, and J. A. MATHESON, International Petroleum Company, Talara, Peru.



J. P. LOCKARD and SYD ROBERTS, both of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; and A. V. SIMONSON and A. T. LOCKARD, both of Lufkin's New York office.



Golfers are, left to right, HARRY W. McCOBB, Standard Vacuum Oil Co., New York; DR. OLIVER B. HOPKINS, Interprovincial Pipe Line Co., Toronto, Canada; MIKE POLLOCK and JIM REED, Cooper-Bessemer Corp., New York.



TOM WALL, LARRY TORRES, and JACK LEE, Colombian Petroleum Co., Tibu Field, Barco Concession, Colombia.



DUANE SCHMIDT, LUFKIN'S BILL MINER, GUY RUMBAUGH, and W. H. NORSWORTHY, Creole Petroleum Corp., Quiriquire District, Eastern Venezuela.



ROY GOULD, Midland, Texas; W. E. LA-ROACHE, Kilgore; and DON McBRIDE, Magnolia, Arkansas; all with Tide Water Associated Oil Company.



WILLIAM CLARK and WILLIAM H. FARRAND, both of The Texas Company, New York.



HAROLD LONGWORTHY and J. H. BARTHELL, International Petroleum Company, Talara, Peru.



BILL OHLANDT, The Texas Company Las Mercedes, Venezuela, and BILL MINER, Lufkin's Gulf Coast Division manager.



A separator station of the Venezuelan Atlantic Refining Company, Tucupido District, Venezuela.

BULL FIGHT IN BARCELONA

All Pictures are Pan American World Airways Photos by Smallman

BY THE million, New Yorkers spend their summer Sundays watching baseball—be it sandlot or stadium variety. But should they take an overnight air trip to Barcelona, Spain, they would find a more exotic national pastime—bull fighting. Every Spanish city has a bull ring—plaza de toros—and the villages rope off their market place for the exhibition.

Started five centuries ago to encourage skill in war weapons, bull fighting has developed from a

once-chivalrous sport to a cruelly colorful spectacle consuming 6,000 horses and 1,300 bulls each season in Spain alone.

Now held every holiday, Thursday and Sunday from March to October, the bull fight is the only thing in Spain which starts on time. It is passionately attended by the Spaniards who make millionaires and national heroes out of their leading matadors but show little mercy toward one who bungles.

1. To the sound of drums and trumpets, the police officers have ridden through the ring clad in old Spanish dress; the toreros—all the grades of bull fighters—have marched around the arena while the band played a military air, then greeted the presiding official who tossed out the key to the den of bulls. Goaded into excitement, the beast dashes into the arena. Silence falls for a second over the ring; the first act, *suerte de pica*, is about to begin.

2. This is a picadore. Padded and protected with steel leggings and a lance, he rides out to receive the first onslaught of the bull. Standing the attack with his whole strength, the picadore prods the bull in the neck with his pike. Usually the horse is wounded and overthrows his rider.

3. Capeadores surround the picadore and when he is thrown, they draw the bull to one side of the ring by waving their crimson cloaks. After the bull has wounded several horses or riders and has been sufficiently wearied, the second act, *suerte de banderillar*, starts. On foot but armed with barbed darts, the banderilleros meet the bull in full charge, jumping nimbly to one side as he closes in. As the bull passes by, they plunge the shafts into his neck.

4. By the time the official gives the signal for the final act, the *suerte de matar*, the bull is bellowing with rage, bleeding, tired and his hide scorched by firecrackers on the darts. Then the matador enters the arena armed with a long, straight sword, his costume thickly encrusted with gold decoration or otherwise dramatically clothed in plain black. He dedicates the death of the bull to some distinguished visitor then starts teasing the beast with a muleta, a stick holding a banner of red silk.

5. Enraging the bull with his blood-red banner, the matador draws him closer and closer with each succeeding attempt, jumping aside by only a hair's breadth—if he is skilled—or sometimes right over the animal. Expecting the matador to be gored momentarily, the crowds scream "ole, ole" when the bull brushes by him. But if the bull is timid or the matador ungainly, they boo and hiss. When the bull is worn to a tizzole, the matador maneuvers him into position for the coup de grace; meeting the animal head-long, he steps aside in time to drive his sword between the bull's shoulder-blades to his heart. If properly done, the bull will drop at once, but that seldom happens and the matador tries again.

6. Leaving a trail of blood, the defeated bull is dragged through the arena to the jingle of bells while the audience yells wildly. Then the ring is covered with fresh sand and the show begins all over with a fresh bull.

7. This matador was a success. He pleased the audience so they tossed him flowers, their hats and pocketbooks. With the help of his assistants, he tossed back every hat—but not any pocketbooks—and the crowd screamed with such delight that the judges awarded him the ears and tail of his vanquished bull. His *senorita* sitting in the stands received his ear still dripping blood.



1



2



3



4



5



6



7

JONES TO HEAD EAST TEXAS A. P. I.

W. M. Jones, Stanolind Oil and Gas Company, Longview, Texas, was elected chairman of the East Texas Chapter of the American Petroleum Institute during the Winter Meeting held in December.

Mr. Jones succeeds W. T. Crowder, Jr., manager of the East Texas division of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company with headquarters in Kilgore, Texas.

Other than the election of new officers, highlight of the meeting was a talk about well completion practices by T. A. Huber, Humble Oil and Refining Company, Houston, Texas.

The dinner meeting was held in the Flame Restaurant at the Gregg county airport.

Vice Chairmen elected include: W. A. Holland, East Texas Engineering Association, Kilgore; C. R. Stevens, Humble Oil and Refining Co., Gladewater; and J. A. Williams, Jr., The Texas Company, Gladewater. Other officers are Frank Folger, secretary-treasurer, Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., Long-

view; W. G. Sole, assistant secretary-treasurer, Magnolia Petroleum Co., Kilgore.

The new Advisory Committee is composed of W. T. Crowder, Jr., W. H. Ayers, Ray Operation Co., Overton; James G. Burton, Spartan, Kilgore; J. A. Butts, Jr., Tide Water Assoc. Oil Co., Kilgore; E. G. Christianson, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore; M. V. Daniels, Gulf Oil Corp., Kilgore; H. C. England, Sun Oil Co., Tyler; O. J. Ford, Jr., Magnolia Petroleum Co., Kilgore; J. M. Foster, Sun Oil Co., Kilgore; J. M. Hankins, Dia-Log, Kilgore; George Holman, American Mfg. Co., Kilgore.

P. A. Kindsvater, British-American Oil Prod. Co., Selman City; Carl Patterson, Beckman, Inc., Kilgore; J. V. Robinson, McAlester East Texas Co., Greggton; J. B. Russell, Jr., Gulf Oil Corp., Kilgore; Edwin G. Stanley, Railroad Commission, Kilgore; J. P. Straight, Cities Service Oil Co., Gladewater; Roland K. Thies, Schlumberger Well Surveying Co., Tyler; and Charles D. Wyatt, East Texas Salt Water Disposal Co., Kilgore.



Right: TOM CROWDER congratulates W. M. Jones of Stanolind Oil and Gas Co. Jones took over the reins of the East Texas Chapter of the A.P.I. January 1.

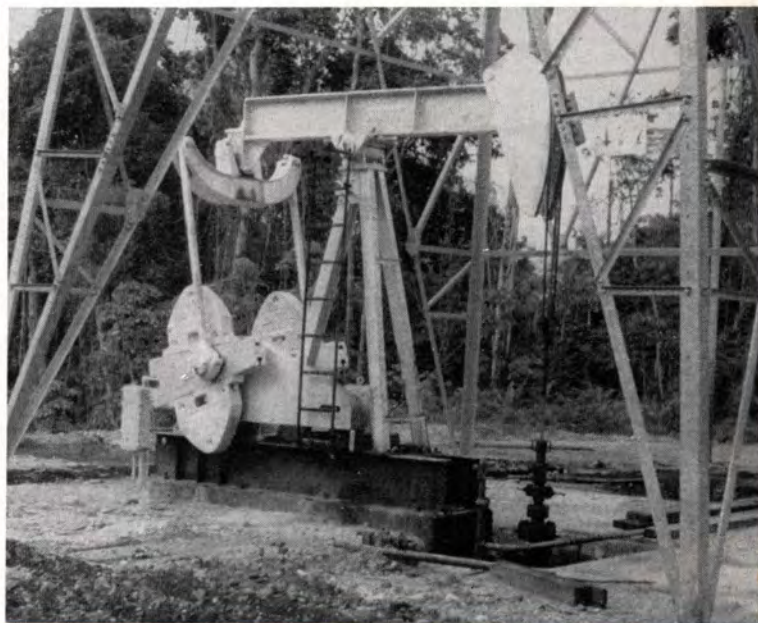
Left: T. A. HUBER addressed the Winter Meeting of the East Texas Chapter concerning well completion practices. He is with Humble Oil & Refining Company in Houston.

Below: AT THE SPEAKERS' TABLE are, left to right, H. L. Long, advisory committee; W. T. Crowder, Jr., outgoing chairman; W. M. Jones, incoming chairman; H. L. Holland, secretary-treasurer; J. G. Burton, advisory committee; and George Holman, advisory committee.





A unique LUFKIN installation for the Creole Petroleum Corporation on Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela.



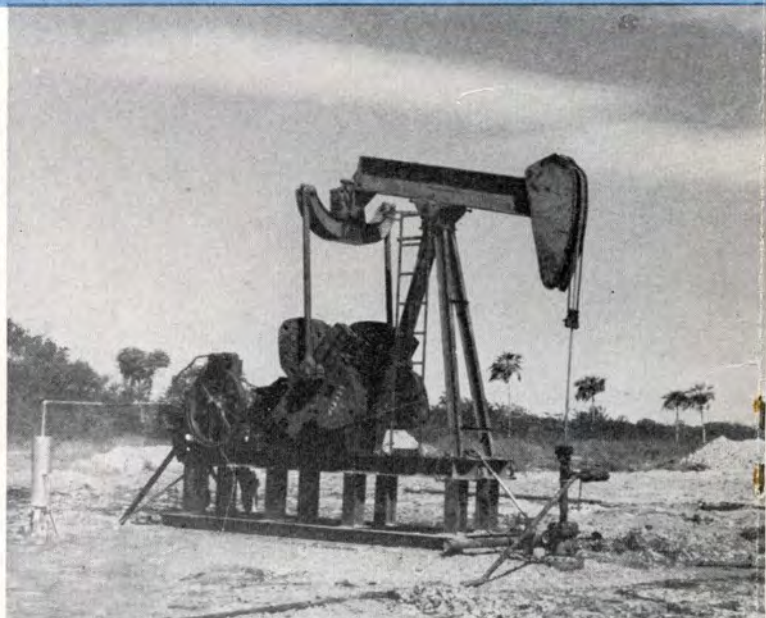
LUFKIN unit in the Quiriquire Field for Creole Petroleum Corporation in Eastern Venezuela.

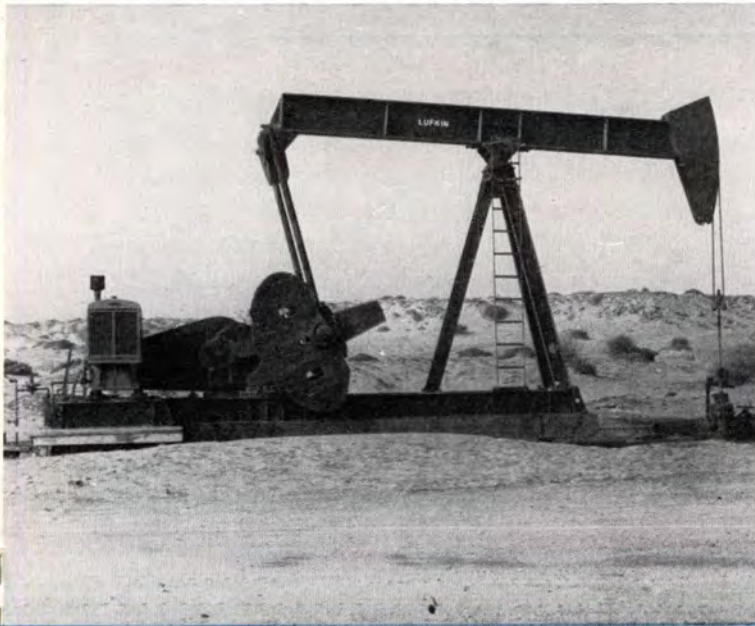
L U F K I N I n s T

LUFKIN unit pumping for Creole Petroleum Corporation in Eastern Venezuela.



LUFKIN TC33-22G, The Texas Company, Las Mercedes, Venezuela.





LUFKIN TC-2A-41-C, International Petroleum Company, Ltd., Talara, Peru.



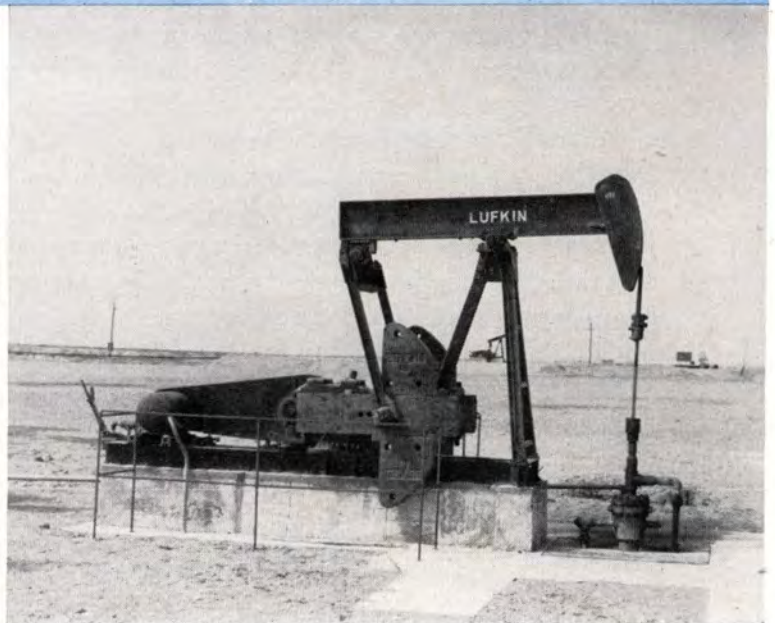
LUFKIN T5A-7B, International Petroleum Company, Ltd., Talara, Peru.

TALLATIONS

LUFKIN TC33-22G, Colombian Petroleum Co., Tibu Field, Barco Concession, Colombia.



LUFKIN T6A-9A, International Petroleum Company, Ltd., Talara, Peru.





THIS FAMOUS CLOCK of flowers at Interlaken is not only beautiful but also useful, for it really runs and tells the correct time of a Swiss day.

TO THE summer gayety of nations promenading along the winding quays of Lucerne fringed by royal chestnut trees, we added our American dash of color. From Interlaken, with its overwhelming Jungfrau, to Lucerne with its overwhelming Mount Pilatus to the right and Mount Rigi to the left, we journeyed by train skirting the irregular shores of a chain of lakes glistening in the sun, Brienz, Lungern, Sarnen and Lucerne, linking these two hospitable centers of Swiss life.

Past many a Swiss chalet of brown unstained timbers clinging to the land, high and low, we traveled, breathing deeply of the summer fragrance of the woods and water lilies or sea rosa on the lakes. On all sides trickled the cascades. For com-

pany, we chatted in either French or German with priests and peasants, professors and prophets, homespun, knapsacked men, women and children.

At Meiringen we annexed a steam engine both fore and aft and chugged up into one narrow fertile valley and dropped down into another. At Brunig, a rollicking band of Dutch boys and girls swung aboard singing and dancing to the music of a mouth organ.

Lucerne is a twentieth century city built around a twelfth century city at the head of the Lake of the Four Cantons. We soon discovered that today's

LOITERING •



hospitality in Lucerne, with all its spacious and luxurious hotels and friendly pensions, is a far cry from those days before the birth of the Christian Era, when travelers stopped at any one of the three historical inns—the Star, the Key or the White Wind—inviting the world to the narrow cobbled street of the Barefoot Friars.

Today, Lucerne, a modern-medieval city, is the Mecca of American tourists, as well as travelers from England, France, Germany and Italy who throng the romantic quays. We found Lucerne one of the most popular resorts in all Switzerland and



Above: THE SWISS ALPS have been famous from the beginning of history, and this formidable Mount Monck is no exception.

Left: THIS OVERWHELMING rocky height is called Mount Jungfrau. It stands as an everlasting sentry over nearby Interlaken.

one of the show places of the continent. Here we heard strange tongues and saw strange garbs in this bazaar of the nations.

Venturing further afield than the majority of visitors who stop to explore Lucerne, we tramped in and around Old Town feasting our eyes on medieval architecture, slender buildings of stucco with facades decorated with dragons, serpents and crocodiles and parabolic inscriptions that told the story of former owners. We listened to an organ recital in the Hofkirche or Church of St. Leodogar, a graceful relic of the eighth century with its two slender towers.

West of Lucerne, we climbed the Gutsch by the easy cable tram. From the summit of this accessible



A FLOWER VENDOR on the streets of Lucerne. In this popular resort town, where many strange tongues can be heard, are many varieties of beautiful flowers.

promontory, we surveyed Lucerne with its fragments of an ancient wall, the lake beyond, the Rigi, the Pilatus and other high Alps.

A short walk from the teeming heart of the city brought us to the dusky corner where sleeps Thorwaldsen's noble lion hewn by Aborn of Constance out of the solid sandstone from the original plaster cast executed by the great Danish sculptor. Commemorating, as it does, the heroism of those Swiss guards of Louis XVI who fell in their defense of the Tuileries in 1792, the celebrated lion of Lucerne is an impressive beast even as those great camels of sandstone that flank the heavenly way out to the tombs of the royal Mings in northern China. He would be one of the major attractions of Lucerne even if he were not surrounded, as he is, by glacial gardens, glacial pot-holes, fossilized tropical foliage and sea life to say nothing of the alpine animals all dressed up and rarin' to go.

The River Reuss that flows with the speed of an arrow out of Lake Lucerne is spanned seven times by picturesque bridges, two of which cross this mountain torrent obliquely, the Kapell-Brücke and the Spreuer Brücke. Over the Kapell with its quaint roof we trailed many times studying its paintings representative of Swiss history as well as patron

saints of Lucerne, St. Ledger and St. Maurice. Built in 1333, this ancient landmark is connected by an elbow with the still more ancient wall, the medieval Musegg that once fortified Lucerne. Here stands the water tower or Museggturm which the old Luzernois told us proudly used to be the Roman lighthouse or lucerna hence the city's name. This can be believed easily after reading Edward Gibbons' "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" which he wrote at his leisure on the banks of Lake Geneva.

We also crossed the River Reuss on the other covered bridge, the Spreuer Brücke, constructed in 1408 with its decorated panels illustrative of the "Dance of Death" another subject dear to the hearts of those who dwelt during the Middle Ages.

One of our most beautiful days in all Switzerland was spent aboard a fussy little steamer plying to and fro on Lake Lucerne. On this gala occasion with our picnic lunch we shoved off to the music of the band playing, bells ringing and water churning, for a long day on lake and mountain top. Overhead, an eagle soared away into the blue whereupon the purser declared we would be favored with a divine day. To express himself he imitated the eagle and reminded us of the girl at Chamonix who tossed her full skirts about to illustrate the gale outdoors and the man at Nimes who chewed vigorously when he asked us if we ate wheat in the U. S. A.

At Vitznau, our crowd trailed ashore and aboard the rollicking rack and pinion train headed for the summit of Mount Rigi, one of the famous mountains of the world, a peak that 100,000 people climb each year in the footsteps of Falsi, that pioneer pastor from Zurich who blazed the trail in 1763. At every station the villagers offered us raspberries, cherries, woolly edelweiss and carved wooden bears. Up, up, up from the lake we jogged cog by cog. Here it dawned on us just what it actually meant to slip a cog. We stopped dead in our tracks when a cow decided to chew her cud in the center of our right of way. Everybody stood up and held his breath until the bovine sauntered off among the nodding bluebells. Past a flock of sheep with their tinkling bells grazing on the green slopes, we mounted slowly toward the crest of this famous alp.

On the kulm or summit we were rewarded not only with a carpet of purple clover, bluebells and yellow arnica but a view far and wide of the Bernese Oberland in sunlight and shadow, many

lakes glistening in the green valleys with contented villages basking in the sun. So immense was our view that it included most of the Swiss cantons as well as foreign territory beyond. At the foot of Rigi or Regina, the queen of mountains, shone Lake Lucerne in full relief with its two arms scintillating in the August sun like a great diamond cross. Twenty-three miles long and from half a mile to two miles wide is this beautiful body of water which washes the shores of four cantons, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden and Lucerne. This great lake reaching from Lucerne to Fluelen in the Valley of the Reuss is hemmed in by perpendicular cliffs and forested hills.

Aboard our steamer at Vitznau, off we blithely sailed for Brunnen with its famous Axenstrasse, eight and a half miles long, a roadway hewn out of the solid rock with windows and doorways overlooking the deep blue of Lake Lucerne. At Tellsplatte at the foot of the Axenberg on a small ledge of rock we stepped ashore and paid our humble American tributes to one of the world's most spectacular archers, William Tell and his tiny chapel with its four frescoes in gray, green and tan illustrating his life and death struggle with the tyrant Gessler.

These pictures by Stackelberg surrounding the simple altar of oak revealed the market place at Altdorf where Tell shot the apple from his son's head, the arrest of the patriot, the scene at Tellsplatte where he leaped ashore and with his foot shoved the boat and the tyrant back into the swirling waters, the Hohle Gasse where Tell shot Gessler through the heart and finally the "everlasting compact" with the three patriots and the cornerstone of Swiss liberty. This chapel, rebuilt in 1883 on the same site of a former chapel which according to all reports was erected in 1388 by the Canton Uri, is a shrine to which many a literary pilgrim comes to worship.

Our next stopover was at Fluelen at the southern end of Lake Lucerne and just beyond at Altdorf, a mile and a half away, we saw the statue of the world's heroic archer and his son.

Home again to Lucerne, we were brimming over with appreciation for our Swiss day packed full of natural beauty, mossy legends and colorful history.

Still hungry for what treasures the lake had to give us, we boarded another little fuss-budget of a steamer the next morning and sailed over to Alpnachstad where we climbed aboard another



THIS SHEPHERD and his flock of sheep with their tinkling bells grazing on the green slopes depict a typical scene to be seen daily by thousands of tourists each year who climb the famous Mount Rigi.

rack and pinion train headed for the summit of the gloomy Mount Pilatus. The name of this towering mountain that all but falls on top of Lucerne comes from the medieval Latin word pileatus "hooded" because it always wears a nightcap. With us was many a hiker in dress of voile, cotton or wool with heavy shoes and bulging rucksack. After crawling through forests and tunnels and over canyons, we reached the summit of Pilatus, one of Switzerland's all-inclusive viewpoints, one which encompassed a sea of mountains. Here were we almost persuaded to search for the elusive ghost of Pontius Pilate himself who is said to haunt this lofty pinnacle where according to tradition he was duly buried in a pond and weighted down with stones aplenty to stabilize him after his having flitted far from the depths of both the Tiber and the Rhone where he was also sunk once upon a time.

Returning to our pension that evening we reflected with Longfellow, Wordsworth, Edwin Arnold, Campbell and Rogers, on Lucerne with her jeweled setting, the gloomy Pilatus towering on one side and bright-crowned Rigi towering on the other with a heavenly lake lying like a cross along her chestnut fringed quays.

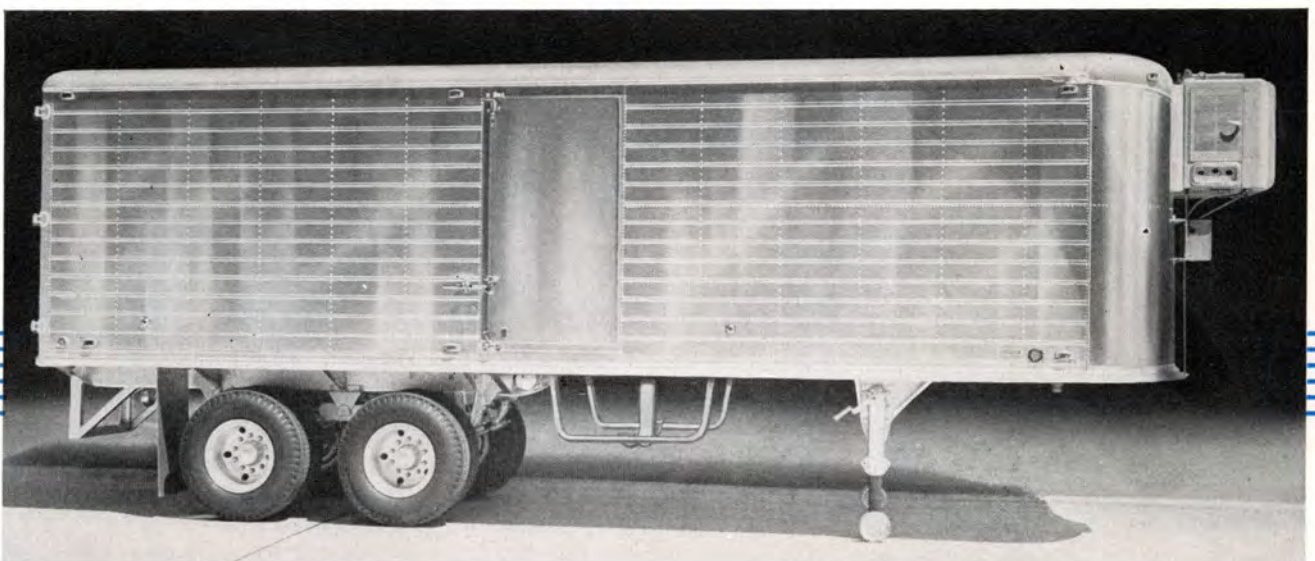


LUFKIN TRAILERS

Describes its complete
line of INDUSTRIAL
TRUCK TRAILERS in
new bulletins just off
the press.

*Shown here are a few
of our popular models
recently delivered.*

LUFKIN'S all New Aluminum
Refrigerated Van
Model TIVLA



LUFKIN'S

All Steel
Hi-Tensile
Van
Model TFVL



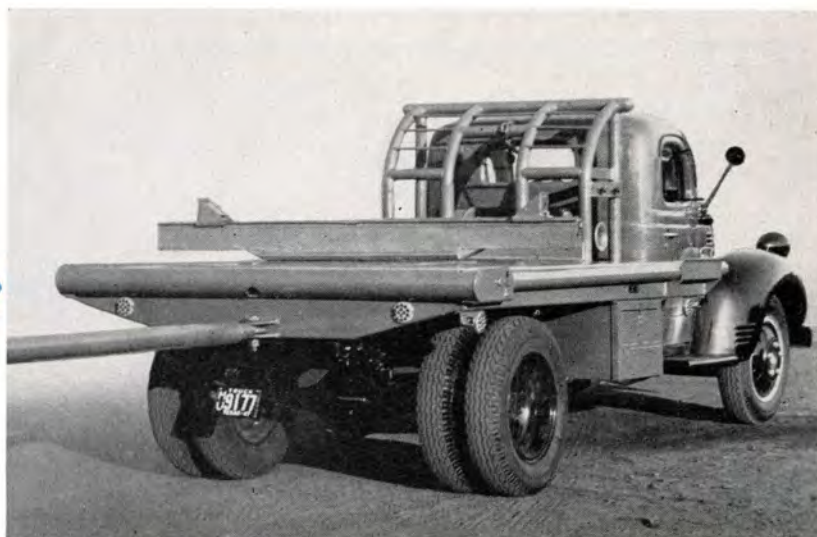
LUFKIN'S

Drop Frame
Warehouse
Van
Model MV



LUFKIN'S

Straight Frame Type
Oil Field Bed
Model OFB-4



LUFKIN TRAILERS

DIVISION OF

LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO. LUFKIN, TEXAS

LUFKIN
Pho. LD-10
and 1867

HOUSTON
2815 Navigation
Pho. AT-6407 and AT-6408

DALLAS
605 Ft. Worth Ave.
Pho. R-2471

ODESSA
P. O. Box 1632
Pho. 5662

OKLA. CITY
2721 S. Western
Pho. 622776

THE PORT CALLED . . . NEW YORK

Continued from Page 5

over the harbor, are units in one of the largest oil refining and distributing concentrations in the world.

These are some of the scattered scenes so vividly enacted every day within sight of the observation deck at Sixty Wall Tower. Added together they explain why the 39 small ports within New York Harbor combine to handle one-fourth of all America's imports and exports—their total value in excess of seven billions of dollars a year. This is certainly a tremendous advance from New York's early days in 1626 when a typical cargo consisted of 7,246 beaver skins, 1,000 other animal skins, along with oak logs and hickory timber.

One thing is not visible from atop Sixty Wall Tower: the millions of people who contribute to the vast complex system loosely called New York Harbor. The railroad engineer in New Jersey who shunts his train onto a siding alongside a pier. The crane operator gently setting down a cradled freight car inside the Seatrain New York. Or the helmsman aboard the Navy destroyer, the Sandy Hook pilot on the C-2 cargo ship's bridge, the harbor-wise tugboat skipper angling his tow across the swift-flowing East River.

All around Sixty Wall Tower are other skilled people controlling and directing the seven billion dollar ebb and flow. They include five hundred freight forwarders and Custom House brokers, hundreds of import-export firms, scores of steamship companies, banks, insurance agencies, and a dozen other specialists.

Finally, there are the people all over the United States who have continued to contribute their hard-saved earnings to provide tools for these skilled Americans. Without the accumulated investments of over 300 years, Manhattan Island would still be a minor settlement. For, with the exception of the water itself, everything in sight of our high vantage point has been made or improved by human effort. One of the powerful little Diesel tugs cost \$357,000 to build. The coffee-carrying cargo ship was built for \$3,000,000, while our largest liner, the America, cost a neat \$18,500,000. Ships, piers, railroads, buildings, and bridges add up to an investment in the hundreds of billions.

So that's what you see when you look down just from high in Sixty Wall Tower—not just liners and barges, warships and tugboats, ferries and tankers, and bridges and piers. You're seeing, right there below you and as far out as the human eye can see, the greatest concentration that this world

of ours has ever known of the fruits of human industry and progress.

"Whatever happens here," says Howard S. Cullman, chairman of the Port of New York Authority, "is reflected in scores of inland cities and in the Main Streets of innumerable villages. The city merchant, the farmer, the country storekeeper—all have a stake in the harbor."

We stand in the tower and look upon it, and our thoughts go back to the year 1818 and the stubborn steamboat captain Van Derbilt. How right he was, and how stupid, we may believe, of any lawmaking body to place itself against the free development of this now great port! But how could anyone know then that this nation would in time be the richest, most productive, and most powerful on earth, and this would be the busiest of all ports?

Well, it has turned out so, and the statistics are there to prove it. The Port Authority records are ample on that point, but they don't profess to explain the why of the miracle achievement. Or, hold it a moment, perhaps they do—there in those words intended only to describe the geographical area of its operation. Let's read it together, slowly . . . "radiating from the Statue of Liberty." Yes, there's more than geography to be found in that phrase, and you rather wonder if the writer of it didn't have something more than just geography in mind!



THIS IS a monument of the Reformation in Geneva.

Let's Laugh

A newspaper headline read thusly: "Gas overcomes girl while taking bath." Then the story followed in which this statement concluded the account. "Miss Blank owes her life to the watchfulness of the elevator boy and the janitor."

Two young hillbillies and their girl friends were playing strip poker and the girls were having all the bad luck. Each was down to her burlap undies and was desperately hoping for a winning hand.

As the cards were being shuffled for the next hand, one of the fellows said: "Shucks, this hain't no fun. Let's play for pennies and make it interestin'."

The farmer's daughter, now a city dweller, awakened one morning to find a note from her companion of the night before, pinned to her pillow. The note read "Goodbye, my little Hollyhock."

She was puzzled so she looked in the Florist's Almanac and suffered quite a shock to her pride when she read: "Hollyhock—does well in fence corners and behind barns, but no good in beds."

The teacher in school asked the children what they wanted to be when they grew up. The first child was named Dan. He stood up and said: "My name is Dan and when I grow up to be a man, I want to be an Emperor of Japan—if I can and I think I can."

The next child was named Sadie. She stood up and said: "My name is Sadie and when I grow up to be a lady, I want to have a baby—if I can and I think I can."

The next little kid called on was named Sam—a tough little egg. He stood up and said: "My name is Sam and I don't give a damn about being an Emperor of Japan when I grow up to be a man, but I'm going to help Sadie with her plan, if I can—and I know I can!"

Visitor: "Do you have to keep women inmates separated from the men?"

Asylum Attendant: "Sure. The people here aren't as crazy as you think."

A bride and groom reached their hotel room. The groom undressed and got into bed. The bride put on a combing jacket and combed her hair. Then she creamed her face, manicured her nails and put a drop of perfume behind her ears.

The groom watched this for awhile, then hopped out of bed and started rummaging around in his suitcase.

"What are you doing, honey?" coyly asked the bride.

"Well, if this is going to be a formal affair," said the groom, "I thought I'd better put on my spats."

The elderly guest of honor was seated across the table from a lovely lady wearing one of the latest strapless clinging type evening gowns. Despite the conversation of his charming neighbors, the guest could not keep his eyes from the contours revealed and suggested. Finally, he leaned across the table to address the lady.

"Pardon me, madam," he began. "I just had to ask you what keeps that dress up?"

"Just two things," she replied. "Your age—and my discretion."

The salesman was trying to "pick up" a beautiful blonde in the hotel lobby.

She said: "Don't bother me."

He said: "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

She said: "I couldn't be; I'm married."

In a parlor a davenport stands. A couple sit there holding hands—So far—no farther.

Now in the parlor a cradle stands. A mother sits there wringing hands—So far—no father.

The subject of modern day morality was debated with much earnestness for half an hour between the young lady and her date. The date put forth with the dictum that it was possible to take advantage of a young lady at will whether she chose to permit it or not. The maiden was firm in maintaining that such was not the case.

Finally, it was decided that the only solution to the question was by a practical demonstration so they tried it. They clinched and the battle was on. After a lively tussle, her date proved his point.

The gal showed an undaunted spirit. "Oh, heck, you didn't win fair," argued the sweet young thing. "My foot slipped there on that little rug. Let's try it again."

Rosenbaum called up a Scandinavian concern and said: "Rosenbaum here; Hooz spikkin pliz?"

Swede on the other end said: "I'm Yensen, the Secretary."

Rosenbaum fumbled a bit, then exclaimed, "Oh, vell, I'll call back ven you're not so bizzy."

He entered a darkened cinema palace. He was a bit late. He had just stepped off a brilliantly lighted street. He groped hopelessly about, stumbling, clutching at things in general.

"Good night," exclaimed a lady, "What in heck are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to get my hand on a seat," he explained humbly.

"Well for Pete's sake," she rasped, "Let mine alone."

He tiptoed into the bedroom and noiselessly closed the door behind him. Stealthily he approached the moon-flooded bed.

The sleeping woman stirred. He paused to stare down at her. Her face was beautiful in repose. Her hair was like night upon the pillow. Her left arm cushioned her cheek. Her right was flung out across the coverlet. Her bosom rose and fell gently to her regular breathing. The fragrance of lilacs lifted from her and filled the man's nostrils. Her eyelids fluttered. He stumbled.

"George?" she murmured.

"Huh!" he growled. "Move over!"

She was his wife.

Lufkin PERFECTION

... IN CRANK COUNTERBALANCING

The Lufkin Trout Crank gives perfect counterbalance adjustment from minimum to maximum effect with the greatest of ease. One man can easily do the job. Two methods are illustrated herewith. Any method of moving the weights is safe because the weights are equipped with steel safety lugs to prevent sliding off the crank.

Operators find the Lufkin Trout Crank superior for oil field pumping units because of these outstanding features:

1. **EASE OF ADJUSTMENT**—one man can counterbalance a well.
2. **SAFETY**—a steel safety lug prevents the weights sliding off the crank.
3. **PRECISION** — counterbalance of minimum to maximum effect can be obtained by moving weights in a straight line.
4. **SIMPLICITY**—only three bolts to loosen.

"LET THE WEIGHTS DO THE WORK."
Illustrated above is a very acceptable method of shifting weights on a Lufkin Pumping Unit. The crank is stopped on an incline, the three bolts are loosened and the lead bolt is used as a brake. This operation is quite safe because the weights are equipped with a steel safety lug to prevent sliding off the crank.

Another acceptable method of counterbalancing a Lufkin Unit is to stop the crank on a slight incline, prying the weight along the machined ways of the crank with the aid of a bar. This method is made easy by the notched bottom of the crank slot, enabling the operator to reach the desired position by an easy sliding motion.

LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

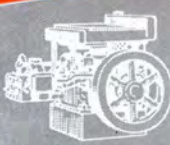
LUFKIN, TEXAS

Branch sales and service Houston, Dallas, New York, Tulsa, Los Angeles, Seminole, Oklahoma City, Corpus Christi, Odessa, Kilgore, Wichita Falls, Casper, Wyoming; Great Bend, Kansas.

Lufkin Equipment in CANADA is handled by
THE LUFKIN MACHINE CO., LTD. 14321 108th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



LUFKIN
PUMPING UNITS



LUFKIN-COOPER-BESSEMER
ENGINES



LUFKIN OIL FIELD AND INDUSTRIAL
TRUCK TRAILERS



INDUSTRIAL SPEED REDUCERS
AND INCREASERS



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