



The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXVI...NUMBER 2



"When you see a friend slipping away from you," wrote David Grayson, "drop whatever you are doing and bring him back for friendship is the one thing that you cannot afford to do without."

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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Number 2

GULF COAST DIVISION ISSUE

In This Issue

YOUR TRAVEL DOLLARS IN PERU—Edna Mae Starke	4
American Tourists Have Found a Bonanza South of the Border	
SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN	8-9
Your Friends Along the Gulf Coast	
LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS	10-11
A VIRGINIAN SUCCEEDS IN TEXAS	12
Knowledge, Ambition, Determination Helped This Man To Build a Booming Enterprise	
GULF COAST DIVISION MAP	15
Lufkin Representatives Are as Near as Your Telephone	
STROLLIN' UP STUART—Harriet Geithmann	16
Hale and Hearty Washington Mountaineers Scale the Perpendicular Stuart	
LET'S LAUGH	19
With Thanks to Those of You Who Sent in Contributions	
COVER—Harold Lambert	
INSIDE FRONT COVER—Santa Fe Railway	



You don't have to preach honesty to men with a creative purpose. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something and the instinct of workmanship will take care of his honesty . . . A genuine craftsman will not adulterate his product. The reason is not because duty says he shouldn't, but because passion says he couldn't.—Walter Lippmann

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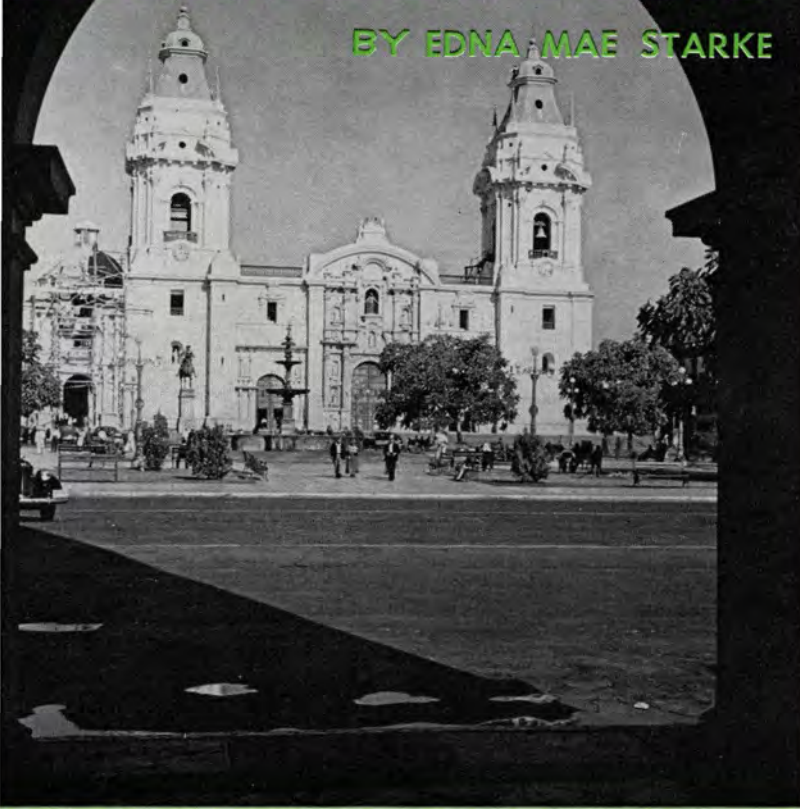
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YOUR TRAVEL DOLLARS *in* PERU

BY EDNA MAE STARKE



The beautiful twin-towered Cathedral occupies one side of the historic Plaza de Armas in Lima, progressive capital of Peru. The Conquistador Pizarro laid the cornerstone in 1535, and is buried here in a glass coffin.
—Grace Line Photo

TRAVELERS are returning from Lima, Peru, with enthusiastic accounts of an exciting "find" they made down there. While these tales are not as tall as those which lured Pizarro to Peru, they have a definite Go-South appeal. It's the treasure story all over again—but with a new twist.

In today's version, the visiting foreigners are discovering the "pot of gold" not in Cuzco's fabulous palaces and temples, but right in their own pockets; and the Peruvians are just as happy about the whole thing as are their guests. We refer, of course, to those little shrunken greenbacks and the way they grow and grow and grow when let loose in Peru.

Just by way of measuring the elasticity of these transplanted dollars, let's consider the price of a few familiar items. Under existing prices in Peru and at the current rate of exchange (which is approximately 16 soles to the dollar) rates for double rooms with bath in Lima's luxurious Hotel Bolivar are \$4.25 to \$5.65, and a suite in the swank Coun-

[4]

try Club, about \$6.50. Meals at the very best hotels and restaurants come to \$2.50 or \$3 a day. You can taxi to any point in the capital for about 25 or 30 cents; hire a private car and chauffeur for less than \$4 a day; and make the 30-mile train trip to the nearby mountain resort of Chosica for 30 cents. Prices at the new tourist inns also are low—at the best one (in Cuzco) the rate including meals is \$4 a day for two persons. In short, one can live luxuriously for almost a month in the southern "Utopia" for about what it would cost for a week's vacation in a high-priced resort here in our own country.

While U. S. visitors in Peru have been discovering the travel-value of dollars, their hosts are learning a bit more about the dollar-value of U. S. travelers. As the coveted currency grows more conspicuous in cash registers, Peruvian hotel managers and storekeepers, sports promoters and transporta-

The imposing equestrian statue of General San Martin stands in the center of the Plaza San Martin in the heart of Lima. Here in this southern "Utopia" an American tourist can live one month for approximately what it would cost him to live one week in an expensive American tourist resort.

—Grace Line Photo



tion-service operators are becoming more tourist-conscious.

The Corporacion Nacional de Turismo is carrying on with renewed zeal its program of building, modernizing, and restoring the things that will attract the tourist and make his stay pleasant and interesting. The more-than-a-score of new hotels and tourist inns now receiving guests, and the new highways connecting out-of-the-way tourist centers with ports and air terminals, testify to the fact that much progress along this line already has been made.

In exchange for our travel dollars, Peru offered an exceptionally wide selection of attractions. Scenery ranges from deserts, jungles, and forests to mountains that beggar description. Although seasons are the reverse of ours here in the north, the traveler can find about any climate he prefers, for temperatures are largely a matter of altitude.

In the line of sightseeing there are ruins of cities



A street of mixed descent in Cuzco, one-time capital of the Inca-Empire. Walls erected by the famous Inca-builders serve as foundations for the stucco buildings superimposed by their Spanish conquerors.
—Grace Line Photo



as ancient and mysterious as those along the Nile, bustling mining towns, Indian villages flooded with local color, Spanish colonial towns, aboriginal jungle settlements, mountain and seaside resorts, and modern cities. Equally interesting and varied are Peru's offerings to the sportsmen. Well-stocked mountain streams provide excellent fresh-water fishing; the waters off Talara rank with the world's finest game-fishing grounds; and jungles as wild as those in the heart of Africa offer exciting sport to the hunter.

Center of interest in Peru is the capital. Modern and sophisticated, yet retaining the courtliness and charm of colonial days, Lima is one of the most fascinating cities on the continent. It was founded as "La Ciudad de los Reyes" by Cuzco's conqueror, Francisco Pizarro, and upon it he lavished much of the gold seized as ransom from the Inca whom he betrayed.

The Hub of Lima still is the Plaza de Armas

The Lufkin Line

around which the founder centered his capital. On one side rises the stately twin-towered cathedral sheltering the glass coffin in which rest his remains; on another, the handsome government building erected on the site of the viceroy's palace where the power-greedy Pizarro was stabbed to death. On narrow balcony-hung streets are mansions and palaces reflecting the viceregal pomp and splendor of the days when Lima reigned as the seat of Spanish government in South America and the cultural and social center.

Particularly interesting are the Casa Torre Tagle, originally the mansion of the King's paymaster; San Marcos, oldest university of the Western Hemisphere; the Sanctuary of Santa Rosa, patron saint of Lima and the first person in the New World to be canonized; and the villa of "La Pericholi," an actress whose tempestuous romance with a viceroy was the talk of the town in the 18th century. Adding an illuminating touch to this picture of the past are several museums that present a perfect pageant of Peru, from the art and handicraft of its earliest civilizations right up to present-day industries.

Guests who like to go places and do things have their choice of soccer games at the National Stadium; the sport of kings as presented at the new Hipodromo de San Felipe; and polo matches at the beautiful Country Club, which also provides fine facilities for golf, tennis and swimming. If this is not exciting enough, there are bullfights, greyhound races, cock-fights and boxing matches. Lima is amply supplied with cinemas, theaters, nightclubs and restaurants enjoying an international reputation for excellent food. Cinema tickets cost 35 cents. Golf with full privileges at the Country Club comes to about \$14 a month. A big evening for two at a smart nightclub can be had for less than \$10; and a day at a nearby beach, \$2. Wine costs but a few cents a bottle and Peruvian cigarettes, 15 cents.

Bargain-hunters have a field day in Lima. Their favorite beat is the Jiron Union where antique shops



Above: A view of Machu Picchu, one of the most sensational cities of antiquity known to man. Among its most historic sights are the Temple of the Three Windows, the Sun Dial, and the edifice in which the Virgins of the Sun are believed to have taken refuge from ruthless invaders.

Lower left: A view of the Fortress of Sacsahuaman, overlooking Cuzco, one-time capital of the Incas in southern Peru. This fortress was one of the most formidable ever conceived and rated as one of the wonders of the world. It is typical of the stonework of the Inca-builders. The stones are so tightly fitted together without the use of mortar or cement that not even a knifeblade can be slipped between.

—Grace Line Photo



and silversmiths display a tempting collection of handloomed textiles; carved chests, tables and other articles made from rich jungle woods; Indian handicraft; and a wondrous array of silver. There are silver pitchers and vases, cocktail shakers and cups

The Lufkin Line

worth of merchandise now can be brought into the United States, duty free.

Numerous and endlessly diversified are the excursions which may be taken from Lima. There's the 25-mile motor trip over a route leading between mountainous sand-dunes and the sea to the famous ruins of the pre-Inca city dedicated to the Creator God, "Pachacamac," some thirteen centuries ago. For pure unadulterated thrills, there's nothing like the trip into the almost four-mile-high mountains behind Lima, over the world's highest standard-gauge railway or highway. Among the most intriguing objectives of this route are Oroya, center for Cerro de Pasco's copper-smelting operations, and Huancayo, an Indian village (with a new tourist hotel), whose Sunday market is one of the most colorful Indian gatherings on the continent.

Generally considered a must is the trip to the "Land of the Incas." Gateway to this storied region is Arequipa, Peru's second city, a short flight by Panagra plane from the capital. Resting at an altitude of 7500 feet, Arequipa enjoys a spring-like climate, perpetual sunshine, and flowers that bloom the year 'round. Add to this the beauty of gleaming white colonial buildings, magnificent mountain vistas, and a dash of local color provided by Indians and llamas; and the result is thoroughly enchanting. In keeping with its name, which means "rest" Arequipa proffers guests the hospitality of a new tourist hotel and of the famed "Quinta Bates," which long has been a favorite rendezvous of those in the know.

Cuzco, perched almost 12,000 feet above sea level and approached by rail from Arequipa, was the glittering capital of the fabulously wealthy Inca Empire which flourished from the beginning of the 12th century until early in the 16th when it was conquered by Pizarro and his gold-greedy gang. Today it is a town of mixed descent with the balconied stucco buildings of the conquerors superimposed upon the stonework of Inca palaces.

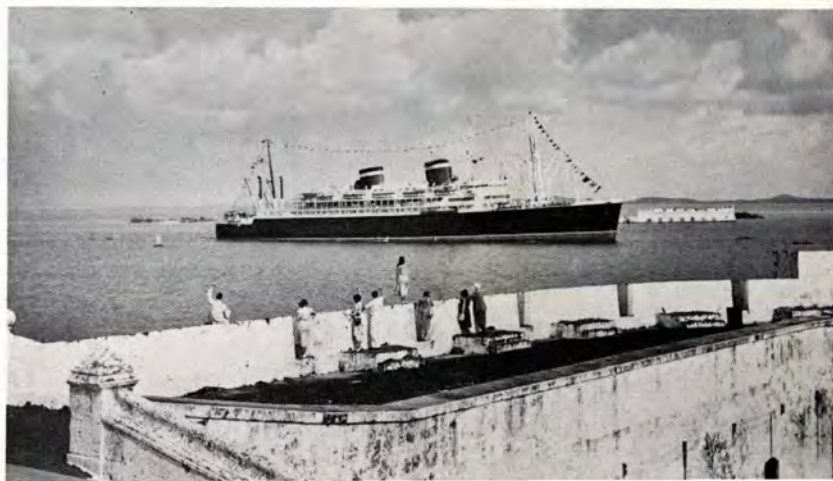
Most fantastic of the Inca structures was the Temple of the Sun, which—until the Spaniards stripped

Continued on Page 18

Lower right: Luxury liners such as this cover the distance from New York to the west coast ports of South America in 12 days. Sailings are weekly during April and May. By air on the express route between the United States and Lima, the distance of 2700 miles from Miami can be made in less than 12 hours.

—Grace Line Photo

copied after Inca portrait vases; Spanish colonial tea and coffee sets, and jewelry—priced at about one-fourth of what silver of similar weight and workmanship would cost up here. Lending added allure to shopping in Peru is the fact that \$500



SNAPSHOTS



Left to right: BOB RIDLEY and CHUCK REDMAN, both of The Texas Company; BILL MINER, and CULLOM JONES, The Texas Company, Houston.



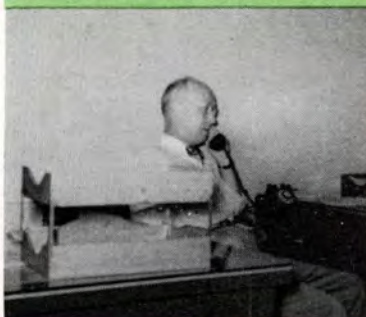
MERCER PARKS, JIM WALVOORD, and AL ILFREY, all of Humble Oil & Refining Co., Houston.



Left to right: Lufkin's BILL MINER, AL ILFREY, Humble Oil & Refining Company; Lufkin's TOM BOWERS; and CARL TAYLOR, Humble, Houston.



This picture was taken in Kilgore, Texas, after the February snow storm. It shows a LUFKIN unit with horsehead on each end of the walking beam. The unit is pumping two wells simultaneously. There are three such double end walking beam set-ups in a row on this street in downtown Kilgore.



FRANK NOLEN, The Texas Company, Houston.



HERB TREICHLER, Houston Oil Co., Houston.



W. S. (BILL) CRAKE, Shell Oil Company, Houston.



C. M. HINTON, American Republic Corp., Houston.



Lufkin's Export Office Manager, A. V. Simonson of New York, a recent visitor in the Gulf Coast Division office in Houston.



CULLOM JONES, The Texas Company, Houston.



AARON UPHAUS, Humble Oil & Refining Co., and Lufkin's BILL MINER, Houston.

... BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



Left to right: PHIL DAVIS, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Lufkin's TOM BOWERS, HANK HOLLAND, Magnolia, and Lufkin's BILLY BURNETTE, all of Houston.



Left to right: BILL MINER, Lufkin's Gulf Coast Division manager, and CARL TAYLOR, BOWMAN THOMAS, and T. V. MILLER, all of Humble Oil & Refining Co., Houston.



PHIL DAVIS, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Houston.



FLOYD DUKE and G. D. NEELY, Sohio Petroleum Company, Tinsley, Mississippi.



MR. and MRS. BILL MINER of Houston. Bill is Lufkin's Gulf Coast Division manager.



BOB NORRIS, Standard Oil of Texas, Houston.



HANK HOLLAND, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Houston.



Facing the camera: MALCOLM SMITH, General Crude Oil Company, and SLIM HOYT, Pan American Oil Company, both of Houston.



BILL HERBERT, The Texas Company, Houston.



CHARLES SANDERS, The California Company, Brookhaven, Mississippi.



FAYE MERRY, The California Company, Brookhaven, Mississippi.



HARRY MOSELEY, The California Company, Brookhaven, Mississippi.



LUFKIN TC-OLC-456DA driven by LUFKIN GSDH engine, The California Company, Houston Smith No. 1, Mallalieu Field, Lincoln County, Brookhaven, Mississippi.



LUFKIN TC-OLL-61B unit, Stanolind Oil and Gas Company, Yarbrough Allen Field, West Texas.



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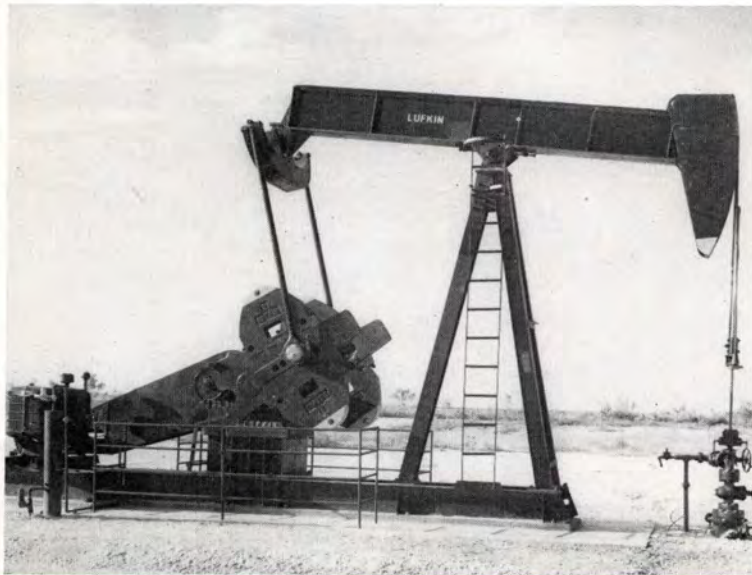
LUFKIN INST

LUFKIN TC-33AL-22G unit, Seaboard Oil Company, Sprayberry Field, West Texas.

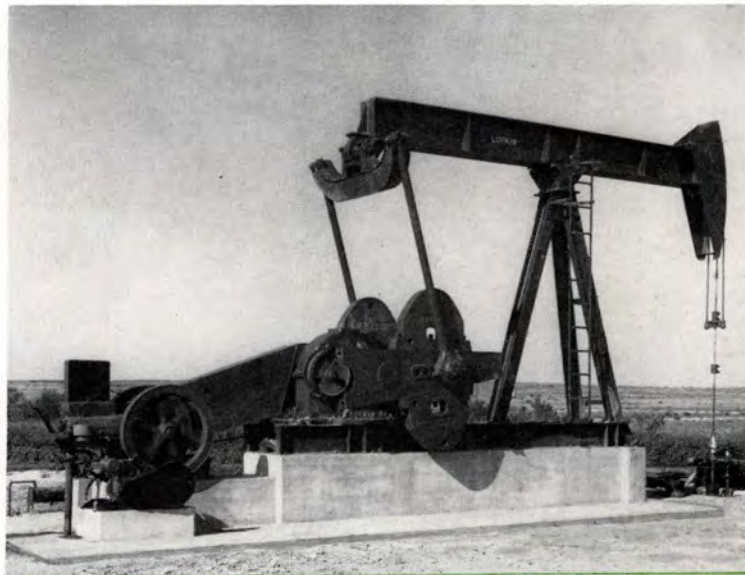


LUFKIN TC-1A-54B unit driven by LUFKIN GSDH engine bolted on extension base. Richardson and Bass, operator, Rapides Parish, Louisiana.





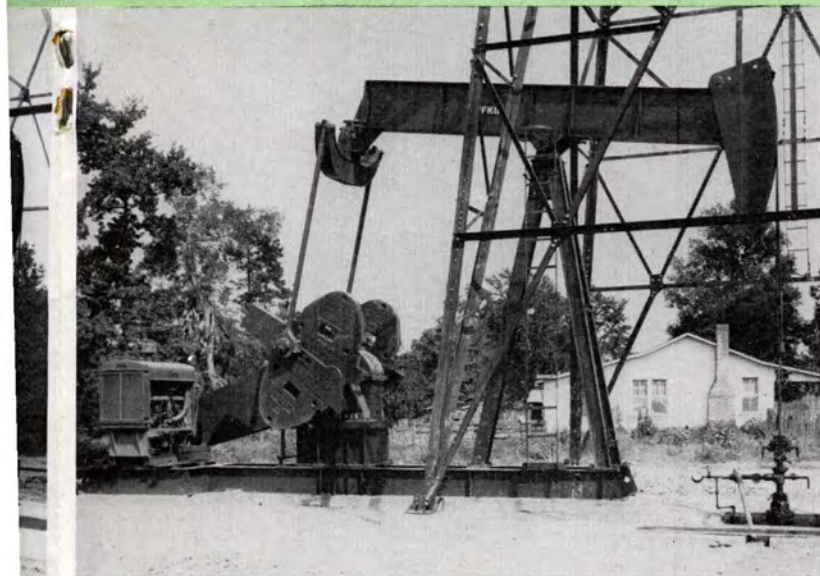
LUFKIN TC-2AL-35A unit, Sun Oil Company, Snyder Field,
West Texas.



LUFKIN TC-1AL-54B unit, The Texas Company, Snyder Field,
West Texas.

TALLATIONS

LUFKIN TC-2AL-35A unit, Natchez Producing Company,
Rapides Parish, Louisiana.



LUFKIN TC-1A-54B unit driven by LUFKIN GSDH engine, Union
Producing Company; M. H. Marr, Rapides Parish, Louisiana.





M. S. Wright, president of Texas Farm Products, sits at his desk for a moment to have the picture made. Above the desk, hangs pictures of his proudest possession—his four sons.



M. S. Wright is almost as proud of his poultry farm as he is his feed and fertilizer plants. He believes this batch of chickens are his finest.



Above: Steele Wright, eldest of the four Wright brothers, is vice president and general manager of Texas Farm Products Company in Nacogdoches, Texas.

Below: This latest endeavor of the Company is a poultry farm second to none in the entire country. Its capacity is 24,000 chickens, and it is so arranged and equipped that one man, his wife and young son, are caring for this number of chickens.

A VIRG SUCCEEDS.

WITH knowledge gained from experience, determination to succeed, and a vision of the future, M. S. Wright, founder and president of Texas Farm Products Company of Nacogdoches, Texas, has seen his enterprise grow from a small fertilizer plant to a feed and fertilizer manufacturing concern second to none in East Texas in the short span of 21 years.

It was in 1930, that Mr. Wright left his home in Virginia and his employ with the Armour Fertilizer Works, and journeyed to East Texas. Behind him were 20 years of work in the fertilizer business. Ahead of him? Well, perhaps in 1930, he wasn't so sure. But he had the courage to set out upon a new venture.

Soon after he arrived in Nacogdoches, one of the oldest towns in East Texas, he made his decision. This would be the spot to locate his fertilizer plant. The next step was getting the money to finance his project. His fiery enthusiasm and unshakeable self-confidence, and his thorough knowledge of the business got him through this obstacle in little time.





Modern mechanical conveyors speed the loading of the bags of fertilizer. These privately owned trucks are awaiting their turn at loading docks.



Behind the line of trucks waiting to get to the loading dock can be seen the modern offices of the Texas Farm Products Company.

INIAN IN TEXAS

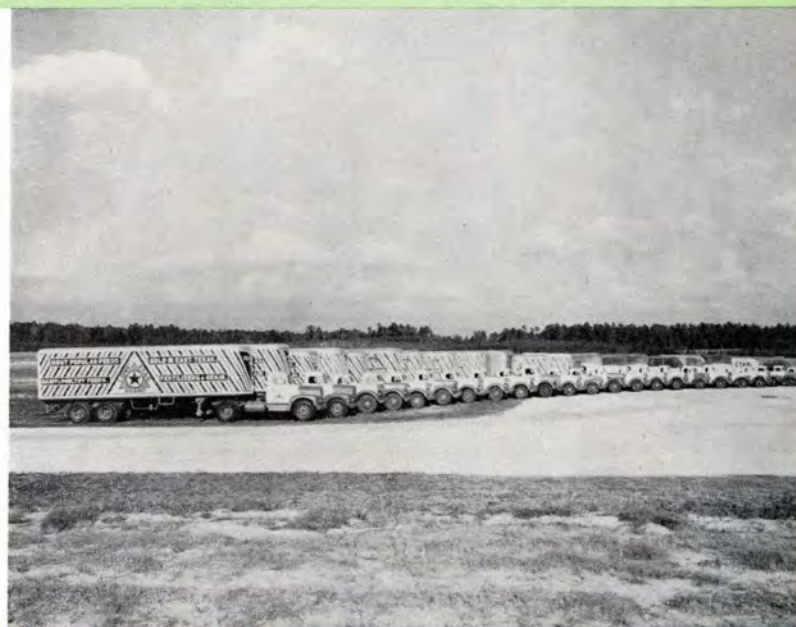
And thus it was that a small business was born at the beginning of the most chaotic economical period in the history of the United States. Despite the great depression, the Texas Farm Products Company emerged successful, a bulwark to the small town's economy.

Its success is based on a statement made by its founder. He said, "Our farmers and feeders must be able to buy our products and convert them into a profit."

That is exactly what they have been doing for the past 21 years.

During each year of its life, the Company has expanded. In 1950, the fertilizer plant had a capacity of approximately 25,000 tons per year. The capacity now is nearer 80,000 tons a year. Where the daily feed mill capacity was 200 tons in 1950, it is now close to 600 tons daily.

Back in 1948, a new grain elevator was constructed with a capacity of 100,000 bushels. Other improvements include a new fertilizer mixing unit, enlargement of feed mill to make room for new



Above: A portion of this Company's fleet of Lufkin trailers line up for inspection. The job of keeping this fleet rolling belongs to Joe Wright.

Below: This is a typical unit, of which 35 make up the fleet of Texas Farm Products Company. The trailer is Lufkin made.



The Lufkin Line

machines to produce laying pellets, calf pellets, cattle cubes, poultry crumbles, and steam crimped grains. Also garage and shop facilities were expanded to maintain their fleet of trucks and cars, and plant machinery and equipment.

From a meager beginning when the manufacture of fertilizer was its only enterprise, the Texas Farm Products Company now produces more than 75 different feeds, fertilizers and other products including a complete line of dairy and stock feeds, a full line of poultry feeds, cream corn meal and eight kinds of fertilizers. The trade-name for these products is Lone Star Brand. These brands are distributed over an area bounded by Mount Pleasant, Texas, on the north and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, from the blacklands of Central Texas on the west to the Louisiana line on the east.

Recently, Texas Farm Products Company and the Burgess Poultry market teamed together to build and operate a poultry farm, which is located on the outskirts of Nacogdoches. The purpose of this poultry farm is to demonstrate and experiment for the benefit of the poultry producers in East Texas.

The farm, probably the largest in this section of the country, consists of two parallel houses 300 feet long, 32 feet wide with a 50-foot wide feed house joining the buildings in the form of an H. The houses are equipped with automatic feeders and continuously running fresh water. This allows one man, with only a little assistance, to care for the total capacity of 24,000 chickens.

Here experimental work is conducted on various types of feeds, vitamins, medicines, as well as on different breeds of chickens. The chicks are purchased from hatcheries throughout the United States.

Texas Farm Products Company is managed by Mr. Wright's eldest son, Steele Wright who is vice president and general manager. Three other sons have vital positions in the Company. They are Joe Wright who is production manager for both the feed mill and fertilizer plants. He also keeps the Company's fleet of 35 truck-trailers rolling, many of which are Lufkin made.

Tom Wright, who started in the business as an assistant bookkeeper and salesman, is now sales manager. The youngest of the four sons, Dick Wright, is in the sales department.

One of the oldest employees, so far as years of service are concerned, is Glenn Weaver, secretary-treasurer, who joined the firm soon after it was organized in 1930.

After 21 years of operation, Texas Farm Products Company is considered one of the most modern factories in the southwest.

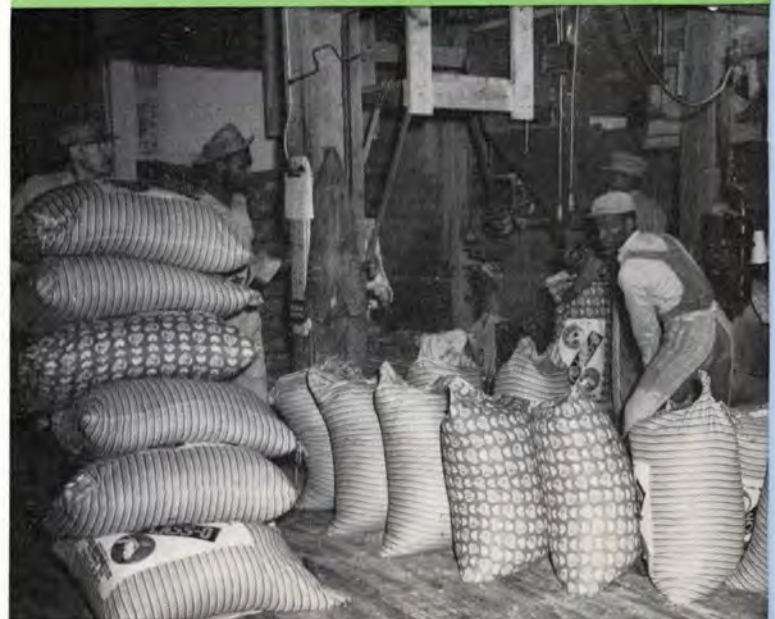


Eight kinds of fertilizer are produced by the Texas Farm Products Company. During March, which is their heaviest month, about one-seventh of the entire year's business is done.



Above: Smaller bundles of feed are bagged on the second floor of the feed mill. Many varieties of feeds and other products are produced by this Company.

Below: Heavy feed is bagged in one section of the feed mill. About 133 persons are employed by the Company. Daily output of feed is approximately 600 tons.



GULF COAST DIVISION PERSONNEL



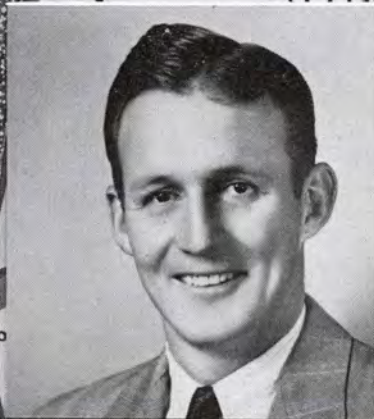
TOM BOWERS
Houston District Office



W. H. MINER, Manager
Gulf Coast Division



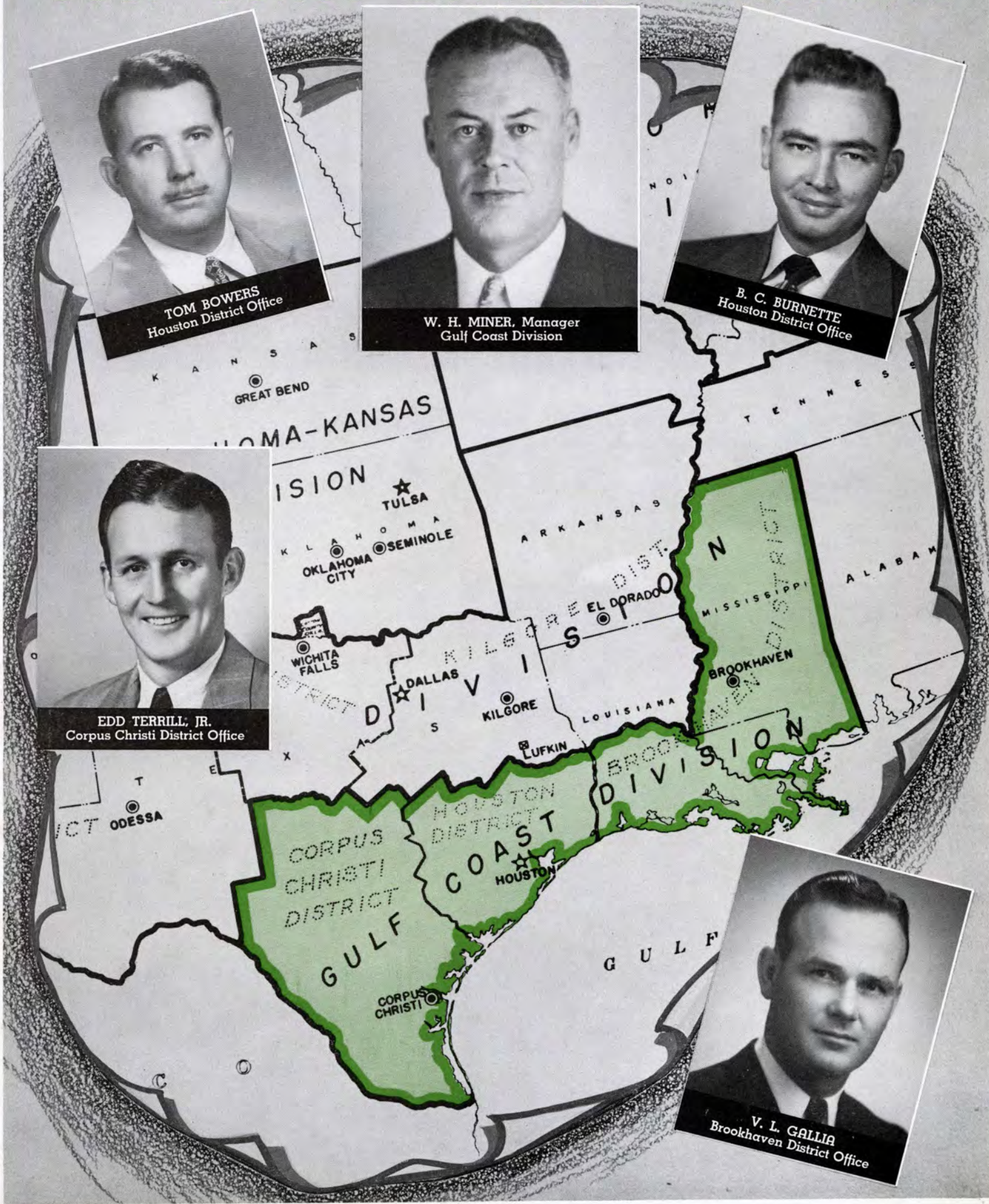
B. C. BURNETTE
Houston District Office



EDD TERRILL, JR.
Corpus Christi District Office



V. L. GALLIA
Brookhaven District Office





MT. STUART, framed by timberline sentinels.
Photo by Dwight Watson



ON THE CREST of the Stuart Range can be seen the balanced rock.
Photo by R. B. Kizer

STROLLIN' UP STUART

By HARRIET GEITHMANN

"TAKE MY ADVICE," smiled John Lynch, "breathe through your nose and go slow and easy when you climb Mt. Stuart."

Standing in front of his blackened pots and pans in his little Salmon la Sac log cabin in the valley of the Cle Elum, the 78-year-old prospector thus

advised us, a knot of Washington Mountaineers bound for the craggy summit of Stuart.

"Rising call at 1 o'clock in the morning," announced "Big Ben," the stalwart leader of the Mountaineers into the heart of Wenatchee National Forest, presided over by Stuart, one of the craggiest pinnacles in the Cascade Range.

This grim announcement sent us early one August evening to our sleeping bags in the shadow of the conifers on the rocky banks of Ingalls Creek, 5500 feet above the Pacific.

Thursday morning at 1 a.m. flashlights gleamed among the trees. Human glowworms twinkled about in search of alpenstocks, wind-proofs, dark glasses, bandanas, tin cups and knapsack lunches.

Beyond the black forest loomed Mt. Stuart under a starlit sky. At 2:15 a.m., thirty-one strong mountaineers started for the summit. We zigzagged up and through the evergreen girdle of Stuart. Far ahead from crag to crag leaped the nimble scouts. By buglight, candlelight, flashlight, starlight and the light of calked boots on granite, we climbed upward. Overhead shone the Milky Way and the Pleiades or Seven Sisters.

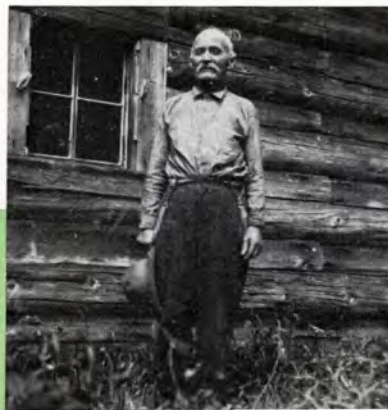
With the first flush of dawn which set the ridges on fire, we cached our flashlights and lanterns on a granite boulder. To the south is a sea of purple



Above. A RUGGED stretch of Ingalls Creek, 5500 feet above the Pacific.
Photo by Harriet Geithmann

Right: JOHN LYNCH, the 78-year-old prospector at his Salmon la Sac cabin in the valley of the Cle Elum.
Photo by Harriet Geithmann

Right Center: PAUSING FOR BREATH among the granite boulders, the Mountaineers rest before continuing their climb upward.
Photo by Harriet Geithmann





THIS TREE depicts what happens after years of buffeting by the gales on Mt. Stuart.

Photo by Mabel Furry



MT. STUART, a mass of granite in the Wenatchee National Forest.

Photo by Dwight Watson

and gold we saw two islands floating—the lofty peaks of Rainier and Adams.

Over boulders of gray granite glistening with mica we crawled up narrow chimneys, dropped down into cul-de-sacs and circled around majestic monoliths. Over the snowfields we followed the scouts, clinging to ropes for safety and digging in our caked boots.

At 9:30 a.m., after an exhilarating climb ranging from 45 to 90 degrees, we stood on the summit of Stuart—9470 feet above the sea—one of the greatest single masses of granite in the United States. We drank in our reward—a sublime panorama of purple valleys, green forests, black mountain crags, alpine meadows, silver rivers and blue lakes. On Stuart's northern slope, we looked perpendicularly down thousands of feet to the glaciers below. On the horizon rim towered Rainier, Adams, Baker and Glacier.

Then, down we skidded safely over the granite and snowfields, munching raisins, zweiback, nuts and chocolate. Beside a delicious trickle of mountain water, we lunched and drank our fill. At the base of Stuart, we skidded through a belt of hectic dust, a denuded area credited to the nibbling of thousands of woollies.

At 2:15 p.m., merry as grigs, we swung into camp where the faithful valleypounders were ready with gallons of steaming tea. "Strollin' Up Stuart," as "Big Ben" called our summit climb, was over.

This midnight, sunlight climb to the summit of one of Uncle Sam's delectable mountains was the climax of just one of the many annual outings of the Mountaineers, the hiking organization of Washington with a membership of over 2200.



Above: AN OLD PATRIARCH of Mt. Stuart. One of the greatest single masses of granite in the United States, Mt. Stuart stands 9470 feet above the sea.

Photo by Mabel Furry

Left: STRONG HEART and steady nerve are the requisites of Mountaineers, who are shown here crossing the Cle Elum on a forest bridge.

Photo by Mabel Furry



The Lufkin Line

[18]

YOUR TRAVEL DOLLARS

Continued from Page 7

it of its treasures—boasted walls embellished with sheets of gold and myriads of precious stones, and a garden filled with flowers and figurines fashioned from gold and silver. Today its stonework serves as foundation for the Monastery of Santo Domingo. Also of interest are the score or more of picturesque churches, and the Plaza de Armas where the Inca and his court, and the mummies of his royal predecessors seated on thrones of gold, viewed the celebrations held in their honor.

Overlooking Cuzco is the Fortress of Sacsahuaman, a striking example of the famous Inca masonry, and one of the wonders of the world. It is made of gigantic blocks of flint-like stone, some of them weighing fifty tons, fitted together without mortar or cement as skillfully as a cabinet-maker fits together inlays of wood. Since the Indians had no steel implements for cutting and no draught animals to transport the heavy stones up the mountains from distant quarries, the manner in which the fortress was built remains a complete enigma.

Twelve miles distant is Pisac, an Indian center which is especially interesting on Sundays when the "alcaldes"—or mayors—of surrounding villages parade to church in the colorful regalia of their office, and the Indians turn out in their bright-hued best.

A fascinating full-day excursion made by rail from Cuzco is the trip to Machu Picchu on whose slopes was discovered, in 1911, one of the most sensational cities of antiquity known to man. The ruins of this citadel cling to the shafty-like mountainside, 3000 feet above the Urubamba Valley. The ascent is made by motor, and at the top, a small but comfortable inn welcomes today's explorers. The ruins are spread over a succession of terraces connected by aqueducts and scores of stairways (three thousand steps, according to one visitor's count)—a maze of roofless dwellings, storerooms, palaces, and temples, broken by open plazas and burial grounds. Among the most historic sights are the "Temple of the Three Windows" featured in one of the legends about the first Inca; the Sun Dial, or "place where the sun is tied," and the edifice in which the Virgins of the Sun are believed to have taken refuge from the ruthless invaders of their land.

Another beauty spot in this roof-top region is Lake Titicaca. More than two miles above sea level it spreads like an inland ocean over an area of 4500 square miles. Steamboats regularly ply between

Peruvian and Bolivian ports; and Indians carry on their inter-village commerce in balsas, the sailboats they make from the reeds growing along the shore. The colors of Indian costumes and cargoes and of everything else in the vicinity seem greatly intensified by the rarified air. At sunrise and sunset when the sky's glowing colors are reflected on mirror-clear waters, and the balsas' graceful forms are silhouetted against a backdrop of shifting colors, the lake presents a picture glorious beyond description—another of the unforgettable experiences of a journey through Peru.

This versatile vacationland is easy to reach. Especially popular is the sea-air-trip which combines the speed of flight with the rest and relaxation of an ocean voyage. Ships out of New York cover the distance in 12 days; planes, in less than 24 hours. Ample space southbound is available on Grace Line's new air-conditioned cargo-passenger ships (sailing weekly from New York to the west coast ports of South America) in the latter half of March, and during April and May; and northbound space is available during October, November, December, January, and usually the first half of February. Panagra's (Pan American Grace Airways) luxurious DC-6 "El Interamericano" is operated on a daily schedule on the express route between the United States and Lima, covering the 2700 miles between Miami and Lima in less than 12 hours.



Smooth as a Cadillac

That is a nickel at which E. P. Trout, vice president of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company, is pointing. And that nickel is standing on end on the cylinder block of a Lufkin H-333 engine which is operating at 525 r.p.m. The Lufkin TC-33B-22C unit is pumping 19 strokes per minute from 2300 feet depth.

This installation is located in the Cuyama Valley at Fellows, California. It is a Richfield Oil Company installation.

Let's Laugh

Two small babies were sitting in their cribs in the hospital nursery.

Said the little boy baby, "I sure would like to get in your pants."

Startled, the little girl baby questioned, "Get in my pants! Why?"

Little boy: "Cause I just ruined mine!"

Said a teacher in South Dakota, "I wonder if any of you children have Indian blood?"

"I have," answered little Johnny. "That's very interesting," remarked the teacher, "What tribe?"

"Oh," answered Johnny, "it wasn't exactly a tribe, just a wandering Indian."

A lady who had married a traveling man decided to raise chickens. When her husband returned from his trip he asked how the chickens were doing. With pride she answered, "Fine, I have five hens and two roosters."

The salesman was puzzled, "I don't understand why you have two roosters with only five hens."

"Well," his wife explained, "I got an extra rooster so the hens would still have one in case the other took a notion to go on the road!"

They were seated in the shade of the moonlight, and he says to her, "Honey, I will give you a quarter if you will kiss me."

"O. K." says she, "go ahead." (Lapse of a few minutes.)

"Honey, I will give you a dollar if you will let me put my arms around you."

"Okay," says she. (Another lapse of time.)

"Now, honey, are you ready for the two-dollar question?"

Ma loved Pa,
Pa loved women;
Ma caught Pa
With one in swimmin'.
Here lies Pa.

He was pacing back and forth in front of the maternity ward. After what seemed hours, a nurse stuck out her head and said, "It's a boy."

His pacing became faster and his cigarettes more often, when, after ten minutes, the nurse again appeared with, "Another boy."

Now he almost ran back and forth and was chain-smoking. After the longest 15 minutes he ever lived, the nurse popped out with, "Another boy. You are the father of triplets!"

He couldn't stand it any longer and he burst into the delivery room. The head nurse yelled at him, "Hey, you can't come in here; you're not sterile!"

"Are you telling me!" he answered quickly.

Two little boys were sitting on the curb, wishing someone would come along and take them for a ride. Presently, a little girl drove up in a big Cadillac car, and asked one of the boys to go with her. They drove off to a lonely road, whereupon the little girl stopped the car, took off her panties and said to the little boy, "You can have anything I've got."

The little boy opened the door, walked around to the other side and opened the door, pulled the little girl out, reached and got her panties and tossed them aside, and got in the car and drove off.

He came back to his friend, and told him what happened.

"Well," his friend said slowly, "You chose the right thing when you took the car. The pants wouldn't have fit you anyway."

Sugar Daddy—He may be old, but he's still in there pinching.

Question: "How do chorus girls get minks?"

Answer: "Like minks get minks."

On the mend
Is Bertram Burse;
They say he's gone
From bed to nurse.

"I'm glad we're married, darling," she said,

As she reached out in the dark for his hand,

"So am I, sweetie," he whispered, as he pressed her wedding band.

"Our passion's respectable," he murmured low

And kissed her, but not like a brother.

"Because we're decently married," he said,

"Even though it's not to each other!"

Young Lady (to bus passenger seated next to her): "Could you help me complete the last word in this crossword puzzle? The word is a four letter word ending in IT. The definition says it is often found on the bottom of bird cages—and the President is full of it."

Young Man: "Why certainly, it is GRIT."

Young Lady: "Why so it is. Will you lend me your eraser, please?"

There comes the story of the gambling Tom Cat. He put everything he had in the kitty!



"Wanta come along to the beach with me for a game of ball? We'll have lots of fun . . ."

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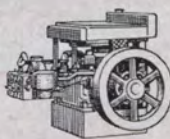
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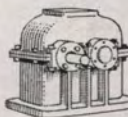
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