



THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

MARCH - APRIL • 1954



THE *Lufkin* LINE

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NUMBER

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COVER: By A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.

INSIDE FRONT COVER: Mt. Lassen and Reflection Lake
Lassen Volcanic National Park, California
Photo: David W. Corson from A. Devaney, N. Y.

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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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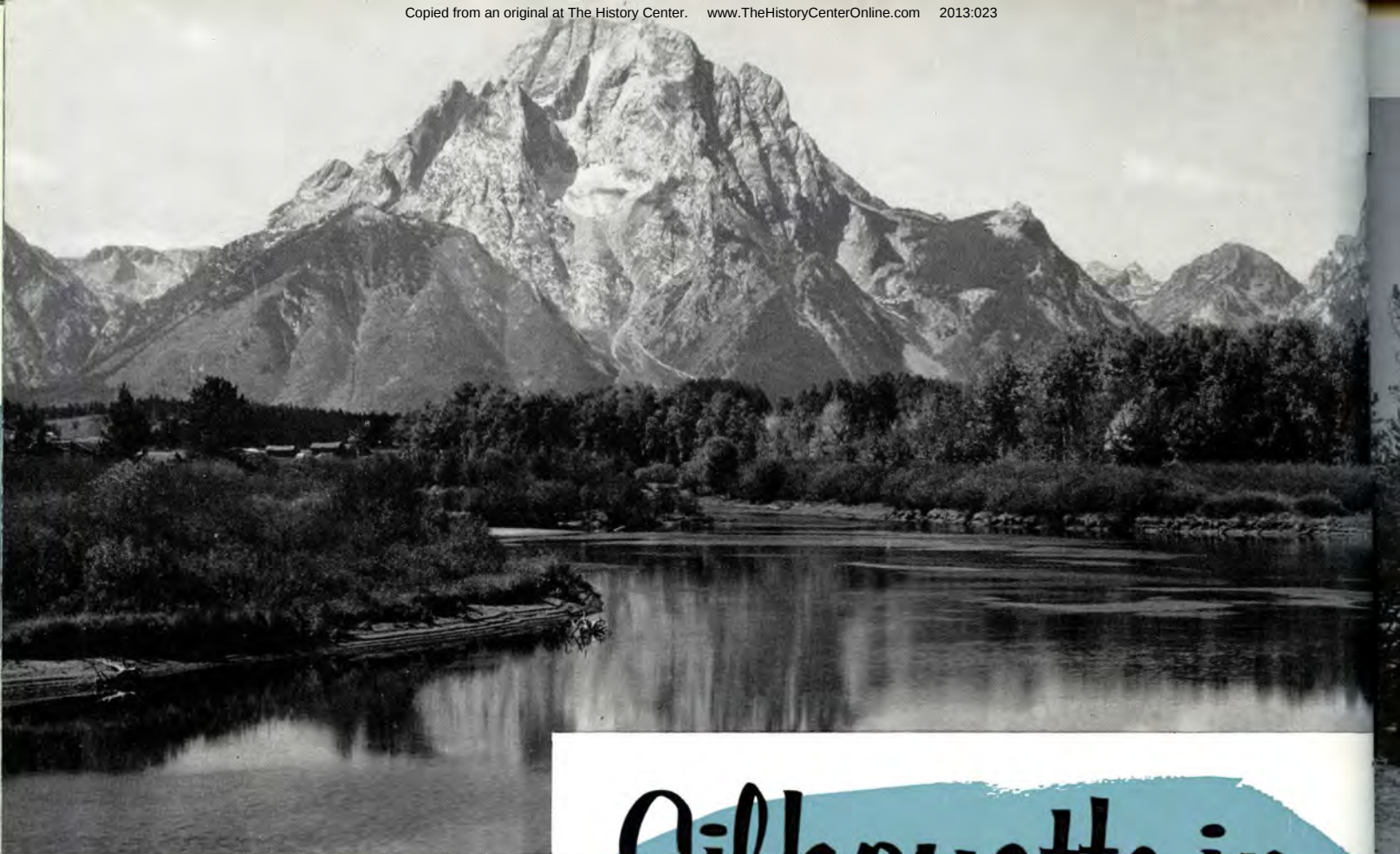
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MOUNT Moran across Jackson Lake



Silhouette in granite

By DOLORES BUTTERFIELD JEFFORDS

FOR THOSE who like their wilderness wild, yet not entirely divorced from civilization—who like the noblest of scenery with their rugged outdoors—Grand Teton National Park, near the western border of Wyoming, has superlative attractions.

Nowhere else in America are there mountains of such Alpine grandeur as the Tetons, characterized by their abrupt, steep rise from the floor of the valley, and their sharp, jagged peaks, outlined in a granite silhouette against the sky. Grand Teton, which has been called the American Matterhorn, is the highest peak of the range, with an altitude of close to 14,000 feet. Twenty-two other peaks exceed 10,000 feet, several topping 12,000.

Against this majestic backdrop, and immeasurably enhancing the splendor of the scene, are several lakes, through the largest of which—Jackson Lake—the Snake River flows. Leigh and Jenny

Lakes, and the innumerable smaller ponds, shimmer in glacial basins dammed by moraines. Mountain range and lakes are comprised in the 300,000 acres of the National Park, which also includes, since 1950, the greater part of what was formerly Jackson Hole National Monument.

Jackson "Hole," despite its uninspired name, is actually a very beautiful valley lying along the eastern base of the Teton Range, with the Snake River winding through it, gathering volume from many tributaries. U. S. Highway 89 runs north and south the length of the valley, curving eastward around Jackson Lake, and scattered along this and several side roads are ranger stations, lodges, campgrounds, and post offices. Within the park and just outside its boundaries are several ranches and "dude" ranches for further accommodation of guests.



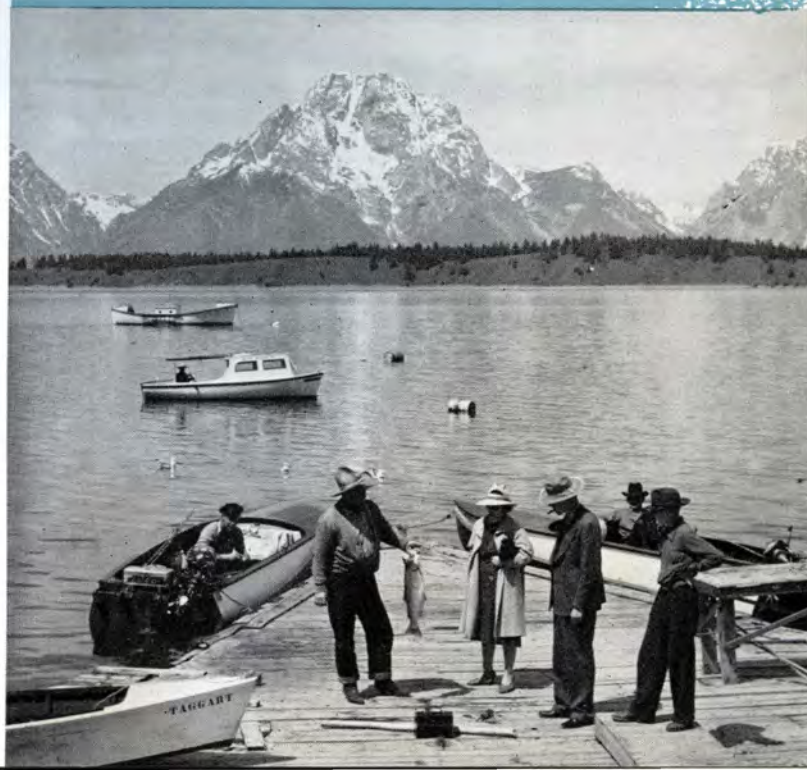
ROADWAY along the shore of Jenny Lake, showing Mt. Michaud, Mt. Teewinat and Mt. Owen of the Tetons

Near the southern end of the park, on the main highway, is the Moose ranger station, the park headquarters, and a post office and store. A very picturesque feature of Moose is the little log Church of the Transfiguration, the wide altar window which frames an inspiring view of Grand Teton and its neighbor peaks.

On the Jenny Lake Road, which loops off from U. S. 89, are other lodges and campgrounds overlooking Jenny and Leigh Lakes and tiny String Lake between them. Some of the most magnificent views of Grand Teton, Mount Teewinot, and other monarchs of the range, are seen from these lakes. The Jenny Lake Museum displays exhibits relating to the geology and history of the region, and its flora and fauna, and campfire talks on these subjects are held by the Park Service naturalists every evening through the summer. Featured in this program are nature walks, all-day hikes, and auto caravans.

Saddle horses and guides are available at Jenny Lake, as well as boats. The fishing, in this and other

LAKES in the Park abound with cut-throat trout like this 7½ lb. beauty caught from sparkling waters





THESE are the Grand Tetons—a 40-mile range considered to be the most Alp-like in America

lakes of the park, is excellent, but boats are furnished only on Jenny and Jackson Lakes. A State fishing license is required.

NORTHWARD at Moran, on the shore of Jackson Lake, is another group of lodges, post office, and ranger station. But the western part of the park remains a mountain wilderness penetrated only by rugged but extremely scenic trails.

The park season extends from June 15 to September 15, but four of the main highways are kept open through the winter, and Jackson Hole is a center of winter sports. Accommodations during that season are limited to the town of Jackson, a few miles south of the park boundary.

Winter or summer, Jackson is an interesting town, with a strong Old West flavor despite its Alpine setting. Twenty miles south of Jackson, accessible by U. S. 89, is the spectacular Grand Canyon of the Snake River. A few miles west of Jackson, State Route 22 follows the historic trail of Robert Stuart in 1812 through the famous Teton Pass.

The federal elk reserve adjacent to Jackson and Grand Teton National Park is a winter feeding ground for these animals. In spring and summer the elks leave the refuge and range the highlands of the park, and moose may also be seen around the many small ponds and grassy meadows. Bighorn sheep, mule deer and bears may be encountered in the canyons. But hunting and firearms are prohibited, and campers and hikers are also cautioned against molesting these animals, or making friendly overtures toward them, since they can be dangerous.

Another restriction of the park is against solo mountain climbing. Guide service is available, though not required, but climbing alone is not permitted.

Local roads lead to Signal Mountain near Moran, Two Ocean Lake, splendid views of the Snake River, and many other interesting spots, including Gros Ventre Slide, in the adjacent Teton National Forest. This is one of the strangest sights in the area, caused by a landslide in which years ago, the entire side of a mountain became detached



A PACK trip into Wyoming's high country is the way to enjoy the ultimate in fishing and outdoor living



CAMPING in the Tetons creates healthy appetites that can be abetted with freshly-caught brook trout

and slid across the valley of the Gros Ventre River, temporarily damming the stream. Such was the momentum of the slide that it was carried up the side of another mountain, where it lodged. Trees, swept along by the landslide, were transplanted in grotesque positions, growing horizontally out of the mountainside. A great white scar marks the site from which the landslide was detached.

THE PARK TRAILS constitute a major attraction for lovers of the outdoors. The Lakes Trail begins at the southwestern bay of Jackson Lake and runs south to Phelps Lake, entirely encircling Jenny, Leigh and String Lakes, and following the base of the mountain range. The Cascade Canyon Trail, on the other hand, penetrates deep into the mountains, from Jenny Lake and Hidden Falls to Lake Solitude, through a deep gorge with vertical walls towering thousands of feet on either hand. The south fork of this trail, running west of Grand Teton and South Teton, leads to Alaska Basin and Limestone Wall. The Indian Paintbrush Canyon Trail starts at Leigh Lake, and joins Cascade Canyon Trail at Lake Solitude.

The Death Canyon Trail, starting at Phelps Lake, follows a canyon of awesome depth into the far recesses of the Tetons, from which it emerges to join the south fork of the Cascade Canyon Trail at Alaska Basin.

But perhaps more spectacular even than the canyon trails is the Teton Glacier Trail, which scales the east slope of Grand Teton itself, to Surprise and Amphitheatre Lakes, from the latter of which begins the steep ascent to the glacier. This trail is unequalled for superb views of the nearby

peaks, and sweeping panoramas across the broad valley and its glistening evergreen-bordered lakes.

Easily reached by national highways, by rail and bus connections, and, in summer, even by airplane, this National Park has much outdoor variety to offer—steep, high peaks to climb, dense forests and deep canyons through which to roam, safaris with saddle and pack-horses into the wilderness areas. Except for mountain climbing, you may go it alone, or join a friendly group under naturalist guidance. And if you prefer less strenuous diversions, you may also drive at ease along incredibly scenic roads, or linger at some ranch in the romantic atmosphere of the Old West, or fish in a crystal lake at the foot of mountains that look like murals painted on the western sky.

CHURCH of the Transfiguration at Moose is noted for altar window framing majestic mountain view





SNAPSHOTS ...

with the Lufkin Cameraman



SHERMAN FORSYTH left, and FRANK FORSYTH
both with American Republics Corp.
Artesia New Mexico



H. J. HAYNES, left, and FRANK BLANKENSTEIN
both with The California Co.
New Orleans, La.



ARCH SURLES
Surles Truck Line
Houston



Left to right: JIM WHITLEY, HACK THOMPSON, EARL EMERSON, all with Amarada Petroleum Corp. Tioga, North Dakota.

Left to right: BOB STROUD, Texas Power & Light Co. Lufkin; D. B. MEISENHEIMER, The Texas Company Wichita Falls, Texas; J. W. WHITNEY, Magnolia Petroleum Co., Electra, Texas.



L. E. (PRINCE) WALES, left Wales Trucking Co. and JOHN WRIGHT, Kroehler Mfg. Co., both of Dallas.



First row, left to right: BOB SCHULTE, BILL LUMPKIN, JACK LEONARD and A. E. DALY, all of Greggton Texas. Second row left to right: C. L. DRUMMOND, Selman City, Texas; BAILEY DAVIS, Greggton and BOB DRAKE, Greggton, all with Continental Oil Company.



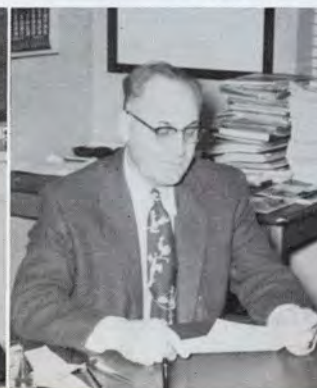
DALE PETERSON
Shell Oil Co.
Glendive Montana

O. C. ARNOLD
Amarada Petroleum Corp.
Williston, North Dakota

TOMMY BLISS
The Texas Company
Glendive Montana

W. E. SPEAR
Shell Oil Co.
Billings, Montana

DAVE TOOMEY
Shell Oil Co.
Billings, Montana





FRANK SYKES
Shell Oil Co.
Glendive, Montana



DON THORP
General American Oil Co.
Manderson, Wyo.



ART CHEVALIER
Ohio Oil Co.
Oregon Basin, Wyo.



R. A. CROW
Ohio Oil Co.
Oregon Basin, Wyo.



EARL SMITH
Shell Oil Co.
Glendive, Montana



J. P. ANDERSON A. R. Dillard Co.
Wichita Falls



First row left to right: BILL LAW, Interstate Pipe Line Co.; BOB POLAND Lufkin; JOE PIPKIN, Interstate Pipe Line; TOM CROWDER Lufkin representative. Second row, left to right: SAM PHELPS, BILL DAVIS, both with Interstate; BAYO HOPPER, W. W. TROUT, and GUY CROOM, all of Lufkin; all Interstate men of Shreveport, La.

Standing left to right: F. R. OLDHAM, JR., T. A. NORMAN, J. D. DRISKILL, G. B. SCARBOROUGH, H. E. BRAUNIG, JR., A. E. DOUTY, J. R. GEORGE, C. E. MAXWELL all with Gulf Oil Corp., East Texas Zone; and ROY LILLEY JR., Lufkin. Kneeling left to right: L. C. WALKER, Gulf Oil Corp. East Texas Zone; W. T. CROWDER, JR. and JIM ROWE, Lufkin representatives.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, Williams Ranch Feed and Supply Co., Ozona, Texas.

Left to right: RANDY BRYANT Houston; J. W. CLARK, JR., Thompson, Texas; C. F. KALYEYER, Houston; HENRY ARNAUD, Goose Creek, Texas; J. C. FUNDERBURK JR., Houston; W. H. LeGRAND, Houston; DAVE DAWSON, Houston; RALPH H. FLUKER, Houston; all with Gulf Oil Corporation.

GORDON FLY, Shell Oil Co., Billings, Montana.

Left to right: W. G. SPECHT, Fannett, Texas; T. F. BRONTE, Hull, Texas; P. D. BAGWELL Port Neches; R. A. WILLSDONK, Hull; and J. P. WEATHERLY, JR., Segno Texas; all with Gulf Oil Corporation.



Below: Left to right: LARRY BARNES, WALTER WENDLANDT, both of New Orleans, La., and J. W. SCOTT, Washington Miss., all with The California Company.



Left to right: W. W. TROUT, Lufkin's president; JAKE COCKRUN, Gulf Oil Corp., Wickett, Texas; JOE CUNNINGHAM, Gulf, Wickett; COOPER RICHARDS, Lufkin representative; DEB CROWLEY, Gulf, Kermit, Texas; JOHN SWANSON, Lufkin representative; HARRY CLARK, Gulf, Kermit; C. W. WILLIAMS, Gulf, Wickett; LEROY WITT, Continental Oil Co., Ardmore, Okla.; MORRIS H. BURNS, Continental, Ponca City, Okla.; JACK THOMPSON, Continental, Ponca City.





LUFKIN

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INSTALLATIONS





1 LUFKIN TC-1-4ID Unit, Shell Oil Company, Pine Field near Glendive, Montana.

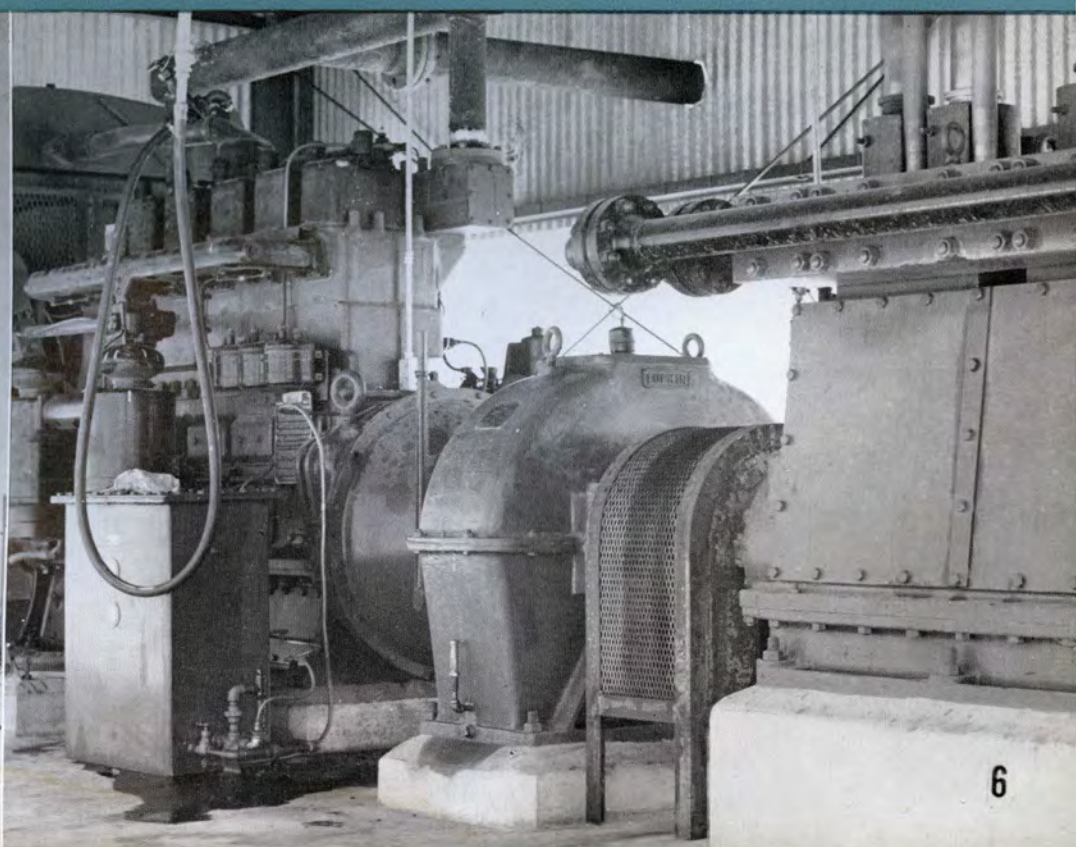
2 LUFKIN TC-44-80DA Unit, General American Oil Company, Little Bonanza Field near Manderson, Wyoming.

3 LUFKIN TC-2A-22G Unit, Carter Oil Company, Duschane, Utah.

4 LUFKIN TC-33B-22G Unit, Standard Oil of Texas, South Ward Field in West Texas.

5 LUFKIN TC-44A-15A Unit, Atlantic Refining Company, South Ward Field in West Texas.

6 LUFKIN S168 Speed Reducer, Standard Oil of Texas, South Ward Field in West Texas.



Snapshots

Continued



DICK PATERSON
Amarada Petroleum Corp.
Tioga, North Dakota



JIM NOONAN, left, and ZEKE GRIMMIE
Carter Oil Co.
Vernal, Utah



LLOYD SULLINS
Amarada Petroleum Corp.
Tioga, North Dakota



Left to right: V. S. WESTBROOK, Jal. New Mexico; L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin; DICK LANNEN, Hobbs, New Mexico; FRED GIPSON, Midland, Texas; W. H. BASKIN, Denver City, Texas; B. K. RAMPLEY, Eunice, New Mexico; C. F. ELLIS, Big Spring, Texas; PAUL THORNTON, Hobbs, New Mexico; W. R. WESTBROOK, Eunice, New Mexico; and D. L. BEEKMAN, Denver City; all with Continental Oil Company.



ART REESE, left and SAM PAULSEN,
Union Oil Co., Brea, Calif.



Left to right: HAROLD BOWERMAN, Lufkin representative; FRED McDANIEL, Sunray Oil Corp., Lewisville, Ark.; ROY LILLEY JR., Lufkin representative; JOHN CATLIN, Lion Oil Co., El Dorado, Ark.; L. C. CARNER, Murphy Corporation, El Dorado.



"SKIV" WASHBOHN, left, and CHARLEY ALLEAIR, Union Oil Co.



Left to right: ROY CATES, H. & N. T. Motor Freight Lines; and BOB PETTITT and JACK STEWART, both with Airline Vans; all of Dallas.



Left to right: BOB BONGARD, JOAN DALGREN, JUANITA LEAR, JACK BOLTZ, all with Union Oil Co., Santa Fe Springs, Calif.



H. L. (HERB) MARCY, recently retired after 32 years with Union Oil Company, Santa Fe Springs, California.

BOB TRAVER
The Texas Company
Glendive, Montana

ROY FULLER
Amarada Petroleum Corp.
Williston, North Dakota



Left to right: WALTER W. TROUT, president, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.; LEE IRVIN, Gulf Pipe Line Co., Houston; JACK SHAW and FRANK CAROTHERS, both with Norvel Wilder Co., Houston.



TRAILER DIVISION'S Sales Conference

All Lufkin trailer salesmen and key shop personnel gathered in February for the annual three-day sales meeting. C. W. (Lefty) Alexander, sales manager, presided over the meeting.

Those attending the conclave included Robert L. Graham, Lubbock, Texas; M. L. Wilkinson, Lufkin; Sam L. Jones, Sweetwater, Texas; John L. Schaeffer, Dallas; Bill P. Richards, Fort Worth; A. G. Colburn, Lufkin; Bruce Bates, J. C. Lowe, R. L. Hamilton, Jimmie L. Ramage, and Marshall

LUFKIN Trailer salesmen from Texas and Louisiana

Dailey, all of Houston; Bill F. Mayfield, Waco; Nelson Henze, San Antonio; Leroy Greene, Dallas; Otis K. McCauley, San Antonio; Carl V. Wilkinson, Dallas; Carl J. Couser, Odessa; R. P. Weaver, San Antonio; Glenn A. Foy, Dallas; Morelle Hicks, Fort Worth; Floyd S. Rogers, Lufkin; Kermitt Gammill, Corpus Christi; Neill Morris, Shreveport, La.; W. A. Kirkland and C. J. Schuller, both of Lufkin.

Plant personnel who sat in on the meeting were J. D. Thomason, Willie Willhite, Leon Walker, Buck Barrington, R. B. Smith, Willie Ricks, F. B. Thompson, Gordon Barrett, Clifton Deal, J. M. Copeland, Charlie Carter and Buck Huff.

KEY shop personnel sat in on the annual conference

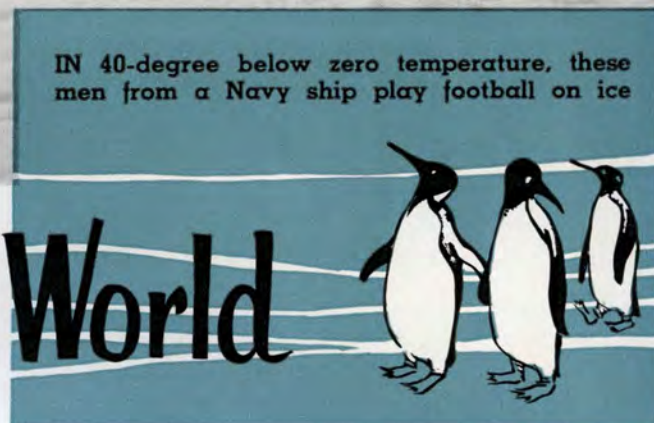




IN 40-degree below zero temperature, these men from a Navy ship play football on ice

Bottom of the World

By FRANK L. REMINGTON



All photos, excepting penguins, are Official U. S. Navy Photos

ONE DAY last year a party of Antarctic explorers, surgical equipment in hand, listened intently to their radio. Outside, in the 100-degree below zero temperatures, a 200-mile blizzard whipped across snows that never melt. Inside the small shelter, the group worked cautiously over the unconscious form of an appendicitis-stricken companion. With the help of instructions beamed from Australia, the impromptu surgeons successfully removed the bothersome appendix and the patient was soon on the mend.

Life is rugged on the frozen continent at the bottom of the world. It's a fabulous land of confusing mirages and strange animals where incredible sights and weird wonders constantly appear. Antarctica is as large as Europe and Australia combined. Averaging 6,000 feet in elevation, it is higher above the sea than any other continent.

Huge as it is, only small portions of this frozen desert have been mapped or explored and much

of that has been glimpsed only fleetingly from high-flying airplanes. Almost isolated behind treacherous seas and gigantic icebergs, Antarctica is completely covered with ice.

Except for sparse life on a few sections of the coast, no animals can survive here. Trees can't endure the incredibly low temperatures and only one plant, a glass-like organism, has been found. Yet, exploring geologists believe that eons ago Antarctica supported flourishing tropical forests. To cinch their arguments, they've found coal, a substance formed from lush vegetation that grew millions of years ago. In fact, scientists now believe that the ice cap hides the richest mineral deposits in the world. Admiral Byrd, perhaps the greatest of all Antarctica explorers, recently announced his interest in another expedition to investigate Antarctica as a potential source of minerals to replenish America's fast-diminishing resources.



MEMBERS of Admiral Byrd's expedition lived in specially prepared tents to protect them from Antarctic blizzards

Numerous explorers have penetrated this mysterious land since Captain Cook first crossed the Antarctic Circle in 1773. Some triumphed over the elements and won glory; others met only misery, tragedy and death. All have exhibited courage and the willingness to face tremendous hardships for at least a year—usually longer. Ice-bound waters render it impossible to return to civilization in less than that time.

The coastal waters of the continent abound with colossal icebergs of colors ranging from brilliant whites to shades of green and purple. Some of these giants extend a hundred miles and stand 200 feet above the water and a thousand or more feet below. Others are no larger than a good-sized building. One Byrd expedition sighted 8,000 of these monsters in a 24-hour period. One flat-topped berg extended some ten miles and was estimated to contain more than 4,500,000,000 tons of ice and snow.

In Antarctic waters live the largest animals ever to exist—blue whales. Even though these creatures frequently measure well over 100 feet in length and weigh as much as 150 tons, they are helpless victims of another denizen of these waters—the ferocious oca or killer whale. Weighing about 15 tons and measuring some 25 feet in length, this butcher slaughters to appease its ravenous appetite and to satisfy its lust for blood. Equipped with 10



IN this plane Admiral Byrd was the first man to fly over the South Pole, a feat he accomplished Nov. 21, 1929 TO transport supplies over the Antarctic ice, Admiral Byrd's expedition used sleds pulled by heavy tractors





ANIMAL life at Anarctica is practically non-existent, with only the penguin able to survive the cold



WEARING special sun glasses to protect eyes from snow glare, these men lay an airstrip on the ice

to 12 razor-sharp teeth about three inches long, the oca preys on seals and even members of its own family. With one bite it can sever a man's body as effectively as a sharp knife cuts soft butter.

Antarctica maintains the fiercest most frigid weather of the entire globe. Temperatures average 40 degrees lower than those of the northern Arctic

regions, so often symbolized as the extreme in fridity. Explorers recount amazing manifestations of this incredible coldness. At 60 to 70 degrees below zero, for instance, the breath freezes, making a wind-like sound at each exhalation. Candles flicker and go out because the flame can't melt the frozen wax. It's never warm at Antarctica; summer is merely a period when it's not quite as cold.

The skin of humans continually exposed to Antarctic temperatures often freezes into hard, white patches known as frostbite. If unattended, the flesh rots, leaving painful open wounds. Marching alone in the desolate Antarctic whiteness after the death by exposure of two of his companions, Douglas Mawson, the intrepid Australian explorer, examined his feet which "felt lumpy and sore." To his horror the soles of his feet came off in his socks, leaving raw watery flesh beneath. Mawson bound the skin soles back in place, again pulled on his six pairs of thick woolen socks and fur-lined boots, and continued his tramp for almost two months before he reached the safety of his home base.

Explorers on field trips into the interior experience numerous hardships. Some never get back, succumbing to the implacable weather. Sleeping bags must be rolled up quickly each morning before they freeze stiff from the body's moisture. Inside the tent, which usually constitutes the only shelter from the winds, the occupants breath freezes on the canvas to form a sheet of ice from the

ground to the top of the shelter. Often the men awake in the morning to find their hair and beards frozen to the side of the tent.

Lack of food has driven lost field parties to desperate measures. Mawson and a companion consumed their last remaining sledge dog. They devoured all edible tissues, including the paws which were stewed to the consistency of jelly. They scooped the canine's brain from the skull and ate it. Another lost group, this one from the Norden-skjold expedition, warmed themselves by slashing open a seal and drinking its blood.

It's no problem, however, to preserve food indefinitely in Antarctica. Members of Admiral Byrd's third expedition found choice cuts of meat that they had left four years previously to be perfectly preserved. The steaks required hours to thaw, even on a hot stove, but they tasted deliciously fresh. They also investigated the base established 35 years previously by Captain Robert F. Scott, the English explorer. Meat and biscuits discovered there proved to be appetizing. A sledge dog stood frozen in its tracks looking very much alive, although three and a half decades had passed since the canine's demise.

Germs and bacteria can't exist in the extreme temperatures of the Antarctic. There's no dust or pollen, no disease or rot in the sterile atmosphere of this amazing continent. With proper clothing and nourishment explorers enjoy unusual health. Colds and respiratory disturbances disappear completely and return only when the visitors return to civilization.

Fantastic as it sounds, a baby born in Antarctica would lead a charmed life. He'd never suffer from mumps, measles, chicken pox, influenza, or other infections. But if he ventured from his native land, he'd almost certainly be doomed. Accustomed to a germ-free existence, his body could have no built-up immunity.

As the perfect "deep freeze" Antarctica's climate might offer the means of preventing future famines. Admiral Byrd and others have envisioned the white continent as a vast natural storehouse for surplus meats, vegetables, grains, and other perishables. Food kept there could be drawn on as needed with only transportation costs to pay. Food so consigned would lose none of its nutritional value and would be perfectly preserved and edible after centuries of storage.

Mirages caused by reflection of ice and snow on low-hanging clouds produce all manner of false impressions that have fooled many explorers. Objects and individuals frequently disappear before



DRESSED in warm clothing, expedition members take time for chow on the ice at Little America

the eyes and glimpses of ships, sailing upside down in the clouds, are not uncommon. Various expedition members have reported seeing strange cities and huge castles mirrored on the clouds.

Antarctica's gleaming blanket of whiteness produces singular effects on the eyes. When practical, expeditions color their clothes, food containers and other items with bright shades to relieve the perpetual monotony of glittering snow. Explorers usually wear amber-colored glasses to protect the eyes from the blinding glare. Rarely does a noise, except howling winds, break the silence of this desolate continent. The sound of voices and crunching footsteps carries for miles across the eerie, vacuum-like stillness.

At the bottom of the world there's an inherent left-turning. Lost men and dogs naturally and irresistibly circle to the left. Snow swirls from right to left and the sun moves across the horizon in the same direction. In fact, everything that moves is governed by this phenomenon. In the northern Arctic regions the action is just the reverse. There everything turns to the right. Scientists believe this circumstance has a connection with the spinning of the globe through space.

There are those who believe that at some age in the future Antarctica's snow and ice may melt. Should this happen, seedlings and spores frozen in the ice in bygone epochs might blossom forth to form a lush, prehistoric jungle. Possibly, too, antediluvian disease germs in suspended animation would activate themselves and scourge the earth. Nor is it beyond the realm of possibility that thousands of man-made atomic bombs dropped on the white continent could crumble the ice and bring these things to pass in our own times.

Whatever its future, this last unexplored frontier seems more like a fantastic fairyland than part of our own globe.



LUFKIN'S ANNUAL OILFIELD SALES MEETING

DURING JANUARY, Lufkin's sales representatives from throughout the United States, Canada and South America gathered at the home office in Lufkin for the annual four-day sales conference, presided over by L. A. (Pete) Little, vice-president in charge of sales.

Those attending the meeting, as pictured here, include: first row, left to right: Guy Croom, M. L. Wilkinson, Walter W. Trout, president; L. A. Little, W. A. Kirkland, Bayo Hopper, all of Lufkin; V. J. Fawcett, Los Angeles, Calif., and E. P. Trout, Lufkin.

Second row, left to right: Bob Spaulding, Los Angeles; Byron Robbins, Great Bend, Kansas; Al McConville, Los Angeles; A. E. Caraway, Dallas; B. C. Burnette, Lafayette, La.; Ben C. Sargent, Jr., Maricao, Venezuela; Charles Dyer, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Tom Crowder, Kilgore, Texas; Bob Dunlop, Edmonton, Alberta.

Third row, left to right: C. W. Alexander, Lufkin; Howard Hogue, Houston; Cooper Richards, Oklahoma City; Elvin Read, Odessa, Texas; Robert Lang, Lufkin; Val Gallia, Brookhaven, Miss.; Jack Gissler, Wichita Falls, Texas; Harold Bowerman, El Dorado, Ark.; Oliver McKay, Great Bend, Kansas; John Cluck, Lufkin; Jack Read, Casper, Wyo.

THIS BIT of East Texas beauty, adding charm and appeal to a Lufkin Pumping Unit, is Miss Glenda Maass, daughter of H. C. Maass of Gulf Oil Corporation, Kilgore, Texas.

She is a sophomore at Kilgore Junior College, and a member of the Kilgore College Rangerettes.

This sort of thing should happen more often to Lufkin Pumping Units!

Fourth row, left to right: E. A. Stanfield, Hubert Dyer, Taylor Hood, Louis Fincher, all of Lufkin; Bill Miner, Houston; John Mettauer, Oklahoma City; D. A. Reid, Tulsa; Elbert Butler, Lufkin; Bill Corey, Los Angeles.

Fifth row, left to right: Vernon Glenn, Kilgore; G. W. Nichols, Sterling, Colo.; Edd Terrill, Jr., Corpus Christi, Texas; Dan Martin, Lufkin; Lewis Breeden, Effingham, Illinois; T. D. Lashly, Lufkin; Courtland Wooten, Lufkin; Bob Miller, Casper, Wyo.

Sixth row, left to right: Frank Stevenson, Lufkin; Harold Muller, Tulsa; Robert Barr, Lufkin; Ernest Slaughter, Odessa; T. A. Banta, Kilgore; R. C. Thompson, Dallas; Tom Bowers, Houston; G. L. Vickrey, Lufkin; John W. Swanson, Jr., Odessa; Carroll Watts, Lufkin; Fred Griffin, Lufkin; Jim Roe, Odessa.





Customer: "Do you serve women in this bar?"

Bartender: "Nope—you gotta bring your own."

They heard footsteps in the foyer. She jumped up and whispered to her lover, "Quick! It's my husband. Jump out the window!"

He gasped: "But we're 13 stories up!"

She snapped: "This is a helluva time to get superstitious!"

The main street of a German village had been transformed into a race track by the American Army. Jeeps and heavy trucks zoomed by constantly.

In order to protect pedestrians—especially children—the mayor posted speed limits. The soldiers cheerfully ignored them. The commander of the Army post also attempted and failed to solve the problem.

Then the mayor had a stroke of genius. At each end of the street, he posted a big sign reading: "Drive slowly, G. I.; The Child Playing in the Street Could Be Your Own!"

The child prodigy had just finished her piano selection, and her doting father foolishly asked a bored visitor: "And what do you think of her execution?"

"When is it going to be?" was the eager reply.

In the days of King Arthur, Sir Giles was leaving for the wars. He summoned his dear friend Sir Bertram and asked him to take care of his castle and his beautiful wife.

"I'm entrusting you with this key to my beloved Rowena's boudoir. She waits within for my return. Only you have the key, so please guard it with your life." And off he went to the battlefields.

Some two days later, Sir Bertram—breathless and travel-weary—finally caught up with Sir Giles. Bertram gasped, "I've ridden for two days to catch up with you, Giles, to tell you that you gave me the wrong key . . . it doesn't fit."

Said Sir Giles, "You're telling me!"

The judge looked down at the sweet young thing. "You claim that the defendant stole your money from your stocking?" he asked.

"That's right, your honor," she answered.

"Well, why didn't you resist?" the judge asked.

The girl blushed and lowered her eyes. "I didn't know he was after my money, your honor," she answered.

A man rushed into the boss' office and asked for fifteen minutes off—his wife was going to have a baby.

When he returned, the boss asked what it was. "How the hell should I know," the man replied, "you gotta wait nine months."

Sometimes a man gets slapped because his hand is quicker than the eye.

"Darling, let's have a secret code. If you nod, I can hold your hand. If you smile, I can kiss you."

"Don't make me laugh."

The telephone operator answered the incoming call.

"Hello," a woman's voice said. "Is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

The operator said that it was.

"Well, I want to have my husband's fidelity insured."

It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of those steam-heated affairs with a sultry heroine looking hungrily at a handsome hero. After some minor plot preliminaries, they went into a terrific clinch. For fully five minutes they remained wrapped up in each other. Suddenly a small, childish voice piped up from the audience: "Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

The lion ate a bull. He felt so good he roared and roared. The hunter heard him roar and killed the lion. Moral: When you're full of bull, keep your mouth shut!

The dignified old gentleman had left his umbrella in a hotel room when he checked out. On discovering his loss, he returned to the room and listened outside the transom. From the conversation, it soon became apparent that a newly-wed couple had moved into the room.

He heard: "Whose little mouth is that?" Then whispering and muted giggles. Then he heard, "And whose little hands are these?" Again the whispering and giggling.

Then the old fellow knocked on the door. "When you come to a little umbrella," he said, "it's mine!"

When the husband came home drunk his wife assailed him with, "If you don't stop this drinking and carousing, I'm going to kill myself!"

Retorted the hapless husband, "Promises! That's all I get . . . just promises!"

Then there was the man who read so much about the ill effects of smoking that he decided to give up reading.

When the salesman walked into the hotel he noticed a very pretty blonde sitting in an easy chair. An exchanged look, a smile, a nod, and they walked over to the desk. The man registered "Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jones."

The next morning when he checked out he was presented with a bill for \$385.

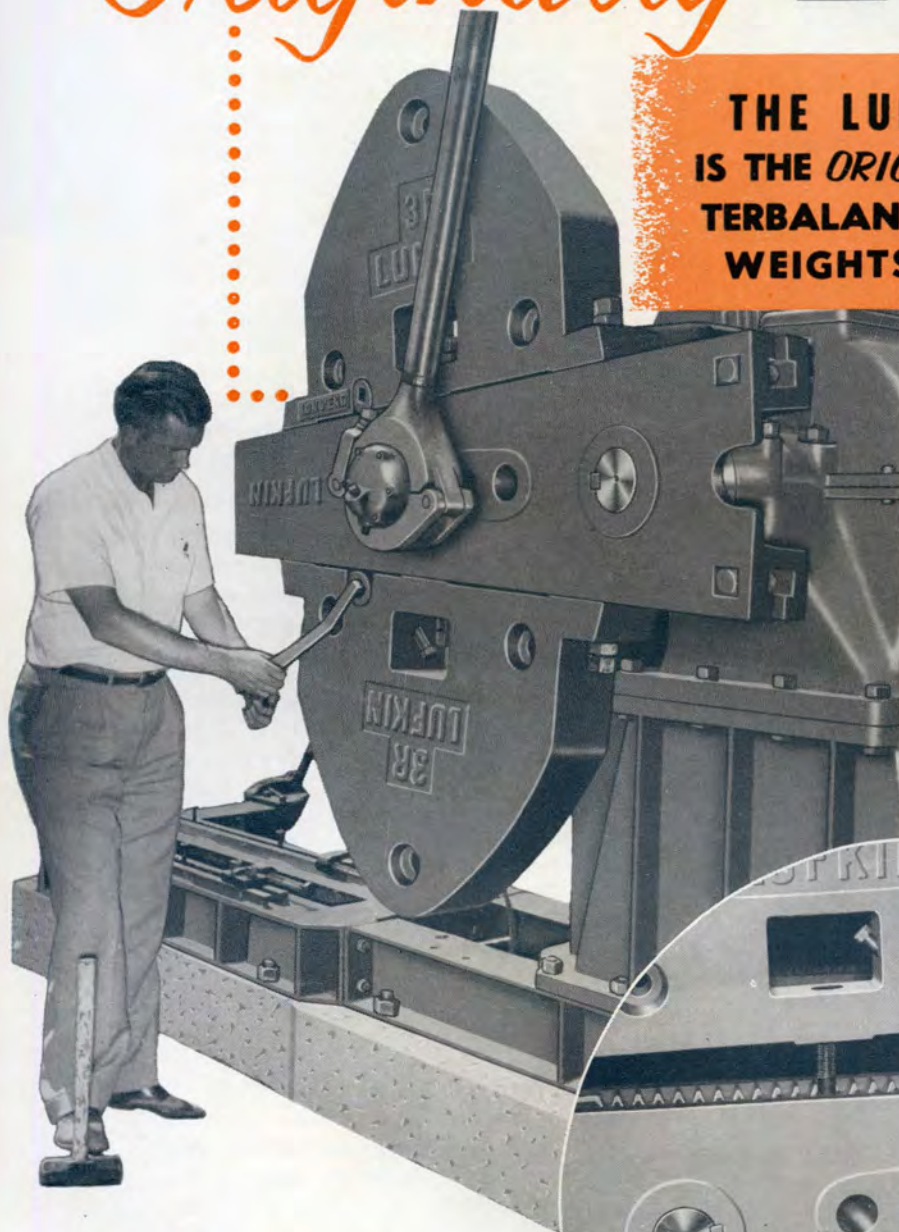
"What!" screamed the outraged guest. "I only stopped here one night!"

"I know," replied the clerk, "but your wife has been here for eight months!"

Said a feminine voice, from a parked car: "What's that you've been drinking? Rubbing alcohol?"

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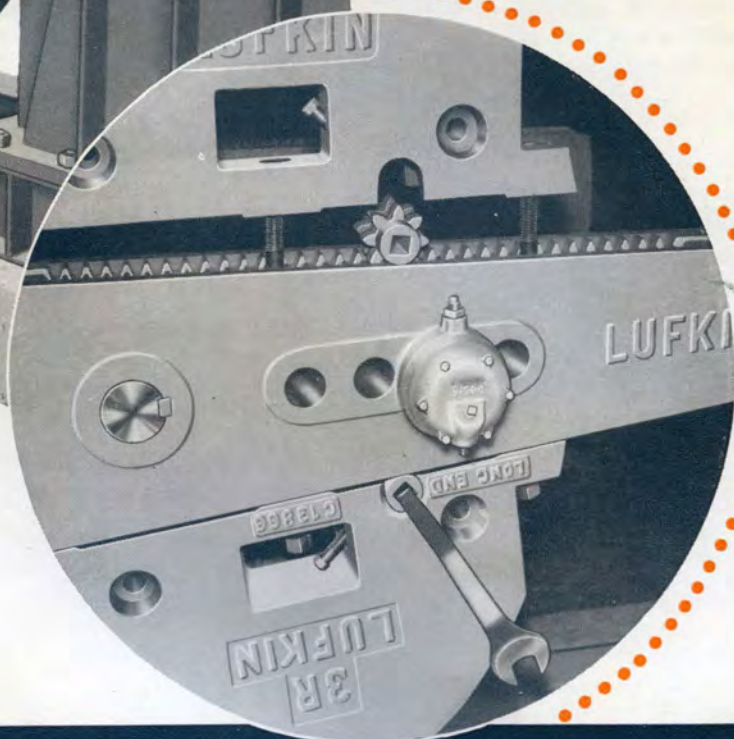


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