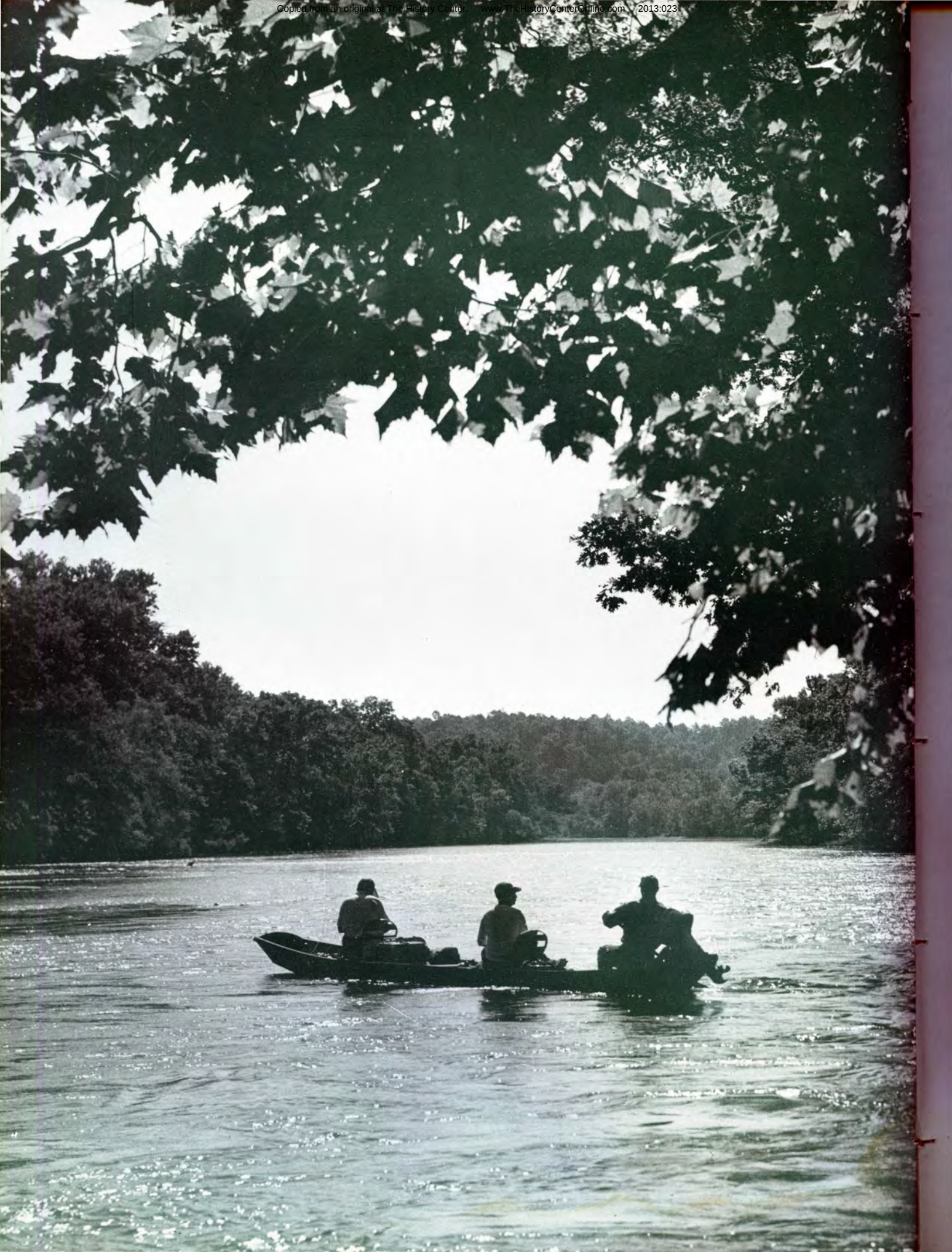


THE *Luffkin* LINE

MAY - JUNE • 1954





THE *Lufkin* LINE

MAY-JUNE, 1954
Volume XXIX • Number 3

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MISSOURI'S floating streams provide scenic beauty and top sport. Wild game can be seen on the banks

Floatin'

By HUGH MANESSIER

HIDDEN in the hills of southern Missouri there's a kind of fishing that's as different and as flavorful as the Ozark way of life itself. Flowing through country too rugged to have many roads, the streams were the ancient highways of the region, where natives developed a unique sport—floatin'—that has become a cherished tradition.

Because it includes so many of the elements that sportsmen enjoy, the fame of Ozark float fishing has spread throughout the United States and Canada. A single "exposure" will make an addict of any real fisherman. Trips may be brief one-day outings, or last for several unforgettable weeks. The usual outing is a downstream adventure through quiet pools and fast-flowing shallows, where every bend in the river promises new sport—and then produces it. And, as in any sport that's different and appealing enough to become traditional, float fishing techniques have been developed through experience which assure best results.



THERE'S nothing quite like the thrill of boating one of these scrappers, and opportunity awaits you



THE guide carefully negotiates a shoal while the anglers wait to fish the inviting waters just ahead



THERE'S no time for a siesta after lunch for these fishermen on the James River; it's time for action

in the Ozarks

Plug casting, fly fishing, spinning, and bait methods are all popular. It's wise to bring along tackle and lures that have been proved elsewhere, and augment these if necessary with local favorites on arrival. Ozark streams offer a variety of fish, but are famous for Smallmouth Bass. For these scrapers, both surface plugs and deep-running lures are effective. Fly fishermen will find fairly large flies with spinners a good combination, and some of the most successful anglers use floating and popping bugs almost exclusively.

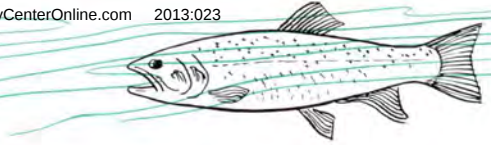
The standard craft for Ozark stream travel is the "johnboat." Although unusual in appearance, it has been developed to meet the conditions which are encountered on most floating streams. The typical johnboat is long and narrow, with square-cut ends and a shallow draft. It's just the thing for negotiating tricky shallows, and its light weight is appreciated when it's necessary to step out and pull the boat over the shoals. Visitors who are thinking of bringing their own boats should take these con-



ditions into consideration; the larger, heavier boats suitable for open waters may not perform too well on some floating streams.

Competent, experienced fishermen may explore the region on their own if desired, but no one without previous experience in boat handling should make their first float trip without a guide. Even experienced boatmen sometimes have difficulty while guiding their craft through rocky shoals. The customary johnboat, which can be rented for the occasion, is a wise choice. Light car-top rigs are suitable substitutes in many areas, and their performance is usually satisfactory if they are not too heavily loaded.

On independent float trips, the principal problem is arranging for return transportation at the end of the journey. With this factor under control, sports-



ANY convenient sand bar makes a perfect campsite; they're clean and offer night fishing off shore

WHAT'S better than an evening meal of french fries, hush puppies, and plenty fresh-caught fish



men can drift along for weeks, stopping to wade or still-fish as they wish, and camping on any convenient sand bar. Yet civilization, if it's needed, is never very far away in case of an emergency.

Twelve species of game fish which flourish in local waters are listed by the Missouri Conservation Commission, with bass, trout, catfish, walleyes, crappies, and pike high on the list of favorites. Though the fighting Smallmouth is the species that has made Ozark streams so popular and famous, there's always the chance of hooking a big Walleye or Channel Cat unexpectedly for a surprise battle. And since fishing is normally done while floating downstream, it isn't always possible to stop the boat and retrieve a lure that's caught on a chunk of

geography. For these reasons it's wise to use a leader heavy enough to hold any reasonable fish, yet light enough to break under severe strain without damage to rod or line.

Expenses can be almost as varied as the fishing. Nineteen of Missouri's State Parks offer campgrounds for cars, tents, and trailers. Some parks have cabins and hotel rooms, with rates only a few dollars per day. Missouri offers an inexpensive vacation opportunity; a recent survey showed an average expenditure of about \$7.50 per person per day—everything included. All-expense float trips average about fifteen dollars a day, and on these the outfitters usually supply all camping equipment, food, and other essentials. Fishermen are requested to bring personal tackle, good appetites, and strong casting arms.

Guided trips may be arranged to suit individual preferences, or sportsmen can join together as members of a party making up a flotilla of boats. Separate commissary boats are frequently included on these trips, and they precede the group to a pre-arranged campsite where facilities are set up. At the end of the day's sport, there's a campfire and a warm meal ready and waiting for the fishermen on arrival.

The problem of exactly which stream to choose for the first float trip is one which each visitor will have to resolve himself. The Ozark region extends over some 90 million acres, and provides 16,000 miles of good fishing streams. No sportsman—or native—could ever fish them all. But the Missouri Conservation Commission at Jefferson City can help in making the selections. They distribute a booklet, "Floating and Fishing," which lists the major outfitters who specialize in float trips. The major floating streams, information about accommodations, and other helpful data are also included. Because of the popularity which float fishing enjoys, advance reservations are desirable. Most outfitters prefer to be contacted at least a month in advance in order to serve their guests most efficiently.

It would be difficult to say which is the most popular float fishing stream, and impossible to name the "best" one. But it's certain that the memory of an Ozark sand-bar camp, with its tang of woodsmoke, boiling coffee and deep-fried fish, will never be forgotten. And it's probably true that words can never adequately describe the fascination of this unique sport. Perhaps the opinion of one old-time Ozark native covers the subject best. "If you ain't floated," he states authoritatively, "you ain't fished."

**All Photographs Courtesy
Massie—Missouri Resources Div.**



ROAD marker on U. S. Hwy. 34 tells of Bishop Hill

THIS is the same steeple building with same clock striking the hours today as it has for many years

A DATE WITH THE PAST

BISHOP HILL, a village today of about 250 inhabitants, is unusual in its quaintness and beauty—so quaint and so unusual that all who visit it feel well repaid for the effort and the time spent in so doing.

Visitors arriving at Bishop Hill, located six miles west of Galva in Henry County, Illinois, can easily imagine themselves back a hundred years or more as they walk the streets viewing the early structures of two and three stories, surrounding the park which are done in that style of architecture characteristic of Sweden and England in the early 19th century.

The Bishop Hill Colony was established in 1846 when 1100 young men and women between the ages of 25 and 35 were found willing to leave their Sweden homelands to secure religious freedom. This number was divided into smaller groups to make the long three-month journey by boat to New York. Of course, many were lost, and many died or were lost en route from New York to Bishop Hill, but this band of colonists reached their destination October 28, 1846, where two log cabins, four tents and a few dugouts invited them to enter





PULPIT inside the Old Colony Church building

for the winter. A third and fourth party soon followed, so that four hundred persons populated the newly created village by the last months of 1846.

Illinois was a wild prairie on their arrival. These folks began with such simple tools as hoe and mattock to clear the forest, then slowly and intermittently erected their buildings, as time and materials permitted. Every brick was molded by hand, every beam and joist was cut and sawed from their own walnut, maple and red oak trees. Later on, when nails were used, every one of them was made by hand. What patience those men possessed!

Those were trying months; homes were cold and food was scarce, which meant illnesses of various kinds prevailed. The immigrants encountered enough adversities that first winter to break the

THE Old Colony Church building stands today as it did when the immigrants built it at Bishop Hill



morale of most people. But, not these sturdy pioneers, for they had set a goal which they intended to accomplish, come what may. As a result of that determination, they made their plans for agricultural activities and building enterprises, so that as soon as the first warm days came, everybody set to work.

In spite of the lack of time and material, they planned their village with the thought of beauty and permanence. In the center of the town the park was laid and around the park, the buildings. Broad streets were in evidence and everywhere trees were planted.

As to permanence, the scenes and surroundings which greet the visitor of today are about the same as they were a century ago. One finds the same broad streets lined with those same trees, now large and beautiful with limbs drooping from the weight of their dense foliage.

There is the same park, the same church, the same old steeple building with the same clock striking out the hours perfunctorily, so clearly, that on still days the sound carries for miles. Also there are the same dwelling houses, and the same school building with that same old bell which has fulfilled a multiplicity of duties, namely, angelus, school bell, dinner bell, fire alarm, and curfew.

Permanent preservation of this historical shrine is the responsibility of the State of Illinois, for the townsfolk deeded the Bishop Hill property to the state in 1945.

Led by Eric Janson, these colonists carved for themselves out of a virtual wilderness a settlement that endured, and encouraged the tide of Scandinavian immigration which has populated the great Northwest with farms, villages and cities.

But upon the death of Janson in the Spring of 1850, who was shot and killed by an irate husband who wanted to leave the colony and Janson wouldn't let the man's wife go with him, the colony began to have trouble. Janson's second wife attempted to carry on his work, but the colonists were unwilling to accept their new leader, probably because the Prophet had fallen in their estimation since his death proved him to be just another mortal rather than one endowed with divine power, or perhaps, because they resented being governed by a woman; and again, it might have been their dissatisfaction over Janson's poor business policies which were being recognized for the first time.

The colonists turned to Jonas Olson for guidance. For the time being, it seemed best to retain the communistic form of government with this change: There should no longer be an absolute



PORTRAITS of pioneers hang in one room of church

ruler, rather, superintendents were to be placed in charge of the various departments. For several years, the colony flourished and prosperity was in evidence everywhere. An elaborate program of building was begun and industry sprang up at a rapid rate. It seemed wise to incorporate the colony under the laws of the state. This was done and a charter was granted January 17, 1853.

The charter, communal in nature, provided for a board of seven trustees who were to hold office for life. And until 1857, the colonists lived in an era of peace and prosperity. But the prosperity proved to be false. Following the Crimean War, it was discovered that the colony was in a financial crisis due to the mismanagement of the Board of Trustees. Finally, because of the financial reversals, the colonists demanded a dissolution of the corporation in which there would be a division of property. This was accomplished during the years of 1861 and 1862.

After the settlement was dissolved as a communistic society, many of the villagers moved to the farm lands received as their allotments. Others moved elsewhere, the majority choosing Galva, until only about 300 persons were left in the village.

Thus the Bishop Hill Colony ended. Although their religious and economic policies may not be sanctioned, still their spirit must be admired. Their self-reliance which urged them on to leave their homeland and to cross a mighty ocean to a foreign shore and then wind Westward some 1500 miles to an unsettled prairie is something of which to be proud. Here, through fortitude, ingenuity and the will to work diligently, these pioneer ancestors won and left for others the priceless heritage of freedom.

In a practical sense the history of the Bishop Hill Colony will always occupy a prominent place in that of the State and the Nation because these people were responsible for the flood of Swedish immigration which swept into the Middle Northwest section of the United States during the latter half of the nineteenth century. This intelligent, strong, and thrifty race blazed the trails of civilization westward into the states of Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas, heretofore sparsely settled, establishing cities with flourishing and lucrative industries. Bishop Hill will always be of interest because it was an experiment in practical communism and as such, met the same fate all similar organizations have invariable experienced.

This article was prepared from material graciously supplied by the Division of Parks and Memorials, State of Illinois.



Lufkin

INSTALLATION



- 1 LUFKIN TC-33BTR-22Gut. S
troleums, Inc., Bishopase
Illinois.
- 2 LUFKIN TC-33ALT-22Gut.
Davis Unit, Raccoon ke P
Illinois.
- 3 LUFKIN T5A-80DA Un Arke
pany, McClain Lease, rwfo
- 4 LUFKIN T7L-3B Unit, ansco
McClain Lease, Crawf Cou
- 5 LUFKIN TC-44SR-15B Ut. PH
pany, Hilda Lease, Rind
Illinois.
- 6 Northern Division Warehouse
Machine Company, Effhar



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6

TIONS

G Unit, Sapphire-American Pe-
p lease, Crawford County,

G Unit, The Texas Company,
Lake Pool, Marion County,

nit, Arkansas Fuel Oil Com-
Crawford County, Illinois.

Arkansas Fuel Oil Company,
ort County, Illinois.

Unit, Phillips Petroleum Com-
oland Pool, White County,

arehouse, Lufkin Foundry and
ingham, Illinois.



PAUL ELLIS
Cities Service Oil Company
Olney, Illinois



L. J. HAYS
Shell Oil Company
Centralia, Illinois



S N A P S H

with the Lufk



E. C. HILLS
Arkansas Fuel Oil Co.
Robinson, Illinois



OTTO VESELKA
Union Production Co.
Tyler, Texas



Front Row, left to right: **DANNIE SMITH**, Sohio Oil Co., Russell, Kansas; **GLENN ARMOUR**, Bay Petroleum Corp., Chase, Kansas; and **WALTER TROUT**, president, Lufkin Foundry. Back row, left to right: **JOE BARTOL**, and **ELDRIDGE MANNERING**, Continental Oil Co., Ardmore, Okla.; **CECIL BURTON**, Pickerell Drilling Co., Great Bend, Kansas; and **JIM WILLIS**, Phillips Petroleum Co., Great Bend.



→
REX C. HENSEL assumed the position of Pacific Coast Area purchasing and stores manager for Shell Oil Company the first of the year. He succeeds **A. E. Collins**, retired.



←
Left to right: **G. C. VAUGHAN**, **HARRY GOLDSBOROUGH**, **J. E. RICHARDSON**, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Salem, Illinois.

C. I. RANDOL
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois

HAYWARD GRAVES
Carter Oil Company
Carmi, Illinois

ROBERT E. WILSON
Tidewater Associated Oil Co.
Robinson, Illinois

JOHN GRAHAM
Carter Oil Company
Carmi, Illinois



SHOTS... Lufkin Cameraman



First row, left to right: L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin Foundry; EVERT WHITE, Kilgore; AUDRY COOK, Cayuga; ALBERT METCALFE, Kilgore; JOE RISSER, Kilgore; L. F. WHEAT, Kilgore. Second row, left to right: J. P. RICHARDS, New Hope; PREACHER SHIELDS, New Hope; R. E. NEELY, Kilgore; T. A. BANTA, Lufkin Foundry; F. J. HOFFMAN, JR., Kilgore; all with Tide Water Associated Oil Co.



A. E. (AL) COLLINS, retired December 31, 1953, as purchasing and stores manager for Shell Oil Company, after almost 42 years of service. Well-known throughout the oil industry. Mr. Collins had more years of service than any other Shell employee in the western half of the United States. He and Mrs. Collins are residing in San Marino, California.

DALLAS MEARS, left, and L. S. MYERS, Phillips Petroleum Company, Carmi, Illinois



Front row, left to right: JOHN DONNELLY and ROY ASHCRAFT. Back row, left to right: DON McCULLOUGH, SAM D. HALLINGER, C. W. BROOKS, all with Sapphire-American Petroleum Corp., Robinson, Illinois.



DORSEY MUSE, left, Oil Division, Peter Fox Brewing Co., Carmi, Illinois, and SAM SHOCKLEY, Mervin-Steber Drilling Company, Olney, Illinois.

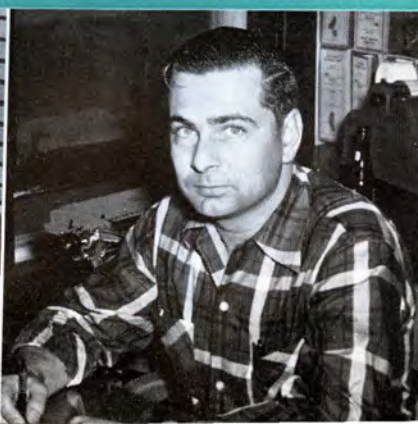


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Phillips Petroleum Co.
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CHARLES CARRAWAY
Arkansas Fuel Oil Co.
Robinson, Illinois



THE MILLER *Story...*



TRACTOR and new refrigerated van stand in front of new terminal of Miller Truck Line, Ft. Worth

THE last stool at the counter of Theo's Cafe on Exchange Avenue near the Stock Yards in Fort Worth, Texas, was the first office of J. Tom Miller, owner of Miller Truck Line.

Today, only 25 years later, the new terminal of the company is located on a five-acre tract with some 11,000 square feet of space included in the maintenance and servicing facilities, and the office building.

It was in 1929 that Tom Miller looked at his total working capital—a \$10 gold piece—and knew he had to begin anew. Behind him lay defeat. He had been a prosperous farmer and banker, but the depression that swept the country caused his bank to fail and left him with exactly ten dollars.

Ahead was new adventure, for Tom Miller was no quitter. Turning his back on farming and banking, Tom bought a one-ton stake body truck. Mrs. Miller began to take in boarders to help meet the payments on this truck. Their seven-year-old daughter, Jayne, provided the incentive to begin the new venture.

For three years, Tom Miller struggled to keep his new enterprise, the Miller Truck Line, in business. He added a bob-tail truck and operated under the old Class "B" permit. In March, 1932, the

Railroad Commission of Texas granted him a Contract Carrier permit, and his coverage was greatly expanded, including points in Oklahoma and Louisiana.

A year later, Tom Miller moved his family from Commerce, Texas, to Fort Worth, and then it was that the cafe stool became his first office. Additional authority was granted under the permit, and his fleet of trucks increased to six bob-tails.

1937 was a momentous year for Miller Truck Line. They moved to a new and larger location, and their contract carrier permit was extended statewide. During the next eight years, the business prospered and more new equipment was acquired. By 1945, a change was made. The bob-tail was discarded for tractor semi-trailer units.

Today Miller Truck Line operates 43 refrigerated trailers, 38 of which are Lufkin Trailers. Considered to be a pioneer in the development and advancement of the refrigerated trucking industry in the Southwest, Miller Truck Line serves all points in Texas. It also serves all points in Louisiana in intrastate commerce, and holds authority to transport perishable foods for the U. S. Government between all military establishments in Texas, and between military establishments in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mexico.

In addition to the operation of Miller Truck Line, the Fort Worth office handles some operational matters for Miller Brothers Truck Line, a partnership operating a statewide oil field permit, and Refrigerated Transport of Texas, which maintains offices in Dallas and San Antonio.



MILLER'S new terminal occupies a five-acre tract



OFFICE personnel include front row, l. to r., Gene Miller, Leonard Brantley, Bill Wise, Ruth Boone,

Tom Miller, owner, Buddy Wesley. Back row, F. G. Molder, Pat Mallory, Ed Miller, and A. D. Brock

An ardent supporter of transportation associations, Mr. Miller was a member of the Board of Directors of Texas Motor Transportation Association and Contract Carrier Conference of American Trucking Association.

Today, Mr. Miller doesn't need to spend every moment at the office. He has a capable general manager, and occupies himself with two interesting pastimes: his two grand-daughters, and when, where and how the fish are biting.

Bill Wise, who has been with the Line since 1945, is general manager of both Miller Truck Line and Miller Brothers Truck Line, and president of Refrigerated Transport of Texas. He is president of Texas Motor Transportation Association, a director of American Trucking Associations, a director of the Contract Carriers Conference of A.T.A., and is a member of the Defense Transportation Advisory Committee. A former practicing attorney, Bill is a member of Fort Worth and Tarrant County Bar Associations and the State Bar of Texas.

Ed Miller is traffic manager, and Gene Miller is purchasing agent; both are brothers of Tom Miller, having been associated with him almost from the beginning of the business.

Miller Truck Line is very proud of its em-



FIVE new Lufkin all-aluminum refrigerated trailers

ployees, many of whom have been with the company for more than 20 years. Mr. Miller is quick to say that the loyalty, energy and basic desire of his employees to work together to produce for themselves and their company, has provided the fundamental impetus behind the expansion and modernization program which has resulted in the new terminal.

Both Mr. Miller and Mr. Wise believe that the visual control and other operational and functional features of the new terminal will greatly enhance the efficiency as well as reduce operational costs.



THE A. B. Chance Gardens. Centralia, Mo.



VISITORS admire flower bed in front of the Oriental Pergola

Garden of Eden...

By BOB ARRENDALE

IT HAD been a long, hot trip from California, the kind it always is when you are going home at the end of a pleasant vacation. We were all pretty tired, Betty, myself, and our small daughter, Tina, by the time we got halfway through Missouri. Perhaps that is why we almost missed the most invigorating sight in miles and miles of travel. That we didn't miss it was due to Betty's startled exclamation, "The Garden of Eden, Bob! Stop!" which caused me to do just that—in rather an abrupt manner.

There it was, spread out in all of its magnificent splendor. Gone was my weariness. In its place, a kind of awed amazement at finding this miracle of freshness buried in the small city of Centralia, Missouri, near the heart of the Daniel Boone Region on Highway 22.

The soft touch of my wife's hand and the shrill persistence of Tina's "Can we go see? Can we, please, daddy?" shook me back to reality and the fact that the car was parked in the middle of the road. Good thing there isn't much traffic, I thought, while finding a parking place a short distance away.

Walking back to the gardens, we didn't say much and I kept thinking that maybe the gardens were private. I was on the verge of voicing this fear when I spotted the sign: VISITORS WELCOME. Then we were in paradise, intoxicated by the fragrance of hundreds of flowers.

The first concrete fact I learned was that this was not the Garden of Eden, although evidence of God's handiwork was in plain view everywhere. The late A. B. Chance, founder of the electrical equipment company bearing his name, built the gardens for his wife in 1937. Thus, the name: A. B. Chance Gardens. But to us, they will always be the Garden of Eden.

The gardens are located on the estate of A. B. Chance and, since his death in 1949, they have been maintained by the A. B. Chance Company. It was always Mr. and Mrs. Chance's wish that the gardens be kept open to the public and during his lifetime Mr. Chance often met guests at the entrance, inviting them to share the beauty God had helped create. The company has kept this policy alive. It costs nothing to share in the pleasure of the gardens.



A MINIATURE lighthouse with boat aground on rocks

Here, day or night, can be found something for everyone. As Betty said, "We could have saved ourselves a trip to California, for here we can travel a few feet to a miniature desert and the next minute relax in the shade of one of the 32 different types of evergreens."

Nearly 300 tons of various species of rock, all of it native to Missouri, went into the construction of the gardens. Yet they seem as natural as a virgin forest. A fisherman of some note, my eye was especially caught by the rock-bordered pools, be-decked with multicolored lilies. Here, I spent many minutes enticing tame Goldfish to the water's edge.

Water in the pools is kept fresh by a concealed pumping system which keeps it in constant circulation over the falls. At the eastern end of the gardens, a miniature stone mill and water wheel aid this circulation and lend an air of times gone by to the enchantment of the gardens. Ducks at the edge of the mill-pond captured Tina's fancy and we had a difficult time persuading her that we couldn't take one home.

Adding another page to the Biblical nature of the gardens is a reproduction of the island where Moses was found in the Bull-rushes. My daughter took a great interest in this, having heard the story in her Sunday School class, and insisted upon her mother relating the story of Moses. I must admit that I was more than a little interested myself.

Betty, being somewhat of a gardener, was entranced by the 700 varieties of plants and flowers in the gardens, including 46 kinds of roses, 20 varieties of lilies and over 240 types of cacti. "Forty-six kinds of roses, all in one place!" she kept repeating, as if to reassure herself. "Forty-six different kinds!" Now she will have me in our garden every time the fish are biting, I thought with a smile.

At the western end of the gardens is the walk leading to the pergola. This adds an oriental touch to the gardens, hinting at the mysticism of the Far East. To the right of the pergola is the Rock Grotto. Inside you will find an alabaster replica of the famed Taj Mahal of Agra, India. The arrangement of the lighting is such that startling and beautiful effects are produced. In the center of the Grotto ceiling hangs a light shade with side panels carved in alabaster to represent the carving on the Sarcophagus of the Queen within the Taj Mahal. Both of these replicas were obtained in India by Mr. and Mrs. Chance during their world cruise in 1927.

Tina drank more water during our stay in the gardens than she had ever drunk in her life before. Betty was worried about this until she learned that



MINIATURE mill and water wheel lend enchantment



A CHILD'S weight operates the Fountain of Youth

ample facilities were provided for emergencies. The Fountain of Youth was the cause of Tina's thirst and Betty's worry. A child's weight on the magic carpet will push the platform against a button underneath and start the water flowing from the Fountain. You can well imagine the fascination of such "magic" to a child.

The time spent on this stop was well worthwhile. We came. We saw. We left—disappointed. Disappointed that we couldn't stay longer. Disappointed that we did not have time to see the gardens at night when they are illuminated by hundreds of carefully-arranged lights.

We have promised ourselves that we will go back to our "Garden of Eden." Meanwhile, we have many pleasant memories of the A. B. Chance Gardens, truly a recreated "Garden of Eden."



LUFKIN'S E. P. Trout, extreme left, experiences thrill of Winner's Circle as Sir Boss wins his race



Unaccustomed as he was ...

M. R. PRESTRIDGE, a native of Lufkin, Texas, and now an oil operator and lumberman of Alamogordo, New Mexico, is at home in the winner's circle.

Besides distinguishing himself in lumber circles as well as more recently in the oil industry, Mr. Prestridge is widely known by horse racing enthusiasts as the owner of a very high-class racing stable. As Prestridge himself puts it, he has a running stable, not a betting stable. He races at only the best tracks in the United States.

He has a stake horse by the name of Market Level that ran well in the \$119,000 San Juan Capistrano handicap, closing out the season at

Santa Anita. He has a stable of 20 horses, several of which have made exceptionally fast time and are potential stake horses.

Mr. Prestridge, as well as his charming wife, Evelyn, are equally at home in the winner's circle, as is plainly seen by the accompanying photograph. Even Trainer Mack Miller, Jockey J. Longden, and winner of the race, Sir Boss, are at ease while in the spotlight. But totally unprepared for the occasion was Lufkin's Vice-President Edward P. Trout. And the fact that he held some tickets on Sir Boss who won the 6th race at Santa Anita March 3, didn't help to make his nerves any steadier! But it was a happy event for all concerned.



The butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker: Why the heck can't I?

You can tell a married woman by the ring on her finger, but of course, you can't tell her much.

Three college boys upon entering their favorite juke-joint to sit at their usual table found it occupied by an oldish woman. Upon debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady, the first student proceeded, "Say John, did you know that I was born three months after my parents were married?"

"What? Why, that's nothing," said the next one, "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents ever being married."

The old lady finally looked up from the table and pleasantly said, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"

A cat was seen running wildly down alleys, up fire escapes, down cellars and what not. A neighbor knew whose cat it was and reported it. "Your cat is running around like mad."

"Yes, I know," came the reply, "He's just been sterilized and he's rushing around canceling engagements."

A man is never so weak as when some woman is telling him how strong he is.

"American gentlemen are very poor lovers," said the little French lady sadly, with a kind of *fin de siècle* weariness hovering over her eyes. "They always want the entree before the hors d'oeuvres."

Some of the girls were seated on the porch of the clubhouse at the golf course. Somehow, the locker room door was partly open and the girls could not help but notice a nude man whose head and shoulders were covered by a bath towel.

After studying the body, so to speak, one of the girls reported it was not her husband. A second girl gazed at the man and said, "No, it isn't my husband."

Then a third girl, who was a life-of-the-party type, shifted her chair, peered intently at the masculine torso and blurted, "Why, he isn't even a member of the club!"

Once a king, always a king but
Once a knight's enough.

"Your feet are cold," he complained to his little bride, "keep them on your own side of the bed."

She began to sob. "You're cruel," she cried, "you never used to say that to me before we were married!"

When little Johnnie returned home from his first day at school, his mother asked him what he had learned that day.

"Nothin'!" said Johnnie, "but the teacher asked me something I couldn't answer. She wanted to know if I favored my father or my mother."

"Well," answered his mother, "I suppose she was wondering which of us you resemble. If she asks you again, just tell her that you have your father's features but your eyes are like mine."

Little Johnnie was hardly inside the school room the next morning when he made himself heard. "I can answer your question now, teacher," he shouted, "my eyes are like my mother's, but I have my father's fixtures!"

A young lady wearing a long mink coat went to a dice table in Las Vegas and insisted on betting \$1,000. She overcame the objection that this was over the house limit and was given the dice to roll.

She then took off her mink coat, revealing her complete nudity. She rolled the dice once, rolled them again, and said, "I made it!"

She collected the winnings, put her coat on again and left.

"By the way," one of the house men asked the other, "what was her point?"

He shrugged: "I didn't notice, either."

The cold gals never get the fur coats.

Ralph and Jack married Anne and Betty at a double ceremony. Anne belonged to Ralph and Betty belonged to Jack. The four newly weds spent their honeymoon together at Niagara Falls; they occupied adjoining rooms, sat at the same table and became inseparable—well, almost inseparable.

After dinner one evening they started upstairs and as they neared their rooms, lightning struck a transformer and out went the lights! They were in pitch darkness!

Groping around, they made their way into their rooms and quietly undressed for bed. Ralph, a religious fellow, knelt to pray. Just as he completed his prayer, the lights came on and he saw much to his astonishment that it was Betty there in his bed instead of his own wife, Anne. He jumped up and dashed for the door.

"Too late to hurry now," cooed Betty, "Jack never prays."

The man who invented the davenport should be a happy man—millions have been made on it.

A new bride was asked what she had found to be the biggest thrill of marriage. "It was certainly thrilling when Henry took me to the license bureau. It was another thrill when the minister pronounced us man and wife. I got an awful hang out of seeing Henry sign the register 'Mr. and Mrs.' I do believe though, that my biggest thrill was thumbing my nose at the house detective."

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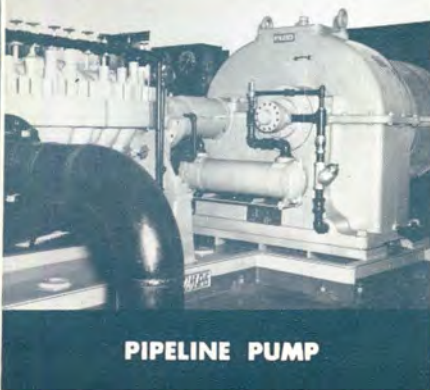
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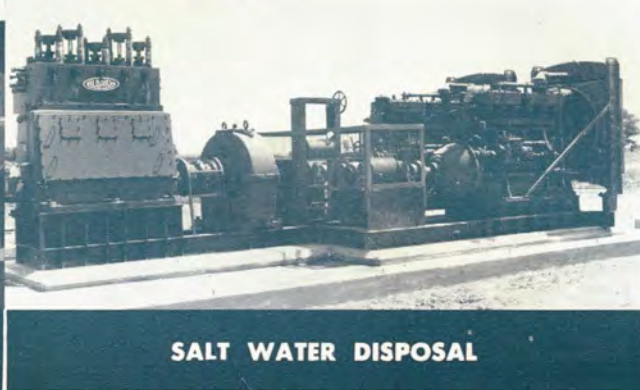
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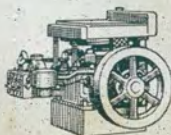
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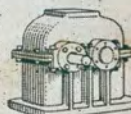
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