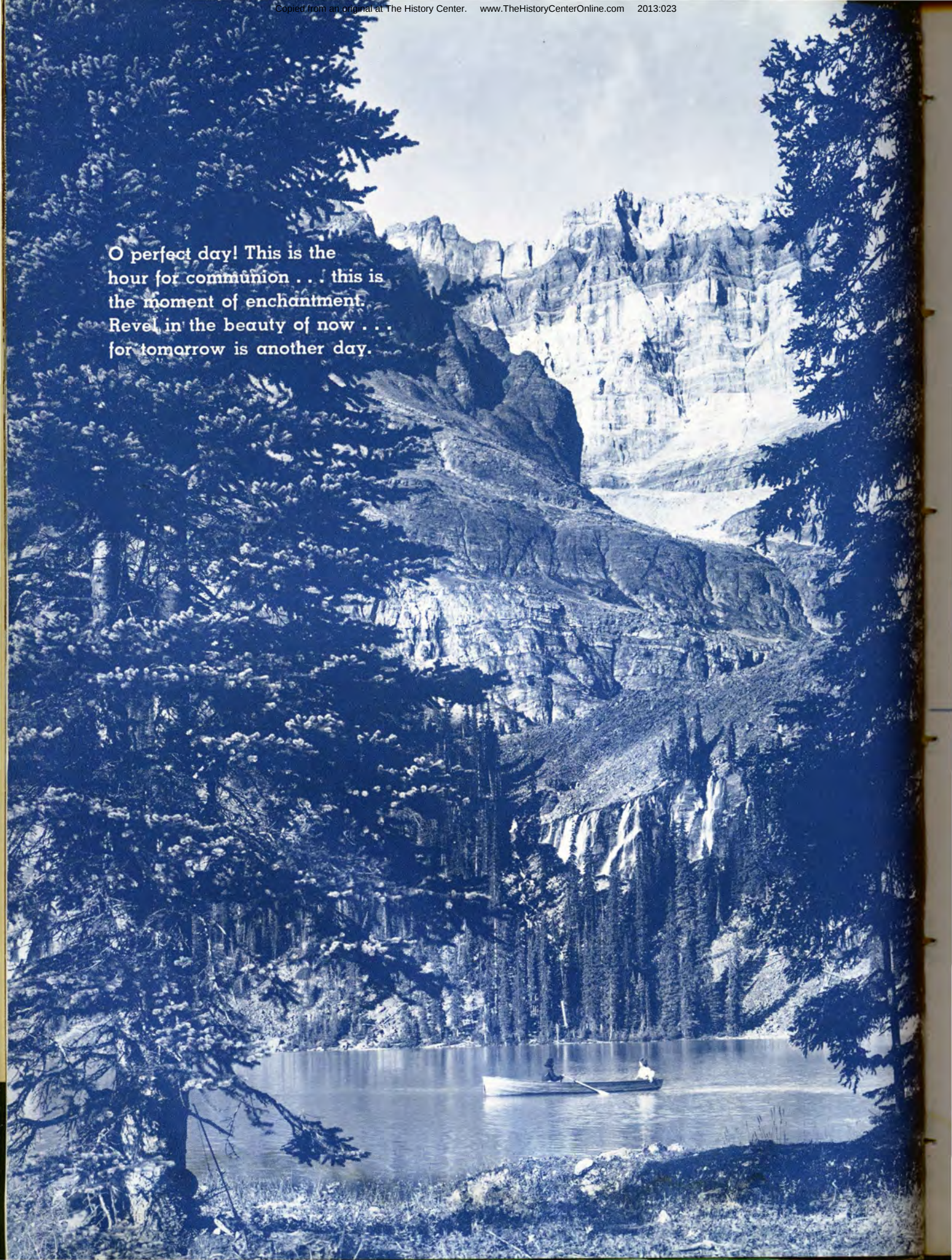


THE *Luffkin* LINE

MAY-JUNE • 1955



O perfect day! This is the
hour for communion . . . this is
the moment of enchantment.
Revel in the beauty of now . . .
for tomorrow is another day.



THE *Lufkin* LINE

MAY-JUNE, 1955

Volume XXX • Number 3

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ON Mount Royal cars are not allowed and visitors are taken for scenic rides in horse-drawn caleches

Photo by CHRIS LUND



TRY MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

for a Canadian Vacation



MONTREAL and Quebec City, lying along the St. Lawrence River only 170 miles apart, hold an international reputation with travelers in search of foreign vacation fun without the usual complications. A visit to these ancient cities, rich in tradition and Old World culture, can be a memorable experience for any tourist in search of the unusual.

Montreal, just 34 miles north of the New York State border, is the largest city in Canada, as well as the commercial and financial capital of La Province de Québec. It is the second largest French-speaking city in the world. Founded 300 years ago on the slopes of volcanic Mount Royal, Montreal

soon became the center of the North American fur trade. Since then, due to its position on the threshold between the Atlantic Ocean and the Great Lakes, it has become one of the busiest trading and manufacturing cities anywhere, as well as the world's largest inland port. The population of Greater Montreal is now more than 1,700,000.

Built on an island in the St. Lawrence, Montreal is a city of bridges. Thirteen of them link the island metropolis with the mainland, where modern highways lead to all parts of Canada and the United States. In the center of the city, Mount Royal rises to a dominating height of 800 feet. On the summit is a beautifully wooded area of four hundred and



FROM the Citadel's fortifications, Quebec and St. Lawrence River are seen
Photo by CHRIS LUND



THIS is the north side of the Church of Notre Dame de Ville Marie in Montreal, a replica of the Paris Cathedral
Canadian Government Photo

eighty acres, criss-crossed with trails and paths for hiking and riding. Automobiles are not allowed here, but horse-drawn calèches take visitors for delightful rides along the shaded roadways of the mountain.

Most Montreal residents are French but there are also many of British origin. The mingling of the two cultures has given the city its unique character. Although French is spoken everywhere in the city, most of the people are bilingual, and there are no language difficulties for English-speaking visitors.

In the old section of Montreal, bounded by McGill Street, Fortification Lane, Berri Street and the St. Lawrence River, visitors rub shoulders with French Canada's beginnings. There is the Place d'Armes, once the scene of a battle between 200 Iroquois and 30 French under Maissonneuve; the historic Chateau de Ramezay, built in 1705, which became the residence of Benedict Arnold when American forces had possession of the city in 1775; McTavish House, constructed in 1790, and many other reminders of the past. The oldest street in Montreal, St. Paul Street, is in the same district.

Hundreds of churches and shrines raise their spires over the city, and in the public squares, monuments and statues add to the distinctive atmosphere.

THE ancient St. Joseph's Oratory is on Mount Royal



Photo by FRANK ROYAL

CANADA

Quebec
Montreal

U. S.



THE celebrated Chateau Frontenac is known internationally for accommodations to visitors of Canada
Canadian Government Photo

After dark Montreal sparkles with life and lights. The night clubs and cabarets offer dancing and entertainment featuring some of the continent's best-known orchestras and artists. An excellent meal, served with all the trimmings, may be had at many of the city's restaurants for less than \$2. Montreal has scores of outstanding places to eat.

Sports-minded tourists have seasonal choices of professional baseball, football and hockey. There are many places to play golf around the city, which boasts six public courses, and there is yachting and horse-racing too.

MONTREAL'S Phillips' Square attracts many tourists
Photo by CHRIS LUND

THE City of Montreal can be seen from the Lookout on Mount Royal, a favorite spot for vacationers

Photo by CHRIS LUND

QUEBEC City, with its medieval battlements, also has the appeal of a bilingual culture set against a background of ancient customs and traditions. The winding, cobbled streets of this provincial capital lead to ancient shrines and churches, or to lofty lookout points on the Plains of Abraham that frown down upon the St. Lawrence River far below.

The city is divided into two parts. On the heights above the river are found the Parliament Buildings, schools, convents, museums and the massive fortifications of the Citadel. Quebec is North America's only walled city. It was here on the Plains of Abraham that the fate of half of North America was decided when the English general, Wolfe, defeated the French under Montcalm in 1763. In Lower Town, along the waterfront, are found the wharves, the business houses and stores





MONTMORENCY Falls are within a few miles of Quebec City and offer visitors a thrilling sight

Photo by CHRIS LUND

which make up the commercial core of the city.

The greater proportion of Quebec's inhabitants are of French descent. Many speak excellent English as well as French, and all are admirably hospitable. Stores, both large and small, are filled with unusual gifts and handicrafts while quaint cafes throughout the city offer distinctive French-Canadian fare and entertainment. Accommodation of every type is available from the celebrated Chateau Frontenac to rooms in private tourist homes.

From the ramparts of Quebec travelers can view the St. Lawrence River, the city of Levis across the river, the Island of Orleans and Quebec Harbor. Here also are the mounted guns of the Grand Battery, and along the rue des Remparts is a row of old-fashioned houses dating back to the French regime of over 200 years ago. Other points of interest are the church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires on rue Notre Dame, which was built in 1688, partly destroyed during the siege of Quebec and rebuilt with the same walls, and Laval University, first French University in Canada.

Within a few miles of the city are still more sights to be seen—Wolfe's Cove, where the British general launched his attack on the Citadel; Montmorency Falls; the historic old island of Orleans, and the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The countryside between Montreal and Quebec is the heartland of French Canada. It is here that the earliest settlers first made their homes, and traces of their culture can still be seen in the long narrow fields, the steep-roofed houses, the wayside shrines and ancient churches. A well-marked highway winds through charming villages between the two cities. Here can be seen outdoor bake-ovens and spinning wheels, still used by these farm families. Hooked rugs, carved figures and other handicrafts may be purchased along the route.

For a delightful Canadian holiday, why not try Montreal and Quebec?



MANY of Canada's history-making battles were fought within the Citadel outside Quebec City.

Photo by CHRIS LUND



STE. Anne de Beaupre, one of the famous shrines of the Province of Quebec, is located near Quebec City

Canadian Government Photo

MANY tourists visit Laval Monument in Quebec

Canadian Government Photo





Henry English

RED BALL'S Human Dynamo ...

HENRY English, Board Chairman, Red Ball Motor Freight

HENRY ENGLISH is the type of fellow you admire instinctively—and remember.

And the unusual thing about it is, he remembers you. For in spite of the fact that he is Chairman of the Board of Red Ball Motor Freight, one of the largest motor freight lines in the South, and the fact that he meets thousands of people in all walks of life each year, he has a remarkable memory for names and faces.

You will remember him for his striking appearance and his sparkling personality. He is tall, has the body of an athlete, a face of clean cut features, and kindly but searching blue eyes. Truth of the matter is, his eyes are one of his best assets. They sparkle easily from his abundant enthusiasm, but in just the blinking, they can darken to emphasize his sincerity or strength of purpose.

He will remember you because people are interesting and important to him. His interest in humanity springs from many facets. In 1947, the Dallas Rotary Club was sponsoring a Glee Club of male voices. They were particularly good and had received much publicity in and around Dallas

for their performances. The National Rotary Convention was being held in San Francisco that year and the Club wanted to send the local choir to participate on the program. When it was decided finally that the Club could not undertake the project financially, Mr. English personally underwrote the endeavor.

Quite naturally, Mr. English has been honored many times for his service to the trucking industry of America. But his efforts are not limited to trucking transportation alone. On the paneled wall behind his desk hangs a citation from American Air Lines which reads: "To Henry English in appreciation for consistent and meritorious service and for contributions to development of air transportation as a public service and as a basic element of Air Power."

There are other plaques hanging in the beautifully appointed office of Henry English which give insight to the man's interest and character. They bear the official seal from the Dallas Rotary Club of which he served as president and to which he has a perfect attendance record for the past 19

years, the American Trucking Association, Dallas Manufacturers and Wholesalers Association, Inc. and Citizens of Dallas, Southern Methodist University, and others. He is a former director of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, a Past Master of the Blue Lodge, a Shriner, a Past President of Texas Motor Transportation Association, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Texas Good Roads Association.

Those who know him best say Henry English is an impulsive fellow. But his impulsiveness is the very characteristic that endears him to friends throughout the continental United States. A former employee of Red Ball reminisces about his employer. "We all knew to work those eight hours each day. Mr. English would tolerate no loafing or playing around, but I'll never forget one afternoon he opened his office door, looked around at all of us at work, then grinned and loudly announced: 'Let's all take a break and go out for a steak dinner on the house!'"

"And that's exactly what we did. He took us across the street and ordered steak dinners for the whole crew. Indeed he was an out-of-the-ordinary man to work for, but my association with him was one of my most pleasant experiences."

It was almost an impulse that started Henry English in the transportation business. When the country was in the throes of the depression, Mr. English was working as a roughneck in the oilfields of southwestern Oklahoma. On a visit to his home to see his mother who was ill, he was delayed from returning to his job by a late train.

Trains were the only mode of public transportation in those days, and young English was hacked at being forced to miss a day at work. As scarce as jobs and money were at that time, his desire to avoid delay stirred him to action.



O. B. ENGLISH, President, Red Ball Motor Freight

He decided folks would support a regularly scheduled public conveyance from Greenville to Dallas. So with \$150 of his money and \$100 borrowed, he bought a second-hand touring sedan and went into the bus business.

For eight years he worked unceasingly to build his business, and his energy yeasted into a profitable enterprise. Then one day he conversed with himself. It seemed people were buying more private automobiles every day. The price of a car was getting within the reach of most families. He decided this trend would continue, and with it, folks would travel less and less by bus.

Well, what was he to do? With just a touch of

THE home office of Red Ball Motor Freight is a modern structure with large loading docks adjoining





RED Ball has mushroomed into one of the largest trucking firms in the South, operating 800 vehicles

the humor that makes Henry English popular, he thought to himself, "The man of ordinary means may soon be buying automobiles, but not many will buy trucks and trailers, so I'll move into the freight hauling business."

And that he did. He sold his interest in the bus line in 1927 for \$65,000 and bought two trucks. He opened an office in Lufkin and began transporting freight between that pineywoods city and Houston.

More hard work faced this human dynamo, but Henry English was never afraid of work. There was always plenty of freight to be hauled so getting the business was no trouble. But unpaved roads and bad weather caused some real concern to this man who was living by the slogan "Smiling Service."

Mr. English recalls, "Sometimes, it was pretty hard to smile when the wheels were sunk to the axle in mud and the cargo was due in Houston." But he remembers that his customers were patient and understanding, knowing that the weather was just one of those uncertainties that always had to be calculated when a delivery date was given.

"When I started my freight business, I adopted a set of rules by which this enterprise would be guided. First, we were going to operate by the Golden Rule. Second, we were going to be completely honest in every transaction, never promising a customer anything we couldn't live up to. And third, we were going to give every customer the most conscientious service of which we were capable. Those rules still govern my business today, and I'm as strong an advocate of them now as I was in those first years of my venture," Mr. English points out.

Today, Red Ball Motor Freight operates 800 pieces of equipment, most of which are Lufkin

trailers, across 4,000 miles, serving 475 cities, towns and hamlets.

Mr. English served as President of the American Trucking Association in 1950, the first Texan to be so honored. His personal ambition during that tenure was to inform each of the State Associations of the work of the National Association to further the progress of the trucking industry. He crossed the nation from coast to coast, from Canada to the Gulf many times, covering 100,000 miles and speaking in every state. He conducted a one-man campaign to tell the people about the seven million trucks that render 80 billion ton-miles of service each year, carrying 60 per cent of the tonnage moved in the nation's commerce.

But it was not all work while he was President of A. T. A. As most native sons of Texas, he wanted to share his heritage with his new found friends. Knowing that friends become even closer friends over a good meal together, Henry English put on a feed in the Nation's capital that long will be remembered by the staff of the American Trucking Associations.

He invited the entire staff to be his guests at dinner one night. The table was laid most informally and the menu was strictly East Texan—in fact, the complete meal was shipped to Washington from Texas by truck.

There were bowls and bowls of black-eyed peas; whole hams placed conveniently to each plate so that the diner could cut himself a slice whenever he wished; plate upon plate of hot Southern cornbread; plenty of ham-seasoned turnip greens; and jars of honey and blackberry jam lined the center of the long tables. And for dessert, there was lip-smacking sweet potato pie in great abundance.

And friends they were indeed when that meal was concluded!



LEFT to right: C. E. Fisk, personnel and safety director; Beeman Carrell, vice-president and treasurer; E. B. "Stag" Bailey, vice-president and general manager; Henry English, chairman of the Board of

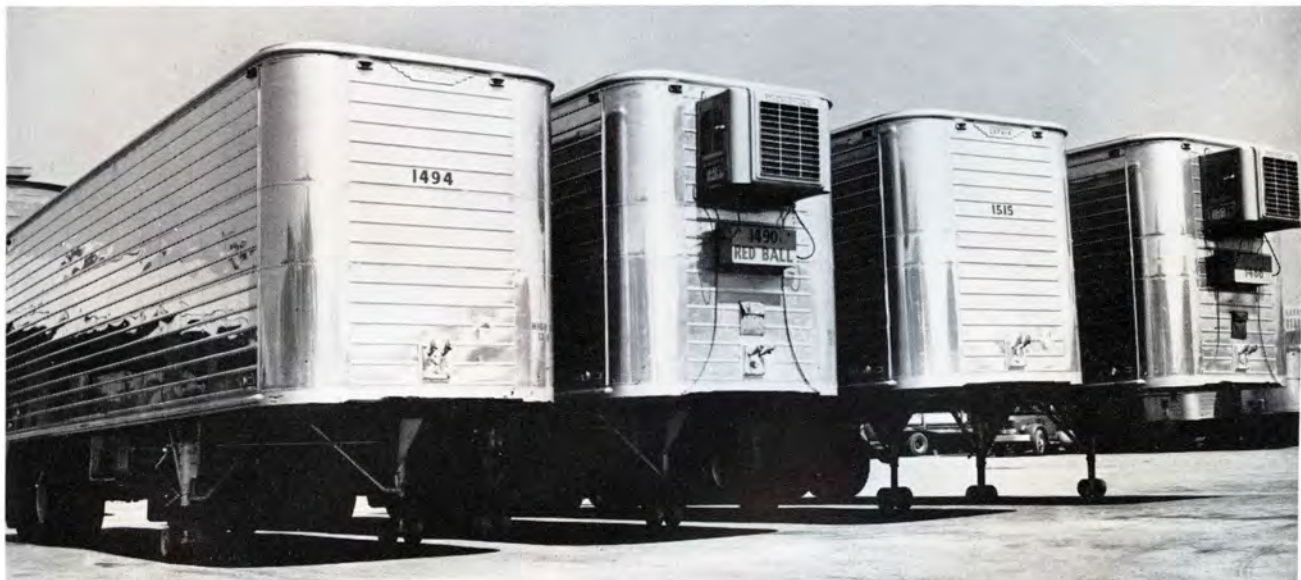
Directors; O. B. English, president; J. R. Moore, vice-president and secretary; Harold Odom, maintenance superintendent; and R. F. Sanford, vice-president and sales manager

Someone has asked Henry English if he ever looks back and wishes he had chosen another field in which to spend his energy.

"Well," he replied, "I've had to keep my eye pretty well straight ahead on the road. But I guess everyone now and then thinks he would like to have been born with a couple of oil wells in his backyard.

"But whenever I think about such things, I'm reminded of my youth and the wonderful heritage I received from my parents. I really was a millionaire in a way, when I left that little farm in Hopkins County, Texas. My Mother and Dad said to me as I set out to make my fortune, 'Henry, always be honest and honorable, and you'll be as well off as anyone else'."

A POPULAR name among the Red Ball fleet is LUFKIN. These all-aluminum vans have just been purchased





Lufkin INSTALLATIONS





1 LUFKIN C-40D-34-8.7 Unit; British American Oil Company, Limited; Virden, Manitoba

2 LUFKIN C-114D-54-15.8 Unit; Imperial Oil Limited; Devon, Alberta

3 LUFKIN C-114D-48-14 Unit; Socony Vacuum Oil Company of Canada; Duhamel, Alberta

4 LUFKIN C-80D-48-14 Unit; The California Standard Company; Acheson, Alberta

5 LUFKIN C-57D-42-10 Unit; Bay Petroleum Corporation; Camrose, Alberta

6 LUFKIN C-320D-84-32 Unit; Royalite Oil Company, Turner Valley, Alberta





FROM the beautifully landscaped Canadian side, all three Falls are seen in their magnificent splendor

Canadian Government Photo

PROSPECT Point, once famous vantage point for viewing the Falls, recently collapsed into the gorge



NIAGARA FALLS has a new look this year. Not only has it had its face lifted by army engineers, but by nature, which loosed 185,000 tons of rock from the brink.

The new rockfall which even carried over part of the pedestrian railing that lined the walkway, was the second largest in history. Newly found cracks may mean other rockslides soon. Hoping to prevent further erosion and preserve the beauty of the Falls, army engineers have been at work for three years now diverting, channeling and distributing the flow of water into prettier patterns. All of which might give the traveler good reason to head this way again.

Of the million people who visit the Falls each year, only a few view the cataract from every possible vantage point, or see the full scenic grandeur of the territory on both sides of the gorge.

The Falls are divided into three separate waterfalls: the American Falls, Luna Falls, sometimes called the Bridal Veil, and the Horseshoe or Canadian Falls.

You can get a different perspective of the Falls by taking an elevator to the bottom where you can look up at the tremendous curtain of water and see the pile of rock that fell last year.

NIAGARA'S NEW LOOK

BY RAYMOND SCHUESSLER



But there is more to see here than just the falling water. Following the gorge on the American side for about two miles you will reach the Whirlpool Park and the Devil's Hole, site of the famous Indian Massacre of 1763. Parking areas and picnic tables are laid out in the beautifully kept state preserve.

The Devil's Hole, incidentally, was probably the site of the first labor strike in history. The rum-loving Seneca Indians, so long employed by the French on the portage road, were replaced with teams of oxen. Enraged, the Senecas swooped down on a wagon trail, hauled and tossed twenty soldiers over the side of the gorge. The act was a part of Pontiac's final bid to regain the lost land of the Indians.

Leaving the Devil's Hole and continuing along the gorge you will pass Niagara University and then Lewiston, a sleepy little town where portage carts once carried millions of dollars worth of furs, and two miles of wharves held ships to carry the pelts to all parts of the world. The Erie Barge Canal put an end to its trade.

A few miles further lies historic Fort Niagara, built by LaSalle in 1678. This fort, owned in turn by the French, British and the United States, is one



VISITORS stop at Devil's Hole Park, adjoining Whirlpool Park, for a view of the lower Niagara Gorge

of the most important military posts on the continent and played a vital part in our early history.

The Niagara Frontier was known even before Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Though Father Louis Hennepin is generally acknowledged as the discoverer of the Falls when he came here in 1678, the Falls were really known before that by wandering Jesuit missionaries, including Champlain.

Not only has Niagara Falls attracted tourists by the millions, but also some of the greatest daredevils from all over the world, who went over the Falls in a barrel, or walked across the gorge on a tight rope. We are familiar with Steve Brodie's leap off the Brooklyn Bridge, but not many know that he also went over the Falls wrapped in India rubber—and lived.

Oddly enough, the first to succeed was a woman.

FLAGS of the three nations who held it fly over old Fort Niagara at Youngstown in western New York





GOAT Island provides a number of scenic spots for viewing the Falls and speeding Upper Niagara River

LEFT: Breathtaking moments await visitors who take the ride by cable car over the Great Whirlpool

Annie Taylor, a buxom school teacher, went over in 1901. Since then quite a few have taken the plunge, but not all lived to tell about it. One Bobby Leach, an Englishman, succeeded in 1911, but later died when he stepped on a banana peel in New Zealand.

The most famous of Niagara's daredevils was the Frenchman, Blondin. In 1859 he walked across the chasm on a rope stretched between the Canadian and American shores. He crossed while chained hand and foot. He carried across a cook stove on the rope and in the center of the gorge made an omelet which he ate. He crossed blindfolded, with peach baskets on his feet, with a man on his back, and finally on stilts.

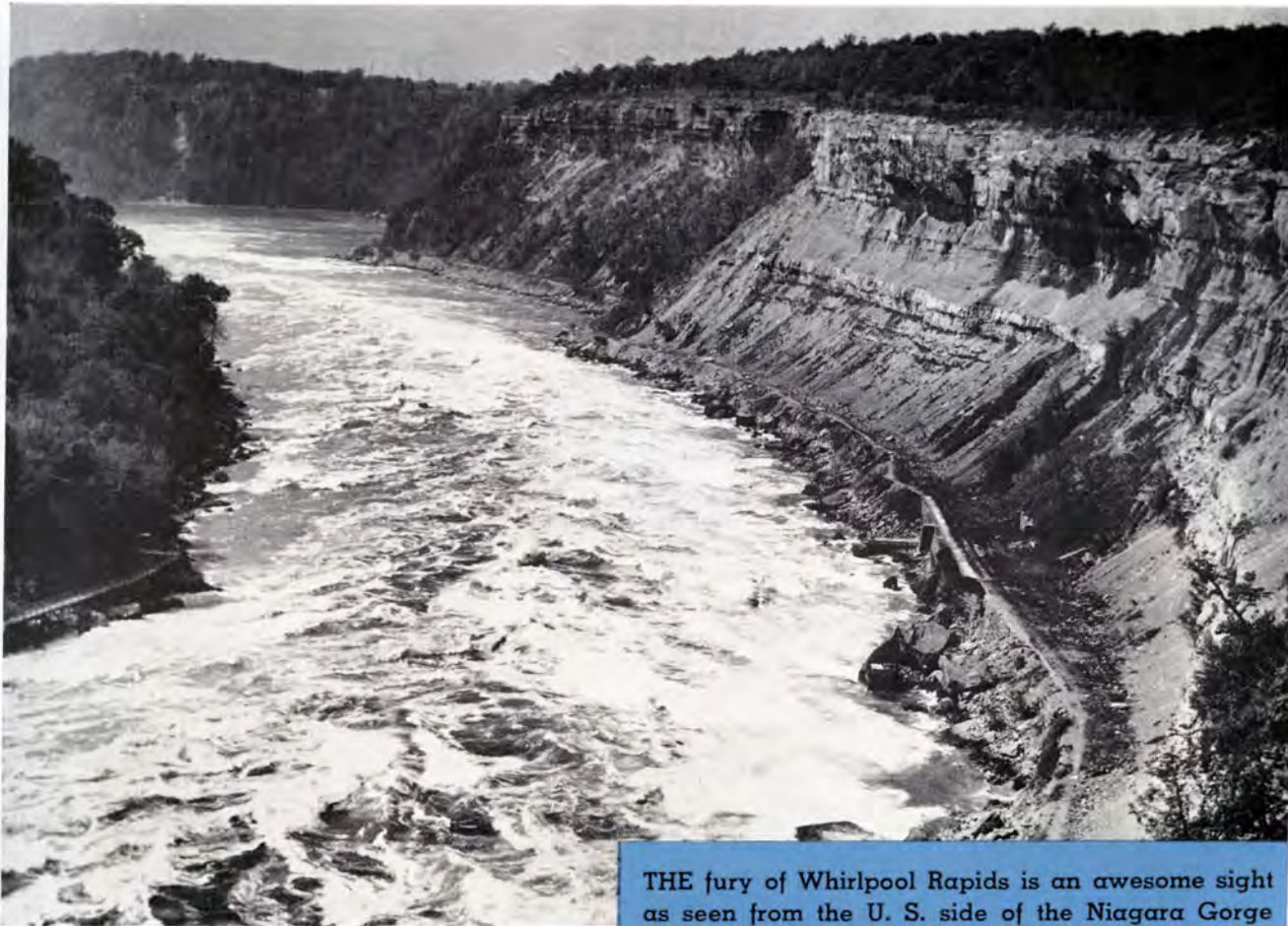
Today, immediate arrest and fines await those who attempt any tricks over the Gorge. This doesn't mean they don't try. Red Hill, a resident who has gone over many times in a barrel, every so often when the gendarmes turn their broad beams, sneaks his home-made tub into the rapids and plunges over.

It will be worthwhile to spend at least a day on the Canadian side where all the three Falls can be seen in one glance. There is no problem in getting

through immigration for a quarter a car. You will find that the Canadian side is much more beautifully landscaped, a fact the Canadians take pride in. The Oaks Garden Theatre, gift of the late Sir Henry Oakes, the once-poor prospector who "struck it rich" in the north Canada wilds, is a beautiful floral display. Here is the horticultural perfection reached by English gardening at its best. The Canadians, you will find, are pleasant and friendly, though much more conservative than the Americans. Even their accent is peculiarly British.

You might dine at one of the quaint Canadian eating houses such as the Fox Head, or the roof garden of the twenty story General Brock Sheraton Hotel, where as a backdrop you have a breathless bird's eye view of the entire Falls, gorge and surrounding countryside. Prices are in keeping with the view, though more reasonable than American "fees."

At Table Rock House, for a small fee, you can take an elevator to the bottom and view the Horse-shoe Falls from the rear and roam through the Cave of the Winds. Raincoats are furnished. Here is an eerie and atavistic feeling.



THE fury of Whirlpool Rapids is an awesome sight as seen from the U. S. side of the Niagara Gorge

Driving down the gorge one will come to many beautiful parks with distinctly Canadian eating "shoppes." If you want a bit of a thrill take the Spanish Cable car which is strung on cables over the churning waters of the Whirlpool. A few miles further is the gigantic new hydroelectric project with turbines almost 30 feet in diameter. It is a fascinating sight for the men in the party. Further on is General Brock's monument where the hero of the War of 1812 is buried. For a dime, you can climb the narrow winding staircase to the top of the narrow monument. An elegant restaurant is situated in the park overlooking the gorge.

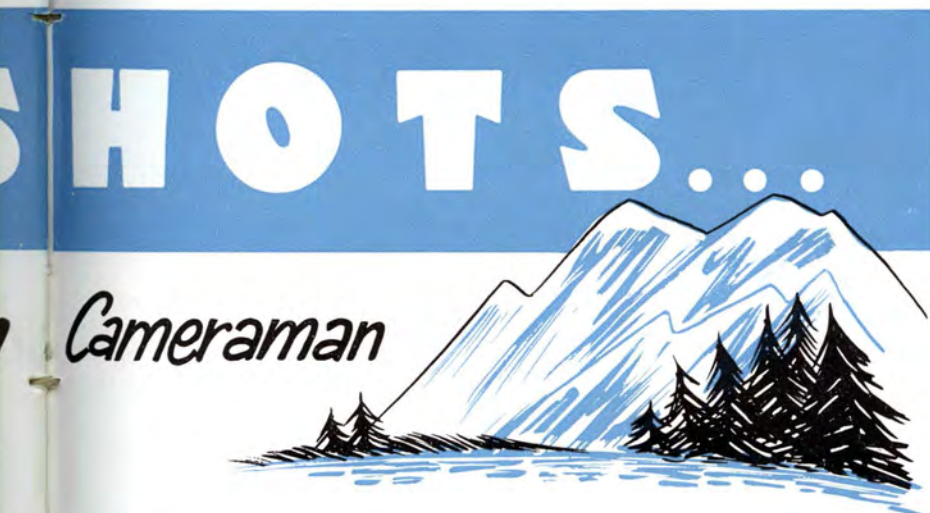
Following the river to its outlet into Lake Ontario, you will come upon Fort George which has been restored and contains many interesting historical mementoes of savage battles on this frontier. You must be back to town by nightfall to see the massive Cataracts hallowed in one billion four hundred million candlepower lamps in varying colors.

Aside from the spectacular views of Niagara one might penetrate deep inside the cities on both sides

of the river to see the heart of this community. Like all resort towns, the city of Niagara Falls is constantly in danger of losing its soul, its pristine personality, and only within the residential section can one get to know the city as it really is.

Niagara Falls, Ontario, is only 20 miles from the famous Peace Bridge which connects United States and Canada at Buffalo. If you drive here, you might stop at Fort Erie, just a mile beyond the bridge. Here is another historical landmark which contributed much to our history. Ten miles further on the Canadian side is one of Canada's finest resort playgrounds, Crystal Beach. It has a beautiful sand beach more than a half mile long and a carnival strip to match Coney Island. Its beautiful Crystal Ballroom, where name bands play, attracts hundreds nightly. Crystal Beach is a one hour ride by steamboat from Buffalo for a dollar a round trip, if you care to leave your car for a day.

Whatever your purpose in visiting the Falls, for the new look, or simply nostalgia, there are sights and activities here to preoccupy any of the million people who visit here each year.



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more SNAPSHOTS



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W. S. DERRICK
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Calgary, Alberta

B. W. WHITE
California Standard Co.
Calgary, Alberta



Left to right: NORM DRAPER, FRANK ANGEBRANDT, D. SCHMEECHLE,
all with Shell Oil Company, Calgary, Alberta



LLOYD CUNNINGHAM
Imperial Oil Limited
Edmonton, Alberta

A. C. ANDERSON
Sohio Petroleum Corp.
Regina, Saskatchewan



Left to right: IRVING FRASER, L. R. THORNE, GLENN YOUNGBLOOD,
Shell Oil Company, Regina, Saskatchewan

H. L. CONSTABLE
Imperial Oil Limited
Regina, Saskatchewan

S. H. POOLER
Imperial Oil Limited
Regina, Saskatchewan

A. R. WINZELER
Stanolind Oil & Gas Co.
Calgary, Alberta

R. E. TUCKER
Stanolind Oil & Gas Co.
Calgary, Alberta





R. S. HEBBARD
Socony Vacuum Oil Co.
Calgary, Alberta



R. V. WELCH
Imperial Oil Limited
Edmonton, Alberta



D. M. WITHERS
Stanolind Oil & Gas Co.
Calgary, Alberta



GORDON CONNELL
Royalite Oil Co., Ltd.
Calgary, Alberta



M. L. BROWN, Sun Oil Com-
pany, Calgary, Alberta



Left to right: W. WATKINS, G. L.
KENNEDY, both with Shell Oil
Company, Edmonton, Alberta



LANDON MORRISON, Canadian
Delhi Oil Ltd., Calgary, Alberta



Left to right: FRED HOLAN,
A. F. JOHNSON, H. W. HINKLE,
Stanolind Oil & Gas Company,
Edmonton, Alberta



DON HENDERSON
Shell Oil Company
Regina, Saskatchewan

R. C. TURNER
British American Oil Co.
Ltd., Calgary, Alberta



J. C. STAMBERG
Canadian Gulf Oil Co.
Calgary, Alberta



L. W. POWELL
British American Oil Co.,
Ltd., Edmonton, Alberta



C. D. MIMS
California Standard Company
Calgary, Alberta

SNAPSHOTS

continued



→
BILL SCOTLAND, Texaco Exploration Co., Calgary, Alberta



→
Far right: **HANK BONNET**, Imperial Oil Limited, Devon, Alberta



←
VERN LINDEBURG, Texaco Exploration Co., Edmonton, Alberta



→
Left to right: **SAM CHRISTIANSEN**, **JIM STAFFORD**, **JACK LEASK**, Bay Petroleum Corporation, Edmonton, Alberta

←
W. J. GIBSON, Imperial Oil Limited, Regina, Saskatchewan



HENRY BERGEN
Imperial Oil Limited
Devon, Alberta



H. M. KIRK, left, **W. C. SYLVESTER**
Tide Water Associated Oil Co.
Regina, Saskatchewan



JACK KEITH
Royalite Oil Co., Ltd.
Calgary, Alberta

R. J. CHANDLER
Hudson's Bay Oil & Gas Co., Ltd.
Calgary, Alberta



JIM WARKE
Socony Vacuum Co.
Edmonton, Alberta



P. J. ZOWTUK
Imperial Oil Limited
Edmonton, Alberta



O. W. WALL
Socony Vacuum Oil Co.
Calgary, Alberta





It's not the ice that makes you slip
—it's what you mix with it.

Diary of a young lady taking first
ocean voyage:

Monday: I feel highly honored for
being placed at the captain's table.

Tuesday: I was on the bridge with
the Captain. He seems to like me.

Wednesday: The Captain made
proposals unbecoming to an officer
and a gentleman.

Thursday: The Captain threatened
to sink the ship unless I agreed to
his proposals.

Friday: I saved six hundred lives
today.

The following article appeared re-
cently in a prominent newspaper with
the headline: "Woman Didn't Know
What She Asked For."

"A woman, stout and easy-going,
called at the City Health Department
for information. Directed to the
Charity Hospitalization Division, she
was subjected to intensive quizzing.

"From there she was directed to
the maternity section and more ques-
tioning. Yes, she could pay some of
the expense herself.

"Then to the department clinics
for X-ray examinations and routine
tests. Came the final stage, and she
was placed on a table for pelvic ex-
amination. As the physician started
probing, the woman pushed aside the
white sheet and announced: 'I didn't
know you had to go through with all
this to get your little boy's teeth
fixed.'"

A bishop was taken to a fashion-
able party at which all the women's
gowns were cut very low.

"Have you ever seen such a sight?"
asked his hostess.

"Not," answered the bishop, "since
I was weaned."

The housewife called out the win-
dow to the iceman, "Have you the
time?"

"I sure have," came the reply, "if I
can find someone to hold the horses."

Oscar came to the city and got a
job as janitor in a girl's dormitory.
As the housemother handed him the
pass key to every room in the house,
the question of wages presented it-
self.

"Would ten dollars a week be all
right with you?" she asked timidly.

Oscar was silent for a moment. "I
don't know if I can pay that much
or not, lady," he said finally.

A young coed brought charges
against an elderly professor and had
him sentenced to jail for a long term.
As he was led away, a friend ap-
proached him.

"I know you are innocent. Why
did you plead guilty?"

"Well," admitted the professor,
"the complaint was so flattering I
just couldn't resist."

Wifey: "I'm so mad I could kill
that storekeeper for sending me a
brassiere three sizes too small!"

Hubby: "There, there, dear; try
to pull yourself together."

A prominent businessman went out
to lunch one day and returned to his
office rather late. His secretary had
left a note on his desk to call a cer-
tain number and ask for a Mr. Sex-
hauer.

The business man dialed the num-
ber and a sweet voice answered.

"Do you have a Sexhauer there?"
the business man asked.

"Hell no," the sweet young thing
replied. "We don't even have a coffee
break!"

There was the business executive
who decided to go into some sort of
business for himself as a hobby. Since
everybody he knew seemed to be go-
ing into the cattle business, he wanted
to be different and so he decided he
would raise fine pigs—the very best
in the country.

He bought a farm and a sow and
settled himself down to wait for his
fine pigs. His farmer friend who lived
nearby visited him one day and ex-
plained that he would have to have
his sow bred to a fine boar before
he could raise top-notch pigs.

The farmer explained that on a
farm about 2 miles away, a man
owned a pretty good boar whose serv-
ices he would sell for \$2. But about
5 miles away, there was a farmer who
owned an above average boar whose
services he would sell for \$5. But the
best blue-ribboned boar was owned
by a farmer 10 miles down the road
and he charged \$10.

The erstwhile executive loaded his
sow into a wheelbarrow, because he
owned no pickup truck, and wheeled
her to the first farmhouse. He paid
the \$2 and waited half an hour. To
his utter disappointment, his sow did
not present him with a litter of pigs.
So, he loaded her in the wheelbarrow
and carried her to the next farm-
house where he paid the \$5 fee.
Anxiously he waited for an hour, but
still no pigs.

Tired and weary but undaunted,
he loaded the sow back into the
wheelbarrow and hauled her the re-
maining mileage to the blue-ribboned
boar where he paid his \$10. He was
so tired that he didn't wait to see
what would happen; he just loaded
the sow up and carried her back
home.

When he got home, he told his
wife he was so tired from hauling the
sow around, that he couldn't wait up
to see how many pigs he was going to
get, and he promptly fell into bed
and a deep sleep.

The next morning, he waked his
wife excitedly.

"I'm too tired to get out of bed,
but you go count our pigs and tell
me how many."

In a few minutes the wife returned.
"Well, how many do I have?" he
asked.

"There aren't any little pigs out
there, but the sow has crawled back
up into the wheelbarrow!" she re-
plied.

two LUFKINS get their HEADS together

**to solve
another "Knotty"
dual completion
pumping problem**



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BY THE USE OF TWO PUMPS
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