



THE *Luffkin* LINE

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER • 1955

He is without faith who does not
marvel at this beautiful planet
we call Earth.



THE *Lufkin* LINE

SEPTEMBER • OCTOBER, 1955

Volume XXX • Number 5

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION ISSUE

IDAHO'S VACATION JACKPOT—Hugh Manessier.....	4- 7
SNAPSHOTS WITH THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN....	8-9, 12-13
LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS	10-11
I FOUND A MINIATURE ATLANTIS— Harry E. Rieseberg.....	14-18
LET'S LAUGH	19

COVER: Lovely Orchid Queen, Joan Faye Brown, wades in the cooling waters of Lake Eloise at Beautiful Cypress Gardens, Florida, between ski shows.

INSIDE COVER: Taughhannock Falls, New York
David W. Corson from A. Devaney, N. Y.

TRAILER DIVISION Sales and Service Offices of the LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS
2838 Willard Street
Phone TULip 4-7288
Kermitt Gammill

DALLAS, TEXAS
635 Fort Worth Avenue
Phone RAndolph 2471
Carl V. Wilkinson
Glenn A. Foy
John L. Schaeffer

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
Phone FAnnin 3862
3105 Binyon
Morelle Hicks
4501 Pleasant Street
Bill P. Richards

HOUSTON, TEXAS
2815 Navigation Blvd.
Phone CApitol 8-6407
J. C. Lowe
Marshall Dailey
Robert Lee Hamilton

JOPLIN, MISSOURI
General Truck & Terminal
Corp.
7th Street and Penn
Phone MAYfair 3-4444
Lee R. Smith
Garland Scott
W. H. Lough

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA
611 Taft Street
Phone 5-8442
James E. Walker

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS
Davis Wrecking &
Equip. Co.
7600 Asher Avenue
Phone: Rosedale, Ark., 31
Atley G. Davis

MARRERO, LOUISIANA
Fairway Motors
4327 Fourth Street
Phone: FIlmore 1-4248
Guy Battaglio

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA
Peterson Implement Co.
Phone 471 or 517
Marvin Peterson

ODESSA, TEXAS
401-A East Snyder
Phone 7-6809
Carl J. Couser

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA
Modern Trailers
16 South Blackwelder
Phone REgent 6-3687
Pete Coleman
Homer McClanahan

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
900 Nogalitos Street
Phone CApitol 6-5216
Otis K. McCauley
R. P. Weaver

SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA
Modern Motors, Inc.
201 North Broadway
Phone 241
George Diddle

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
2721 Mansfield Road
Phone 3-2523
Neill Morris
E. R. (Bob) Burns

SWEETWATER, TEXAS
711 West Broadway
Phone 4460
Sam L. Jones

TULSA, OKLAHOMA
1632 South Quannah
Phone LUther 4-5149
Bob Phillips

WACO, TEXAS
1800 La Salle St.
Phone 3-0301
Bill F. Mayfield

WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA
Westland Oil Company
International Truck Sales
& Service
Phone 3-3097
Fred Grawe
John Vallely

EXECUTIVE OFFICES AND FACTORY
Lufkin, Texas
Phone 3-4426
C. W. (Lefty) Alexander,
Sales Manager
Floyd Rogers
Leroy Greene

Published to promote Friendship and Good Will with its customers and friends and to advance the interest of its products by the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, Lufkin, Texas.
Virginia R. Allen, Editor

OIL FIELD DIVISION Sales and Service Offices of the LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA
2608 Pine St., Phone FAirview 7-8564
Carl Frazer

CASPER, WYOMING
P. O. Box 1849, Phone 3-4670
Jack L. Read
Tom Berge

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS
1201 Wilson Bldg.
Phone TULip 3-1881
John Swanson

DALLAS, TEXAS
1208 Gulf States Bldg.
Phone STerling 5127
A. E. Caraway—R. C. Thompson
Jim C. Roe

DENVER, COLORADO
1423 Mile High Center
Phone ALpine 5-1616
R. S. Miller

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA
Lufkin Machine Co., Ltd.
9950 Sixty-Fifth Ave., Phone 3-3111
Jack Gissler, R. M. Mackinnon
R. D. Dunlop, L. A. Ruzicki

EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS
210 W. Jefferson St., Phone 667-W
P. O. Box 6
Lewis W. Breeden

EL DORADO, ARKANSAS
J. R. Wilson Bldg.
P. O. Box 748, Phone UNion 3-7606
T. A. Banta

GREAT BEND, KANSAS
North Main Street (Hwy. 281)
P. O. Box 82, Phone 5622
G. W. Nichols—Oliver McKay

HOUSTON, TEXAS
516 City National Bank Bldg.
Phone CApitol 2-0108
Bill Miner—Tom Bowers—
Val Gallia—Joe Randol

KILGORE, TEXAS
P. O. Box 871, Phone 3-875
W. T. Crowder, Jr.—Vernon Glenn

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA
P. O. Box 785, Phone 4-2846
B. C. Burnette
Anthony Christina

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
5959 South Alameda
Phone LUdlow 5-1201
V. J. Fawcett
Al McConville

MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA, S. A.
Apartado No. 90
Ben C. Sargent, Jr.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK
149 Broadway
Phone BArlay 7-0562
A. V. Simonson

ODESSA, TEXAS
P. O. Box 1632, Phone 6-5662
Elvin Read
James Brown
George Henson
A. G. Black

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA
108 Classen Terrace Bldg.
Phone REgent 6-7480
Charles Dyer
John D. Mettauer

SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA
312 Eighth Street
Phone 34
Newell Lynch

SIDNEY, MONTANA
P. O. Box 551
Phone 861
Roy Lilley, Jr.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA
605 Thompson Bldg.
Phone 3-0204
D. A. Reid
H. H. Muller

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
727 Oil & Gas Bldg.
P. O. Box 2465
Phone 2-1967
Ernest Slaughter, Jr.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES AND FACTORY
Lufkin, Texas, Phone 3-4421
L. A. Little, Vice President &
General Sales Manager
Cooper Richards, Ass't Sales Mgr.



THIS is the Camas Creek Trail to the Middle Fork, a typical eastern slope approach to Primitive Area

MIDDLE Fork boat trips pass incomparable beauty spots. These men are dwarfed by overhanging ledge



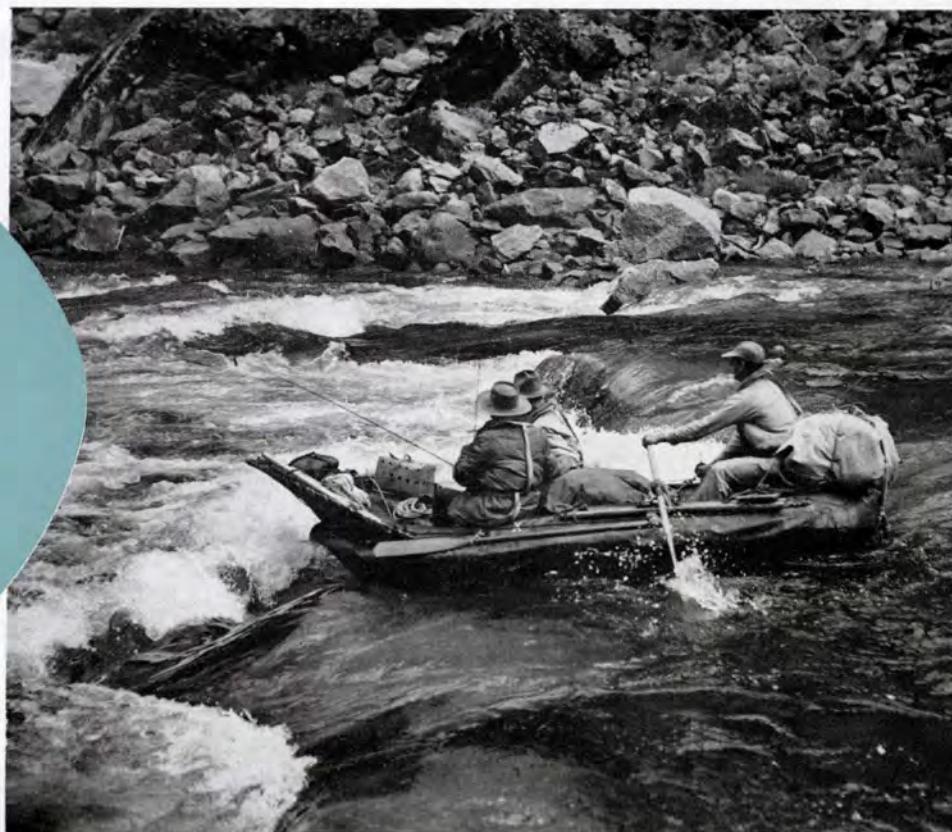
By HUGH MANESSIER

CRADLED in the heart of the Idaho wilderness flows one of the nation's wildest, most mysterious streams—the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. It's hidden deep within the Idaho Primitive Area, a legendary stronghold of fish and big game. Deer, elk, and bear are among the natural inhabitants of the rugged mountains and meadows, and virtually every lake and stream abounds with trout. For more than 100 miles, no highway penetrates this remote outdoor paradise.

Yet this vast wilderness region is one of the very finest choices for hunting and fishing adventures. Surrounding the Primitive Area are the Payette, Salmon, Challis, and Boise National Forests. In these areas, visitors may travel over a network of fire and service roads, enjoying a large and leisurely sample of one of the country's finest natural attractions. Hundreds of improved campgrounds are scattered throughout these national forests, together with lodges and family resorts for those who prefer this method of "roughing" it.

Lodges or pack stations will be found at all major entrances to the Primitive Area. From these

Idaho's Vacation Jackpot



ONCE accustomed to the rapids, guests find time to trout fish

points the visitor may ride, hike, or in some places, fly into the heart of the wilderness. Efficient packers can quickly arrange trips on horseback to the more remote destinations. Since the major trails are marked and clearly defined from trips on horseback, careful hikers should have no trouble in making some of the easier trips. However, it's best to consult with the Forest Rangers about nearby sport, and follow their advice for an exciting and productive trip. There's some kind of hunting most of the year, but for big game the services of a guide are essential.

Fishing is excellent during most of the warmer months. Summer brings the excitement of the salmon, fighting their way up through churning rapids to spawn in the tributaries of the river which takes their name. Sea-run steelheads vie with salmon for first place in the hearts of anglers, and there are both Spring and Fall runs to choose from. Native cutthroat trout are always eager for the fly, and are widely distributed in some of nature's clearest and coldest liquid refrigerators. In many of these lakes and streams the angler may also encounter California Goldens, Rainbows, East-

ern Brook, and others. There are, in fact, many areas where the novice can catch his limit in the one spot—a tough challenge for more heavily-fished regions.

But incomparable hunting and fishing aren't the only thrills awaiting discovery. Photographers are certain to run out of film; golf, swimming, tennis, and even loafing become more enjoyable in country as magnificent as this. Side trips from Boise to ghost towns such as Silver City and De Lamar are fascinating journeys that make history live again. The Payette Lakes Recreation Area, near McCall, is famous as a four-season headquarters for all kinds of vacation fun.

How to get there? The Middle Fork country is easily reached via the highways extending north from Boise or Sun Valley. Routes 15 and 21 from Boise, and route 93 from Sun Valley provide quick access to this fabulous region. The fire and service roads take over where these main highways leave off, creating a network of pleasant exploration routes that extend in every direction. There are more than 500 miles of scenic secondary roads in Payette National Forest alone. In places these



SILVER Creek is considered by many Isaac Walton followers to be one of the finest fly-fishing streams

BOATS stop in a quiet cove to bail out water taken aboard during an exciting run through white rapids



roads, constructed primarily for forest protection and development, are narrow and steep. But they provide the key to many miles of carefree travel while exploring forest, meadow, and stream. It's difficult to believe that such a sportsman's paradise could exist just a few hours from civilization.

Sun Valley itself offers topnotch vacation fun for the entire family, and is an excellent headquarters for trips into the rugged Salmon River country. The usual objective is the superb fishing in the high lakes or the Middle Fork itself, but the thrilling adventure is the white-water journey by rubber boat which Andy Anderson conducts on this wild "river of no return."

From Andy's Bar-X Ranch near the end of the road at Meyer's Cove, all equipment is packed on horseback to the Middle Fork. At the river's edge, rubber boats are inflated and all gear secured for the trip. Here's plenty of excitement to satisfy the most adventurous; this liquid elevator drops more than twenty-four feet to the mile. But contrasting with the white-water rapids are quiet moments too, in deep pools where scrapping trout wait for every angler. Days are warm, but the crisp mountain air makes the campfire's glowing embers welcome after dark.

There's no adventure—or fishing—that can match this unique combination elsewhere. In more



GUIDE Andy Anderson rests his oars at a quiet spot while his enthusiastic guests catch their own dinner

than fifty miles of water travel, visitors catch trout that have never seen an artificial lure, shoot six exciting series of rapids, and come face to face with some of nature's most spectacular photographic targets. More than a third of the journey sweeps through country so rugged that nothing other than a water passage has ever been successful. The trip lasts from four days to a week, but its memory will last forever.

Space does not permit listing all of Idaho's fishing and hunting adventures, for the choices are almost endless. The Idaho Primitive Area and the four national forests around it provide a natural playground so vast that thousands of visitors could scarcely scratch the surface. There are more than a *million* acres of unspoiled wilderness in the Primitive Area itself; more than 17,000 deer and 3,500 elk in Payette National Forest alone. But statistics—or words—could never accurately reflect the wonders of the Salmon River country. Its scenic beauty, fish, and big game must be seen first-hand to be completely believed. This is a land where Nature has been very busy, and perhaps a little inspired.

BOTH guide and guest give their full attention to the treacherous rapids in the downstream journey





JESS O'NEAL,
Continental Oil Company,
Casper, Wyoming



DICK BATES,
Stanolind Oil & Gas Co.,
Midwest, Wyoming



D. C. BAKER,
The Texas Company,
Lewistown, Montana



PAT FINN,
Stanolind Oil & Gas Co.,
Midwest, Wyoming



KEN LAMB,
Shell Oil Company,
Casper, Wyoming



FREEMAN EGULF,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
Casper, Wyoming



A. F. SENNELROTH,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
Casper, Wyoming



Left to right: JOE NORMAN, JOHNNIE
McFARLAND, both with Carter Oil
Company, Natchez, Mississippi; and
A. L. CHRISTINA, Lufkin's service engi-
neer, Lafayette, La.

SNAPS

with the



MILO WATKINS,
The Texas Company,
Roundup, Montana



LARRY MYERS,
Continental Oil Company,
Lynch, Wyoming



HERB BUSH,
The Texas Company,
Lewistown, Montana



JOE FOWLER,
Gulf Oil Company,
Casper, Wyoming



CARL F. DiPROFIO,
Gulf Oil Company,
Tulsa, Oklahoma





C. H. HESSER,
Continental Oil Company,
Casper, Wyoming



JACK WALTERS,
Sohio Petroleum Corp.,
Casper, Wyoming



ART PIPER,
Stanolind Oil & Gas Co.,
Midwest, Wyoming



BILL FORD,
Sun Oil Company,
Sidney, Montana

SHOTS...

the Lufkin Cameraman



DON JONES,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
Casper, Wyoming



E. DAVIS,
Continental Oil Company,
Lynch, Wyoming



K. A. MILLER,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
Casper, Wyoming



Left to right: RUSSELL B. BROWN,
Washington, D. C.; E. E. PYLES, Mon-
terey Oil Co., Long Beach, Calif.; C.
O. PREMO, Bakersfield, Calif.

HERSHEL CRAIGBAUM,
Hunt Oil Company,
Ray, North Dakota



FRED ELLITSON,
The Texas Company,
Roundup, Montana



DICK GENTZEN,
Union Oil Co. of California,
Cut Bank, Montana

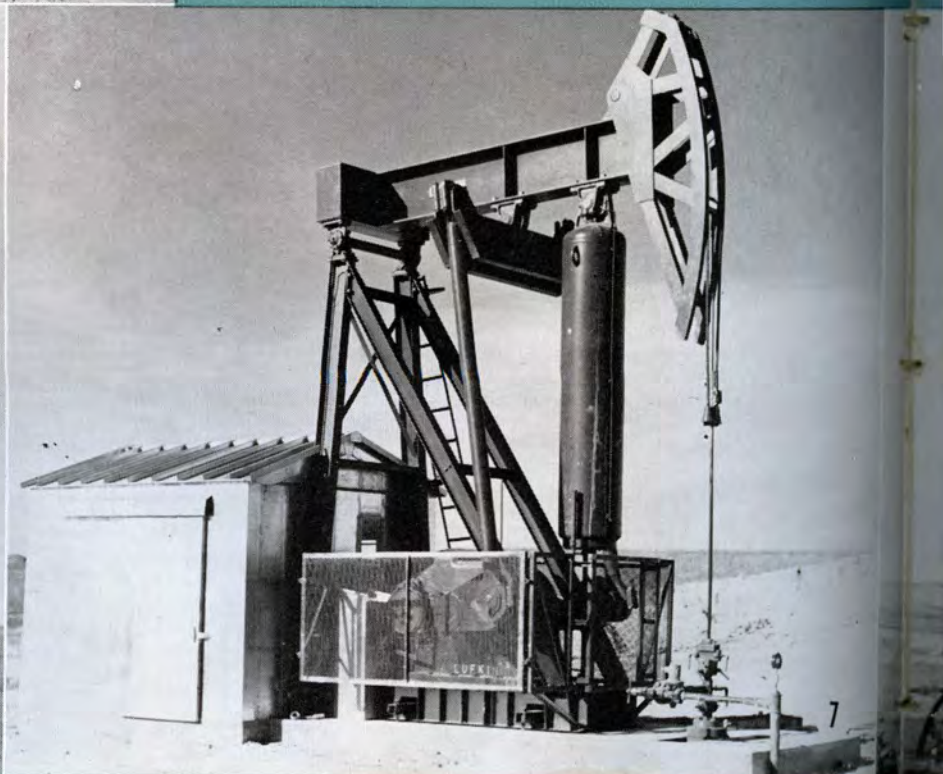
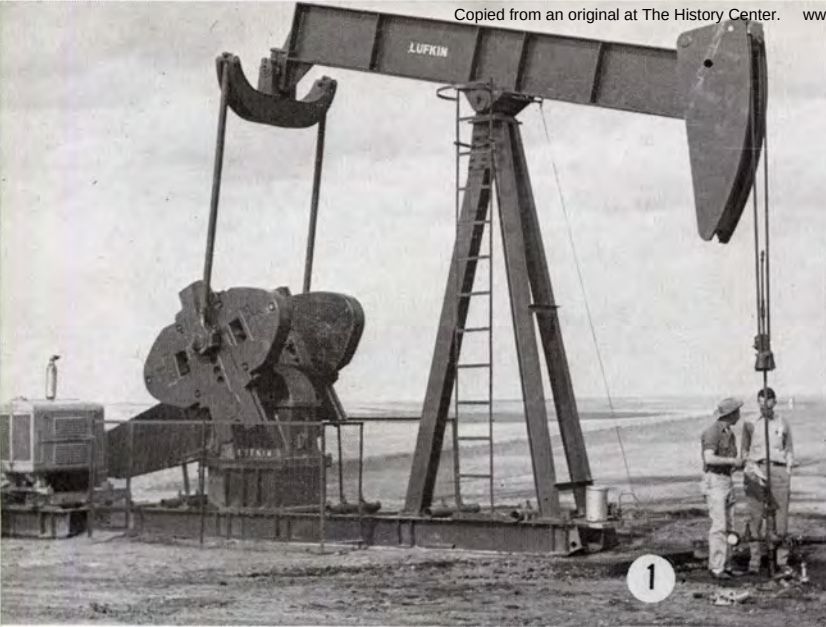


PAUL WAGGONER,
The Texas Company,
Cut Bank, Montana



TOMMY FERRIS,
Union Oil Co. of California,
Cut Bank, Montana







allations



1 LUFKIN TC-2AT-35B Unit, Shell Oil Company, Richey Field near Glendive, Montana.

2 LUFKIN A-160D-64-20 Air-Balance Unit, Petroleum Incorporated, near Harrisburg, Nebraska.

3 LUFKIN T6E-9B Unit, The Texas Company, Dugout Creek Field, near Kaycee, Wyoming.

4 LUFKIN A-456DB-120-30 Air-Balance Unit, Continental Oil Company, Lynch, Wyoming.

5 LUFKIN TC-1TR-35B Unit with LUFKIN H-333 Gas Engine, Great Basins Oil Company, Torrington, Wyoming.

6 LUFKIN A-456DB-120-30 Air-Balance Unit, Shell Oil Company, Cabin Creek Field near Glendive, Montana.

7 LUFKIN A-456DB-120-30 Air-Balance Unit, Sun Oil Company, Dynanson #1, Sidney, Montana. This foundation is built with barrel nuts in place and correct dimensions to take the 3520 Lufkin Hydraulic Unit at a later date.

8 LUFKIN TC-1R-35B Unit, Murphy Corporation, East Poplar Field, Poplar, Montana.

more SNAPSHOTS



LOU AMICK, left, JOHN TING, both with The Texas Company, Cut Bank, Montana.



Front row, left to right: R. P. WINCHESTER, S. SMART, J. H. WEBER, V. L. POWELL, D. F. HABER, S. Y. MUSALLAM, B. E. DAVIS, L. A. BROCKMANN, D. D. GILLIAM. Second and Third Rows, left to right: COOPER RICHARDS, Lukin; PROF. J. PAUL ROSTON, M. F. KRIEG, J. M. FRANKLIN, R. E. BOZE, T. L. GODSEY, J. A. GROSSO, D. H. PICKERING, R. E. PFAFF, J. A. SCHLENSKER, B. N. CARPENTER, J. P. GREEN, B. K. SMITH, C. R. HUMPHREY, R. O. BERG, J. B. OVERTON, F. L. STELZER, G. G. JURENKA, M. D. STEARMAN, R. G. HAUBOLD, C. E. GOCKEL, J. N. MUSCOVALLEY. These students and Prof. Roston from the School of Mines and Metallurgy in Rolla, Missouri, recently visited the Lukin plant.



WARREN CARLSON, The California Company, Worland, Wyoming



STAN STILES, left, JIM EDGINTON, both with Shell Oil Company, Casper, Wyoming



Left to right, LARRY MEYERS, DALE FARTHING, DON WESTERVELT, all with Phillips Petroleum Co., Great Bend, Kansas

ROBERT H. MARTIN has been promoted to division geologist, Rocky Mountain Division of The Texas Company's Producing Department

J. H. GLASS retired August 1, after more than 40 years with The Texas Company, Houston, Texas

LAVON GUNTER of Houston, has been promoted to Division Land and Leaseman, South Texas Division, The Texas Company

E. H. SMITH of Houston, Texas, retired August 1, after more than 40 years of service with The Texas Company





DALE ROBINSON,
Atlantic Refining Company,
Great Bend, Kansas



FRANK SHAFFER,
The Texas Company,
Raymond, Kansas



S. K. MYERS,
Atlantic Refining Company,
Great Bend, Kansas



ROY ANKERHOLY,
Thomas H. Allan Co.,
Great Bend, Kansas



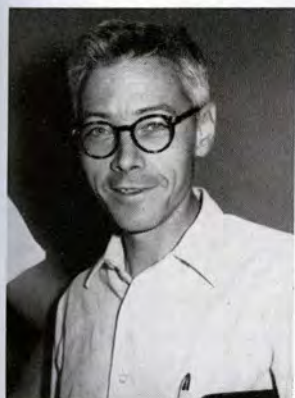
VIRGIL GREEN,
Hunt Oil Company,
Ray, North Dakota



DICK PATTERSON,
Amerada Petroleum Corp.,
Tioga, North Dakota



Left to right: J. E. PATE, T. E. WEISINGER, A. J. HENDERSON, B. A. WILSON, all with Shell Oil Company, Livingston, Texas



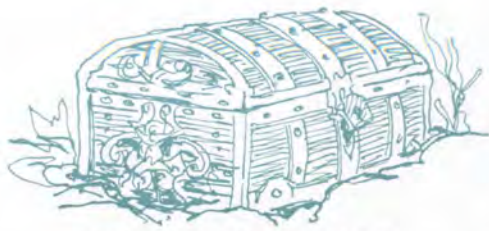
BILL LANSING,
The California Company,
Casper, Wyoming

Left to right: C. E. ENSLEY, Richfield Oil Corp., Long Beach, Calif.; L. E. CHATFIELD, The Texas Company, Bakersfield, Calif.; HARRY D. CAMPBELL, Franco Western Oil Co., Bakersfield; P. L. NEWBERG, Standard Oil Co., Taft, Calif.; W. D. FRITZ, General Petroleum Corp., San Ardo, Calif.; W. E. LUCKETT, Union Pacific Railroad, Wilmington, Calif.



Front row, left to right: W. W. TROUT, Lufkin's President; TOM JACKS, Odessa, Texas; TOM PRICHARD, Denver City, Texas; BILL CLENTON, Odessa; LAD HUDRY, Denver City; ED CREEK, Denver City; MARION ZIOBER, Odessa; all with Atlantic Refining Company. Second row, left to right: IRVIN FEWIN, EUGENE BAILEY, both with Atlantic Refining Co., Odessa; L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin's Vice-President in charge of Sales; ED ARPE, Atlantic Refining Co., Odessa; ELVIN READ, Lufkin's Odessa Representative; CARL BROWN, R. C. Brown Co., Dallas; COOPER RICHARDS, Lufkin's Assistant Sales Manager. Third row, left to right: DON McSPARRAN, Hobbs, New Mexico; JOHN S. HUTCHINS, Denver City, both with Atlantic Refining Co.; BAYO HOPPER, Lufkin's Chief Engineer; TAYLOR HOOD, Lufkin's Gas Engine Dept. Manager; CECIL SCOTT, Atlantic Refining Co., Odessa.





By LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

Only 1,374 miles from the winter frosts of New York City, and 500 miles from the neon tubes of Miami's bright spots, at thirty fathoms of water, rests the only known submerged city in the world—Port Royal. Two hundred and sixty-three years ago this fabulous city, off the largest island of the West Indies, was known to the world as the "Pirates' Babylon." Earthquake and tidal wave plunged it deep into the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. Not all the inhabitants of the city were lost. Just a handful of survivors managed to escape by climbing to higher land. They founded a new city which they called Kingston. Today it is the capital of Jamaica.

The earthquake which swept the city into the sea buried hundreds of millions of Spanish gold pieces along with an untold wealth in jewels and money stored on the ships that happened to be docked in the harbor at the time of the great earthquake. A wealth of private possessions was lost too. The people who fled did not have time to gather their belongings. And it was the very lure of this great treasure—in one of these ships—which led me to one of the most amazing adventures of my long career of salvaging sunken treasure from rotting hulks of one-time treasure-laden galleons.



A treasure-hunter's map of the Caribbean showing possible places of sunken riches





AN artist's sketch shows the cathedral being swept into the sea as the Tidal Wave engulfed Port Royal

THESE are the remains of Port Royal, beauty encased in coral, as seen by the author at 30 fathoms deep

I found a miniature Atlantis

THIRTY FATHOMS DOWN means 180 feet below water. And a man who has been at that depth, recalls some things that are pleasant and some that are frightening.

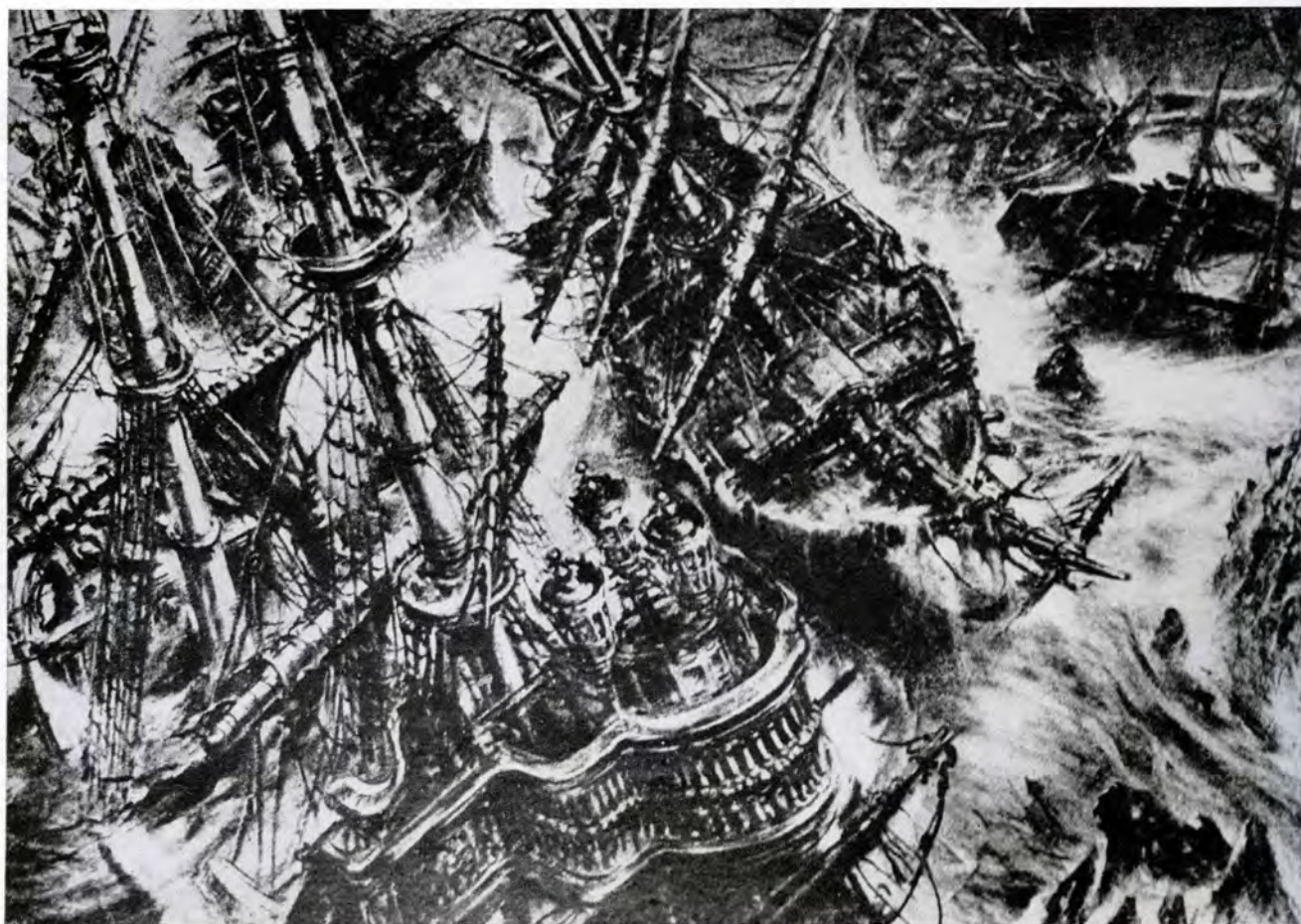
Even today, after countless undersea experiences, 30 fathoms means as much to me as it did that time when I stood on the sandy floor of the Caribbean outside the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica. Then I looked in bewildered amazement at the relics of what had once been the richest and wickedest city of the Spanish Main, the city that slid into the sea—Port Royal!

Our salvage schooner bowled along toward Kingston Bay, where, I believed, the ancient hulk of an unidentified Spanish galleon lay. I hoped to find the hulk and to try to recover the strange, yet uncertain treasure that was said to rest in the vessel's shattered remains.

The fresh westerly breeze held steady. The schooner seemed as pleased to get away from the dull inaction at the dock at Miami as I was. Five days later, she entered the green waters beneath which lay our gold prize. We were now in 30 fathoms, off outer Kingston Harbor, Jamaica. If my calculations were right, we were within sight of the spot where the old Spanish galleon had met her fate some 200 years before.

The next morning was cloudless and we secured our craft with anchors fore and aft over the spot where I reckoned from my old map the wreck rested. It didn't take us long to get ready for the actual operations.

After I had checked everything and was satisfied the air-pump was running smoothly, I had the body-weights of my diving dress put on. Then I climbed over the side of the schooner and went



THIS is an artist's sketch showing the vessels in the harbor at the time of the disastrous Tidal Wave



THE author points to huge coral and shell encrusted anchor brought up from bottom of the Caribbean Sea

down the Jacob's ladder into the clear water.

As I was being lowered slowly, I looked up at the watery ceiling above me; it appeared perfectly solid, much like a slowly waving, pale green canopy. A froth of foam and bubbles surged up about the glass plate of my helmet, giving me a general feeling of coolness.

The sea floor below me was covered with a magnificent coral growth—waving banners of seaweed, long, tubular sponges, jet-black blobs of sea-squirts and tissue-thin shells. Slowly the hull of the schooner above passed from my view and the last visible link with the upper world was gone.

This undersea region is like a fairy-tale garden. The coral, which looks like rock, is alive. Its startling shapes are the work of millions of tiny creatures fixed to one spot but working together in a communal existence to produce the most flower-like ornaments. There are exquisite sea-anemones, with



FROM millions of Spanish gold pieces lost at sea, the author found this treasure

clustered tendrils, looking like plants but really a sort of moving coral whose tentacles gather in any small passing creatures, to be stung to death and devoured.

Through this bewildering maze, where nothing is what it seems, swim hundreds of species of every combination, color and shape of fish known to man.

Then, soon after the foam and bubbles had passed my face-plate, the color of the water began to change. I was bathed in a pale green as the descent erased from the eye the comforting warm rays of the sun's spectrum.

I continued to slide down the line, 10, 20 fathoms and finally 30 fathoms—180 feet. My canvas boots settled into the soft caressing ooze near a towering coral reef.

Slowly I made my way over the seaway to a deep precipice where I balanced myself on the brink, and looked down into pale blue depths where illumination like moonlight showed waving sea-fans, sea-plumes and milling fish of every variety.

As I worked along the protective wall of limestone and coral I was brought up short by the water-clouded vision of a spectacle that almost took my breath away. It was just at the limit of my

sight and I wasn't sure. I thought for a brief moment that the oxygen was stimulating me, but the air, as it came down to me, was constant and only a trifle rubbery.

I edged closer and strained to see. There in the heart of the sea was a coral-encrusted structure, a sort of building, and beyond that another and vaguely others at a distance too far to see clearly. *A ghost-city fathoms under the sea!*

Coral had built itself over the original design of the structures and had created a place of spectacular beauty rising in majesty from the sandy sea bed. The structure before me had been transformed into a great cathedral, holding its roof aloft by massive columns and surmounted by huge pinnacles. Behind, the others were dim and stately edifices, sloping gradually away into the shadowy regions.

On the side I could see, the structures were fringed with saw-tooth coral. Their walls marked out ravines that angled away into the blue-black void beyond. I couldn't imagine what lay there.

I had to force my mind to accept the idea that these structures had originally been raised by human hands. I treaded water toward an opening that pierced a wall at ground level, and arranged my



air-line along the bottom to make a straight lead into the place. Then, I stepped over the coral fringe that cased the entrance.

I stopped in a space that could no longer be called a chamber or room. Coral had rebuilt the shape and sculptured a vaulted chamber with tunneled passages leading into the adjoining darkness.

And every surface was mantled in blue. It was no earthly blue, but an incredibly vibrant color swirling with the water's movement.

I moved across the eerie vault to the darker side where an opening made a black rectangle in the wall. I peered into the passage. Suddenly I sensed a movement in the darkness. I drew back as I glimpsed the horrible claw and reaching feeler of a giant spider crab with its nine-foot arms.

Hurriedly feeling my way along my air-line, I retreated and passed through the coral opening into the outer light. I quickly jerked my signal line to be hauled up.

As I rose to the surface, I realized I had gazed upon what no other living man had seen—the major relics of Port Royal! I realized, too, that the position of these relics eliminated any possibility of my finding the treasure hulk of the old galleon I sought.

The heart of the ghost-city was beneath my feet as I drifted toward the surface. The earthquake and tidal wave that destroyed the town in 1692 had undoubtedly wrecked a vast number of buildings. But a large part of the area, literally swept from the land, went down intact, to be encased in the vault of imperishable coral that I had entered that day.

In all those years, no one apparently had discovered this main location of the larger remains,

A Coral-encrusted cathedral bell of Port Royal

and no one had devised a means of raising its wealth to the surface. A diver in rubber dress could go about as far as I had gone. The steeply descending floor would keep most of the sunken city's relics beyond the working depth of ordinary equipment. The coral would be unassailable by hand tools. And those vicious guardians, the spider crabs and giant octopi, would give up their treasure only to men who were wary and cunning.

Today, however, those obstacles are being surmounted. My carefully preserved chart shows the exact position at which I can descend to those treasure houses again. And a modern under-water diving "tractor-tank" can carry a diver well beyond the limits of the present-day diving dress. New tools can help him tear those steel-like coral walls apart.

The tractor-tank device was designed and has now been built. It will be powered by electric motors. Surmounting the hull is a water-tight turret from which the divers operate the main crane and a battery of water-powered tools.

For many years I had hoped and dreamed of returning again to the sunken city with new and modern equipment. Now that dream will soon be realized. Already we are making preparation and plans for the day when I shall again return to the watery tomb of one of the most profligate communities the world has ever known—to Port Royal, the one-time "Pirates' Babylon." The days of waiting drop swiftly away, and as soon as we can organize our new expedition, we'll be sailing off to the Caribbean. I have a long-delayed rendezvous with the ghost-city beneath the sea—Port Royal!



The case worker at the welfare agency in a small town was interviewing an applicant who asked for aid for herself and thirteen children.

"But I don't understand," said the case worker. "You say your husband deserted you ten years ago and yet eight of your children are under 10 years of age."

"Oh, I can explain that," said the applicant beaming. "You see, he comes back now and then to apologize."

"If I came home and found an oilman in the apartment," gasped a palpitating blonde in the chorus dressing room, "I wouldn't know what to do."

"You could give him forty-eight hours to get out," suggested the girl in the next chair.

An old maid lay sleeping one night, when suddenly she was awakened by her fairy god mother who said she would grant the spinster three wishes.

She first wished that she were beautiful, and presto, she was changed into a lovely maiden. Then she wished she were wealthy and living on a beautiful estate, and presto, she was transported to a castle beside the sea.

"Now be very careful, for this is your last wish," the fairy god mother cautioned.

The old maid thought for a moment, then she looked at her old tom cat lying beside her bed.

"I wish my tom cat were a handsome prince," she exclaimed.

Immediately there stood beside her bed the most handsome young man she had ever seen, and he looked deep into her eyes. Then with a sigh, he said slowly: "Now aren't you sorry you had me operated on?"

She was a pert little miss of six, who asked for six chocolate candy dolls and specified:

"I want them all little boy dolls."

"So, you like little boys," the salesman answered.

"No, I don't like little boys but little boy dolls have more candy."

The couple signed the hotel register and asked the clerk for the best accommodations. He recommended the bridal suite.

"Why the bridal suite?" said the young man, "My wife and I have been married for five years."

"Look," said the clerk, "If I let you have the main ballroom that doesn't mean you have to dance, does it?"

The young romeo parked his car in the country and said to his date: "Are you a Chesterfield or a Camel girl?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you satisfy or walk a mile?"

A driller picked up a good looking dame on the street, took her to a bar, and said: "Which do you drink, beer or champagne?"

She replied: "Oh, I believe I would prefer champagne because when I drink champagne my head gets all bubbly and I have the loveliest dreams and thoughts. I dream that I am lying in the warm, languorous sunshine on soft white sand beside the blue sea. I see a tall handsome man approaching along the beach. He comes nearer and kneels beside me and gazes deep into my eyes. His hands caress my body, and . . . later . . . MUCH later, he leaves me, and walks into the sea, only to re-appear bearing huge shells filled with beautiful, iridescent pearls which he pours over me, and I quiver

with ecstasy . . . On the other hand, when I drink beer, I just burp."

Lady: "Is your husband broad-minded?"

Wife: "Yes, the cad! That's all he seems to think about."

The judge had seen all kinds of cases like this one—man and wife couldn't get along together, but the reason was certainly a new take-off. Carefully he asked the woman why she wanted a divorce from her husband.

"Well, your honor," she answered, "For three long years I've had to wash his back every Saturday night when he took a bath."

The judge blinked his eyes and asked incredulously, "Do you consider that sufficient reason for divorce?"

"No," replied the wife, "but Saturday night his back was clean."

A dear old lady went into a pet shop to price some dogs.

"You can have that small bitch over there for \$25," said the clerk pointing, "or that larger bitch for \$35."

The old lady frowned as the man spoke. "Why, madam," asked the clerk, "aren't you familiar with the term 'bitch'?"

"Why, certainly," replied the lady haughtily, "but never before have I heard it applied to dogs."

Out with a new girl for the first time, Lumber Louie stopped talking. The pretty thing asked if there was anything wrong.

Louie easily remarked: "Honey, I'm groping for words."

Girl: "Well, you won't find them there."

Two pretty office girls were being squashed in the crowded elevator. One of them, unable to turn her head around, whispered to her friend to look back of them and tell her if the man standing there was handsome.

Her friend, with some difficulty, managed a furtive backward glance, then whispered, "Well, honey, he's young . . ."

"Look, dearie," the first girl said with a trace of irritation in her voice, "I asked if he was handsome. I can tell he's young!"

LUFKIN

continues to maintain
its leadership in the

pumping unit field with the NEW **C** LINE

OF IMPROVED CRANK BALANCED UNITS

OVER 40 SIZES
RANGING FROM 4000
LB. POLISHED ROD
CAPACITY AND 10,000
IN. LB. PEAK TORQUE TO
30,000 LB. POLISHED ROD
CAPACITY AND 640,000
IN. LB. PEAK TORQUE

STANDARD ASSEMBLIES

C-640DB-144-30
C-640DB-120-30
C-640DB-108-30
C-456DB-144-30
C-456DB-120-30
C-456DB-108-30

* C-320D-120-25

C-320D-84-30
C-320D-84-27
C-320D-74-27
C-320D-74-25
C-228D-74-27
C-228D-74-23
C-228D-74-20
C-228D-64-23
C-228D-64-20
C-160D-74-20
C-160D-64-23
C-160D-64-15
C-160D-54-18
C-160D-54-17
C-114DA-64-15
C-114DA-54-17

C-114DA-54-16A
C-114DA-54-15
C-114DA-54-14
C-114DA-54-13.5
C-114DA-48-14
C-114DA-42-10.5
C-80DB-48-14
C-80DB-42-10.5
C-57D-48-10
C-57D-42-10.5
C-40D-40-7.4
C-40D-34-8
C-25D-28-6
C-25D-24-6



The new "C" series offers a greater variety of combinations of torque, counter-balance, and polished rod capacity to suit any conceivable well condition.

LET YOUR LUFKIN REPRESENTATIVE ASSIST
IN SELECTING THE PROPER AND MOST
ECONOMICAL UNIT FOR YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

EXPLANATION OF UNIT DESIGNATION

* C —For Crank Counterbalance

320D—Gear Reducer (320,000 Lb. In. Peak Torque
Double Reduction)

120 —Maximum Stroke (120 Inches)

25 —Peak Polished Rod Capacity (25,000 Lb.)

These Units Are Also Available
With Single Reduction Gear Reducers

Lufkin

FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY
LUFKIN, TEXAS

Branch Sales and Service: Houston • Dallas • New York • Tulsa • Los Angeles • Seminole • Oklahoma City • Corpus Christi • Odessa
Kilgore • Wichita Falls • Casper, Wyoming • Great Bend, Kansas • Effingham, Illinois • Sterling, Colorado
Lafayette, Louisiana • Bakersfield, California • El Dorado, Arkansas

Lufkin equipment in Canada is handled by THE LUFKIN MACHINE CO., LTD., 14321 108th Avenue, EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA