

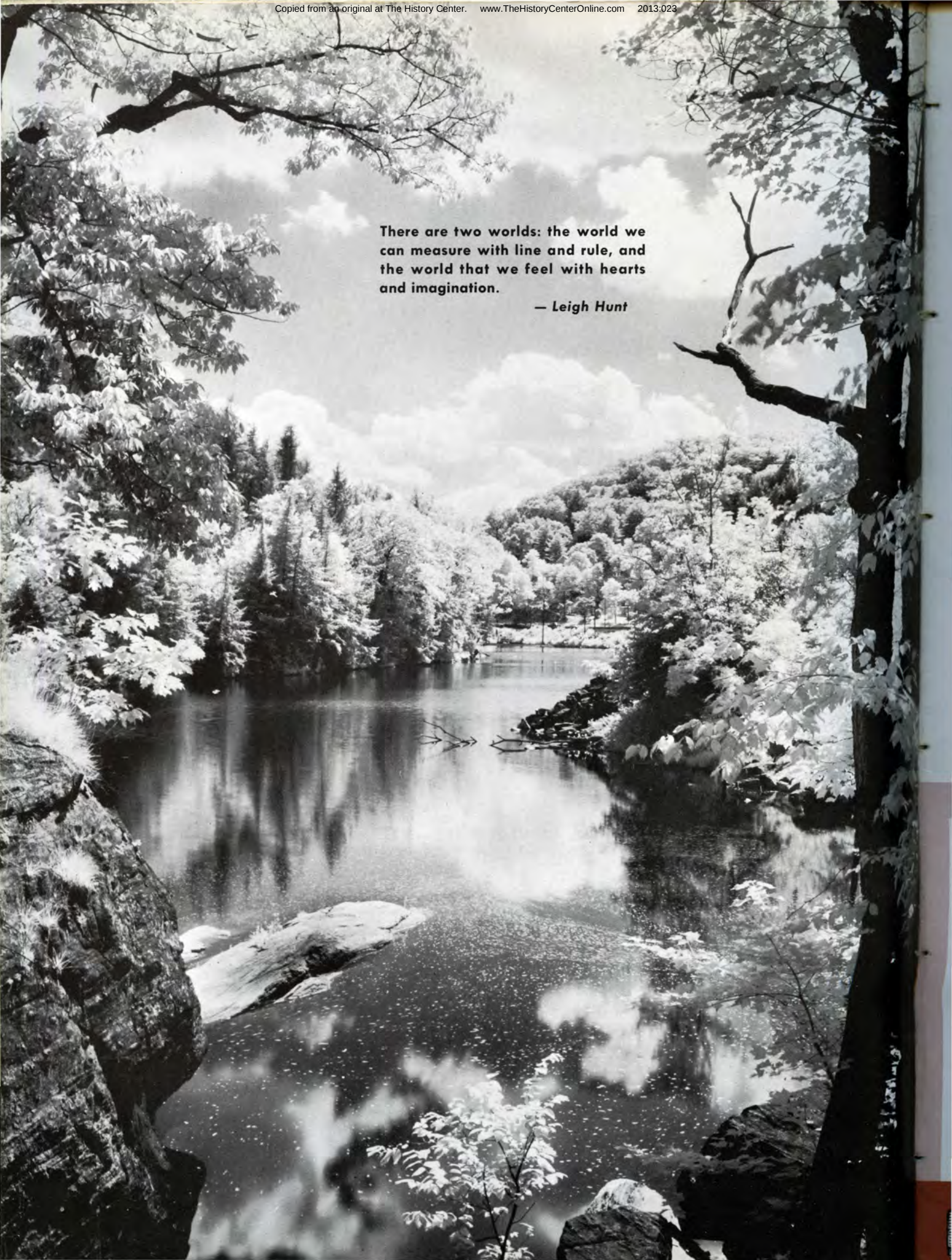


THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

MARCH-APRIL • 1959

There are two worlds: the world we
can measure with line and rule, and
the world that we feel with hearts
and imagination.

— Leigh Hunt





OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS THE *Lufkin* LINE GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



MARCH • APRIL, 1959
Volume 34 Number 2

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

Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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—Gene Ahrens Photo

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Oilfield Sales Manager

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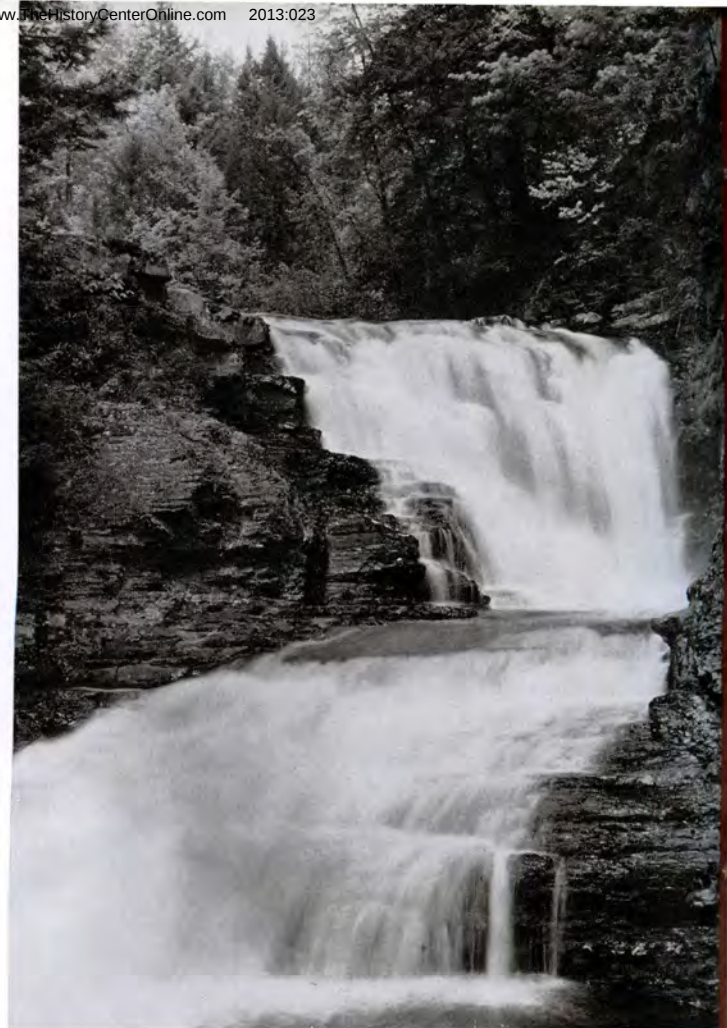
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TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED





SWIMMING in Lake Minausin at Pocono Manor Inn
—Vincent April Photo



CASCADING thaw-fed streams enhance Pocono scenes
—Michaels & Transue Photo

By
RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

THE POCONOS



EARLY winter horseback riding in the Poconos is an invigorating way to begin a day of activities

IF YOU like plenty of "space for your spiritual wandering" visit the Pocono Mountains in eastern Pennsylvania where a million acres of pine and hemlock hills, deep ravines and spring fed streams offer a huge unspoiled mecca for Keats' admonition.

Here in this abundance of unspoiled nature and good-to-be-alive mornings you will find enough space to return to your childhood, to take inventory, to reappraise, to plan again, to realign the web of your soul. But the attraction of the Poconos is not merely that of high untamed space.

The 1500 square miles of the Poconos offer the widest imaginable variety of activities for vacation fun of any resort I know. And properly so, for nearby is the largest concentration of population in America.



CHAMPIONSHIP golf courses are scattered throughout the Pocono region, inviting all golf enthusiasts
—Vincent April Photo

...the web and the space

Throughout its million acres we were never more than fifteen minutes from one of its 27 golf courses. We went horseback riding, played tennis, archery, hiked, boated, bowled on the green, hunted, and fished in waters which Lowell Thomas described as "one of the finest fishing spots in the world." There are boat and horse liveryes everywhere. One hundred lakes in the Poconos combine most of the fun of the seashore with the delightful forest climate of the mountains.

If you don't like to settle too long in one spot but like to travel, to meet new people and see new places daily, you can spend your entire two weeks or more just rambling from one mountain resort to another, which lie just over the hill from each other, with identical recreation activities.

The nicest part about a huge vacation area, that

extends and engulfs many small villages, is the opportunity you have to know the people, and through them and their work, the heart and personality of the territory.

At nearby Newfoundland we attended a county fair and got sawdust in our shoes and a clean, nostalgic lift in our heart from the exhibits of gleaming jellies and jams, preserved fruits, vegetables and fine handmade crafts; the friendly wet-nose calves peering from whitewashed stalls, perky rabbits and poultry raised by youngsters and the many contests of horse pulling, horseshoe pitching and baby parades.

Coal is the theme song of Pennsylvania and the heart of the anthracite kingdom, the home of the hardy miner, lies nearby. Coal built fortunes, mansions and universities, but it blackened the rivers,



AERIAL view of some of main buildings of Pocono Manor depicts the luxurious accommodations available
—Vincent April Photo

lacerated mountain sides, leaving grim scars of a plundered earth.

If you drive near Wilkesbarre, stop at Prospect Rock, three miles east of the public square. Here you will see a pall of smoke, for below the surface rages a mine fire started in 1917 after a forgetful mule driver had left his lamp hanging on a mine prop. There are other burning mines; one at Summit Hill has been burning since 1859.

One of our nicest afternoons was spent at nearby Bucks Country riding a canal boat down the Delaware Canal just drinking in the well-manicured landscapes of the Pennsylvania Dutch. In the Wayne County area we found a Finnish settlement in a countryside as clean and neat as Nordic nutmeg.

There is a magic charm about these ancient mountains, its glacial lakes and dramatic cascades. We found heart-filling beauty and relaxation following old Indian trails to champagne waterfalls and crystal lakes so clear the bottoms floated on top, all hidden away in the wildflower-scented woods. In some places thaw-fed springs rush over waterfalls higher than Niagara. Little wonder that Dan Beard was inspired here, near Forest Lake, to organize the Boy Scouts of America.

Eleven miles east of Stroudsburg, just off 209,

is Winona Falls, a beautiful setting (picnic grounds) with a beautiful history. It was here that an Indian chief dwelling in the forest, had a beautiful daughter named Winona, who loved a warrior of a rival tribe. One winter morning she set out to warn her sweetheart of an attack, but he had already taken the warpath against her father's tribe.

Winona became lost and her father and sweetheart forgot their hostility and side by side roamed the wilds searching for her. Near the falls, guided by footprints of blood in the snow they found her dead. So the falls became "Winona Falls" in lasting memory of the tragic sacrifice of this Indian maid.

As if in tribute, 500 honeymoon couples visit the Poconos each week, coming to sigh in romantic sorrow at such a love that pretty nearly matches their own.

FISHING streams abound in this area, having been tagged by Lowell Thomas as among the world's best

—Coffman & Meyung Photo



Buck Hill Falls is one of the most beautiful falls in the Poconos. It comes down from the crest of a plateau through wild ravines and dense thickets, sinking deeper and deeper all the time into the primeval forest. Suddenly it rushes into a sort of amphitheatre, then on to two more foaming falls.

Another advantage of the Poconos is the fact that if you should get a surfeit of raw nature, the great metropolitan centers of the eastern seaboard are nearby. Many travellers from the West make the Poconos their vacation headquarters and take short trips to these busy cities for shopping, theatre and sight-seeing visits. Our operating hub was at Stroudsburg, three miles above the Delaware Water Gap and about 50 miles from New York City.

You can find any kind of accommodation in the Poconos to suit your tastes. You can camp out at little cost on State forest land, in the quiet of a leisurely farmhouse, a dude ranch, or a luxury hotel. Costs are reasonable. We stayed one week at one inn at \$40 per person, including meals, and another week at one of the elaborate sportsminded hotels at \$90 per person per week.

There are mountain inns here like no place in our broad America. They not only have dignity and grandeur, they have history. Ye Olde Swiftwater Inn, for instance, was begun in 1778.

The Inn at Buck Hill Falls sits on a 6000 acre estate. It has an Olympic-size swimming pool, 18-hole championship golf course, lawn bowling greens, eight clay tennis courts, stables, and bridle paths, concerts and movies in an 840 seat auditorium and a library.

Pocono Manor is one of the more exclusive resorts set high in the mountains. They used to say you couldn't come to Pocono Manor unless you had six children. It's not that reserved any more, but less boisterous than any of the others.

Writers and artists flock to the Poconos from the



VERDANT mountain trails are memorable experiences for cyclist, horseback rider, energetic hiker

—Coffman & Meyung Photo

creative centers of New York, New England and Philadelphia. It was here that Horace Greeley lived and Washington Irving would wander for inspiration when he left his beloved Catskills.

There are many fine places to eat. On Lake Wattenpaupack is Pep's Inn and Village at Tafton. In the pine-paneled dining room you will find fish crisped by "Pep" Singer, a magician with meat. If you like native dishes, try the Roosevelt Inn for Bavarian dishes, Pike County Lodge for Danish; Tudor Manor for French food and the White Beauty for Italian cuisine.

I never have found a season that I didn't enjoy in the Poconos. Laurel bloom time in June is fantastically beautiful. Midsummer, when temperatures average 64, some 10 degrees cooler than anywhere except Maine, is ideal. Hunting season in the brilliance of autumn is exhilarating. Game is plentiful, the lodges warm and friendly with cider on the hearth, logs crackling in the fireplace and square dancing after dinner. Winter sport time in this fairyland of deep and bulgy snowfalls attracts thousands of skiers and the lodges hum as gaily as ever. The Poconos are not as high as heaven, but they surely must be as wide.

Here indeed is enough space and beauty enough to lay the web of your summer plans, enough space for the most heartfelt wandering.



IN rivers, lakes or terraced pools, tourists can enjoy all varieties of swimming fun in the Poconos

—Coffman & Meyung Photo



L. G. CONNORS
Gulf Oil Company
Evansville, Indiana



LARRY TURNER
Gulf Oil Company
Evansville, Indiana



SNAPS

with the Lukin C



Left to right: GENE KINCAID, Robert F. Roberts Co., Tyler, Texas; HAROLD NEFF, Speller Associates, Tyler; ED KISTENMACHER, Sun Oil Co., Tyler; TOM DEWITT, Dowell, Inc., Kilgore, Texas



Left to right: LOUIS ALEXANDER, Athens, Texas; GALYN POWNELL, Tyler, Texas; HAROLD HIBBS, Tyler; BOB TAYLOR, Athens, all with Humble Oil & Refining Company



H. W. McCORMICK, left, Carmi, Illinois,
DUANE GARY, Mattoon, Illinois,
both with Carter Oil Company



RON MITCHELL, left, HORACE QUATTLEBAUM,
both with Carter Oil Company,
Carmi, Illinois



JOHN JORDAN, left, Sohio Petroleum
Corp., Tyler; JIM McDONOUGH, Halli-
burton Oil Well Cementing Co., Kilgore

C. E. MORGENTHAUER
Carter Oil Company
St. Elmo, Illinois

E. A. BALL
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois

LEE BIDWELL
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois

R. L. GARD
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Carmi, Illinois



PHOTOS

in Cameraman...



Front row, left to right: GENE NIXON, Lufkin representative, Sterling, Colo.; CHARLES THREEWIT, Pure Oil Co., Ft. Morgan, Colo.; LOWELL ANDERSON, Standard Oil of California, Vernal, Utah; CHUCK ENTERLINE, The California Co., Rangely, Colorado. Second row, left to right: W. T. LITTLE, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; JIM ROE, Lufkin representative, Denver, Colo.; DEAN KETCHUM, Casper, Wyo.; RONNY GRISDALE, Rangely, MARION CALLAN, Rangely, all with The California Company. Third row, left to right: FRED GRIFFIN, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; DON BOWCUTT, Lufkin representative, Casper, Wyo.; DALE SMITH, Phillips Petroleum Co., Casper.



Left to right: W. A. GILLET, Mattoon, Ill.; A. F. CUMMINGS, Henderson, Kentucky; ROBERT CONLEY, Carmi, Ill., all with Carter Oil Company



Left to right: ROBERT BURR, WAYNE MURPHY, GERALD ALLARD, all with Pure Oil Company, Clay City, Illinois



Left to right: BUDDY DuVALL, PAT TURCOTTE, TOM RANKIN, all with Ohio Oil Company, Carlisle, Texas



C. D. RICHARDS, left, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin; GENE THOMAS, Amerada Petroleum Co., Longview, Texas



Left to right: ROY CALLAHAN, IRA HILLARD, MARSHALL BROWN, JERRY GAINES, OWEN WILLIAMS, all with The Texas Company, Cisne, Illinois



Left to right: DELBERT GOBLE, JAMES HINMAN, DIOS MISENHIMER, all with Shulman Bros., Flora, Illinois

B. H. (WHITIE) BREWER
Magnolia Petroleum Co.
St. Elmo, Illinois

IRVIN ALEXANDER
Carter Oil Company
St. Elmo, Illinois

R. N. KNOBLOCK
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois

W. C. BEST
Gulf Oil Company
Evansville, Indiana





Front row, left to right: BILL A. DANIELIUK, Tennessee Gas Transmission Co., Calgary, Alberta; MANOUCHEHR BEGLARPOUR, and AMIR H. AMIRI, both with National Iranian Oil Co., Long Beach, Calif.; PAUL WILLIAMS, Kilgore, Texas; ALEXANDER BAILLIE, Imperial Oil, Ltd., Edmonton, Alberta; ALFREDO GARCIA, Mene Grande Oil Co., Barcelona, Venezuela; EDWIN R. GEE, Superior Oil Co., Cortez, Colo.; PIO E. RODRIGUEZ, Socony Mobil Co. of Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela; C. D. RICHARDS, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin. Second row, left to right: ALFRED D. DOBBS, Atlantic Refining Co., Houston; CARL BILBREY, Honolulu Oil Corp., Sundown, Texas; ROBERT R. HANEY, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore, Texas; ROBERT H. ORTHLEIB, Creole Petr. Corp., Maracaibo, Venezuela; RUSSELL T. SHIRLEY, Magnolia Petr. Co., Dallas; RICHARD G. SCHMIDT, Northern Natural Gas, Omaha,

Nebraska; NORTHCUTT R. BOGGS, Superior Oil Co., Bakersfield, Calif.; BRAVLIO RODRIGUEZ, Creole Petr. Corp., Jusepin, Monagas, Venezuela; FRED GRIFFIN, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin. Third row, left to right: EDDIE HILL, STANLEY BECK, both with Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; CYRUS SAMIL, National Iranian Oil Co., Long Beach, Calif.; ALAN B. SMART, Iraq Petr. Co., Ltd., London, England; OWEN W. SALYER, British American Oil Prod. Co., Houston; DONALD DOUD, Union Producing Co., Beeville, Texas; T. D. LASHLY, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin. Fourth row, left to right: WAYNE DeBEHNKE, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; W. T. CROWDER, Lufkin representative, Kilgore; MILTON WALTHER, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; THOMAS P. THORNTON, Shell Oil Co. of Canada, Regina, Sask.; PAUL O. NAUT, Creole Petr. Corp., Jusepin, Monagas; MILTON L. WILSHIRE, Colo. Interstate Gas Co., Colo. Springs, Colo.



BOB CAMPBELL, left, Garrett Oil Tools, Longview; BILL HUSKEY, Magnolia Petroleum Co., Kilgore

MORE



First row, left to right: WILLIAM BEN CLINE, JOHN BJORDAM-MEN, JOE D. HARGRAVE, all with Texpet, Liberty, Texas; W. L. MORRIS, Texpet, Bogota, Colombia; LLOYD G. DAVIES, Texpet, Liberty; BOB MORLOCK, The Texas Co., West Columbia, Texas. Second row, left to right: JOE RANDOL, Lufkin representative, Houston; JACK EWELL, LLOYD D. DRISCOLL, ROBERT R. WHERLE, all with Texpet, Liberty; DON REMSON, The Texas Co., West Columbia; L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin's vice president, Lufkin. Third row, left to right: TAYLOR HOOD, EDDIE HILL, BILL CANTRELL, DON SMITH, all with Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin; FORBES GORDON, The Texas Co., Liberty; TOM BOWERS, Lufkin representative, Houston



DELL MCGOWEN
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois



B. M. BRYAN
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Carmi, Illinois



R. E. HAMMOND
Carter Oil Company
St. Elmo, Illinois



GUY WETZEL
Postmaster
Longview, Texas

R. M. ARCHER
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois



F. E. MOORE
Shell Oil Company
Centralia, Illinois



J. A. REINHART
Gulf Oil Company
Flora, Illinois



H. E. WARDLAW
Magnolia Petroleum Co.
Albion, Illinois



J. R. CLARKE
Gulf Oil Company
Flora, Illinois





Left to right: CARROLL BROWNING, Lane Wells Co., The Texas Co., Gladewater, Texas; J. A. WILLIAMS, Dowell, Inc., Kilgore, Texas; HERB BAKER, Sun Oil Co., Tyler, Texas



Left to right: P. J. LEHNHARD, East Texas Engineering Association, Kilgore, Texas; WILLIS ORR, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Tyler, Texas; J. A. BUTTS, JR., Tidewater Oil Co., Kilgore; TROY WILLIAMS, Otis Engineering Ass'n., Longview, Texas

Snapshots



GLEN HOWARD, left, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Athens, Texas; BILL COX, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore, Texas



M. O. LANGHAM, left, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Tyler; W. T. CROWDER, JR., Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Kilgore



LEWIS HALL
Pan American Petroleum Corp.
Greggton, Texas



HUGH RICH
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois



C. J. FISCHER
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois



KENNETH BRIM
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois

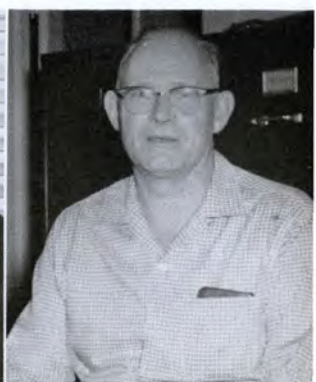
E. D. HENDRICKSON
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Carmi, Illinois

W. C. NELSON
Magnolia Petroleum Co.
Salem, Illinois

PAUL MARTIN
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois

K. L. BROWN
Magnolia Petroleum Co.
Salem, Illinois

RUBY WILEY
The Texas Company
Cisne, Illinois



PELICAN

*Known for
Safety and
Courtesy . . .*



R. E. BAREMORE organized Pelican Trucking Company in June, 1953.

WITH the motto "Safety and Courtesy," the Pelican Trucking Company of Shreveport, Louisiana, was organized June 1, 1953, by R. E. Baremore, president. From a beginning of four trucks and trailers, the Company has grown in six years to a total fleet of 32 trailers, 15 of which have been built by Lufkin Trailers, a division of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company.

Specializing in complete service to the oilfield industry, Pelican has for immediate use heavy equipment for moving rigs, light equipment for hauling maximum payloads over the highways, and pipe storage and hot shot service for miscellaneous and emergency shipments.

Their tandem oilfield floats are engaged in hauling machinery, while their lowboy trailers haul over-dimensional loads and their pipe trailers may be seen in all areas where this product is in demand. In addition, they have other equipment available for heavy and cumbersome hauling including pipeline stringing.

The main offices of Pelican Trucking Company are in Shreveport. They have Interstate Commerce Commission operating authority from, to, and be-



O. H. BERRY, left, driver for Pelican, received safe driver award for 1957-58 from Oilfield Haulers Association, District 5

tween all points in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas. They also have intrastate operating authority in Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas.

THIS Lufkin oilfield float is part of Pelican Trucking Company's fleet of 25 trucks and 32 trailers



WILKINSON RETIRES AS SECRETARY

M. L. Wilkinson, who has been associated with Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company for 42 years, serving as Secretary of the Company since July, 1948, retired effective April 1, 1959. Coming to Lufkin in August, 1917, as a bookkeeper,



W. A. KIRKLAND succeeds Mr. Wilkinson as Secretary. He has been with Lufkin Foundry for 15 years



H. L. DYER was named Treasurer. He has been head of Cost Accounting since 1948, and with Lufkin for 26 years



REPRESENTING the Board of Directors, W. W. Trout, president, second from left, presents M. L. Wilkinson, center, with an engraved watch on the occasion of his retirement. Taking part in the presentation were Vice Presidents L. A. Little, extreme left, E. P. Trout, second from right, and A. E. Cudlipp

Mr. Wilkinson has spent his tenure of employment in the Accounting Department.

He worked closely with the original founders of the Company, having served under the first president, the late J. H. Kurth, Sr., and his successor, the late W. C. Trout. He has been Secretary during almost the entire time that W. W. Trout has been president. Mr. Trout was named by the Board of Directors to succeed his father as president of the Company in January, 1948. Mr. Wilkinson was named Secretary in July of that year.

The Board of Directors presented Mr. Wilkinson with a gold, electric, engraved wristwatch as a memento of his years with Lufkin and as a token of their appreciation for his loyal and faithful service.

The Directors have named W. A. Kirkland, who has been Treasurer, to succeed Mr. Wilkinson as Secretary. H. L. Dyer was elevated from head of the Cost Accounting department to Treasurer.

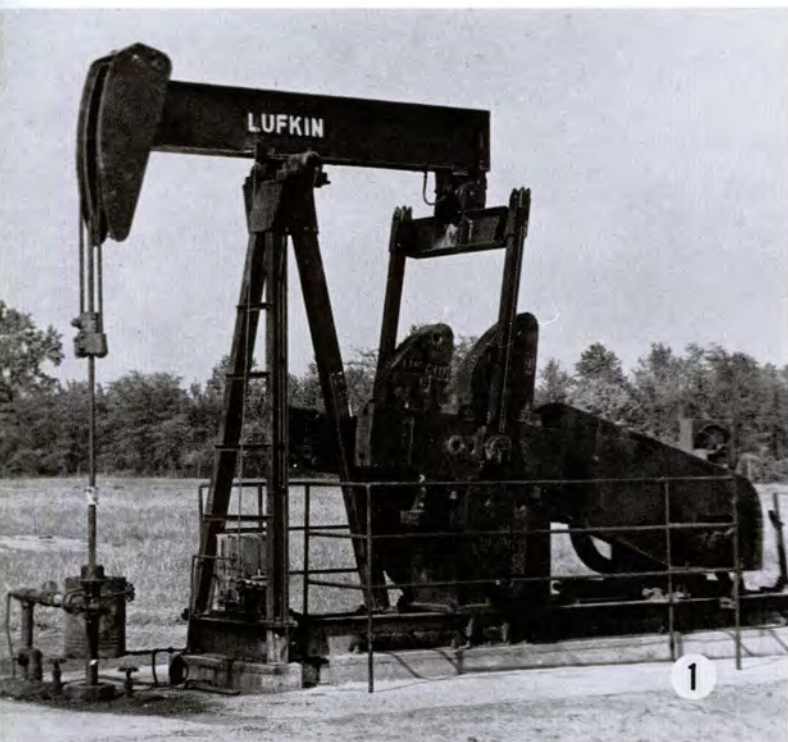


ROGERS Elevated to Sales Position

Floyd Rogers, a sales representative for Lufkin Trailers, a division of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company, has been named Assistant Sales Manager. He has been associated with the Trailer Division since its inception; in fact, he was employed by the Martin Wagon Company before Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company purchased it and made it a division of this company.

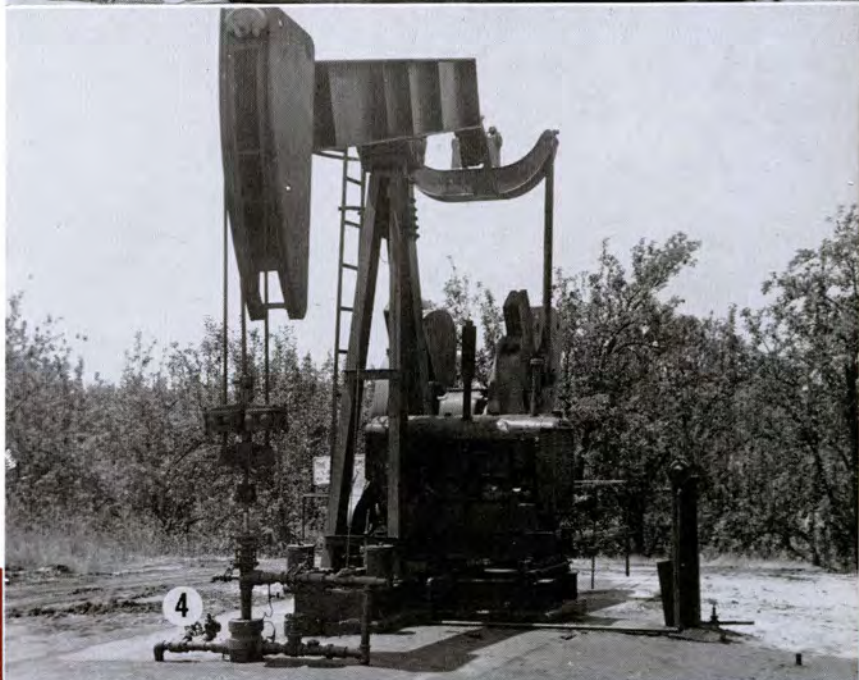
Mr. Rogers will assist C. W. (Lefty) Alexander, sales manager of Lufkin Trailers, with particular emphasis on the numerous branch offices throughout Texas and adjoining states.

LUFKIN instal



illations

- 1 LUFKIN C-40DA-34-18.7 Unit, The Texas Company, Fricke Lease, Marion County, Illinois.
- 2 LUFKIN C-114DA-54-15A Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, Kenner West #14, Clay County, Illinois.
- 3 LUFKIN C-80DB-54-13.5 Unit, The Texas Company, Hawn Lease #4, Iuka Pool, Illinois.
- 4 LUFKIN C-160D-74-20 Unit, The Texas Company, L. O. Myers Lease, Marion County, Illinois.
- 5 LUFKIN C-25DA-24-6B Unit, Carter Oil Company, E. C. Goetting Lease, Fayette County, Illinois.
- 6 LUFKIN C-80DB-42-11.6 Unit, Mahutska Oil Company, McClain Lease, Crawford County, Illinois.
- 7 LUFKIN C-57DA-42-11.6 Unit With Portable Base, Tekoil Company, Barbare Lease, White County, Illinois.



Red Lake



INDIAN burial grounds on the reservation are as primitive today as before the white man's coming

By ARTHUR VANDERSLUIS

“KI OJIBWA Enemikagom.” This traditional greeting of the Chippewa Indian, meaning “Ojibwa Greetings,” is oft times heard on the Red Lake Indian Reservation. This small niche, within the boundaries of the State of Minnesota—but not governed by the State—is a strange mixture of modern living and ancient existence.

The pleasing pine-scented air, the wild alluring beauty of the forests, and the amazing, but dangerous blue expanse of Red Lake leaves a lasting impression that this is an Eden for the Chippewa Indian.

The Chippewa does live a care-free life here. But to bluntly state a fact—and understatement—“It ain’t no bed of roses either.”

Most of their homes are sub-standard, and their average living conditions are extremely below par. Modern plumbing is the exception rather than the



AT the St. Mary's Mission, the church and outlying buildings are modern in contrast to Indian homes



ENTRANCE marker for Reservation plainly states that outsiders are welcome only upon invitation

INDIAN RESERVATION



rule, and their water supply is much the same as it was before the white man's arrival in the area. Their "homes" are much too widespread to even consider running pipes from a central well.

This 637,000 acre (including the lake) Red Lake Indian Reservation is located 28 miles northwest of the Northern Minnesota town of Bemidji. Approximately four miles west of Bemidji, on U. S. Highway #2, the traveler turns north on Minnesota #89, an excellent all-weather road. Arriving on the southeast shore of Red Lake, you enter first the village of Red Lake. Here are found the schools, agency buildings, hospital, police, road, forestry, credit and welfare departments of the Reservation. Beyond, five miles, is the village of Redby, the location of the Red Lake Indian Mills, and the Red Lake Fisheries.

After Redby, 25 miles on a well-maintained gravel road, is the oldest and most primitive village on the Reservation, Ponemah (Chippewa Hereafter). Another Indian school is here, a lone star of civilization among pagan primitive surroundings. Here the past is evidenced by seeing Indian graves located on some of the lands occupied by present-day Indian homes. Five miles later, on a rugged, rough, and unreliable road where travel is advised only in dry weather, are The Narrows, and more burial grounds. The Chippewas call it O-baush-eeng, or "Place where the wind blows through." Beyond The Narrows, no roads exist. You may travel further by boat, canoe, or on foot, but it is not recommended.

Lower and Upper Red Lake (joined at The Narrows approximately one mile across) are said to be one of the largest bodies of fresh water entirely within one state. The lower lake, with an average depth of 20 feet, (60 feet the deepest) is 255 square miles. The upper lake, a 9-foot-average depth lake (22 feet the deepest) is but an area of 185 square miles.

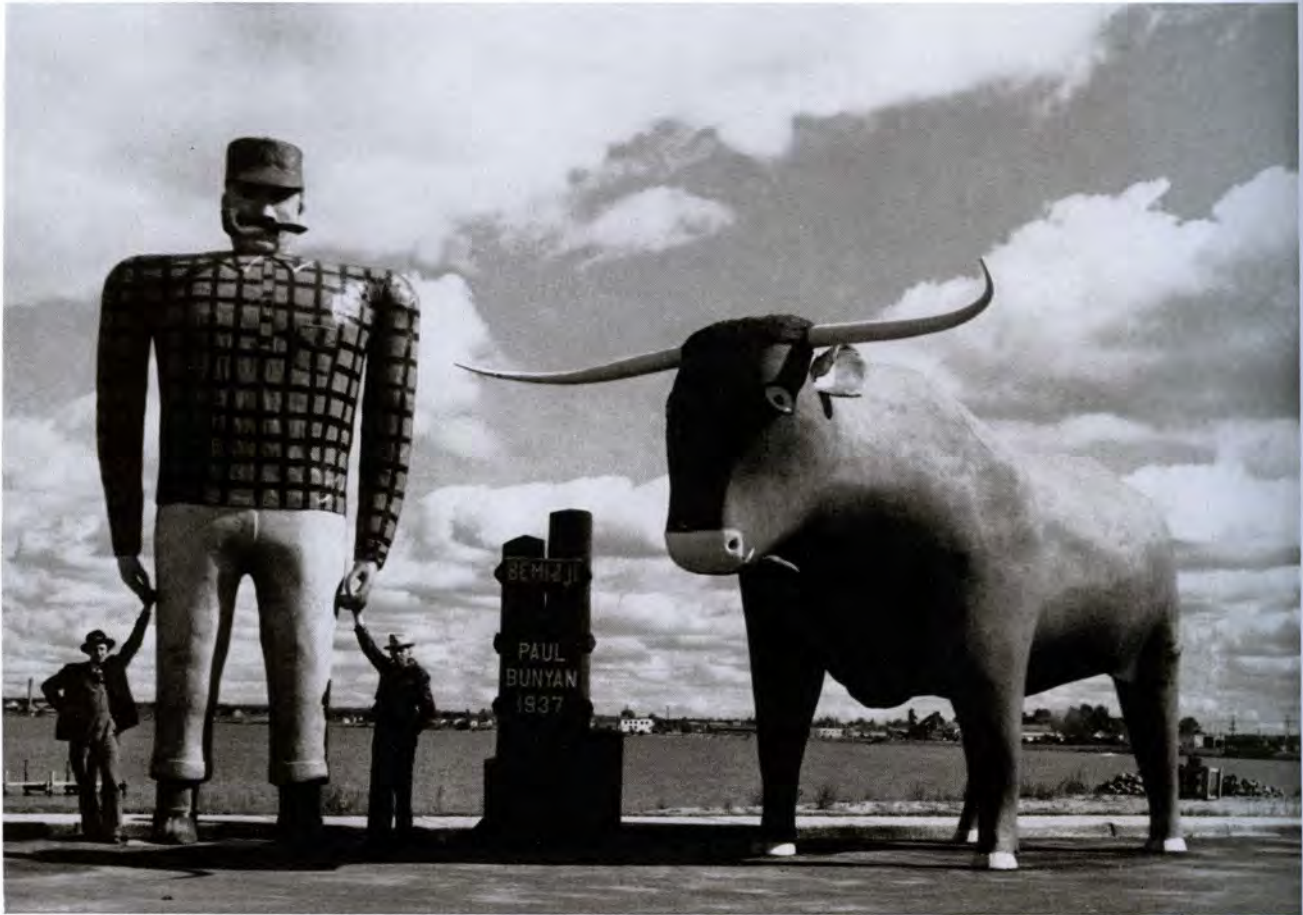
Fishing is a major industry of the Indians, and is an exclusive right of the Chippewa except for the eastern quarter of the Upper Lake which includes a small town on that shore, Washkish. The white man may sport fish this area in season.



FISH nets drying in the Indian yards testify that fishing is the major industry on the Reservation

A little over a million pounds of fish are taken from the lake by netting each summer June through late October. About two-thirds of this catch, or 650,000 pounds, are wall-eyed pike and northern pike. The remainder are perch, whitefish, goldeyes, suckers, sheepshead and bullheads. Some sturgeon are thought to be still in the lake as only last year a 6-foot, 150-pounder was washed upon the shore. The Red Lake Tribe receive five percent of the gross sales of the Fisheries. Fishermen are paid bi-weekly for their fish during the season and the profits are put into a co-op fund for an end-of-season bonus. In 1957, 212 participating families fished. Membership requirements say that you must be a Red Lake Tribal Indian but you must earn \$40.00 by fishing in any given year to entitle you to vote within that year. The handling crew in the Fisheries proper number 15 to 20, depending upon the season and the take. All employees must be Red Lake Indians. The fish, known on the market as "Redby Fillets," are known in most of the 48 states.

The Red Lake Indian Mills is another major economic cog in the lives of the Chippewa on this Reservation. The Mill averages over \$150,000.00



THIS statue of Paul Bunyan and "Babe" the blue ox is located at Bemidji, nearest city to the Reservation

a year profit, plus some \$90,000.00 a year paid to the Tribe for stumpage. This money is channeled into the Tribal Fund, which is held on deposit by Uncle Sam. When the Tribe requests, and congress approves, a per-capita payment is made to each man, woman and child on the tribal roles. From this mill alone, there have been eight payments since 1947, to the approximately 3,500 Indians on the roles, totaling about \$1,800,000.00. Indians living on the Reservation but who are not on the Tribal roles do not receive this payment. An average of 75 Indians are employed in the mill while about 80 other families on the Reservation gain a livelihood indirectly from it. These additional people are given permits to cut and bring pulpwood into the mill to sell.

Oddities on the Reservation are numerous. Liquor may not be sold on the land. (It was not until the past few years that the Indian could legally purchase beer or liquor off the Reservation). Venison is sold in the markets of the villages, but not for off-the-land transportation. Homes, lit-

tle more than hovels, are numerous but a T-V antenna may be seen perched on the house. Fish nets are strung in yards to dry, traps are hung in trees for storage or in preparation for the "trail," and an abundant crop of old cars are seen everywhere. There is no railroad service or bus service to or close to the Reservation. All must have their own mode of transportation.

Red Lake is one of the few remaining closed Indian Reservations in the United States. The land belongs to the Tribe collectively, and not individually. The affairs are advised by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, but the Chippewa has his own governing council. The Indian Chief, to this day, plays a major part in the Tribal life in this area. State laws generally do not apply on this land. The only person from outside having the power to arrest is a U. S. Marshall. No State or County officer may even serve a civil paper on the Reservation.

The Reservation is still rich in its natural resources. About 70 million board feet of saw-logs are ready for harvesting and, under government

control, a sustained yield is anticipated continuously. The lake yields its government-set quota of a million pounds of fish regularly each year. Incidentally, re-stocking does not appear to help this lake. It is large enough that nature keeps it evenly balanced. During one war year, nearly two million pounds were taken, but the following year under 100,000 pounds were seined. This would seem to indicate that if the quota is not exceeded, the output year after year may be expected to remain stable.

The fascination of the Reservation is the mixture of the old and the new. Schools are modern in every respect although education is not an eagerly sought-after commodity by the children of the Tribe. Hunting, fishing, and just staying home are much more their avocation.

Religion is well represented on the Reservation. A Catholic Mission (two priests, three brothers, 14 sisters), two Episcopal Churches, two Gospel Missions, and a Lutheran Mission are situated in the area.

There are numerous residents that follow their old pagan religion. The Indian Burial grounds are photographic subjects. The graves with their little dog-like houses covering them are characterized by a small opening with a shelf built into the structure. This opening is for food brought by relatives and friends of the deceased to feed the Great Spirit. Their laws now specify that a body must be buried and not just laid in the "house."

Game regulations are generally non-existent on the Reservation, and what little game-law they have is controlled by the Tribal Council. Year around hunting of deer is allowed as is most of the game, such as ducks, partridge and the like. The Tribe does specify that there will be no fishing during the spawning season. The white men residing on the Reservation are able to fish only with the permission of the Council and then not in the big lakes. Hunting is forbidden to them except as an Outsider, and only for migratory birds. The Outsider, white men from off the land, may hunt and fish only during the Minnesota Season and must, in addition to their own licenses, obtain a permit from the Council and hire an Indian guide for all the time they are on the land.

Technically speaking the Reservation is not a part of the United States. The Red Lake Tribe, through treaty only, placed themselves under government care, but did not cede the portion of land they now possess. However, the entire Reservation is advised by the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the Interior Department. Since 1955, the U. S. Public



ON the southeast shore of Red Lake lies Red Lake village, location of many governmental agencies



ALTHOUGH modern schools are provided, education is not eagerly sought after by the Indian children

Health Service has operated the Red Lake Hospital and other health services. There is a Minnesota Agency of Indian Affairs, an Indians Roads Branch, an Indian Police Branch, and an Indian Forestry Branch on the Reservation.

If you wish an insight of an Indian country, with its peoples still in the infancy of education, religion and living conditions (and in some instances primitive), take the trip to the Red Lake Indian Reservation, but make it in the Summer!

Winters here, even though you may be an outdoor cold-weather enthusiast, are not mild. Temperatures of 20 below to 40 below zero are common during the height of the winter. And there is plenty of snow.

But summertime! Ah, that is different!

For a most beautiful, cool, summer and a kaleidoscopic fall, plan that trip now to the Red Lake Indian Reservation.

Public Relations VS Human Relations

A. C. RUBEL
President, Union Oil Company of California



PUBLIC OPINION is a strange and sometimes wonderful thing. I have been giving considerable thought lately to the public relations aspects of our own oil industry, and I must confess I am a little discouraged.

One of our primary problems, I suppose, is something that has always been fundamental in human nature: People are much more interested in, and apt to remember, the sensational rather than the virtuous, the unusual rather than the important.

Two historical examples of this come to mind: There must have been scores, if not hundreds, of well-born ladies in Medieval England who, at one time or another, interceded with their lords and husbands on behalf of the common people. You have been champions of the underdog since mankind first moved into caves. Yet of all those scores and hundreds of Medieval English women who must have crusaded for lower taxes for the tenants and better working conditions for the serfs, the only one who is remembered today is Lady Godiva. And there probably aren't more than 5 per cent of you who even know why she made her famous ride.

One of the worst emperors in the history of the Roman Empire was Nero. Yet next to Julius Caesar he is probably the best known of all. Why? Because he fiddled while Rome burned.

To add insult to injury, the whole significance of this famous violin solo has been distorted to the point where, today, "fiddling while Rome burns" means to dilly-dally and take no action in time of crisis. We have even forgotten that Nero ordered the town set on fire in the first place.

Just to show you that times haven't changed much, let's take a look at what has been going on in our own industry recently. There was an oil man in Texas by the name of H. R. Cullen, who had by his own efforts amassed a large personal fortune. Mr. Cullen had set up the H. R. Cullen Trust, which is now worth reputedly \$160,000,000. The entire income from this trust fund is devoted to the development of medical and educational institutions in Texas. Among its beneficiaries are the University of Houston, Baylor College of Medicine, Memorial Hospital and many more. In addition, he has made many other large contributions to improve the lot of mankind, but I would be willing to bet that if you polled the people of the United States not one in 1000 would have ever heard of this activity.

By contrast, two years ago some so-called oil "millionaire" gave a two-day New Year's Eve party at Mike Romanoff's Restaurant in Beverly Hills which was supposed to have cost \$50,000 or \$60,000. This oil industry "activity," well salted with movie stars, was apparently news-worthy enough to merit prominent headlines in newspapers all over the country, and a four or five page picture story in Life Magazine. None of these did any good in endearing us to the public.

Eight or ten years ago the O. I. C. (Oil Information Committee) started *oil information week*. As most of you know, this week has been an annual event every October since its inception. Oil industry people throughout the



country furnish speakers for service clubs, stage parades, and, in general, do a very creditable job publicizing petroleum's part in our American life. I think it undoubtedly has done a great deal to establish better public relations for the industry.

I will venture to say, however, that one single incident, the Senator Case campaign contribution, in the spring of 1956, offset all the good we could accomplish with 20 oil industry weeks, let alone 10. You and I know that the Senator Case campaign contribution from Mr. Howard Keck, President of the Superior Oil Company, was solicited, given and received in the manner common to most political contributions by industries and individuals in general. But in a fit of synthetic righteousness the political opponents of independent gas-producing companies set up such a furor that President Eisenhower vetoed the Natural Gas Bill.

I can't say that I was very proud of the action, or rather lack of action, taken by the rest of the oil industry in the Senator Case incident. When the investigation of Mr. Keck rapidly exploded into an attack on the entire petroleum industry, we stuck our tail between our legs and ran like a cur dog caught raiding the garbage can. The whole affair served to demonstrate again that the U. S. petroleum industry has developed a gigantic glass arm. Maybe it dates back to the Tea Pot Dome scandal; maybe it even goes back to the trust busting days of the Standard Oil Group. But whatever its origin, we certainly do the sorriest job of defending ourselves when someone hops on us of any industry in the country. And heaven knows we get hopped on frequently enough.

IN ANOTHER episode, when a group of Texas Republicans gave a testimonial dinner for a prominent Congressional leader, there was included in the invitation a statement to the effect that the guest of honor had been helpful to the oil industry during the Harris Bill debate.

A great roar went up accusing the industry of attempted "mass influence," "bribery" and worse.

There was nothing done that is not commonly practiced under similar circumstances. It was neither illegal, immoral or unusual.

Did we go to the defense of our friends? No, we acted like a small boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

So what are we going to do about it? It's easy enough to view with alarm. It's easy enough to point out our mistakes. Certainly we've made any number of them. But all of that isn't very constructive, so I'd like to suggest two areas of activity that

might pay us some dividends in improved public regard for the industry.

I guess it's all right for the A.P.I., through the medium of the O.I.C., to keep hammering away at the economic and scientific achievements of our industry. No doubt some people are interested in the great advances we have made in our oil explorations and in the hundreds of millions of dollars we have spent and plan to spend on our expanding world-wide search for oil.

Drilling a hole 25,000 feet deep is a tremendous technical achievement. That is almost five miles down.

And developing oil in 100 feet of water, 40 miles from land in the Gulf of Mexico, with the probability of adding billions of barrels of oil and trillions of gas to our reserves, is no mean achievement.

We did a great job of "fueling" the last three wars. The allies did, as Winston Churchill said, "float to victory on a sea of oil" in World War II. But that is *still* history.

It's interesting to learn that the tires on your car are largely derived from petroleum gas, that nylon, orlon, dacron, and other exotic materials are likewise manufactured from petroleum products.

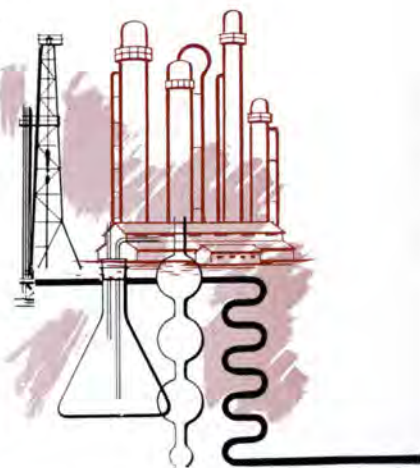
But none of these interesting facts has very much sex appeal. The Encyclopedia Britannica is full of similar data, but few people regard it as an opinion-forming medium. It may be the O.I.C. has overlooked this fact.

It may be we have concentrated so hard on the industry's *public* relations that we have overlooked the fertile field in the industry's "human relations" activities.

I have been conducting a private research program of my own in this field, and I am astonished at what I have been able to turn up in the limited time I have been at it.

There seems to have developed a theory that the amassing of great personal fortunes, particularly in the oil business, implies wrong doing, without considering to what uses the money is put.

To be sure, many fortunes have been accumulated—it's that sort of business—but no industry can make a better accounting of the uses to which these fortunes have been put. *continued next page*





I feel no hesitancy in saying that no industry in the world has ever approached the petroleum industry in its contributions for the betterment of mankind. I will expand this statement by including the corporate entities, as well as the many individuals composing our industry.

In every community where oil activities exist, oil people, men and women, both in their company activities and as individuals, bear far more than their full share of their responsibility as citizens. You will find them in the forefront of all community efforts, such as Community Chest, hospital, youth movements, and in the numerous charitable activities common to our modern community life.

You will find them active in the cultural life of the community—symphony orchestra, little theatre and art. You will find them among the stalwarts of the Parent-Teachers Association, on school boards, boards of colleges, universities and other educational institutions.

They will be active in churches and religious endeavors.

You will find them contributing time, energy and money to service clubs, Chambers of Commerce, and every other worthwhile enterprise.

The corporate policies of the great majority of oil companies support these activities financially, by making personnel available, and by all other means at their disposal.

We have all heard in a vague sort of way of the activities of the oil companies and individuals in public service, but I have taken the opportunity to canvass many of my friends in the industry to find as many specific instances of public service as I could gather. I have attempted to catalogue them—they are a volume—and their mere presentation by subject would require far more time than you could possibly care to spend. I have, however, selected a few examples.

How many of you know the story of Mr. Waite Phillips and the Philmont Scout Ranch donated and endowed by Mr. Phillips to train Boy Scout leaders throughout the country?

I have already mentioned the H. R. Cullen Trust.

I find that the great endowment fund of Rice University is largely derived from oil money. This

is true in the non-tax supported colleges throughout the land.

Have you heard the poignant story of the R. M. Pyles Boys' Camp in California? How Mr. Pyles, an oil field superintendent in Southern California, became interested in the underprivileged youngsters around Huntington Beach and started a camp at his own expense in the Sierras where they could learn about nature, citizenship and Americanism. A few friends helped at the start, and now it is an oil industry project, supported entirely by personal contributions of money, services and materials by the men and women of the industry. Men and women unable to give money freely donate their vacations at the camp cooking and helping to care for the boys.

Do you know of the more than 3¾ million dollar annual grants made by Standard Oil Company of New Jersey for scholarships, research, hospitals and other charities?

Have you heard of the work of the California companies in scholarships, contributions to non-tax supported colleges, to 4-H and Future Farmers, and to assorted charities? Do you know of the many grants for scientific studies throughout the world?



I think a typical reaction comes from one of my own associates in Houston, Texas. When I asked him for some information on hospital and educational donations from the oil business in his area, he sent me a list and stated, "I am surprised at the amount of time and money contributed by my fellow oil men in this area for these purposes. Having spent all of my life in Houston, I have learned of contributions that were unknown to me previously. I suppose I was astonished at the probable total amount of time and money contributed simply because I have become accustomed to people in the oil business naturally doing these things."

Here is a man who has spent over thirty years in our business, most of it right in Texas, and it took an assignment like this to show him what his own industry is doing. It is no wonder others on the outside know so little. Perhaps some of our efforts should be directed toward our own education.

But in any event, I am positive that there is a wealth of material such as this in every oil community in the nation, material of which we may be very proud, that could be publicized and talked about by people in the industry.



With all the emphasis on mass media these days—newspapers, magazines, radio and television—we very often overlook the fact that the greatest public relations instrument in the world is still the face to face communication of one person to another over the back fence or the bridge table or in gatherings like this. And I think it's a well-established fact that the female of the species is very effective in the use of this particular public relations instrument, probably more so, than the male.

So much for our first area—"human relations."

The second thing I think our industry must do is to enter positively and aggressively into politics at the City, County, State, and National levels—not furtively or apologetically, but openly and objectively.

As an operator in an oil field or a refinery, we exhaust every effort to accomplish even a very small saving in operating cost, but a councilman, a supervisor, or an assemblyman or congressman, with little or no knowledge of the subject and often with no guidance at all, can and often do enact measures that cost us millions of dollars without corresponding benefit, for which our customers, the public, must pay.

We therefore should and we must protect ourselves and our customers or we will be submerged in the welter of pressure groups which under present political conditions so strongly influence legislative action at all levels. Why is there anything wrong with such a policy? Why should we have any fear of embarking on it?

It has been most gratifying to read the announcement of the Gulf Oil Corporation, as stated by Mr. Archie Gray, of their intent to enter politics for this purpose. Let us hope that other companies follow suit so that the public may know that we are no longer apologists, but able and willing to take a position and defend it against all comers.

It seems to me an essential part of Industry's program to encourage all companies to take a similar position and emplement it with direct and positive action and, furthermore, there is no reason why we should not mobilize the industry for such purpose.

I have attempted to determine from typical companies a measure of the present political activities of their employees in terms of elective and appointive offices such as members of City Councils, County Commissioners, members of school boards and the various commissions and advisory boards which are a part of government.

I have been unable to obtain dependable statistics, but I find the numbers of people surprisingly large.

Likewise I could find no consistent pattern in company policy—some companies openly encourage such participation, some actually discourage it, and I believe the majority take no stated position.

It would seem wise for all companies not only to follow Gulf's lead, but to openly encourage their employees who are qualified to seek such participation and to assist them in every reasonable way.

I AM convinced by my own experience in political matters that the women of our country are, or are rapidly becoming *the* dominant political force. There are over 100,000 women directly employed in the petroleum industry. I am aware that it is not the purpose of the Desk and Derrick to propagandize or electioneer, but I would like to suggest to you as individual members of the petroleum industry, as fellow oil workers, if you please, and as individual citizens of this country of ours, and in the fulfillment of your own purpose as stated in your By-Laws, that you give careful consideration to these two areas: the "human relations" side of the petroleum industry, and active, personal participation in politics. If each one of you could see your way clear to learn as much as you can of the "human relation" activities of the oil industry, of the people in your community and aggressively publicize those activities to your friends and neighbors—if each of you could see your way clear to participate more actively in politics with an eye toward defending this industry of ours from the demagogues who are attacking us—I know your combined accomplishments would be great indeed.

Examples—precinct work—door-bell ringing—not partisan but American.

I am not asking you at this time to go as far as Lady Godiva. You may recall that she had a measure of protection in her "long flowing tresses." The short hair of the present mode imposes added problems. But if it does take action as drastic as hers, you have my solemn promise that I will be right in there with you doing my level best to emulate Emperor Nero on my musical saw.



1 A FLURRY of activity surrounds loading operations. The cargo of sweaters, sandwiches and blankets is sufficient for two-week cruise



FAMILY



With Father a



2 SHOVING off is accomplished in a welter of misdirected assistance.



3 OFF-SHORE uncertainties are reflected in the kids' faces when they discover they are away from solid ground



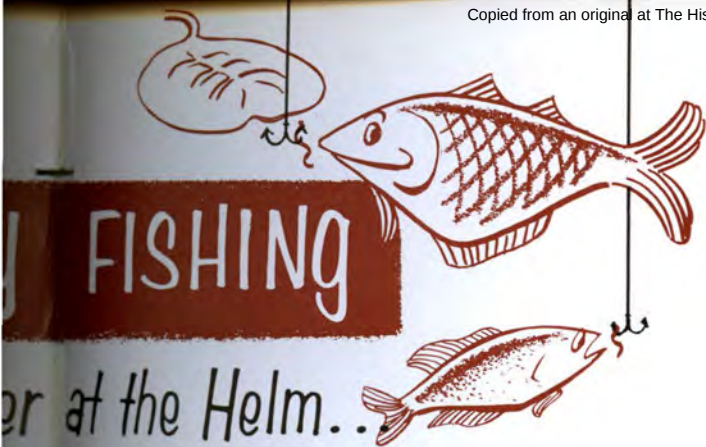
5 A FOREST of fishpoles suddenly seem to congregate at one end of the boat but as yet the only thing caught is lily pads



6 SURPRISE catch — mama's slacks—brings a startled scream guaranteed to spook any fish in the vicinity



9 ATTEMPTS to retrieve a hook hung on a log can very easily result in father's going for a quick swim—unintentionally



4 ANCHORAGE at the fishing hole finds father busy worming all poles while the kids inquire: "Where's all the fish? We wanna see some fish!"



7 LUNCHTIME brings a rush to the vittles, upsetting any plans father may have had for latching onto a stray fish



10 WET clothes and chilling winds bring out the blankets. The long row home is accompanied by Junior's persistent "but I wanna catch a fish!"

By ERIC WAHLEEN

ENCIRCLED by the confining space of a ten-foot rowboat, a family fishing expedition has all the intriguing aspects of a family picnic or a day at the beach, plus some antics peculiar to fishin' fun in a family way.

Father, accustomed ordinarily to fishing in lonely solitude, will suddenly find himself captain of an enthusiastically complex organization.

He will discover that wiggly worms make mother shudder, while kids have a fascinating tendency to wander with nonchalant sure-footedness regardless of their surroundings.

Though there may be enough poles for everybody, he (and he alone) is expected to re-worm all hooks waved in front of his nose.

Events, confined to such a small space, will find father putting his foot in the lunchbox, the tackle-box and on the dog's tail in rapid succession.

Few fish will be caught and quiet will never reign for long, but everybody has fun and there are no complaints—except by junior when it's time to go home.



8 ROWING lessons brings out father's ability as a coxswain, though he's more likely to find himself in a circle of confusion trying to separate oars from children





A little fellow aged five wondered why one of his aunts, who had been married two years, had no child, while several other aunts had at least one. So he asked her.

"I've been looking for a baby in the cabbage patch," she explained, "but I haven't found one yet."

"Well, if that's the way you're going about it, no wonder you ain't got none," the youngster replied with a scornful look.

Lulu wants to know how to make friends and influential people.

Little Jimmie: "Mama, is there really a Santa Claus?"

Mama: "No, dear; it's really your father."

Little Jimmie: "Mama, is there a stork?"

A recent survey shows that while old folks prefer mild winters, young married couples like nice springs.

The radio announcer at Hialeah Race Track announced that Mrs. Whitney's Fuzzy Wuzzy had been scratched. Mrs. Whitney protested, so he came back on the air to announce: "Mrs. Whitney's Fuzzy Wuzzy had not been scratched—in fact, had never been entered."

Two elderly spinsters bought a farm and went to see the farmer about stocking it with chickens.

Timidly they said they wanted 500 hens and 500 roosters.

The amazed farmer explained that 50 roosters would be sufficient for 500 hens.

Embarrassed and blushing modestly, the elder spinster spoke up determinedly and said, "No, we want 500 hens and 500 roosters. We know what it means to be lonesome!"

In order to break her little Mary of her habit of thumb-sucking, mama said: "If you don't stop sucking your thumb you'll swell up and bust!"

This had a sobering effect on the young lady. A short time later some ladies met at Mary's home, among them a young matron about to become a mother. Mary, studying the lady's figure, blurted: "I know what you've been doing."

Gals begin life by resisting a man's advances and wind up by blocking his retreat.

A lady from Holland was such an expert knitter that she always looked for unusual sweater patterns to try. One evening at dinner in a Chinese restaurant, she was intrigued with the Chinese characters on the menu. She took the menu home, and set about her knitting.

The result was a black sweater with white Chinese characters running from the shoulder to the waist. With her blond hair she looked very attractive in it and she was delighted.

Then one day she met a friend who knew Chinese. He roared with laughter. The Chinese characters, so skillfully knitted, spelled out:

"This dish is cheap but delicious."

Girl: "If I get hold of my roommate, I'll brain her!"

Another girl: "What's she done now?"

Girl: "I asked her to entertain my boyfriend while I dressed—and she did—and then he was too tired to take me out!"

A minister was accustomed to reading his sermons, which he placed on the pulpit about half an hour before the church service. One young member of the congregation noted this

habit, and one day before the congregation arrived, he removed the last page from the manuscript.

The minister read the sermon, as usual. The last line of what was now the final page had these words, "So Adam said to Eve . . ."

Lifting the page, there was, of course, no following page. He rifled through the other pages a moment, gained a little time by repeating, "So Adam said to Eve . . ." and then in a low voice, but one which the amplifying system carried to every part of the room, added ". . . there seems to be a leaf missing."

Sue: "Did going to night school improve your boy friend's English?"

Lou: "No, he still ends every sentence with a proposition."

In explaining her family status, the applicant for work as a maid, said: "All told I've got five chillun; two by my first husban', one by the husban' I've got now, and two by myself."

It was George Bernard Shaw who made this observation about the marriage ceremony:

"When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive and most transient passion, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal and exhausting condition until death do them part."

One of the inducements offered by a resort hotel was a sign in the lobby: "Newlyweds treated with studied neglect."

Sweet Young Wife: "Now over there we'll have a love seat, and over here we'll have a love seat, and over in the corner we'll have a love seat."

Tired Groom: "My word dear, then why call this a living room?"

Sweet Young Wife: "Well, if that isn't living, I don't know what it is!"

A pretty and popular young teacher announced her engagement. Fellow teachers and pupils heaped good wishes upon her but she was hardly prepared for a note from one eight-year-old which read: "Dear Miss Smith, I hope you have a happy and sexfull married life. Mary."

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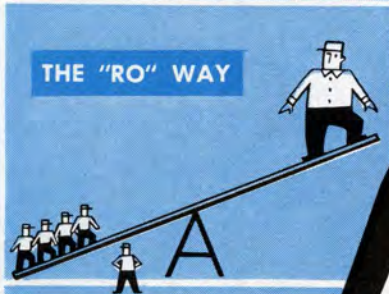
LUFKIN Initiative

SCORES AGAIN! . . . WITH THE NEW

TROUT "RO" Series COUNTERBALANCED CRANK*



THE OLD WAY

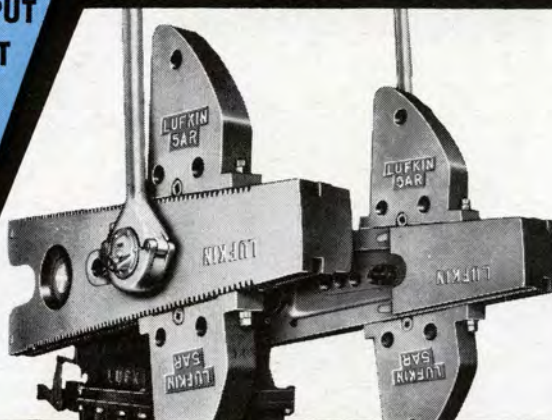


THE "RO" WAY

IT'S WHERE YOU PUT
THE WEIGHT THAT
GETS RESULTS.

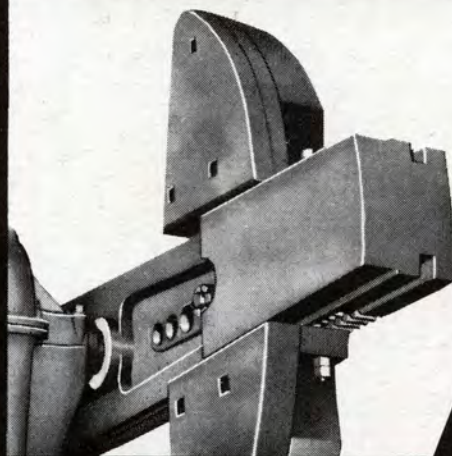


Larger
counterweights
for above average
requirements.
Increased thickness
at end of crank for
extra counterbalance.



Smaller counterweights
are interchangeable on
the same cranks for
reduced counterbalance
requirements.

*** OFFERS
MORE EFFECTIVE
COUNTERBALANCE
FOR LESS WEIGHT**

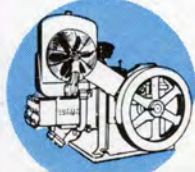


Extra space for
thicker weights allows
greater weight concen-
tration at outer end of
crank. Thick or thin
auxiliary weights for
greater counterbalance
flexibility.

You Can Relax
When Your Lease
Is **LUFKIN
EQUIPPED**



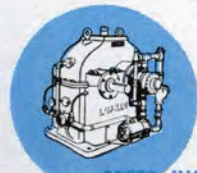
PUMPING UNITS



GAS ENGINES



TRAILERS



SPEED INCREASERS
AND REDUCERS

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LUFKIN, TEXAS

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Lufkin equipment in Canada is handled by

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