



CYR

THE *Luffkin* LINE

JULY-AUGUST • 1962



This would be a fine old world if all men showed as much patience all the time as they do when waiting for a fish to bite.

— *Sunshine Magazine*



MACHINERY DIVISION

Sales and Service Offices

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



JULY • AUGUST, 1962
Volume 37 Number 4

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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and Oilfield Sales Manager
C. D. Richards, Assistant
Oilfield Sales Manager



TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED



BIG SUR sugar loaf rests in the background as the sunset turns surf to white fire



BIG SUR Country

By Aylsworth Kleihauer

*There are 91 bargain miles
from San Simeon to Monterey*

IF YOU are driving north on California State Highway #1 and suddenly discover on the ridge of the hills to your right, a fantastic, tower-studded castle that looks like something created by Hans Christian Andersen, you're there!

It's the Hearst Castle, the beginning of a fabulous 91 mile stretch of folded coastline loaded with lures for the camper, rockhound, fisherman, skin diver, photographer, naturalist, historian, art connoisseur and gourmet.

At San Simeon, a State Park offers ocean edge camping for \$1. Motels start their doubles at \$9. With the help of a State Historical Monument guide, you can have a look at Mr. Hearst's unbelievable treasures, along with a four-mile round trip bus ride up to the castle and back at \$2 for adults, \$1 for children.

For those not interested in castle clambering, a stop at the San Simeon grocery store affords an examination of chunks of rhodenite and jade which have been found nearby. It will give you some idea of what to look for on your way northward.

In case you already know and can't wait to get into your diving gear, go up the coast past Piedras



SPECTACULAR Monterey pines make their last stand at Point Lobos state park

JADE COVE is a typical chunk of Big Sur coastline

Blancas Light. The low lying shore gives easy access to the ocean and according to the San Joaquin Sports Divers, there is plenty of abalone and some jade if you look for it.

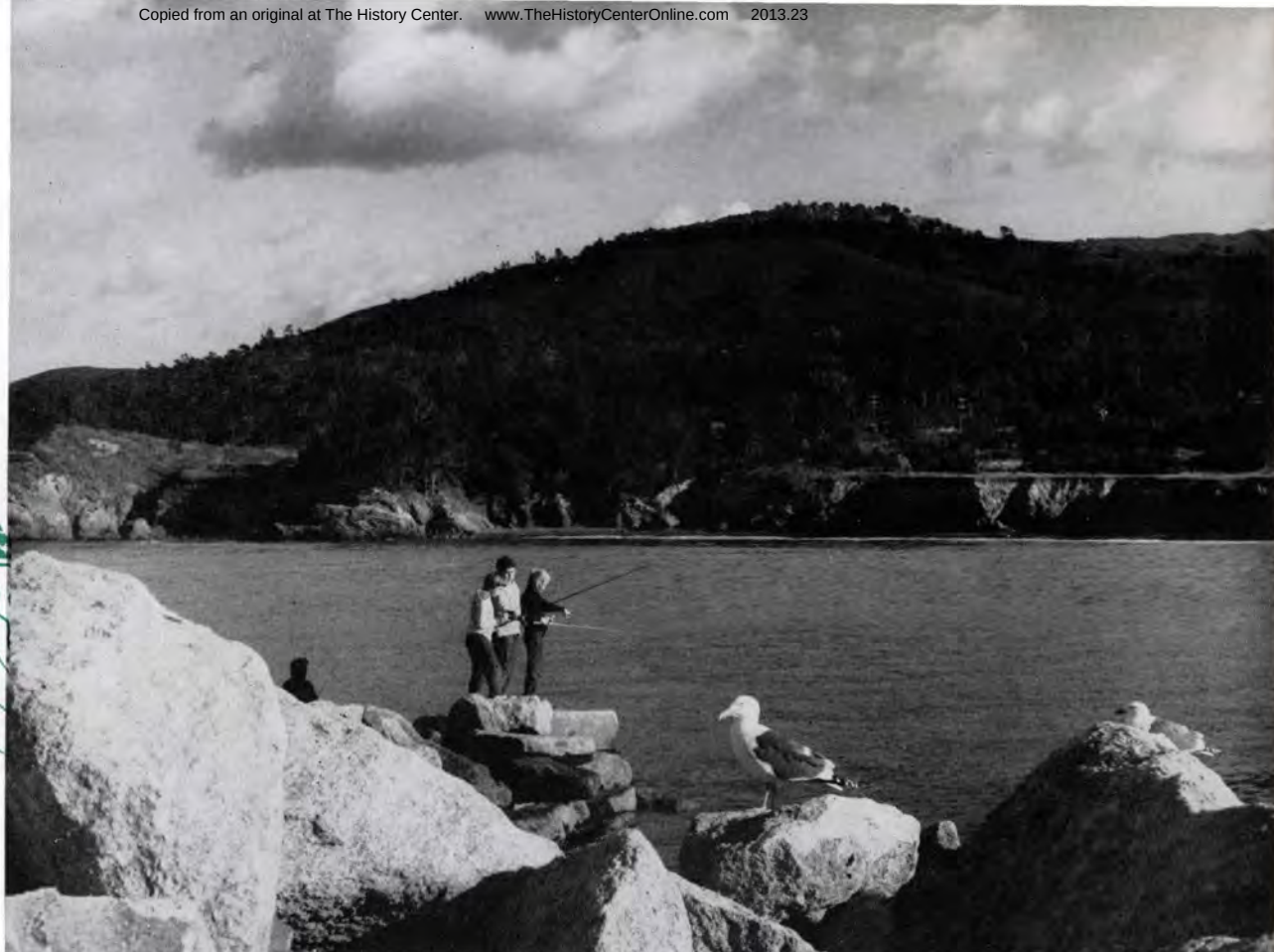
But aqua lungs aren't the only way to go for interesting rock. Lime kiln Creek and Jade Cove offer beachcombing possibilities, and near the Cove is another State Park where campsites are available.

By now the highway winds like a contour line along the edge of ridges that dip abruptly into the sea like folds of emerald suede with worn spots buffed brown by the wearing weather. In the canyon creases, fur and pine add embroidered texture ornamented by an occasional waterfall giving the effect of some Norse fabric woven for colder climes. Now you are nearing the Big Sur country.

Soon the road leaves the ocean to plunge down into a warm, back valley where the southern-most grove of redwoods stands, but for a last look at the sea stop at Nepenthe Restaurant, perched on a wooded promontory that offers an incomparable view of the coastline. Hamburger sounds commonplace but it's not when Nepenthe serves it. Here,



SAN JOAQUIN Sport Divers go for abalone and jade near Piedras Blancas Light



SEA GULLS wait patiently for the fisherman's discards at Whaler's Cove

succulent, ground sirloin is a gourmet's delight and tables are placed to make the most of the scenery.

Two miles farther among the giant trees, Pfeiffer-Big Sur State Park has cabins, and 218 campsites, plus a restaurant and grocery. It's a top spot for an overnight stop but if you are planning to stay, get there early. The evening campfires under the auspices of the Ranger-Naturalists are an excellent introduction to the redwoods. During the day there are planned hikes, or if you prefer, a swimming pool and stream for your pleasure.

Leaving the redwoods, the road curves back to the ocean, past a dramatic sugar loaf that holds Big Sur Light, where, in the afternoon, the glinting sun makes white fire on the surf.

Then comes Point Lobos. This "natural museum" is unique in the coastal areas presided over by the California Division of Beaches and Parks. Called by the Spanish, "Point of the Sea-Wolves," its wide variety of natural offerings in so small a space has made it necessary to restrict visitors to picnicking only. Strenuous effort is made to keep it as close to its original state as possible.

Here is one of the few remaining groves of Monterey Cypress. Like ancient weathered crones from another world they stand precariously on the

broken cliffs above the pounding waves, as if to defy the ocean in the constant conflict between sea and land.

Cormorants, pelicans and gulls make Point Lobos their home, and if you arrive during the winter months of January and February, the spout of gray whales can be seen off shore as they move in migratory schools to warmer water.

At Whaler's Cove the fishing is good and if you don't care for what you catch, there are plenty of gulls who wait willingly for handouts.

Northward, five miles along the edge of Carmel Bay, the picture postcard town of Carmel with its innumerable art shops and galleries serves as a refuge for retired Californians. There are good cabin and motel accommodations and first rate eating places, but few of them serve breakfast so we recommend Monterey, two miles farther on for the final overnight stop.

Between the two is the famous Pebble Beach Golf course and its 17-Mile Drive. If you are wondering how a 17-mile road can get between towns only two miles apart it should be explained that the Drive follows the serrated edge of the Monterey Peninsula with many turns and windings, while the main highway takes a shortcut across the neck of jutting land.



MONTEREY fishing fleet rides at anchor off the pier where seafood restaurants serve excellent meals

The 75-cent fee for the longer drive, all of it on private property, meanders through some of the most beautiful park land and estates to be seen anywhere on the Pacific coast. Besides, there's always the chance that you will see some film star slicing a golf ball into the surf while offshore, a noisy audience of sea lions bark a chorus or raucous comment.

Monterey, the early capital of California, is an appropriate climax to the 91 miles. Here the historian comes into his own. This once Spanish town holds nine historically important buildings including the Old Customs House, the R. L. Stevenson House, and California's first theatre, which still gives plays during the summer week-ends. The oldest, the Sobreanes Adobe, dates from 1830.

If you find the motel tariff in Monterey a little steep, a short drive along the north of the peninsula leads to Pacific Grove where, because of the extra mile or so, rooms are quite reasonable.

But eating must be done in Monterey. For a three-way variety we recommend Neil De Vaughn's steaks and lobster thermidor down on Cannery Row, the Ginza near Monterey Pier for tempura and sukiyaki, and two miles north of town, Villa Caruso's for delicious Italian cuisine. There are many more and good meals are available at reasonable prices. Several seafood places on the pier offer everything from fish and chips to full course dinners of excellent quality.

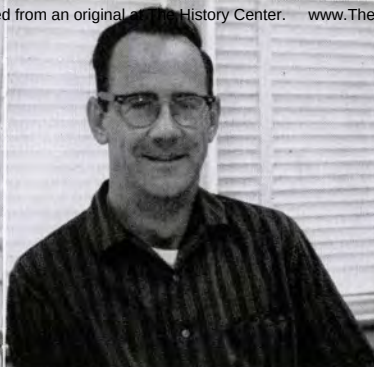
When you are touring near the edge of the Pacific, whatever you do, don't cheat yourself by missing the 91 miles between San Simeon and Monterey. It would be hard to find more beautiful travel for your mileage and money.

BEACHCOMBING at lime kiln creek yields interesting rock and sometimes jade





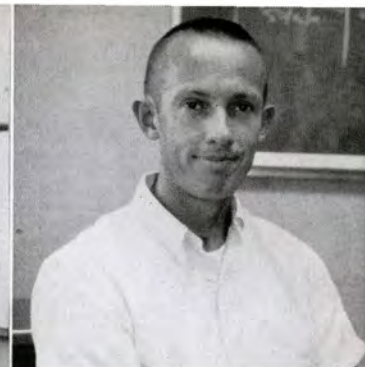
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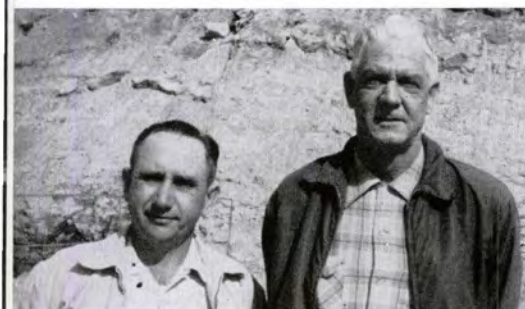
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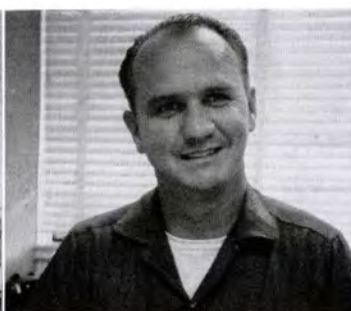
DUKE DAVIS, left,
CARL KING, both with Standard Oil Co.
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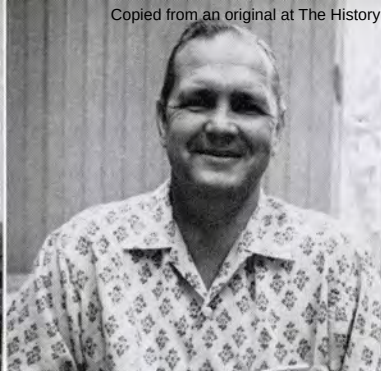
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AL McCONVILLE, left, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. and C. K. McCROSKEY,
Shell Oil Co., Dominguez, Calif.



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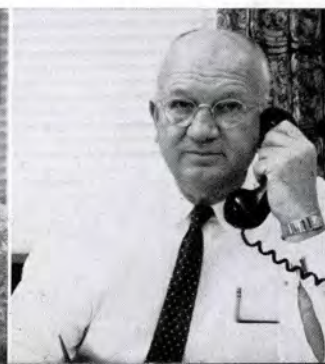
GENE ROSEN
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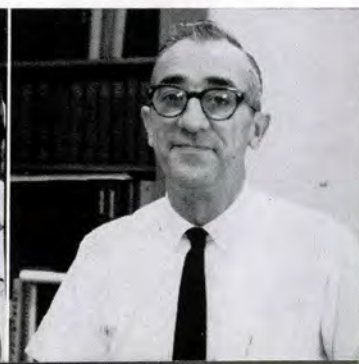
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GLENN HENDERSON, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

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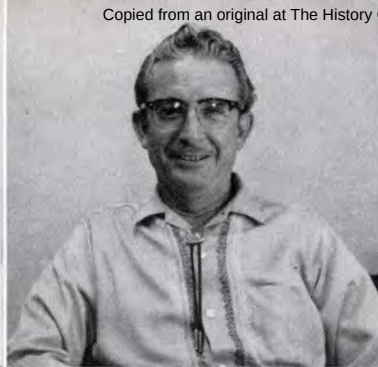


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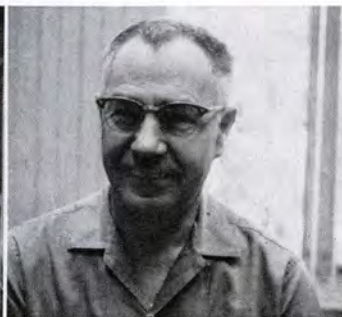
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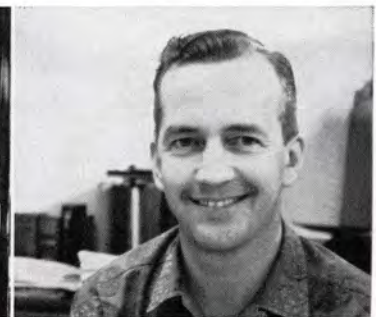
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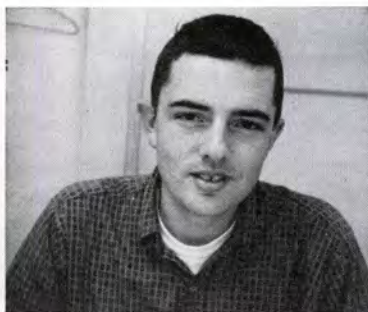
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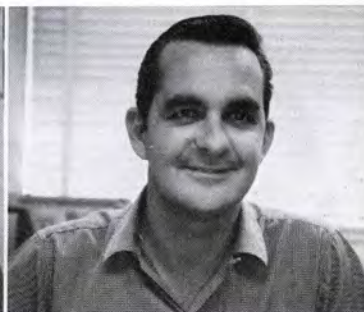
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ED MILLARD
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Los Angeles, Calif.

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Long Beach, Calif.



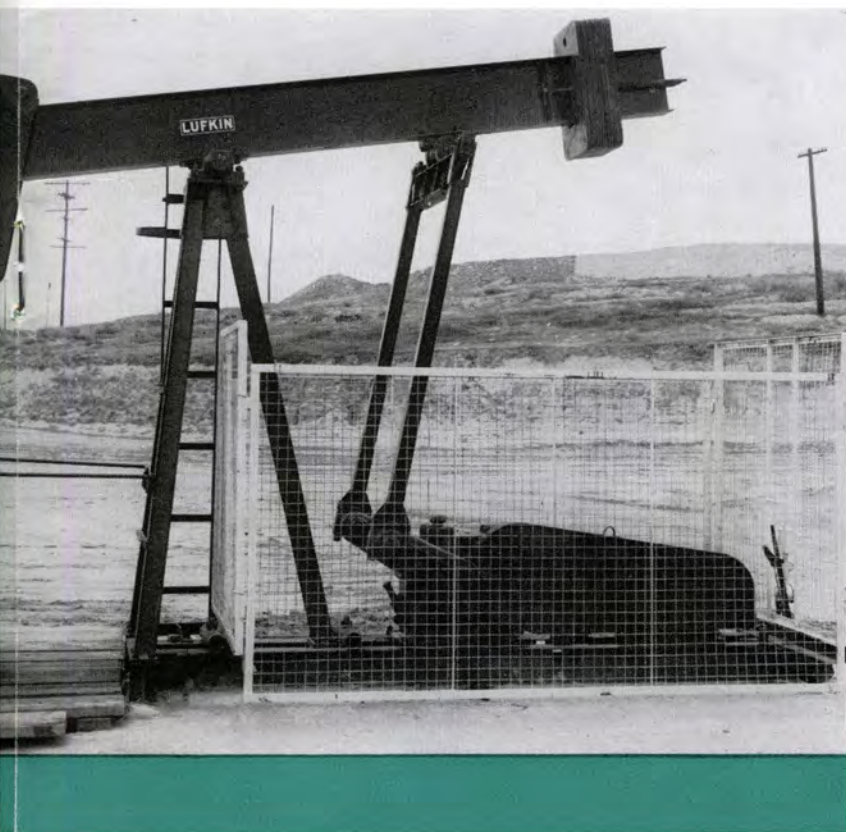


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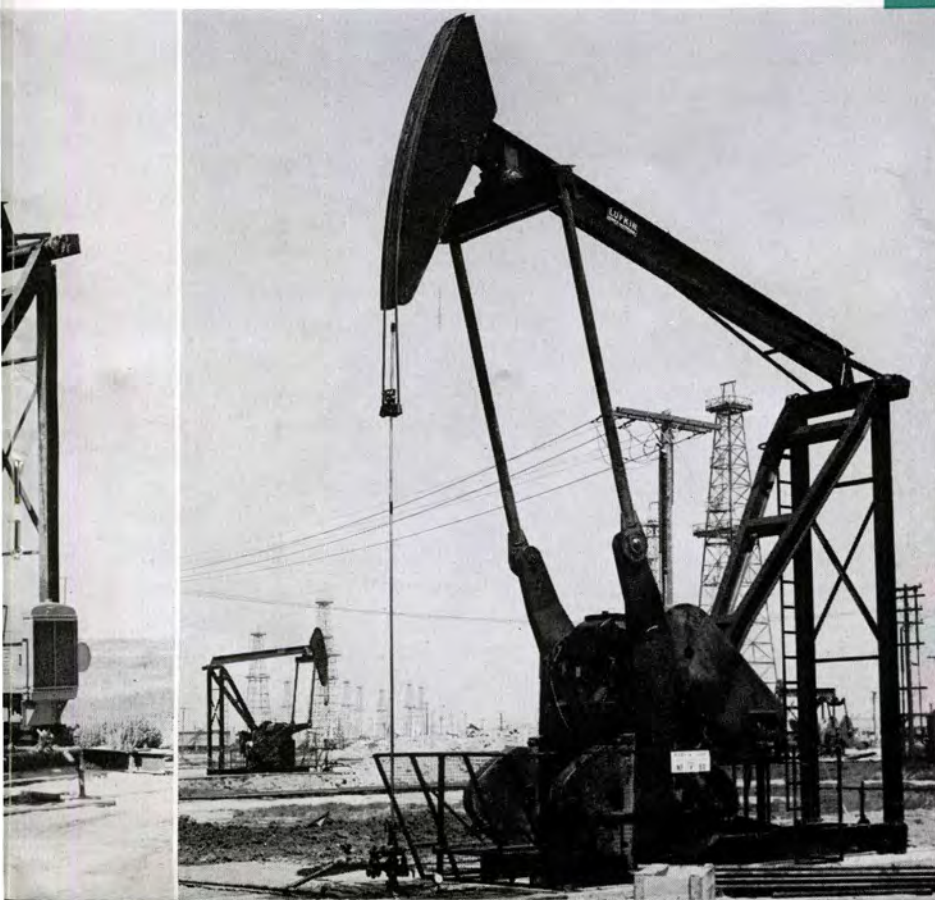
LUFKIN inst

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3

- 1 LUFKIN M-320D-256-144, Continental Oil Company, Seal Beach, California.
- 2 LUFKIN B-25D-36-7.6C Unit, Standard Oil Company, Kern River Field, Kern County, California.
- 3 LUFKIN M-912-304-168, Shell Oil Company, Dominguez, California.
- 4 LUFKIN M-160D-200-86, Mobil Oil Company, Torrance, California.
- 5 LUFKIN M-640D-304-144, Signal Oil & Gas Company, Huntington Beach, California.
- 6 LUFKIN M-320D-256-144, Continental Oil Company, Seal Beach, California.

6



JAMES H. RECORD, owner and manager

NOT THE BIGGEST, BUT THE BEST...

SIZE does not always determine worth as evidenced by the slogan of Record Truck Line of Henderson, Tennessee.

"Not the Biggest but the Best" is the creed adhered to by this Company's officers and employees.

Owned and operated by James H. Record, this truck line is only five years old. In 1957, Mr. Record went into business with one truck and trailer which he drove himself. Today, he operates 25 units, many of which are LUFKIN trailers.

"We believe our rapid growth," comments Mr. Record, "stems from our efforts to satisfy customers and to keep our equipment modern and efficient." He added that particular attention is given in the selection of drivers, and no truck in the fleet is more than five years old.

Record Truck Line's specialty is transporting baled cotton, potatoes, corn and all exempt commodities. Their territory includes Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Ohio, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Connecticut, Maryland, Michigan, Virginia, West Virginia, and Mississippi.

Currently, Record Truck Line is in an expansion program and in the near future they will have additional equipment to serve better their customers. LUFKIN recently furnished the line with seven new flat trailers.

Mr. Record is assisted in his management of Record Truck Line by James Wamble, assistant manager; Mrs. James Record, secretary; Mrs. A. C. Sherrill, dispatcher; and A. C. Sherrill, shop manager.



Left to right: **MRS. JAMES RECORD**, secretary; **JAMES WAMBLE**, assistant manager; and **MRS. A. C. SHERRILL**, dispatcher



A. C. SHERRILL, shop manager, keeps Record's fleet in top shape to give peak performance
RECORD Truck Line's fleet includes many LUFKIN trailers





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Builders Ready Mix Concrete
Abilene, Texas



ELDON BUSH
McAlister Trucking Co.
Abilene, Texas



BOB WILLIAMS
Paymaster Oil Mill
Abilene, Texas



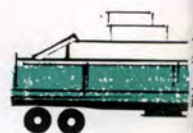
JAKE BILLINGSLEY,
A. L. Trowbridge Trucking,
Abilene, Texas



GEORGE MILLER, Houston, Texas, left;
FRAZER BAKER, Whales Trucking Co., Houston, Texas;
BILL EZELL, Wales Trucking Co., Houston, Texas

HERE and

among



TRUCK



BILL EZELL
Wales Trucking Co.
Houston, Texas



ROY E. YOUNT
Rey Transport Trucking Co.
Big Piney, Wyoming



SANDY SANDERSON
Wales Trucking Co.
Houston, Texas

JAMES F. LANDON
Wales Trucking Co.
Houston, Texas

BUNK TURNER
San Angelo, Texas

OTIS STOWE
H. O. Wooten Grocer Co.
Abilene, Texas

JOHNNY (Country Boy) MOORE
Anson, Texas

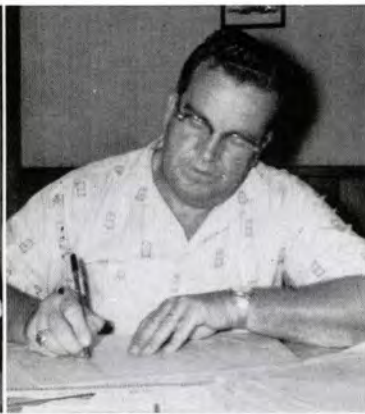
JEAN SADLER
Caprock Materials
Snyder, Texas

O. B. HERRIN
Gulf Coast Express Inc.
Houston, Texas





PAUL GRAHAM
McAlister Trucking Co.
Abilene, Texas



H. O. FLANNAGAN
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Abilene, Texas



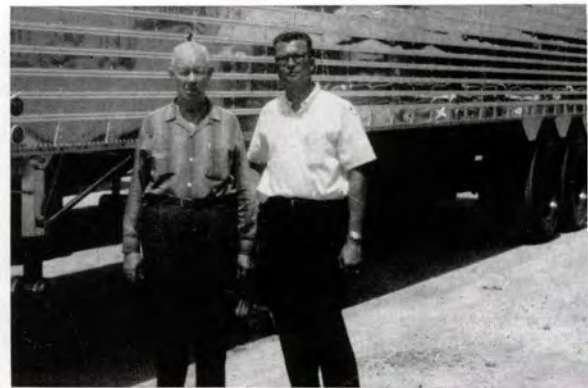
JERRY DON HUDSON
Southwestern Leasing
Anson, Texas



GENE RHODES
Gull Transportation Inc.
Houston, Texas



ROY CLINE
Houston Chronicle Pub. Co.
Houston, Texas



**ARCH SURLES, left, and
R. L. SURLES, Surles Motor Freight Inc.,
Houston, Texas**



CHARLIE TRICKEY
Paymaster Feed Mills
Abilene, Texas



CHARLES WINN
Paymaster Oil Mills
Abilene, Texas



**ROBERT E. BROWN, Gull Transportation
Inc., Houston, Texas, left; WALT GREEN,
International Harvester, Houston, Texas**

PAUL POWERS
Abilene Brick Co.
Abilene, Texas



ROY STARR
Bill Taylor Insured Truckers
San Angelo, Texas



E. D. DEVENPORT
Brady, Texas



CLIFFORD RHODES
Paymaster Oil Mill
Abilene, Texas



FRISCO's famous



FISHING fleet at Fisherman's Wharf. Coit Tower stands in the background



BAY FERRIES cruise the waterfront providing views of Alcatraz and Treasure Islands, Oakland and Golden Gate bridges

Fisherman's Wharf...

By Christopher Crandall

TIDY rows of brightly-painted fishing boats . . . the pungent, tantalizing aroma of steamed crab and salt air . . . a giant bridge which points the way to the Pacific Northwest—these are Fisherman's Wharf, mecca for tourist and San Franciscan.

The Wharf lies in the shadow of the monolithic Golden Gate Bridge and the innocuous-looking Federal prison for incorrigibles—Alcatraz Island—at the northern tip of the peninsula. It is second to none of San Francisco's many enticements for charm, color and impeccably-prepared seafood.

From downtown San Francisco, the Powell Street cable car makes the trip to the Wharf in 15 minutes, and those who have never ridden the rumbling relics of a bygone era count the quarter-hour journey among their most memorable experiences. Breathtaking glimpses of Nob Hill, Russian Hill,

Coit Tower and the Oakland Bay Bridge—with a brief tour of Chinatown thrown in—are included in the 15¢ fare.

The cable car lurches to a stop two blocks from the Wharf. Traversing this short distance is like stepping from the main thoroughfare of any metropolitan city into an exotic foreign port. This is typical of San Francisco . . . the city of contrasts.

The heart of the Wharf District is a hodge-podge of odors, strident-voiced fish vendors and shrieking seagulls which follow the fishing fleet inland each afternoon. Clustered along the narrow, bazaar-like sidewalks are huge, steaming vats where native crab and lobster are cooked by the current generation of a century-old Italian dynasty. Here, a whole lobster can be had for around \$2.00. Prawns from Baja, California, bring \$1.40 a pound; crabs, \$1.50 each and clams go for a mere 40¢ a pound.

ALONG the wharf, fishermen's nets are dried in the afternoon sun





WALKWAY along the Wharf provides tantalizing aromas of steamed crab and opportunities to purchase many varieties of seafood

Just beyond the crowded walkways and hemmed in between souvenir shops are some of America's best seafood restaurants. Alioto's serves a succulent fish smorgasborg; Exposition Fish Grotto built a reputation on friend prawns; Castagnolas is noted for lobster thermidor and stuffed turbot, and Fisherman's Grotto No. 9 for cioppino—a delicious fish stew. Lunch at any Wharf restaurant never exceeds \$2.50 per person; dinner averages \$3.50.

All the Wharf restaurants have two things in common—excellent cuisine and spectacular views of the Wharf and harbor.

November through August is the crab season in San Francisco. In the fog-shrouded, predawn hours, the crab fishermen head out through the Golden Gate to the crab grounds three miles beyond. About two in the afternoon, the air is rent with the doleful cries of the seagull escort as the fleet pulls into the Wharf, laden with the day's catch. The rest of the afternoon is spent haggling with the sharp-tongued fish buyers. The return of the fishing fleet is a sight well worth seeing and one of the most colorful pageants San Francisco has to offer.

The great salmon runs outside the mouth of the Golden Gate come in March, April, August and September. During these months, commercial fishing boats play host to the horde of sport fishermen who hanker to tangle with the game salmon. The average cost per person for a morning's angling is \$3.00, which usually includes *cioppino* and red wine.

If you are interested in sightseeing, you can hitch an hour-long ride on one of the bayferries for \$1.50. This is what you will see:

ALCATRAZ ISLAND. "The Rock," it is called by its tenants. Its pastel cellblocks and guard's quarters are slightly incongruous with the sinister purpose of the island. Alcatraz began its career as a Spanish fort. It became a prison for the first time in 1859, and was once used to lodge military prisoners. It became a Federal penitentiary in 1933. Some of America's most notorious underworld figures have sojourned on the island—Chicago's czar of bootlegging and organized crime, "Scarface" Al Capone, for one, and the mad-dog killer, "Machine-Gun Kelly," for another.

TREASURE ISLAND. Currently a Naval station, this is the largest man-made island in the world.



BALCLUTHA, once the pride of the Pacific, is now a marine museum

OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE. This $8\frac{1}{2}$ -mile-long, \$80,000,000 bridge links the cities of Oakland and San Francisco and is the longest bridge in the world.

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. By far, the most famous and probably the most beautiful bridge in the United States. The view of metropolitan San Francisco and surrounding areas from the Golden Gate is breathtaking.

COIT TOWER. During the lusty Gold Rush days, this 210-ft. tower was used as a semaphore station to signal to the town the arrival of ships through the Golden Gate.

Some of the rich history which made the Barbary Coast famous in legend and song can be seen on *Balclutha*—one of the two remaining square-rigged schooners which plied the Pacific waters.

Balclutha made her maiden voyage in 1887, and was retired in 1930, except for brief appearances in such movies as "Mutiny on the Bounty." Now completely restored, *Balclutha* is permanently anchored at Fisherman's Wharf as a marine museum (admission 75¢).

Much has changed at Fisherman's Wharf since its birth over a century ago. The Barbary Coast has faded into the past and with it the tales of rowdy seamen of a dozen nations who drank hard, fought hard and loved hard in her saloons and dancehalls.

But little has changed in the daily routine of those who take their living from the sea. The weather-beaten fishermen rise in the early morning hours when the fishing is best and mend their nets in the warm afternoon sun, sip their red wine and swap yarns about the "one that got away," as did their fathers and grandfathers before them.



An engaging but somewhat vacant young girl we met recently thought "vice versa" meant dirty poems.

He: "Any nice girls in this town?"

She: "Yes. Every one of them."

He: "How far is it to the next town?"

Carol was furious when she came home unexpectedly and caught her Harry in bed with a lady midget.

"You promised me two weeks ago that you would never cheat on me again," she stormed.

Harry shrugged his shoulders and murmured airily, "Well, as you can see, I'm tapering off."

"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, last night I found a new route."

In the "Personals" column of the Want Ads in an Oregon newspaper: "Joe W. Get in touch with me at once. Bring three rings—engagement, wedding and teething. Have news for you. Betty."

Engagement: An urge on the verge of a merge.

Ida, the office idiot asks, "Now that I've got a living bra, what do I feed it?"

A young man entered a crowded subway train and was forced to stand next to a lovely young girl for 20 subway stations. They were bounced about at very close quarters, for the duration of the trip. Finally, the subway arrived at the man's destination.

As he made for the door, he turned to the girl and said, "Madam, here is my card . . . just in case."

In the traditional ocean-liner interview, the reporter said to the glamorous movie queen: "I understand you were courted by many European noblemen during your four weeks abroad."

"That's right honey," she replied, smiling into the flashing cameras. "I managed to make every second count."

A Fireman's life
Is far from drear,
Now that nighties
Are made so sheer.

In these days of low-cut gowns, tightly-fitting waists and sheer stockings, it takes will power for a man to look a woman in the eye.

"I'm beginning to suspect that your mother has a low opinion of me," complained the bridegroom.

"Why do you say that, dear?"

"The towels she gave us are marked Hers and Its."

All it really takes to separate the men from the boys is girls.

This story will be a little difficult to check for accuracy but we've been told it's the absolute truth. On Guadalcanal during World War II, Navy doctors and nurses gloated over the case of a certain admiral who, bedded snugly in a Navy hospital with nothing worse than athlete's foot and non-critical complications, spent his time chasing nurses, "pulling rank" on enlisted patients and harassing the overworked medical staff. This went on until the day an enterprising young seaman inmate borrowed a surgical gown, cap and face mask, swept into the admiral's room with a brisk "Good Morning," glanced at

the chart, ordered the patient over on his stomach and proceeded to take his temperature.

Before he could finish the job, however, the man in white explained that he had another urgent case to attend to and left, gravely warning the grumbling seadog not to move until his return.

One hour later the nurse, making her rounds, froze in consternation on the officer's threshold. "Admiral!" she gasped. "What . . . what happened?"

"Taking my temperature," the admiral growled. "Anything unusual about taking an admiral's temperature?"

"N-no, sir," the startled nurse managed to reply, "but, Admiral—with a *daffodil*?"

Sign in a lingerie shop calling attention to a new type of brassiere: "This is the real decoy."

We Are Sorry For:

The Eskimo whose wife left him cold . . .

The near-sighted glow-worm who made love to a cigarette . . .

The gal who had to be home by eleven, and went nuts trying to watch four hands . . .

The deep sea diver who was coming up and met his ship coming down . . .

The gal who ate strawberries and
then made rash promises . . .

Confucius Say: Woman who sit on jelly roll—get fanny in jam.

The conference of ministers was almost over when a young ordained member arose to move a vote of thanks to wives holding the fort at home.

"While I am here enjoying this spiritual feast," he said, "I cannot help being moved with gratitude for the faithful work of my own wife, back at my little church, bravely carrying on with the deacons."

A kiss is a peculiar proposition: of no use to one, the absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; to an old maid, charity.

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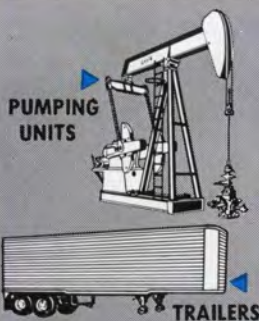
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