



THE *Lufkin* **LINE**

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER • 1965

**"If a man could have half his wishes,
he would double his troubles."
*Benjamin Franklin***



OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

THE *Lufkin* LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

MID-CONTINENT DIVISION ISSUE

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TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED

NEW MEXICO'S Wilderness SUBURB

By DUDLEY M. LYNCH

TWO DECADES have elapsed since Los Alamos, birthplace of the atomic bomb, became a common word in America's vocabulary. In the intervening years, this awesome unleashing of nuclear forces has wrought monumental changes for mankind. But here where it all began, the cragged canyons of the Atomic City, its serrated mesas, mountain melanges, exquisitely jeweled skies and great swatches of color regale, as always, only a few visitors wend their way back into the blue, silhouetted Jemez Mountains of New Mexico.

We undertook the serpentine journey to Los Alamos for the first time last summer, and in doing so, joined a surprisingly low number of Southwestern travelers who have partaken of these splendid mountain vistas. That day we departed Santa Fe on U.S. Highway 64, a modern, four-lane ribbon to the north. We were still drowsy from—for us—an early start. The Hill bewilderingly uses daylight saving time in season, and Santa Feans were yet stretching and sipping coffee when we topped the first foothill.

But you don't stay somnolent long—not north of Santa Fe!

We turned onto State Highway 4, the "highway of the atom," at Pojoaque, a small community which lies at the foot of the beautiful Santa Fe Marl—an elongated skeleton of high, eroded hills. U.S. 64 veers northeast, and fifty miles away lies historic Taos, a trip for another day.

Between Pojoaque and Los Alamos repose some of the Southwest's most scenic miles. More often than not, transparent cloud shadows dart silently over incredibly rugged canyons and outcroppings



THE beauty of Los Alamos reaches its pinnacle when the aspens make their golden metamorphosis in October



LONG, rambling buildings of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory sit below this Jemez Mountains promontory. A few miles farther, the mesa drops off to meet the Rio Grande

chiseled by an artist impervious to time. The perimeters are brooding mountains. Mesas surrender to arroyos lined with cottonwoods. Colors kaleidoscopically change with the zenith, but draw strength from the omnipresent reservoirs of red-browns and greens.

Before beginning the steep, winding ascent to Los Alamos' 7,300 feet, the highway drops slightly into a defile. Then it shoots out over the Rio Grande River, the legendary Rio Bravo del Norte. The muddy Rio, just starting its long, meandering journey to Brownsville, Texas, fails its name here; it's too tame.

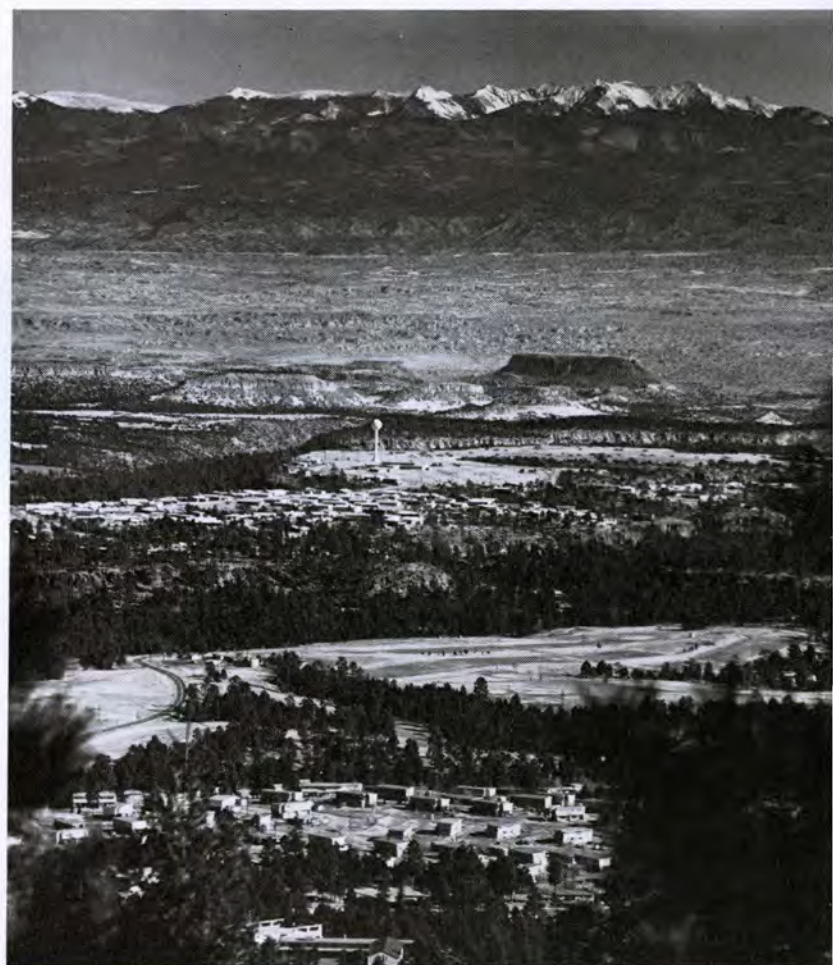
Los Alamos perches, imperceptible from below, on several finger mesas. The long, slender outcroppings are crisscrossed by row on row of simple, pastel-painted government housing, much of it apartment-style. Trees abound. The town itself is antiseptically clean—no ramshackled tenements, dowdy districts or eye-sore industries. In many ways, Los Alamos is a model suburb in a wilderness setting.

That's not to say, however, that the situation is perfect. Automobiles teem, but there are only four service stations for Los Alamos' 15,000 persons—and not a single motor company. The community has no mortuary (and only recently started a modest cemetery), no train or bus service, no bookstores, no motels, one rustic hotel and only three supermarkets (it's a double riot on double stamp day).

Well, then, is this really a city? The late writer of New York and Texas fame, Stanley Walker, once visited and remarked, "... a modest suburb, but not a city."

Los Alamos' main commodity is brain power.

PINPOINTED by the white, bulbous water tower, Los Alamos spreads out before the snow-capped Sangre de Cristos





THE Valle Grande, a vast and silent grassy basin 9000 feet high, is probably the largest volcanic crater in the

world. Nestled in colorful, canyon-slashed country above Los Alamos, the crater curves in a 50-mile circle of pristine beauty

Virtually everything else complements the University of California's scientific laboratory, contractor to the AEC. Organized in 1943, the burgeoning laboratory built the first atomic and hydrogen weapons. Nearly 500 doctors of philosophy and 3,200 others work there.

Los Alamos boasts the nation's best educated adult population and the second highest annual income per family. The townspeople (including the kids) are voracious joiners, marking membership in nearly 200 clubs—from the Cooties to Lions to Lady Bugs and, despite an utter dearth of water, a Coast Guard Auxiliary, two Naval Reserve units, a white water racing club and a scuba diving group.

The natural panorama surrounding The Hill is resplendent—come summer or winter.

At the town's edge, wildflowers burst forth each spring, reaching a florid crescendo in August—mountain sunflowers, lavender, bee-balm, daisies, Mariposa tulips. The grand finale, the transmutation of the gods, comes when the aspens don their shimmering golden mantles in October. Spectators

drive from as far as Texas for nature's fleeting pyrotechnics.

The aspens fade, it snows and the skis come out of the closets as if on signal. Los Alamos has its own ski run at the backdoor on the Jemez Mountains. Youngsters, it seems, learn to ski soon after learning to walk. Then again, some adults must learn to walk again after trying to ski!

Within a few minutes drive of the Atomic City are probably the world's largest volcanic crater, a national monument open year-round and a plethora of Santa Fe National Forest recreation areas and Indian pueblos where highly-prized pottery and dazzling trinkets are offered for sale by their makers.

Jemez Crater is 15 miles westward on paved State 4, rejoined by the Los Alamos loop six miles south of town.

Lush, verdant and wide, wide, wide, the crater's meadows are interspersed with wooded peaks, cone-shaped themselves. The Valle Grande (as the crater is often called) glistens even more in winter—a snow bedecked bowl of beauty! Fifty miles around, the crater is larger than much-publicized Ngorongoro Crater in Tanganyika. Some Valle Grande aficionados feel it is deserving of designation as a national park.

Returning from Valle Grande, visitors encounter the Bandelier National Monument turnoff 14 miles southeast of Los Alamos.

The monument's ruins were placed there, starting about 700 years ago, by Pueblo Indian émigrés. More than 100,000 people a year view



WILDFLOWERS transform the meadows surrounding Los Alamos into multi-hued carpets each spring



THE lush, meadows of the Valle Grande trade their verdant hues for the dazzling whites of mountain snow when winter comes

the tell-tale remains, the largest of which—Tyuonyi—sits near the visitor center, three miles off State Four. Operated around the calendar, the monument is a cenotaph to a civilization past.

The trip from Santa Fe out to Los Alamos—and around to its most accessible sights—requires only a few hours. You will, as did we, drive back to the nation's oldest capital with memories filled with Los Alamos' other legacy—the canyons, colors and intoxicating mountain air. Not surprisingly, we now live there.



ARCHAEOLOGISTS believe 100 Pueblo Indians lived in the 400-room circular village whose ruins are seen here. Now more than 100,000 persons annually visit this rugged canyon-crossed region near Los Alamos



DWELLINGS of the Pueblo Indians rose three and four stories high along the base of this cliff. The ruins are now preserved as part of Bandelier National Monument



FRANK HARTZOG
Gayle Toland Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



W. B. HUEBNER
Continental Oil Company
Pampa, Texas



GEORGE RICKS
Atlantic Refining Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



**SN
SH**

*by the Lufkin
Cameraman*



ROY HUGHES, left, Borger, Texas; **A. D. PICKETT**,
Pampa, Texas; both with Phillips Petroleum Co.



DON KAYS
Wichita, Kansas



Left to right: **PAUL NEWBY**, **BILL LANGLEY**, **A. F. PATTERSON**,
all with Texaco Naval Reserve Unit, Fairfax, Oklahoma



W. C. IRELAND, left, Continental Oil Co.;
STEVE GARNER, Lufkin Foundry and
Machine Co.; both in Great Bend, Kansas.



KEN FARNSWORTH
Atlantic Refining Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



Left to right: **CURTIS R. HILL**, Mobil Oil Company Oklahoma
City, Oklahoma; **LeROY TOON**, W. C. Norris Co., Great Bend,
Kansas; **EDWARD H. WHITE**, Mobil Oil Company, Wichita, Kansas



Left to right: **LONNIE LOLLAR**, Haysville, Kansas; **CHARLES SLACK**
and **GEORGE LAMB**, Wichita, Kansas; all with Kewanee Oil Co.

Left to right: **C. W. MOSIER**, Kewanee Oil Co., Wichita, Kansas;
DUB GRAY, Security Engineering Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma;
W. A. VAN HOOK, Pan American Petroleum Corp., Oklahoma City;
M. S. BEARD, Kewanee Oil Co., Shidler, Oklahoma; **PETE BLANDA**,
Kewanee Oil Co., Pampa, Texas; **DUTCH WALTERS**, Colorado Oil
& Gas Co., Liberal, Kansas.

AP-OTS



SAM D. MATTHEWS,
Cities Service Oil Co.
El Dorado, Kansas



Left to right: LELAND BANCROFT, GARY SIGLER,
ROBERT GOURLEY, all with Humble Oil and
Refining Co., Enid, Oklahoma



Left to right: ED FRANK, Aquaness Chemical Co.; TOM GORDON,
Gordon Lab, Inc.; JIM BROWN, Continental Oil Co.; all of Oklahoma
City, Oklahoma



Left to right: L. D. CARSON, Hays, Kansas; LEO ROSS,
Wichita, Kansas; O. H. KEMP, Ellingwood, Kansas; R. A. WENRICH,
Medicine Lodge, Kansas; all with Lario Oil & Gas Co.



Left to right: J. D. ALBRIGHT, Cities Service Oil Co., Bartlesville,
Oklahoma; CHARLES DYER, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Tulsa,
Oklahoma; BOB HIGGINBOTTOM, Cities Service Oil Co., Liberal,
Kansas



Left to right: K. K. KNAPP, Kewanee Oil Co., Haysville, Kansas; COOPER RICHARDS,
Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin, Texas; EARL MATTES, Continental Oil Co.,
Pampa, Texas; DON WATERS, Otis Engineering Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



Left to right: M. A. BOLICK, Cities Service Oil Co., Great Bend,
Kansas; ELDRIDGE MANNERING, Continental Oil Co., Enid, Okla-
homa; J. W. BOLICK, Continental Oil Co., Great Bend, Kansas

Below: Center front: M. J. KIHNEMAN; back row, left to right: J. M. DENNIS, P. B.
MURPHEY, V. G. JOHNSTON, C. F. BOSECKER, P. H. DAVIS; all with Texaco, Inc.,
Pampa, Texas



KEN MEYER, Naval Reserve
Unit, Kewanee Oil Co.,
Fairfax, Oklahoma





JACK HILL, left, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.; MONTE CHADD, Petroleum, Inc.; both of Great Bend, Kansas

RAY SPONEBERG, left, Pauls Valley, Oklahoma; JOE FIELDS, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; both with Sohio Oil Co.



H. P. SHACKELFORD
Tidewater Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



W. A. DeSHAZER, left, Sinclair Oil & Gas Co. Drumright, Oklahoma; HAROLD LUCCHI, Cities Service Oil Co., Great Bend, Kansas



JAMES HUTCHERSON
Cities Service Oil Co.
Augusta, Kansas



S. D. McCLOUD
Whitney Operations Company
Tulsa, Oklahoma



JOE BARTHEL, left, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Ardmore, Oklahoma; CLARENCE LEE, Smith Truck Co., Perry, Oklahoma



M. P. LASCOR
Continental Oil Company
Ponca City, Oklahoma



W. H. McPHAIL
Tidewater Oil Company
Drumright, Oklahoma



WARREN RICHARDSON
Cameron Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



DICK PRICHARD, left, A. O. Smith Co., Denver, Colorado; ROY TILLERSON, Gulf Oil Corp., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



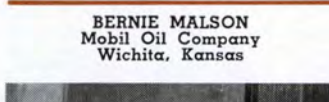
DON WINCHEL
Sohio Petroleum Company
Pauls Valley, Oklahoma



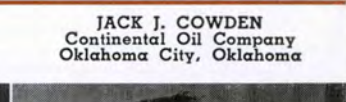
GEORGE HUTCHINSON
Continental Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



JIM ZAPP
Phillips Petroleum Company
Shidler, Oklahoma



BERNIE MALSON
Mobil Oil Company
Wichita, Kansas



JACK J. COWDEN
Continental Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



MORE SN

APSHOTS



WENDELL ELLIOTT, left, ELMER LEISURE,
both with Phillips Petroleum Co.,
Bartlesville, Oklahoma



DAVE HARDER, left, Jim CARVER,
both with Phillips Petroleum Co.,
Shidler, Oklahoma



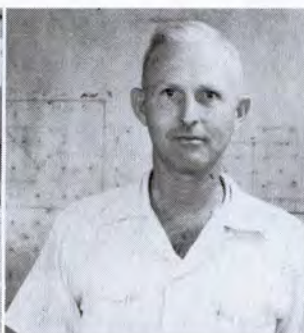
CLARENCE SHARP, left, JERRY SMITH,
both with the Naval Reserve Unit,
Kewanee Oil Co., Fairfax, Oklahoma



Left to right: DAVE COWDEN, Cities Service Oil Co., Bartlesville, Oklahoma; L. A. LITTLE and
W. W. TROUT, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin, Texas; CONNIE TAYLOR, JACK STRAIGHT,
HOOPER DUVAL, HOMER ROSWELL, all with Cities Service Oil Co., Bartlesville, Oklahoma



JACK BYRD
Kewanee Oil Company
Pampa, Texas



CLIFF WILSON
Continental Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



CARL HOUSE, left, Enid, Oklahoma;
M. E. KRAFT, Ardmore, Oklahoma;
both with Continental Oil Co.



S. A. PARK, Naval Reserve Unit,
Kewanee Oil Co.,
Fairfax, Oklahoma



C. D. BLACK, left, E. D. HENDRICKSON
both with Phillips Petroleum Co.,
Shidler, Oklahoma



JIM LUNDAY
Naval Reserve Unit, Texaco, Inc.
Fairfax, Oklahoma



M. L. McKEE
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Shidler, Oklahoma



HARRY WILLIAMS
Cities Service Oil Co.
Pampa, Texas

B. P. WALTS
Sinclair Oil & Gas Co.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

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Continental Oil Company
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S. I. BETZER
Phillips Petroleum Company
Borger, Texas

GLEN MOORE
Viersen & Cochran
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

PETE MATTHEWS
Continental Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma





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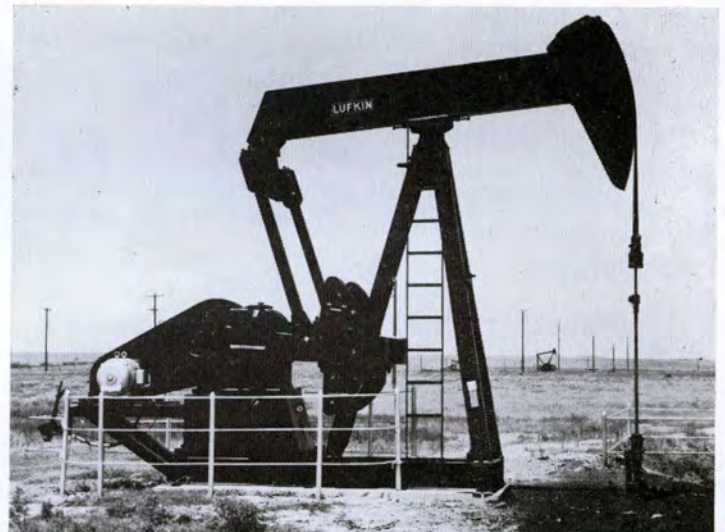


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LUFKIN



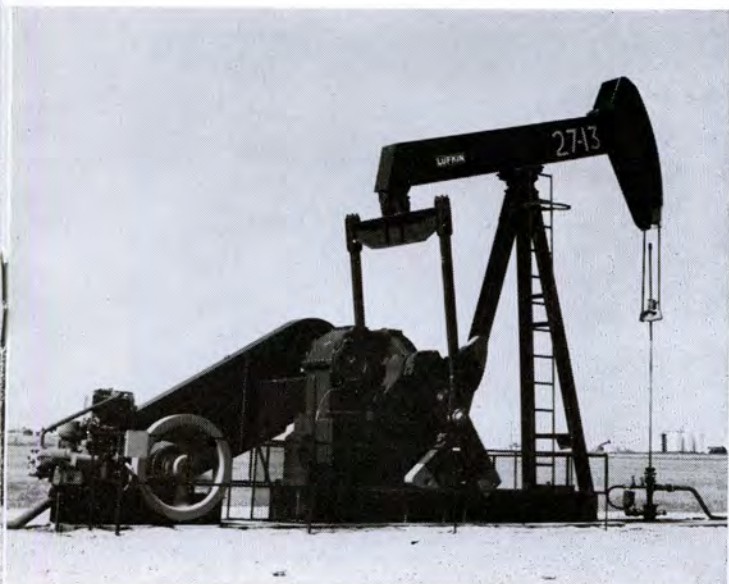
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6



7



3

INSTALLATIONS

1. LUFKIN C-320D-256-100 Unit, Continental Oil Company, West Short Junction Field, near Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

2. LUFKIN C-320D-298-100 Unit, Pan American Petroleum Corp., Northwest Witcher Waterflood, near Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

3. LUFKIN C-320D-212-86 Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, North Burbank Unit, near Shidler, Oklahoma.

4. LUFKIN M-160D-200-86 Unit, Sun Oil Company, Beaver County, Oklahoma.

5. LUFKIN M-320D-213-120 Unit with heavy duty portable base, Tenneco Oil & Gas Company, Wasinger #3, Plainville, Kansas.

6. LUFKIN C-160D-173-74 Unit, Kewanee Oil Company, Naval Reserve Unit, near Fairfax, Oklahoma.

7. LUFKIN C-640D-253-144 Unit with heavy duty portable base, Continental Oil Company, Watkins #5, Plainville, Kansas.

8. LUFKIN M-114D-143-86 Unit, Texaco, Inc., near Lefors, Texas.



4



8



A. C. McMILLIAN . . . owner and sparkplug of one of the largest dump hauling operations in Texas



TOMMY McMILLIAN . . . heads up the business in Lubbock, traveling some 70,000 miles each year

By VIRGINIA R. ALLEN

LUBBOCK, in the High Plains of West Texas, exploded its varieties of weather when we visited that city the latter part of September.

As the Electra Jet made its landing approach about noon, the view below was fascinating. The fields of cotton that spread as far as the eye could see were covered with water, sufficient evidence of the heavy rainfall of preceding days.

At the moment, the sun was brilliant in a high cloudless blue sky. The temperature was 76, a lovely autumn day. Within 10 minutes after deplaning, we were parking our car at the motel when the big drops of rain began splattering the pavement. In another 60 seconds, the rain became a full-fledged downpour swept horizontally by 40 mile-per-hour winds. Another minute passed and marble-sized hail beat against the windows and rattled on the roof. We were informed that a tornado alert would be in effect until 9 p.m.

The purpose of this trip was to visit the headquarters of A. C. McMillian Trucking Company and interview Tommy McMillian. As suddenly as they came, the rain and wind subsided and we were able to photograph the company headquarters building when the sun burned its way through the remaining clouds.

The McMillian company is a sub-contractor for general contractors who build highways, farm-to-market roads, loops and service roads, bridges, etc. They operate dump trailers on jobs located from the Oklahoma line to the north, New Mexico line to the west and Old Mexico to the south. They seldom work east of the Caprock.

A.C. McMILLIAN

McMillian's fleet consists of 41 tractors, 51 tandem dump trailers and 13 bobtail dumps. Today, McMillian Trucking Company is one of the largest dump hauling operations in Texas.

This is a long way from the one bobtail truck A. C. McMillian bought to begin his business. That was in 1946. A. C. was a youngster in high school when he got his first part-time job driving a truck on a construction job. During World War II, he had finished high school and worked at a defense plant. When the war was over, he bought his first truck and worked it on sub-division construction in Fort Worth. Before the first year closed, he had purchased two additional bobtails and began his first sub-contracting work for highway construction.

Sub-contracting was a highly competitive field and A. C. was constantly searching for more efficient ways to operate his equipment. Until 1954, his equipment consisted of bobtails, pit and road hauling trucks. The capacity of dump trailers was too great to be feasible in the jobs he was doing.

In 1954, he got the idea of equipping a 12-yard capacity dump with a batch-gate in the center so he could haul two six-yard loads in one trip, dump them alongside road beds and still meet highway construction specifications.

The idea worked. From there his business mushroomed until today he is a leader in his field.

Headquarters for his business was moved from



JOHN CUMBIE . . . office manager. The Company keeps an average of 90 employees



HEADQUARTERS for the Company were moved from Fort Worth to Lubbock a few years back

...LEADER ON THE HIGH PLAINS

Fort Worth to Lubbock. A. C. still maintains his home in Fort Worth, and his son, Tommy, looks after the business in Lubbock. Also in Lubbock, John Cumbie is office manager and the company keeps approximately 90 employees on its ledger.

Tommy finished high school in Fort Worth, spent one year at Texas Christian University and then went to work on his Dad's ranch in Mineral Wells. About a year later, he moved to Lubbock to head up the trucking business there. He and his wife have two boys and a girl.

The Company continues to grow. Besides the general contractors who headquarter in Lubbock and for whom McMillian sub-contracts, the company has recently added another contractor in Amarillo. Tommy drives an average of 70,000 miles per year seeing after the work of his company.

When the interview was finished and we started

back to Lufkin's Lubbock trailer offices, we were treated, so-to-speak, to another of that area's diversified weather. From across the horizon, a strange looking cloud dipped to the ground and approached us.

Soon, we knew what it was—one of those famous sandstorms that plague the plains. Where the dust came from after all the rain and hail was anybody's guess, but it was a reality without doubt.

And we might add that a blue-tail norther blew in from the Panhandle during the night, bringing a chilly 50 degrees. When morning came, the skies were high and blue again with a brilliant sun flashing across the rain-soaked plains. With a little luck and a lot of sunshine, the idle McMillian trucks would be working again.

Lufkin is proud to list McMillian Trucking Company among its customers and friends.

RECENT delivery was made to McMillian of the latest model LUFKIN dump trailers





DALE PARCHMAN
Plains White Truck Co., Inc.
Lubbock, Texas



LOWEL CADEL
Custom Leasing, Inc.
Lubbock, Texas



JACK AYCOCK
Sweetwater Cotton Oil Co.
Sweetwater, Texas

HERE



NELSON PITTMAN
Pittman Trucking Co.
Midland, Texas



WES PITTMAN
W. E. Pittman Trucking Co.
Midland, Texas



OTTIS DAY
Southwestern Explosives Co.
Midland, Texas



CARL SIMMONS
Ryder Truck Rental, Inc.
Lubbock, Texas



KENNETH SUTTON
Levelland Concrete Products
Levelland, Texas



GILBERT PERRY
Tulia, Texas



JACK PHILLIPS
Leon Cox Trucking Co.
Amarillo, Texas



BAKER INGRAM
Sands Trucking Co.
Odessa, Texas



JAMES SNOW
Bobby Taylor, Inc.
Levelland, Texas



BOBBY TAYLOR
Bobby Taylor, Inc.
Levelland, Texas



PRENTISS CUNNINGHAM
Buck's Irrigation Engine Co.
Lubbock, Texas



HAROLD CHAPPELEAR
Alamogordo, New Mexico

G. E. FLEMING
Post, Texas

MARVIN BENTLE
Sweetwater, Texas

MAX GOATES
Sweetwater, Texas

LOYD WADLINGTON
Sweetwater, Texas

BENNIE NELSON
Dimmitt, Texas





Trucking Folk



EARL WALDREP
Waldrep Supply Co.
Lubbock, Texas



J. M. CUNNINGHAM
Buck's Irrigation Engine Co.
Lubbock, Texas



KENNETH WRIGHT
Custom Leasing, Inc.
Lubbock, Texas



BOB MONTGOMERY, left, BILL GROVENOR,
both with Paymaster Cotton Oil Co.
Abilene, Texas



HARVEY SPARKMAN
Roswell, New Mexico



"RED" PITTMAN
W. E. Pittman Trucking Co.
Midland, Texas



AUBREY FAULKNER
Frontier Wholesale Co.
Lubbock, Texas



RAY WALLACH, left, Hobbs, New Mexico;
BOB WALLACH, Eunice, New Mexico;
both with Lea County Concrete Co.



"BABE" COX
Leon Cox Trucking Co.
Amarillo, Texas



DINK SISK
Levelland Concrete Products
Levelland, Texas



LEON COX
Leon Cox Trucking Co.
Amarillo, Texas



CHARLES EDWARDS, left,
RICHARD VARNELL, both with
East Afton Gin, Afton, Texas

LEONARD KUEHLER
Paymaster Cotton Oil Co.
Abilene, Texas



JOHN DAVIS
Southwestern Explosives Co.
Midland, Texas



J. C. HAYDEN
Custom Leasing, Inc.
Lubbock, Texas



E. D. WALTON
Snyder, Texas



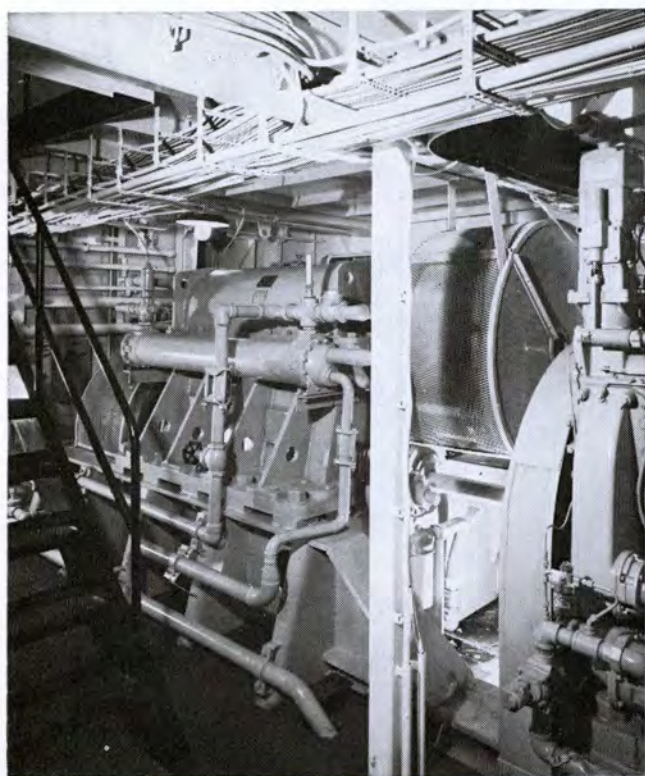
MERLE ROGERS
W. E. Pittman Trucking Co.
Midland, Texas





THE CLYDE BUTCHER is a new and powerful river towboat that plies the Mississippi

LUFKIN GEARS... *Plying*



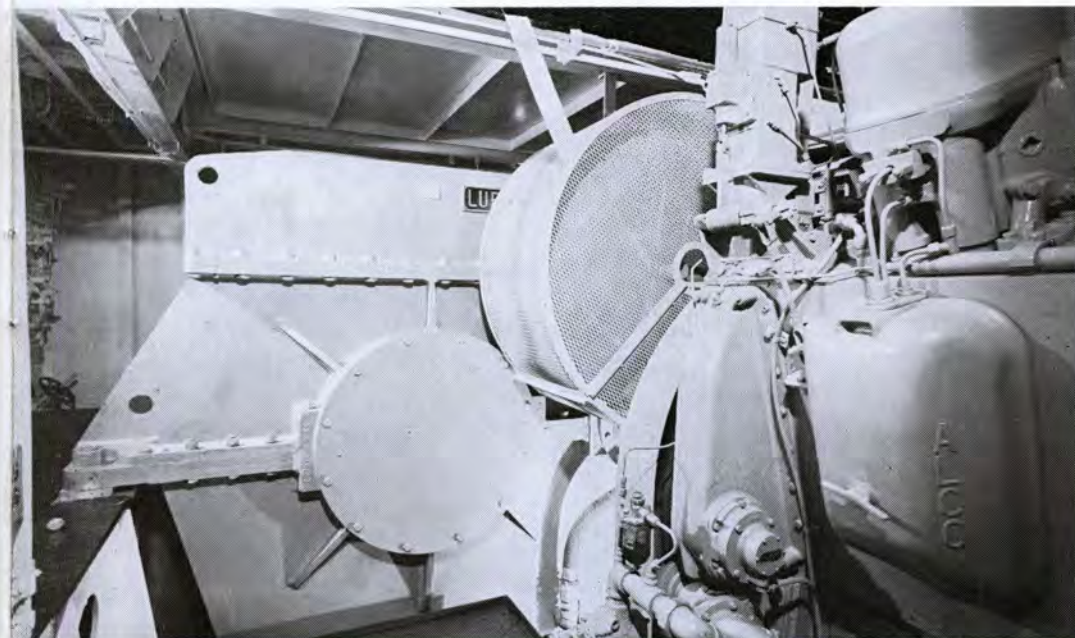
VIEW of port Gear shows reverse clutch between engine and gear. Forward clutch and resilient torque shaft drive connecting engine to gear is on astern side of Gear

THE "Clyde Butcher," a 5000-horsepower river towboat, was christened this spring by the American Commercial Barge line division of American Commercial Lines, Inc. for operation in main-line service on the Mississippi River between New Orleans and St. Louis, Missouri.

The "Butcher" was the second of five such towboats to be built by Jeffboat, Inc. at its Jeffersonville, Indiana, shipyard for operation on the principal western rivers. The first boat, the "Hugh C. Blaske," was the prototype of this class. The third, the "J. W. Hershey," was christened last July, and two additional boats are scheduled for completion in early 1966.

Developing 5000 horsepower, these twin screw Kort nozzle pushers frequently handle tows of thirty or more barges. During builder's trials last year the "Blaske" pushed a tow of fifteen fully loaded 195 feet by 35 feet jumbo barges with 22,000 tons of cargo at a pool speed of 10 miles per hour. Upstream between Burnside and Cairo the "Blaske", with a tow of the same size, made speeds in excess of seven miles per hour against the current and averaged 6.2 miles per hour for the five-day trip.

The "Clyde Butcher" is powered by two Alco model 251B, 16-cylinder V-type diesels, each



THIS is a port side view of LUFKIN RHSQ 4224 Reverse-Reduction Gear driven by 16-cylinder diesel engine rated 2500 horsepower at 1000 RPM

THE HUGH C. BLASKE is the prototype for five towboats built by Jeffboat, Inc. for the American Commercial Barge line division of American Commercial Lines, Inc.

the Mississippi

rated 2500 horsepower at 1000 revolutions per minute. Power is transmitted to the five-blade, 110-inch diameter stainless steel propellers, turning 200 revolutions per minute, through LUFKIN RHSQ 4224 reverse-reduction gears with Fawick Airflex clutches. Reverse gear ratio is 4.75:1 giving a propeller speed of 210 revolutions per minute for increased backing power.

A number of innovations and improvements in modern towboat design have been incorporated in these vessels—all resulting in greater performance and reliability and reduction in down-time and maintenance expense.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the "Clyde Butcher" is the so-called "automation" of the propulsion and ship service machinery and related auxiliaries. This actually consists of remote controls and indicating or alarm devices, which were first installed on the "Blaske" and have now proved their reliability and time-saving capability in actual service. The engineer can perform most of his routine duties from an air-conditioned control room overlooking the engine room. Here he has alarms and remote reading instruments enabling him to fully monitor the performances of the propulsion machinery and immediately spot any potential trouble.



In the engineer's control room are two instrument panels, one for each main engine, and two generator alarm panels. From this room the engineer can determine the need for bilge pumping by means of indicating lights and operate the necessary pumps and valves remotely. He can also take fuel tank soundings from direct reading gauges and direct the distribution of fuel being pumped aboard by means of remotely operated valves.

Either of the two 100 KW Caterpillar-powered ships service generators will carry the full electrical load of the boat. In the event of malfunction of the in-service unit, it will be stopped and de-energized and the standby unit started and brought on the line, all automatically. The hydraulic pumps for the steering gear are direct-driven by the generator engines.

THE Regal Splendor of AUTUMN

BY ROBERT T. KILLAM, JR.

NEW ENGLAND'S summer dies in glory. It ends its reign over hill and valley with a display of gold and crimson banners that the proudest kingdom could never muster.

So magnificent is the pageantry of New England's fall foliage display that people come from all the world over to see the magic alchemy that takes place.

For months New England hills and mountains have been green. But now the days are growing shorter and a sudden and dramatic thing is happening.

A September day dawns above a northern mountain and a faint trace of crimson is seen along a few maple leaves spread against the blue sky.

The next day there are more and the color begins to flow southward toward the sun. One tree and then another joins the pageantry. Maples, elms, oaks, aspens, sumac, poplars, birches and beeches burst into color. The once blue lakes sparkle in liquid gold.

The Indians called the fall "the time of campfires in the treetops." The fire now spreads into the valleys and along the roads. Down from the northern hills of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the color leaps and dances through the village streets and along the rivers. Always it moves to the south. By the first of October it is down to the Berkshires of Massachusetts and spreading through the old farms of the historic Mohawk Valley.

The stately trees that line the Battle Green at



POOLS and streams turn a brilliant hue as they reflect the myriad colors of the autumn leaves
Luoma Photos, Weirton, West Va.

Lexington are soon in glory and the maples of Old Sturbridge Village burst in flame. Rhode Island's village maples become fevered next and burn with gold and crimson, and the old Litchfield Hills of Connecticut are yellow, amber, and vermillion.

The annual pomp of a New England autumn is in full glory. It is a sight no one ever forgets. The most tired spirit is lifted by a row of gold and scarlet maples marching along a country road under a sky of pale blue with white puffs of clouds.

A map isn't needed to find New England's beautiful fall foliage. It is everywhere. And because it starts sometime about the middle of September in the north and spends about a month moving through the region to the south, you can meet it somewhere along the line in that period. It's debatable which place is the best. Fall foliage is particularly beautiful when reflected on the waters of a lake, pond or river.



COVERED bridges mark the many roads that ramble through the gaily-decked forests
Eastern Photo Service, West New York, N. J.

The best bet is to come to New England and see it as you drive along. Then, stop and ask a native what spot he considers particularly beautiful. He'll probably be right, too, because he has watched this miracle of nature for many years.

Chemists want to know why the leaves change color; poets and artists don't really care why and would probably rather not know at all.

One thing is certain, the color was there all the time, hidden by chlorophyll, the green substance which somehow gathers nourishment for the trees with the sun as its partner. But when autumn comes—the period of sleep rather than growth—the chlorophyll departs and the beautiful palette of hues is revealed beneath.

New Englanders believe their foliage is the most beautiful in the world. If this is so, no one really knows why. Some people talk about just the right kind of soil, or the right amount of rain, or the right temperature. The rest just enjoy the show and forget the reasons.



A GOLDEN and crimson-lined country road leads a visitor along a path of indescribable beauty
Eastern Photo Service, West New York, N. J.

New England is particularly attractive in autumn. The days are warm and the nights cool. There is a soft haze on the fields and hundreds of country fairs and roadside vegetable stands with pumpkins piled to the rafters ready to be made into pies or jack-o-lanterns.

All New England states have special fall foliage trails, designed to guide the motorist along the most scenic of its highways.

If you travel to New England in autumn, remember there are many things to do. In addition to the many country fairs, this is the time of fishing, hunting, boating, riding and canoeing. But the big show is the foliage, and nature has never produced a more beautiful display than New England's annual burst of glory.



Know what a business failure is?
A pregnant prostitute.

Frank: "I just met this girl whose measurements are 59-22-36."

Sam: "What does she do?"

Frank: "Oh, she falls over a lot."

A stork is a bird with many things charged against it which should be blamed on a lark.

"Did you knock on that tool pusher's door and wake him as I told you to do?" inquired the boarding house lady to her 19-year-old daughter.

"Yes'm," replied the daughter, "but he didn't wake up so I finally had to go in and shake him."

"Good heavens, Mary Lou, don't you know better than to go into a tool pusher's room?"

"Yes'm" responded Mary Lou, "I do now."

Times change: Now a woman says, "I haven't one indecent thing to wear!"

The man who is old enough to know better is always looking for a girl not quite that old.

Two sexy young starlets were sipping drinks in a Hollywood bar. "You remember that backless, frontless, sideless evening gown I wore to the sneak preview last week?" one asked.

"I'll say," the friend replied. "It was a sensation."

"Well," the first said, "I just found out it's only a belt."

Said the attractive, cigar-smoking housewife to a friend: "I got started one night when George came home and found one burning in the ash tray."

The man was having some tough luck with his golf game this particular day. Taking a big swing on the first tee, he sliced the ball straight into the woods. He was busy searching for the ball and wondering how he'd ever get it back on the fairway when the Devil popped out from behind a tree.

"Say," said the Devil, "how would you like it if every time you teed off the ball would stay right on the fairway?"

"Oh," the man smiled, "that would be too wonderful for words!"

"Well, if I do this for you," the Devil sneered, "you must give me one-third of your sex life."

"Oh, of course, I'll gladly give up one-third," the man answered.

So the man got the ball back on the fairway. As he teed off on the next hole the ball sailed beautifully down the fairway, but went into the rough. He was chopping away at the ball when the Devil again appeared.

"Say," the Devil said "How would you like it if the ball would not only stay on the fairway but also land right on the green every time?"

"Oh, my goodness, that would be marvelous!" the man exclaimed.

"Well, if I do this for you, you'll have to give up another one-third of your sex life," the Devil rasped.

"I'll gladly give up another one-third," the man said.

So he proceeded to hit the ball beautifully. It stayed on the fairway and landed on the green. He again had trouble. It took him four strokes to get the ball off the green and into the cup. He was bemoaning this fact when the Devil sauntered up to him again.

"How would you like it if the ball would not only go straight down the fairway and onto the green, but also

go into the cup every time?" the Devil asked.

Well, this was just too much to believe, but the man shouted joyfully, "Oh, wonderful, wonderful!"

"You'll have to give up the last one-third of your sex life if I do this," the Devil said.

"Oh, I don't mind, take it!" the man agreed hastily.

So the Devil granted his request and on the next 16 holes the ball followed the straight path across the fairway, onto the green and straight into the cup.

It was then that the Devil showed his pointed head. Shaking an evil finger at the gentleman he croaked, "You've been making some mighty rash promises to me, agreeing to give up all of your sex life. Just to be on the safe side, I think I'd better get this all down in writing."

"Oh, sure," the man consented readily.

Taking out a pencil and pad the Devil asked, "Now, what is your name?"

"Father Flanigan," the man smiled sweetly.

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it

In a cabin quite old and medieval.

A rounder espied her and plied her with cider,

And now she's the forest's prime evil.

Grandma and Grandpa finally decided after 40 years of marriage to take that second honeymoon. Joyfully they set out for a trip that would take them back to the same place they spent their first honeymoon.

Two weeks later they returned to their home and were greeted by their granddaughter who asked, "Well, Grandpa, was the second honeymoon just like the first?"

The old man shook his head and sighed, "It was just like it except for one thing."

"And what was that," the granddaughter asked.

"Well," the old man said, "the first time your grandma went into the bathroom and cried and this time I went into the bathroom and cried."

An optimist is a pregnant girl who rubs vanishing cream on her stomach.

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The complete story on this unusual installation will be furnished on request.

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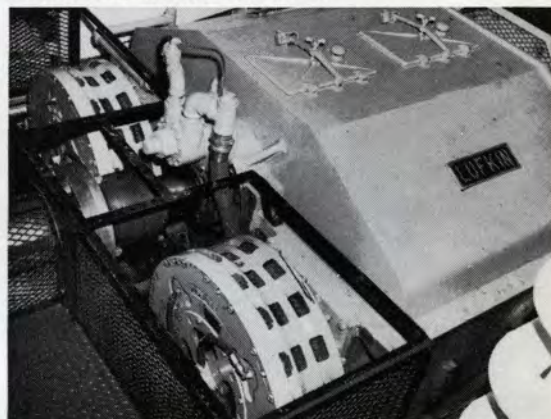
YOU CAN
RELAX WHEN
IT'S **LUFKIN**
EQUIPPED



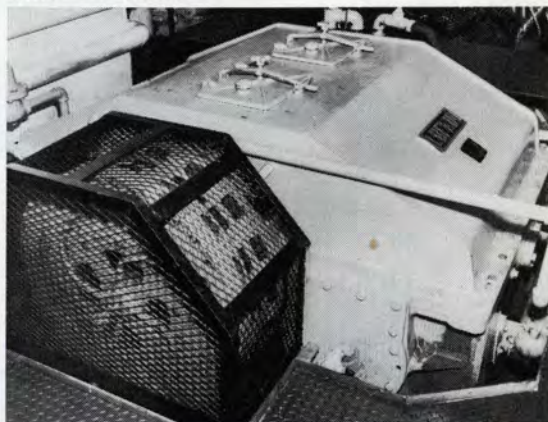
LUFKIN GEAR

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THE PARAGON EQUIPPED WITH LUFKIN RS2S 3624
TWO-SPEED REDUCTION GEAR



TWO-SPEED REDUCTION GEAR SHOWING BOTH FOR-
WARD CLUTCHES



VIEW OF REVERSE CLUTCH
END OF REDUCER

